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THE LIFE OF
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE



Mrs. Nightingale and her daughters
1828
from a water-colour drawing in the possession of Mrs. Bunliffe

Emerg. Water Col. 1828

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THE LIFE

OF

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

BY

SIR EDWARD COOK

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York

1942

and for ordinary readers to learn and enjoy in the practically inexhaustible materials now available concerning Florence Nightingale and her works. Sir Edward Cook's *Life* deserves very high commendation, not only because it is authoritative, comprehensive, and fair-minded, but because it is a masterpiece of biography that will live on its own merits as literature.

April 14, 1942

M. Adelaide Nutting

FOREWORD

The announcement by Macmillan's of this one-volume reissue of the two-volume *Life of Florence Nightingale* by Sir Edward Cook is a great event. The reissue has long been needed and will be widely welcomed, not only by the nursing and medical world but by the public generally. Among all the innumerable biographies of Florence Nightingale, none compare with this in its penetrating and comprehensive grasp of Miss Nightingale's complex personality and of the tremendous significance and scope of her work.

At the outset Sir Edward Cook put aside certain popular and long-entrenched ideas about this almost mythical figure of romance and heroism and placed firmly in the foreground a new conception of her in which her mind was pre-eminent. "Spacious," he called it. Great administrative powers, yes; goodness approaching sainthood, yes; these were obvious. But according to many discriminating judges quoted by this biographer and others, it was her clear and powerful intellect that marked her out among all of her contemporaries, both men and women. A. C. Gardiner, in his *Prophets, Priests and Kings*, says: "She was not 'the lady with the lamp.' She was the lady with the brain — one of those rare personalities who reshape the contours of life." Mrs. Andrews, in her *Lost Commander*, spoke of her brain as one that "cut like a Damascus blade through the immaterial into the core of things," ". . . the brain that had seen visions and dreamed dreams which had swayed governments and built for generations to come."

Every year new light is thrown on the almost incredible achievements of this remarkable person, now generally acknowledged to be one of the greatest women of all time. But the full significance of her life has not yet been recognized. There is much for future historians and scholars to discover

few. Nor, except for a few years, did Miss Nightingale keep any formal diary; and during the Crimean episode she was too incessantly busy with her multitudinous duties to find time for many private notes.

The principal authority for Miss Nightingale's Life is thus the collection of papers aforesaid, and these are very copious in information. The records, in one sort or another, of her earlier years are full. The papers relating to her work during the Crimean War are voluminous, and I have supplemented the study of these by consulting the official documents concerning Miss Nightingale's mission which are preserved, among War Office papers, in the Public Record Office. Her papers relating to public affairs during the years 1856 to 1861 are also very voluminous. After the latter date she seems, as already stated, to have kept almost everything, even every advertisement, that she received. She often made notes for important letters that she sent, and sometimes kept copies of them. Of official documents, of printed memoranda, pamphlets, reports, and returns, she accumulated an immense collection. And though she was not a regular diarist, she was in the habit of jotting down on sheets of notepaper her engagements, impressions, thoughts, meditations, as also in many cases reports of conversations.

The collection of letters received by Miss Nightingale, and of her notes for letters sent by her, has been supplemented, through the kindness of many of her correspondents or their representatives, by letters which were received from her. I am more especially indebted in this respect to the care of the late Sir Douglas Galton, whose docketed collection of letters from Miss Nightingale, taken in conjunction with a long series of his letters to her, forms a main authority for much of the record of her activity in public affairs. Her letters to Julius and Mary Mohl, returned to her after the death of the latter, are, in another way, of peculiar interest. I am particularly indebted, among the lenders of letters addressed to nursing friends, to Miss Pringle and to the brother of the late Mrs. Daniel Norris (Miss Rachel Williams). Miss Pringle has also favoured me with personal reminiscences.

For permission to print letters written to Miss Nightin-

PREFACE

MEN and women are divided, in relation to their papers, into hoarders and scatterers. Miss Nightingale was a hoarder, and as she lived to be 90 the accumulation of papers, stored in her house at the time of her death, was very great. The papers referring to years up to 1861 had been neatly done up by herself, and it was evident that not everything had been kept. After that date, time and strength to sort and weed had been wanting, and Miss Nightingale seems to have thrown little away. Even soiled sheets of blotting-paper, on which she had made notes in pencil, were preserved. By a Will executed in 1896 she had directed that all her letters, papers, and manuscripts, with some specific exceptions, should be destroyed. By a Codicil executed in the following year she revoked this direction, and bequeathed the letters, papers, and manuscripts to her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter. After her death the papers were sorted chronologically by his direction, and they have formed the principal foundation of this Memoir.

Of expressly autobiographical notes, Miss Nightingale left very few. At the date of the Codicil above mentioned she seems to have contemplated the probability of some authoritative record of her life; for in that year she wrote a short summary of what she called "My Responsibility to India," detailing her relations with successive Secretaries of State, Governors-General, and other administrators. Her memory in these matters was still accurate, for the summary is fully borne out by letters and other papers of the several dates: it adds some personal details. In private letters she sometimes recounted, at later times, episodes or experiences in her life, but such references are

where many eye-witnesses recorded their observations or impressions, this material is not all of great value. Throughout her subsequent life, Miss Nightingale was screened from the public gaze; a somewhat legendary figure grew up, and it is that which for the most part appears in books about her. This, however, is a subject fully dealt with in an Introductory chapter. In *Appendix B* I give a short List of Writings about Miss Nightingale. Here, again, the purpose is not bibliographical. There is a great mass of such writing, and a complete list would have been altogether outside the scope of a biography. I have included only first-hand authorities or such other books, etc., as for one reason or another (explained in the notes upon each item) seemed relevant to the Memoir. This second List also serves the purpose of simplifying references in the text.

In a third Appendix (C) I have enumerated the principal portraits of Miss Nightingale. Notes on those reproduced in this book will there be found. I am indebted to the kindness of Sir William Richmond and Sir Harry Verney for the inclusion of the portrait which forms the frontispiece to the second volume, and to Mrs. Cunliffe for the frontispiece to the present volume.

To Miss Nightingale's executors I am indebted for the confidence which they have shown in entrusting her Papers to my discretion. A biography is worth nothing unless it is sincere. The aim of the present book has been to tell the truth about the subject of it, and I have done my work under no conscious temptation to suppress, exaggerate, extenuate, or distort. From Miss Nightingale's executors, and from other of her friends and relations, I have received help and information which has been of the greatest assistance. More especially I am indebted to her cousin, Mrs. Vaughan Nash, who has been good enough to read my book, both in manuscript and in proof, and who has favoured me throughout with valuable information, corrections, suggestions, and criticisms. This obligation makes it the more incumbent upon me to add that for any faults in the book, whether of commission or of omission, I alone must bear the blame.

gale, I am indebted to many of her relations, friends, and correspondents, or their representatives; to so many, indeed, that I ask them to accept here a general acknowledgment. I am especially indebted to the King, who has been pleased to permit the publication of letters from Queen Victoria and some other members of the Royal Family. The German Emperor has graciously given a like permission in the case of correspondence with the Empress Frederick. The Dowager Grand Duchess (Luise) of Baden has allowed me to quote from a long series of letters addressed by her to Miss Nightingale.

Next to the letters and other papers, above described, the most valuable material for the Life of Miss Nightingale is contained in her own printed writings—many of them published, some (and these, from the biographical point of view, the most important) privately printed. In the case of the Crimean War, material under both of these heads is particularly abundant. Her published *Notes on Hospitals* and *Notes on Nursing* and other works relating to those subjects, together with her privately circulated *Addresses to Probationers*, supplement her private records. For her inner life, her privately printed book, *Suggestions for Thought*, is of special importance.

A List of Miss Nightingale's Printed Writings (whether published or privately circulated) is given at the end of the second volume (*Appendix A*). My purpose in compiling this List was biographical illustration, not bibliographical minuteness. I have not included every scrap from Miss Nightingale's pen which has appeared in print, but have given every piece which is directly or indirectly referred to in the Memoir, or which is of any importance. The List will, I hope, serve a double purpose. It enables me to abbreviate in the text the references to my authorities; and it provides, in chronological order, a conspectus of Miss Nightingale's varied activities, so far as they were reflected in her printed writings.

Lastly, there is much biographical material, not only in Blue-books and official reports, but in writings about Miss Nightingale. Except in the case of the Crimean War,

become a Legend in your lifetime." Now, nothing is more persistent than a legend; and the legend of Florence Nightingale became fixed early in her life—at a time, indeed, antecedent to that at which her best work in the world, as she thought, had begun. The popular imagination of Miss Nightingale is of a girl of high degree who, moved by a wave of pity, forsook the pleasures of fashionable life for the horrors of the Crimean War; who went about the hospitals of Scutari with a lamp, scattering flowers of comfort and ministrations; who retired at the close of the war into private life, and lived thenceforth in the seclusion of an invalid's room—a seclusion varied only by good deeds to hospitals and nurses and by gracious and sentimental pieties. I do not mean, of course, that this was all that anybody knew or wrote about her. Any such suggestion would be far from the truth. But the popular idea of Florence Nightingale's life has been based on some such lines as I have indicated, and the general conception of her character is to this day founded upon them. The legend was fixed by Longfellow's poem and Miss Yonge's *Golden Deeds*. Its growth was favoured by the fact of Miss Nightingale's seclusion, by the hidden, almost the secretive, manner in which she worked, by her shrinking from publicity, by her extreme reticence about herself. It is only now, when her Papers are accessible, that her real life can be known. There are some elements of truth in the popular legend, but it is so remote from the whole truth as to convey in general impression everything but the truth. The real Florence Nightingale was very different from the legendary, but also greater. Her life was built on larger lines, her work had more importance, than belong to the legend.

The Crimean War was not the first thing, and still less was it the last, that is significant in Miss Nightingale's life. The story of her earlier years is that of the building up of a character. It shows us a girl of high natural ability and of considerable attractions feeling her way to an ideal alike in practice and in speculation. Having found it, she was thrown into revolt against the environment of her home. We shall see her pursuing her ideal with consistent, though with self-torturing, tenacity against alike the obstacles and the

INTRODUCTORY

AMONG Miss Nightingale's memoranda on books and reading, there is this injunction: "The preface of a book ought to set forth the importance of what it is going to treat of, so that the reader may understand what he is reading for." The saying is typical of the methodical and positive spirit which, as we shall learn, was one of the dominant strains in Miss Nightingale's work and character. She wanted to know at every stage precisely what a person, or a book, or an institution was driving at. "Of all human sounds," she said, "I think the words *I don't know* are the saddest." Unless a book had something of definite importance to say, it had better, she thought, not be written; and in order to save the reader's time and fix his attention, he should be told at once wherein the significance of the book consists. This, though it may be a hard saying, is perhaps not unwholesome even to biographers. At any rate, as Miss Nightingale's biographer, I am moved to obey her injunction. I propose, therefore, in this Introductory chapter to state wherein, as I conceive, the significance and importance of Miss Nightingale's life consists, and what the work was that she did in the world.

I

"In the course of a life's experience such as scarcely any one has ever had, I have always found," said Miss Nightingale,¹ "that no one ever deserves his or her character. Be it better or worse than the real one, it is always unlike the real one." Of no one is this saying more true than of herself. "It has been your fate," said Mr. Jowett to her once, "to

¹ In a letter to Madame Mohl, December 13, 1871.

she was. But the deeper significance of her work in the Crimean War lies elsewhere. It was as Administrator and Reformer, more than as Angel, that she showed her peculiar powers. Queen Victoria, with native shrewdness and a touch of humour, hit off the truth about Miss Nightingale's services in the Crimea in concise words: "Such a clear head, I wish we had her at the War Office."

The influence of Miss Nightingale's service in the Crimea was great. Some of it is obvious, and on the moral side Longfellow's poem said the first, and the last, word. She may also be accounted, if not the founder, yet the promoter of Female Nursing in war, and the Red Cross Societies throughout the world are, as we shall hear, the direct outcome of her labours in the Crimea. The indirect, and less obvious, results were in many spheres. From a sick-room in the West End of London Miss Nightingale played a part—and a much larger part than could be known without access to her Papers—in reforming the sanitary administration of the British army, in reconstructing hospitals throughout the world, in founding the modern art of nursing, in setting up a sanitary administration in India, and in promoting various other reforms in that country

Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea, it will thus be seen, was not the end of her active life. In a sense it was the beginning. The nursing at Scutari and in the Crimea was an episode. The fame which she shunned, but which nevertheless came to her, gave her a starting-point for doing work which was destined, as she hoped, and as in large measure was granted, to be of permanent service to her country and the world. The first chapter of the *Third Part* shows her laying her plans for the health of the British soldier, and the subsequent chapters tell what followed. This is the period of Miss Nightingale's close co-operation with Sidney Herbert. To the writer this later phase of Miss Nightingale's life—with its ingenious adjustment of means to ends, its masterful resourcefulness, its incessant industry, and then with its perpetual struggle against physical weakness and its extraordinary power of devoted concentration—has seemed not less interesting than the Crimean episode.

temptations of circumstance. She had already served an apprenticeship when the call to the Crimea came. It was a call not to "sacrifice," but to the fulfilment of her dearest wishes for a life of active usefulness. Such is the theme of the *First Part*, which I have called "Aspiration."

Many other women have passed through similar experiences. But there is special significance in them in the case of Florence Nightingale—a significance both historic and personal. The glamour that surrounded her service in the Crimea, the wide-world publicity that was given to her name and deeds, invested with peculiar importance her fight for freedom. To do "as Florence Nightingale did" became an object of imitation which the well-to-do world was henceforth readier to condone, or even to approve; and thus the story of Miss Nightingale's earlier years is the history of a pioneer, on one side, in the emancipation of women.

For the understanding of her own later life, the earlier years are all-important. They give the clue to her character, and explain much that would otherwise be puzzling or confused. Through great difficulties and at a heavy price she had purchased her birthright—her ideal of self-expression in work. On her return from the Crimea she was placed, on the one hand, owing to her fame, in a position of special opportunity; on the other hand, owing to illness, in a position of special disability. She shaped her life henceforward so as to make these two factors conform to the continued fulfilment of her ideal. I need not here forestall what subsequent chapters will abundantly illustrate. I will only say that the resultant effect was a manner of life and work, both extraordinary, and, to me at least, of the greatest interest.

The *Second Part* of the Memoir is devoted to the Crimean War. The popular conception with regard to Miss Nightingale's work during this episode in her life is not untrue so far as it goes, but it is amazingly short of the whole truth as now ascertainable from her Papers. The popular imagination pictures Florence Nightingale at Scutari and in the Crimea as "the ministering angel." And such in very truth

improvement for the army. The results have been most salutary. Miss Nightingale's friendship with Lord Stanley and with Sir John Lawrence here served her somewhat as that with Mr. Herbert served in the earlier campaign. In the wider sphere of Indian sanitation generally Miss Nightingale's efforts were not so successful. The field was perhaps too vast, the conditions were too adverse, for any great and immediate success to be possible. Yet this and her other efforts for India were the part of Miss Nightingale's life and work to which she attached most importance, and by the record of which she set most store. Even in the Will (afterwards revoked) directing her Papers to be destroyed, she made exception of those relating to India; and, as already stated in the preface, one of her few pieces of autobiographical record related to her Indian work. Perhaps it was the special affection which a mother often feels for the least robust or least successful child. Perhaps it was that she took long views; and that, foreseeing a future time when many of the reforms for which she had toiled might be accomplished, she desired to be remembered as a pioneer. "Sanitation," said a high authority in 1894, "is the Cinderella of the Indian administrative family."¹ The difficulty of finding money and a reluctance to introduce Western reforms in advance of Eastern opinion are objections with which we shall often meet in the correspondence of Indian officials with Miss Nightingale, and they are still raised in the present day.² On the other hand, the Under-Secretary for India, in his Budget Statement for 1913, declared that "the service which has the strongest claim after education on the resources of the Government is sanitation," and explained that "the Budget estimate of expenditure for sanitation comes this year to nearly £2,000,000, showing an increase of 112 per cent over the expenditure of three years ago." So perhaps Cinderella is to go to the ball; if ever the glass slipper is

¹ Sir Auckland Colvin in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, May 11, 1894, p. 515.

² As, for instance, in some of the speeches in the House of Lords on June 9, 1913, and in a leading article in the *Times* of the following day. The speech of Lord Midleton, in introducing the subject, was, on the other hand, upon Miss Nightingale's lines, being founded upon the Report of her Royal Commission of 1859-63. Some pages (194-197) in Mr. George Peel's *The Future of England* (1911) are on similar lines.

The *Fourth Part* describes, as its main themes, the work which Miss Nightingale did, concurrently with that described in the preceding Part, as Hospital Reformer and the Founder of Modern Nursing. Other chapters introduce two topics which might at first sight seem widely separate, but which were yet closely associated in Miss Nightingale's mind. They deal with her, respectively, as a Passionate Statistician and as a Religious Thinker. The nature of her speculations is fully explained in the latter chapters, and elsewhere in the memoir. It will be seen that Miss Nightingale had thought out a scheme of religious belief which widely differed from the creeds of Christian orthodoxy, whether Catholic or Protestant, but which yet admitted of accommodation to much of their language and formularies. It admitted also, as will appear in due course, of close alliance with mysticism. Miss Nightingale believed intensely in a Personal God and in personal religion. The language which expressed most adequately to her the sense of union with God was the language of the Greek and Christian mystics. But "law" was to her "the thought of God"; union with God meant co-operation with Him towards human perfectibility; and for the discovery of "the thought of God" statistics were to her mind an indispensable means.

In the *Fifth Part* we are introduced to a new interest in Miss Nightingale's life, a new sphere of her work. For forty years she worked at Indian questions. She took up the subject at first through interest in the army. It was a natural supplement to her efforts for the health of the British soldier at home, to make a like attempt on behalf of the army in India. Gradually she was drawn into other questions, and she became a keen Indian reformer all along the line. Her assiduity, her persistence, her ingenuity were as marked in this sphere as in others; it was only her immediate success that was less.

In relation to the primary object with which she began her Indian campaigns, Miss Nightingale's life and work have great importance. The Royal Commission of 1859-63, which was due to her, and the measures taken in consequence of its Report, were the starting-point of a new era in sanitary

says Ruskin, "the time of death; which in happy lives is very short, but always a *time*." In the case of Miss Nightingale the time was long. She lived for many years after the power to labour was gone.

II

So much, by way of preface, in explanation of the significance of Miss Nightingale's life and work. But this book endeavours to depict a character, as well as to record a career. There has been much discussion, in our days as in others, of the proper scope and method of biography, and various models are held up, in one sense or another, to practitioners in this difficult art. The questions are propounded, whether biography should describe a person's life or his character? his work or how he did it? If the person did anything worthy of record, a biography should, surely, describe alike the life and the character, the work and the methods. The biographer may fail in his attempt; but in the case of Miss Nightingale the attempt is peculiarly necessary, because all that she did and the manner in which she did it were, as it has seemed to me, characteristic of a strongly-marked personality behind them.

This book is, however, a biography and not a history. It is not a history of the Crimean War, nor of nursing, nor of Indian administration. Something on all these matters will be found in it; but only so much of detail as was necessary to place Miss Nightingale's work in its true light and to exhibit her characteristic methods. So, also, many other persons will pass across the stage—persons drawn from a great many different classes, occupations, walks in life; but the book does not aim at giving a detailed picture of "Miss Nightingale's circle." Her relations, her friends, her acquaintances, her correspondents only concern us here in so far as their dealings with her affected her work, or illustrate her character.

Here, again—to revert to what has been said above—it will be found, I think, that this book possesses a certain significance as correcting, or supplementing, a popular legend. A preacher, in an obituary sermon upon Miss Nightingale, said that all her work was done "by force of

found, let it be remembered, as this Memoir will show, that Miss Nightingale was the good fairy.

Her Indian work continued as long as she was able to work at all, and from 1862 onwards it forms one of the recurring themes in our story. The *Sixth Part*, while continuing that subject, introduces another sphere in which Miss Nightingale's life and work have important significance. From the reform of Hospital Nursing she turned, in conjunction with the late Mr. William Rathbone, to the reform of workhouse nursing. And as one thing led to another, it will be seen that Miss Nightingale deserves to be remembered also as a Poor Law Reformer.

The *Seventh Part* comprises the last thirty-eight years of Miss Nightingale's life (1872-1910), and a word or two may here be said to explain an apparent alteration of scale. In a biography the scale must be proportionate not to the number of the years, but to their richness in characteristic significance. After 1872, the year in which (as Miss Nightingale put it) she went "out of office," her life was less full than theretofore in new activities. The germinant seeds had all been sown. But these later years, though they have admitted of more summary treatment, were full of interest. The chapters in which they are recorded deal first with Miss Nightingale's literary work, and more especially with her studies in Plato and the Christian mystics. These studies were in part a result of her close friendship of thirty years with Mr. Jowett. Then, too, occasion is found for an endeavour to portray Miss Nightingale as the Mother-Chief (for so they called her) of the Nurses. It is only by access to her enormous correspondence in this sort that the range and extent of her personal influence can be measured. Her ideal of the nursing vocation stands out very clearly from the famous "Nurses' Battle" which occupied much of her later years. She found an opportunity during the same period to start an important experiment in Rural Hygiene. At the same time she was preaching indefatigably the need of Health missionaries in Indian villages. And then came the end. To the time of labour, there succeeds in every life,

simple goodness." Assuredly Miss Nightingale was a good woman, and there was also a certain simplicity about her. But there was much else. A man of affairs, who in the course of a long and varied life had come in contact with many of the acutest intellects and greatest administrators of the time, said of Miss Nightingale that hers was the clearest brain he had ever known in man or woman. Strength of head was quite as marked in her as goodness of heart, and she had at least as much of adroitness as of simplicity. Her character was in fact curiously many-sided. A remarkable variety of interests, motives, methods will be found coming into play in the course of this record. The Florence Nightingale who will be shown in it—by her acts, her methods, her sayings, her ways of looking at things and people—is a very different person from Santa Filomena. Miss Nightingale has been given a place among the saints in the popular calendars of many nations ; and she deserves the canonisation, but not entirely for the popular reasons. Her character, as I have endeavoured to depict it, was stronger, more spacious, and, as I have felt, more lovable than that of The Lady with the Lamp.

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VOLUME I
(1820-1861)

after her mother, and, secondly, after the old Greek settlement on the site of her birthplace, Parthenope. She afterwards became the second wife of Sir Harry Verney.¹ The younger daughter, the subject of this Memoir, was also named after her birthplace. She was born at Florence on May 12, 1820, in the Villa Colombaia, near the Porta Romana, as a memorial-tablet now affixed to the house records; and there on the 4th of July she was baptized by Dr. Trevor, Prebendary of Chester. The place-names became in familiar intercourse "Parthe" or "Pop," and "Flo."

"The surprises of sainthood," said a speaker at a Congress on Eugenics, "are no less remarkable than those of genius. St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, and Florence Nightingale could no more have been predicted from their ancestry than Napoleon, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, or Shakespeare." But the peculiarities of tissue on which some physical characteristics are held to depend can, at any rate, be inherited. Florence Nightingale's mother was one of the eleven children of William Smith of Parndon Hall, Essex, of whom Sir James Stephen said: "When he had nearly completed four score years, he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness, and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head every member still lived to support and gladden his old age." This statement is not absolutely correct, for one child did not long survive its birth; but of the other sons and daughters of William Smith, none died at an earlier age than 69, two lived to be more than 75, six to be more than 80, and one to be more than 90. This last was Frances, Mrs. Nightingale, who lived to be 92. On the father's side there was longevity also. Mr. Nightingale himself lived to be 80. His mother lived to be 95; he had an aunt who lived to be 90; and "your uncle," wrote his father, "young at 82, enters into politics of the present moment with all the ardour of 22." Of the children of Mr. and Mrs. William Nightingale, Parthenope lived to be 75, and Florence, though (or, in part,

¹ To avoid confusion, I sometimes refer to her before her marriage as "Lady Verney," reserving "Miss Nightingale" throughout for Florence.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

(1820-1839)

I found her in her chamber reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much pleasure as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio.—ROGER ASCHAM.

To the tender sentiment and popular adoration that gathered around the subject of this Memoir, something perhaps was added by the beauty of a name which linked together the City of the Flowers and the music of the birds. Her surname suggested to Longfellow the title of the poem which has carried home to the hearts of thousands in two continents a lesson of her life. The popularity of "Florence"—in the Middle Ages a masculine name—as a Christian name for English girls is noted by the historian of that subject as due to association with the heroine of the Crimea.

Both of her names were the result of circumstance. Her father came of the old Derbyshire family of Shore of Tapton, and changed his name in 1815 from William Edward Shore to William Edward Nightingale on succeeding to the property of his mother's uncle, Peter Nightingale of Lea, in the same county. Mr. William Nightingale was fond of travel, and the close of the French war, shortly before his marriage (1818), had thrown the Continent open to the grand tour. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale's only children, two daughters, were born during a sojourn in Italy. The elder was born at Naples in 1819, and was named, firstly, Frances,

well known, were not all lacking in the latter equipment for political success, and Mr. Nightingale was a frequent subscriber to electoral funds on the Whig side. He was an ardent supporter of Parliamentary Reform. He held that "Bentham has taught great moral truth more effectually than all the Christian divines." At a later time he was a follower of Lord Palmerston, of whom he was also a neighbour in the country. One of the earliest notices which I find of Florence Nightingale's interest in politics is in a letter from her father describing a meeting at Romsey to which he had taken her. "Florence," he says, "approved very much Palmerston's exposition of his foreign policy."

Something else Florence Nightingale owed to, or shared with, her father. He, like some other members of his family, was of a reflective temperament, interested in speculative problems. There is a letter written by him to his wife from his father's sick-room (Sept. 1822) which shows the bent of his thoughts:—

I sit by his bedside and look at him as one would at a sleeping man, the idea of death only now and then flashing across my mind. I have been *studying* Mad. de Staël on the feeling of conviction, which exists more or less in different people and different nations, on the subject of soul as independent of external ideas. My imagination is a dull one, for it certainly required *study* with me to feel the full force of conviction that soul does and must exist quite separately from, though influenced by, external circumstances. *You* will say, I know, with a firm belief in Scripture and religion, Leave all philosophical speculation to the wild imaginations of the Germans. Nothing can change *your* reliance on religion. The perversity of *my* nature refers me to experience and analogies, though I begin to think that the study of the creation displayed before our faculties will exalt me into a conception of Divinity completely pervading the whole, but particularly that part of man which enables him to feel the difference between right and wrong independently of the ideas which he derives from external circumstances.

Florence Nightingale's mother accepted the religious standpoint of the day without question. Unitarianism was dropped by her and by her elder daughter; by Florence it was, as we shall hear, transcended. The mother's essential bent was practical, though the scope of it was somewhat

perhaps, because) she lived for 53 years the life of an invalid, attained the age of 90.

Florence Nightingale, whether saint or not, was certainly conscious of a "call"; but there was nothing in her descent or inheritance which encouraged her parents to allow it to become readily effectual. Because she was a woman, her early life was one long struggle for liberation from circumstance and social prepossessions. Yet there were features in her mental equipment and intellectual outlook which may well have been inherited, and which certainly owed much to environment. Sir James Stephen adds to the remarks quoted above that if William Smith "had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable, or have laboured more habitually for their relief." In politics he was a follower of Fox. He was a friend of Wilberforce, with whom he co-operated in the House of Commons in the Abolitionist and other humanitarian movements. Of Wilberforce, as of Thomas Clarkson, "he possessed the almost brotherly love, and of all their fellow-labourers there was none who was more devoted to their cause, or whom they more entirely trusted."¹ In religion a Unitarian, he was a stout defender of liberty of thought and conscience, a persistent opponent of religious tests and disabilities. The liberal opinions, alike in Church and State, which were thus traditional in the family of Florence Nightingale's mother, were shared by that of her father. Her grandfather Shore, in a letter to his son in 1818, referred to "one of the finest pieces of eloquence either in ancient or modern times, given by Sir Samuel Romilly in the Court of Chancery on a motion respecting the right of Jews to the benefit of a charity in Bedford. It does honour to the man and to human nature." Florence Nightingale's father was also a Unitarian; and in politics he was a Whig. "How I hate Tories," he wrote to his wife; and in another letter, after the election of 1835, in which the hated ones had gained ground, he explained that they were mighty only "by Beer, Brandy, and Money." The Whigs, as is

¹ *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, "The Clapham Sect," pp. 543-544 (ed. 1860). Miss Nightingale referred to this association of her grandfather with Wilberforce and Clarkson in one of her *Addresses to Probationers* (1875).

Mr. Nightingale built a new house, called Lea Hurst. The charm of its situation and prospect is described in a letter by Mrs. Gaskell :—

“High as Lea Hurst is, one seems on a pinnacle, with the clouds careering round one. Down below is a garden with stone terraces and flights of steps—the planes of these terraces being perfectly gorgeous with masses of hollyhocks, dahlias, nasturtiums, geraniums, etc. Then a sloping meadow losing itself in a steep wooded descent (such tints over the wood !) to the river Derwent, the rocks on the other side of which form the first distance, and are of a red colour streaked with misty purple. Beyond this, interlacing hills, forming three ranges of distance ; the first, deep brown with decaying heather ; the next, in some purple shadow, and the last catching some pale, watery sunlight.” “I am left alone,” continued Mrs. Gaskell, “established high up, in two rooms, opening one out of the other—the old nurseries.” (The inner one, in which Mrs. Gaskell slept, was, when Parthenope grew up, her bedroom.) “It is curious how simple it is. The old carpet doesn’t cover the floor. No easy chair, no sofa, a little curtainless bed, a small glass. In the outer room—the former day nursery—Miss Florence’s room when she is at home, everything is equally simple ; now, of course, the bed is reconverted into a sofa ; two small tables, a few bookshelves, a drab carpet only partially covering the clean boards, and stone-coloured walls—as cold in colouring as need be, but with one low window on one side, trellised over with Virginian creeper as gorgeous as can be ; and the opposite one, by which I am writing, looking over such country !”¹

The sound of the Derwent was often in Florence’s ears. When she was in the Hospital at Scutari any fretting in the Straits recalled it to her. “How I like,” she said on a stormy night, “to hear that ceaseless roar ; it puts me in mind of the dear Derwent ; how often I have listened to it from the nursery window.”

Lea Hurst became one of Florence Nightingale’s earliest homes in England, but it was not the earliest of all. The house was not built when the family returned from the Continent, and Mr. Nightingale took Kynsham Court,

¹ From a letter to Catherine Winkworth, October 20, 1854, kindly communicated by Miss Meta Gaskell. Mrs. Gaskell had gone to stay at Lea Hurst with the understanding that she was to have a quiet time for writing, remaining in the house as long as she might wish after the family had left it. For other passages from the letter, see pp. 39, 41, 139.

From the worldly circumstances of her parents Florence came to draw conclusions little sympathetic, in some respects, with existing mores and conventions. She accepted, indeed, the position of worldly wealth into which she was born without any fundamental questioning. In later years a young friend, on being urged to visit the villagers around one of Miss Nightingale's country homes, explained that she did not like the relation, she could not bring herself to go from a big comfortable home to instruct poor people how to live. Miss Nightingale laughed, and said, "You surely don't call Lea Hurst a big house." It had only about fifteen bedrooms. She took for granted the position into which she was born. But she thought that wealth should only be used as a means of work. The easy, comfortable, not very strenuous conditions of her home life as a girl fixed the nature of her earlier years, but her soul did not become rooted in them. They sowed seeds which grew, as the years passed, not into acquiescence, but into revolt. Mr. Nightingale had inherited his great-uncle's property when nine years old. It accumulated for him, and a lead mine added greatly to its value. By the time of his marriage he was blessed (or, as his younger daughter came to think, afflicted) by the possession of a considerable fortune. Whether it were indeed a blessing or an affliction, it involved him in much uncertainty of mind. He and his wife returned from the Continent with their infant daughters in 1821, and the question became urgent, Where to live? The landed property which he inherited from his great-uncle was a comparatively small estate at and around Lea Hall in Derbyshire. To this property he added largely. The Hall, the old residence of his great-uncle, was discarded (it is now used as a farm-house), and

of her collection of flowers, describing each with analytical accuracy, and noting the particular spot at which it was picked. Her childish letters contain many references to animal companions. She made particular friends with the nuthatch: She had a pet pig, a pet donkey, a pet pony. She was fond of riding, and fond of dogs. "A small pet animal," she said many years afterwards, "is often an excellent companion for the sick, for long chronic cases especially." "The more I see of men," wrote a cynic, "the more I love dogs." Florence Nightingale, in the same piece from which I have just quoted, drew a like moral from her experience of some nurses. "An invalid," she said, "in giving an account of his nursing by a nurse and a dog, infinitely preferred that of the dog. 'Above all,' he said, 'it did not talk.'"¹ There were no babies in the Nightingale family after the arrival of Florence herself, but most of her mother's many brothers and sisters married and had families; and as Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale's houses were often visited by these relations, there was seldom wanting a succession of babies, and in them and their christenings, and teething, and illnesses, and lessons, Florence took that interest which is often strong in little girls.

Sometimes a baby died, and her letters show that Florence was as much interested in a death as in a birth. She rejoiced in "the little angels in heaven." One of her favourite poems at this period was *The Better Land* of Mrs. Hemans, which she copied out for a cousin as "so very beautiful." The earliest letter which I have seen, written when she was ten, strikes mingled notes. She is staying with Uncle Octavius Smith at "Thames Bank" (a house which then adjoined his distillery at Millbank), and writes to her sister, who is on a visit with the maid to another set of cousins:—

Give my love to Clémence, and tell her, if you please, that I am not in the room where she established me, but in a very small one; instead of the beautiful view of the Thames, a most dismal one of the black distillery, and, whenever I open my window, the nasty smell rushes in like a torrent. But I like it pretty well notwithstanding. There is a hole through the wall

¹ *Notes on Nursing*, ed. 1860, p. 147 n.

Protector, in Herefordshire. The place, it seems, was "more picturesque than habitable," and negotiations for the purchase of it, with a view to improvements, fell through. Mr. Nightingale liked Derbyshire, and was fond of his new home; but the rich, as well as the poor, have their perplexities. "The difficulty is," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his wife, "where is the county that is habitable for twelve successive months?" And, again, "How would you like Leicestershire? For my part, I think that, provided I could get about 2000 acres and a house in some neighbouring county where sport and scenery were in tolerable abundance, and the visit to Lea Hurst were annually confined to July, August, September, and October, then all would be well." While Mr. Nightingale stayed at Kynsham, or took the children for change of air to the seaside or Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Nightingale divided his time between the management of his property in Derbyshire and the search for a second home elsewhere. Ultimately he found what he wanted at Embley Park in the parish of Wellow, near Romsey. This estate was bought in 1825, and Kynsham was given up. Embley is on the edge of the New Forest, and the rich growth of its woods and gardens is much favoured by sun and moisture. Old oaks and beeches, thickets of flowering laurel and rhododendron, and a profusion of flowers and scents, contrast with the bare breezy hills of Derbyshire. Its new owners had here the variety they wished for, and a full scope for their taste. The most praised of its beauties is a long road almost shut in by masses of rhododendron. One of the occasional pleasures of Miss Nightingale's later life in London was a drive in the Park, in rhododendron-time, "to remind her of Embley."

III

From her fifth year onwards Florence Nightingale had, then, for her homes Lea Hurst in the summer months and Embley during the rest of the year. The family usually spent a portion of the season in London. The sisters led, it will thus be seen, a life mainly in the country, and Florence as a child became fond of flowers, birds, and beasts. A neatly printed manuscript-book is preserved, in which she made a catalogue

her "old Pastor"¹ to her in 1858, "whether you remember how, twenty-two years ago, you and I together averted the intended hanging of poor old Shepherd Smithers's dog, Cap. How many times I have told the story since! I well recollect the pleasure which the saving of the life of a poor dog then gave to your young mind. I was delighted to witness it; it was to me not indeed an omen of what you were about to do and be (for of that I never dreamed), but it was an index of that kind and benevolent disposition, of that 1 Cor. xiii. Charity, which has been at the root of it." And it is certainly interesting and curious, if nothing more, that the very earliest piece in the handwriting of Florence Nightingale which has been preserved should be a medical prescription. It is contained in a tiny book, about the size of a postage-stamp, which the little girl stitched together and in which the instruction is written, in very childish letters, "16 grains for an old woman, 11 for a young woman, and 7 for a child." But these things are after all but trifles. Florence Nightingale is not the only little girl who has been fond of nursing sick dolls or mending them when broken. Other children have tended wounded animals and had their pill-boxes and simples. Much, too, has been written about Florence's kindness as a child to her poorer neighbours. Her mother, both at Lea Hurst and at Embley, sometimes occupied herself in good works. She and her husband were particularly interested in a "cheap school" which they supported at their Derbyshire home. "Large sums of money have been paid," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his wife in 1832, "to your schoolmistress for many praiseworthy purposes, who works *con amore* in looking after the whole population, young and old." Florence took her place, beside her mother, in visiting poor neighbours, in arranging school-treats, in giving village entertainments. But thousands of other squires' daughters, before and after her, have done the like. And Florence herself, as many entries in her diaries show, was not conscious of doing much, but reproachful of herself for doing little. The constant burden of her self-examination, both at this time and for many years to come, was that she was for ever "dreaming" and never "doing."

¹ The Rev. J. T. Giffard.

close to my door, which communicates with the bath-room, which is next the room where Freddy¹ sleeps, and he talks to me by there. Tell her also, if you please, that I have washed myself all over and feet in warm water since I came every night. I went up into the distillery to the very tip-top by ladders with Uncle Oc and Fred Saturday night. We walked along a great pipe. We have had a good deal of boating which I like very much. We see three steam-boats pass every day, the *Diana*, the *Fly*, and the *Endeavour*. My love to all of them except Miss W——. Give my love particularly to Hilary. Your affecte and only sister. Dear Pop, I think of you, pray let us love one another more than we have done. Mama wishes it particularly, it is the will of God, and it will comfort us in our trials through life. Good-bye.

Was Miss W—— an unsympathetic governess? Whoever she was, the exception in her disfavour shows an unregenerate impulse which contrasts naïvely with the following good resolve towards her sister. To a year earlier belongs a little note-book, entitled "Journal of Flo, Embley." It begins with the reminder, "The Lord is with thee wherever thou art." And then an entry records, "Sunday, I obliged to sit still by Miss Christie till I had the spirit of obedience." As a child, and throughout all the earlier part of her life, Florence was much given to dreaming, and in some introspective speculations written in 1851 she recalled the pleasures of naughtiness. "When I was a child and was naughty, it always put an end to my dreaming for the time. I never could tell why. Was it because naughtiness was a more interesting state than the little motives which make man's peaceful civilized state, and occupied imagination for the time?" To Miss Christie, her first governess, Florence became greatly attached, and the death of the lady a few years later threw her into deep grief. She was a sensitive, and a somewhat morbid child; and though she presently developed a lively sense of humour, to which she had the capacity of giving trenchant expression, it was the humour of intellect rather than the outcome of a

¹ Freddy, who was a bright, promising boy, went with Sir George Grey on his journey of exploration in Australia, and there died of starvation. In *Rees's Life of Sir George Grey* a note was made, by Sir George's desire, as to his having "met the death of a martyr in the cause of science and discovery, led on by personal friendship and affection for Sir George himself."

gale had, moreover, decided to carry out extensive alterations at Embley. With his wife and daughters, he crossed from Southampton to Havre on September 8, 1837, and they did not return to England till April 6, 1839. Those were days of leisurely travel, such as Ruskin describes, in which "distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveller beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or, from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw, for the first time, the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset—hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent." There were many such hours during the journeys which the Nightingales took with a *vetturino* through France and Italy; and Florence, writing at a later date, when all her life was fixed on doing, noted that on this tour there was "too much time for dreaming." Yet it is clear from her diaries that she entered heartily, and with a wider range of interest than some English travellers show, into the life of foreign society and sight-seeing. A love of statistical method which became one of her most marked characteristics may already be seen in an itinerary which she compiled; noting, in its several columns, the number of leagues from place to place, with the day and the hour both of arrival and of departure. They went leisurely through France, visiting, besides many other places, Chartres, Blois, Tours, Nantes, Bordeaux, Biarritz, Carcassonne, Nîmes, Avignon, and Toulon, and then going by the Riviera to Nice. There they stayed for nearly a month (Dec. 1837-Jan. 1838). A month was next spent at Genoa, and two months were given to Florence. The late spring and summer were devoted to travel in the cities of Northern Italy, among the lakes, and in Switzerland. They spent the month of September in Geneva, and reached Paris on October 8, 1838. Miss Nightingale preserved her diary of the greater part of the tour, and it shows her keenly interested

She was dreaming because for a long time she did not clearly feel or see what her work in life was to be ; and then for yet another period of time because, when she knew what she was called to do, she could not compass the means to do it. Her faculties were not brought outwards, but were left, by the conditions of her life, to devour themselves inwardly.

The discovery of her true vocation belongs, then, to a later period of our story ; and it was not the result of childish fancy, or the accomplishment of early incident ; it was the fruit of long and earnest study. What did come to Florence Nightingale early in life—perhaps, as one entry in her autobiographical notes suggests, as early as her sixth year—was the sense of a “ call ” ; of some appointed mission in life ; of self-dedication to the service of God. “ I remember her,” wrote Fanny Allen in 1857 to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood, “ as a little girl of three or four, then the girl of sixteen of high promise. When I look back on every time I saw her after her sixteenth year, I see that she was ripening constantly for her work, and that her mind was dwelling on the painful differences of man and man in this life, and on the traps that a luxurious life laid for the affluent. A conversation on this subject between the father and daughter made me laugh at the time, the contrast was so striking ; but now, as I remember it, it was the Divine Spirit breathing in her.”¹ In an autobiographical fragment written in 1867 Florence mentions as one of the crises of her inner life that “ God called her to His service ” on February 7, 1837, at Embley ; and there are later notes which still fix that day as the dawn of her true life. But as yet she knew not whither the Spirit was to lead. For three months, indeed, as she notes in another passage of retrospect, she “ worked very hard among the poor people ” under “ a strong feeling of religion.”

V

Presently, however, a new direction was given to her thoughts and interests. She was now seventeen, her sister eighteen. Their home education had been far advanced, and might seem to require only such “ finishing ” as masters and society in France and Italy could supply. Mr. Nightin-

¹ *A Century of Family Letters*, vol. ii. p. 174.

which was to take into consideration the demand of Louis Philippe for the expulsion of Louis Napoleon, the future Emperor. Many pages of Miss Nightingale's diary are given up to this affair. She analysed all the *pros* and *cons*, and recorded day by day the course of the debate. Sismondi thought that the refugee ought to be surrendered—on principle because he was a pretender, in expediency because Geneva would be unable to withstand a French assault. He "spoke for an hour" in this sense. The Genevois radicals, on the other hand, while entertaining no great love for the pretender, thought that, cost what it might, "the sacred right of asylum" should be maintained. And so the debate continued. The French Government began to move troops from Lyons; the Genevois, to throw up fortifications. Whereupon Mr. Nightingale, like many other English visitors, thought it time to take his family across the frontier. Miss Nightingale's diary written *en route* to Paris shows her excitement to obtain news of the crisis. When she learnt that it had been solved by Louis Napoleon being given a passport for England, she did not see that Louis Philippe had gained very much; the pretender would be nearer, and not less dangerous, in London than in Geneva—a very just prediction. Not every girl of eighteen, when taking her first tour abroad, shows so lively an interest in political affairs.

Politics and social observations mingle in the diary with artistic and architectural notes. The city which seems most to have appealed to her imagination was not Florence; though she said that she "would not have missed it for anything," and, curiously, her sojourn in her birthplace was the occasion of a characteristic incident. An English lady, who afterwards became Princess Reuss Köstritz, was staying in the same lodgings and fell ill, and Florence Nightingale volunteered to nurse her. But the city which she most admired was Genoa La Superba. She notes indeed the excessive indolence of the nobles and excessive poverty of the people, but the palaces "realized an Arabian Nights story" for her. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale had many friends and brought many introductions. In the various towns where they stayed they mixed in the best society, and their

alike in scenery and in works of art. It contains also, what records of sentimental pilgrimages often lack, an admixture of notes and statistics upon the laws, the land systems, the social conditions and benevolent institutions of the several states or cantons. Her interest in the politics of the day was keen wherever she was; and the society of many refugees into which she was thrown at Geneva gave her a particularly ardent sympathy with the cause of Italian freedom. The diary contains many biographical notes upon Italian patriots, whose adventures she heard related by their own lips. "A stirring day," she wrote on September 12 (1838), "the most stirring which we have ever lived." It was the day on which the news reached Geneva that the Emperor of Austria had declared an amnesty in Italy. The Nightingales attended an evening party at which the Italian refugees assembled and the Imperial decree was read out amidst loud jubilation; which, however, was afterwards abated when it turned out that the "general amnesty" contained many conditions and some exceptions. The Nightingales had the entrée to all the learned society of Geneva. Florence records an evening spent with M. de Candolle, the famous botanist; and the diary gives many glimpses of Sismondi, the historian, who was then living in his native city. He escorted the Nightingale party up the Salève. They made that not very formidable ascent first on donkeys and then "in a sledge covered with straw and drawn by four oxen." Florence was present on another occasion when "all the company gathered round Sismondi who, sitting on a table, gave us a lecture on Florentine history." The conscientious Florence made a full note in her diary of the great man's discourse. "All Sismondi's political economy," she also noted, "seems to be founded on the overflowing kindness of his heart. He gives to old beggars on principle, to young from habit. At Pescia he had 300 beggars at his door on one morning. He feeds the mice in his room while he is writing his histories." Presently there was a new excitement in Geneva. "What a stirring time we live in," Florence wrote on September 18; "one day to decide the fate of the Italians, to-morrow to decide the fate of Switzerland." "To-morrow" was the day fixed for the meeting of the Conseil Représentatif

ality." Full at once of *esprit* and of *espièglerie*, well read and artistic yet wholly devoid of pedantry, without regular beauty of feature, but alert and *piquante*, Mary Clarke had gathered round her what Ticknor in 1837 had found the most intellectual circle in Paris. For seven years she and her mother lived in apartments in the Abbaye-au-Bois, adjoining those of Madame Récamier, and Mary was a daily visitor to the famous *salon* during the reign of Chateaubriand, whose closing years she did much to brighten and amuse. At the time when the Nightingales arrived in Paris, Mrs. and Miss Clarke had left the Abbaye-au-Bois and established themselves in those apartments in the Rue du Bac which for nearly forty years were a haunt of all that was brilliant in the intellectual life of Paris. Mary Clarke took most affectionately to the Nightingale family, who, with some of their connections, remained for long years among her closest friends. She used to pay a yearly visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, either at Embley or at Lea Hurst, generally staying three weeks or a month; and to her many of Florence's most interesting letters were, as we shall find, addressed. To her other and more superficial qualities, Mary Clarke added great warmth of lasting affection for her intimate friends, and her sympathetic kindness to the Nightingale circle was unflinching. The attraction of Paris to Florence lay principally in its hospitals and nursing sisterhoods, but partly also in that it was the home of "Clarkey," as they called her. And it was the same with other members of the family. There is a letter from Lady Verney to Clarkey which describes how some one asked Mr. Nightingale, "Are you going to Paris?" "Oh, no," he replied; "Madame Mohl is ill." "Then does Paris mean Madame Mohl?" "Yes, certainly," he replied gravely. During the winter of 1838-39 Miss Clarke, writes Lady Verney, was "exceedingly kind to Florence and me, two young girls full of all kinds of interests, which she took the greatest pains to help. She made us acquainted with all her friends, many and notable, among them Madame Récamier. I know now, better than then, what her influence must have been thus to introduce an English family (two of them girls who, if French, would not have appeared in society) into that jealously guarded

daughters were thrown into a lively round of picnics, concerts, soirées, dancing :

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow—

There were Court balls at which Grand Dukes were "exceedingly polite" to Florence Nightingale and her sister. They went to an evening Court at Florence, and found "everyone most courteous and agreeable." There was a ball at the Casino in Genoa, at which, writes Florence in her diary, "my partner and I made an *embrouillement*, and a military officer came up with a very angry face to challenge me for having refused him and then not dancing." But the music was not all to the tune of "A Toccata of Galuppi's." What gave Florence the greatest pleasure on this tour was the Italian opera. In those days the reigning singers were Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini. Florence Nightingale heard them all. Her Italian diary is nowhere so elaborate as in descriptions of the operas and in notes on the performers. She kept a separate book in which she wrote tabulated details of all the performances. "I should like to go every night," she said in her diary; and for some time after her return from the Continent she was, as she wrote to Miss Clarke, "music-mad." She took music-lessons at Florence, and in London studied under German and Italian masters. She played and sang. It was as yet uncertain whether "the call"—to what, as yet also unknown—might not be drowned in the tastes, interests, and pursuits which fill the life of other young ladies in her position.

VI

The fascination of social life must have been brought vividly before her during the winter (1838-39) which they spent in Paris, in apartments in the Place Vendôme (No. 22). She was now introduced into the brilliant circle of the last of the *salons*. Mary Clarke, afterwards Madame Mohl, was by descent half Irish, half Scottish; by education and residence, almost wholly French. "A charming mixture," said Ampère of her, "of French vivacity and English origin-

had powers of expression, in which clearness was not un-mixed with a note of humorous subacidity. These are social advantages, and she was not without the inclination to use them. She chose in the end another path—a path which was beset by many obstacles of circumstance; but there were obstacles in herself also, and one of the last "temptations" to be overcome, before she was free to interpret her call and to act upon it, was (as she wrote in many a page of confession and self-examination) "the desire to shine in society."

sanctuary, the most exclusive aristocratic and literary *salon* in Paris. We were asked, even, to the reading by Chateaubriand, at the Abbaye-au-Bois, of his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which he could not wait to put forth, as he had intended when writing them, until after his death—desiring, it was said, to discount the praises which he expected, but hardly received. This hearing was a favour eagerly sought for by the cream of the cream of Paris society at that time.”¹ In Miss Clarke’s own apartments, the Nightingales met many distinguished men. The intimates who were always there, and who assisted their hostess in making the tea, were MM. Fauriel and Mohl—Claude Fauriel, versed in mediæval and Provençal lore, a man exceedingly handsome, who had captivated Madame de Staël and other ladies besides Mary Clarke in his friendships; and Julius Mohl, one of the first Orientalists in Europe, a more ardent lover whom, after a probation of eighteen years, Miss Clarke married in 1847. M. Mohl was once asked by Queen Victoria why, loving Germany so much, he had given up his native country for France. “Ma foi, madame,” he replied, “j’étais amoureux.” With M. Mohl, no less than with his wife, Florence Nightingale was on terms of affectionate friendship. Among the frequent visitors whom she and her sister met at Miss Clarke’s were Madame Tastu (the poetess), Élie de Beaumont (the geologist), Roulin (the traveller and naturalist), Cousin, Mignet, Guizot, Tocqueville, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, and Thiers. The last-named was one of Miss Clarke’s earliest admirers; and many years later, after the Franco-German war, when Thiers was at the head of affairs, Lady Verney heard M. Mohl say to his wife, “Madame, why did you not marry M. Thiers instead of me, for now you would have been Queen of France?”

In such circles as that which gathered around Miss Clarke, Florence Nightingale was well qualified to hold her own and even to play a brilliant part. Her life of gaiety on the Riviera and in Italy must have rubbed away much of the shyness from which she had suffered. If not beautiful, she was elegant and distinguished. She was both widely and deeply read. She had many and varied interests. She

¹ *Julius and Mary Mohl*, p. 29.

she was tempted to chafe no longer at its bars, and to accept a restricted life within the conventional lines. I do not propose to detail, as might be done from her letters, diaries, and other materials, the precise succession of her goings and comings, her visits, and her home pursuits. She herself gives an excellent reason in one of her diaries. "Our movements are so regular," she said; one year was very like another. The setting of Florence Nightingale's life during this period was such as many women have enjoyed, and many others have envied. The lines of the Nightingale family were laid in pleasant places. Their summer months were spent, as in preceding years, at Lea Hurst. A portion of the season was spent in London, and the rest of the year at Embley. On their return from the Continent in 1839, the Nightingales spent some weeks in London, when the two girls were presented at Court, and a letter to Miss Clarke shows Florence absorbed in music, but not so completely as to conquer a lively interest in the politics of the Bedchamber Plot:—

CARLTON HOTEL, REGENT STREET, *June 1* [1839]. . . . We are enjoying ourselves much, for the Nicholsons, our cousins, came up to town the day after we did, and are living in the same hotel with us in Regent Street, the best situation in London, I think, but some people call it too noisy. As Marianne Nicholson is as music-mad as I am, we are revelling in music all day long. Schulz, who is a splendid player, and Crivelli, her singing master, give us lessons, and the unfortunate piano has been strummed out of tune in a week, not having even its natural rest at nights, as there are other masters as well. We went to Pauline Garcia's *début* at the opera in *Otello*. She was exceedingly nervous and trembled all over, but her great improvement towards the end promised well. Her lower notes are very fine indeed, and two shakes she made low down, though too much like *instrumental* to be agreeable, were very extraordinary. Her voice, however, is excessively unequal, and sometimes her singing is quite commonplace. She makes too much of her execution, which is very uneven. It is very easy to say that she will be another Malibran, but if they were side by side the difference would be seen; so say wiser judges than we. Even Grisi is quite superior to her in *Desdemona*, although P. Garcia's voice is the most powerful, but then P. Garcia was excessively frightened. We have heard her sing a duet with Persiani in which both were perfect, and I heard Dohler for the

CHAPTER II

HOME LIFE

(1839-1845)

Her passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life: what were many-volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel; and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self.—GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*.

THE home life to which Florence Nightingale returned in April 1839 was rich in possibilities of social pleasure, and might have seemed to promise every happiness. She was well fitted by nature and by education to be an ornament of any country house; to shine in any cultivated society; to become the wife, as many of her best friends hoped and believed, of some good and clever man. But Florence, as she passed from childhood to womanhood, came to form other plans. Her life, as she ultimately shaped it, her example, which circumstances were destined to render far-shining, have been potent factors in opening new avenues for women in the modern world. Thousands of women in these days are, in consequence of Florence Nightingale's career, born free; but it was at a great price, and after long and weary struggles, that she herself attained such freedom. During the years with which, in this Part, we shall be concerned, she lived in some sort the life of a caged bird.

The cage, however, was pleasantly gilded. Florence was not always insensible of the gilding; there were times when

against Crawford. Macaulay has made an admirable speech in favour of ballot there.

The Queen is vibrating between popularity and unpopularity, and it is not yet known which way the scale will turn between the two parties; she was very much applauded, and Lord Melbourne too, at Ascot yesterday. He is likely to keep the upper hand, as the Tories have not such a man as Lord John Russell in all their party, and the *nine* obstreperous Radicals have had a sop and give in their adhesion for the present. Papa is shocked to hear that M. Guizot has declared himself so anti-English. . . .

We always talk of you and all that you did for us at Paris. I heard yesterday that Gonfalonieri was coming to London in a month. Is he at Paris now? I have just been reading the account of M. Mignet's *éloge* of Talleyrand. I hope you were there, for it must have been very interesting, but did not he make rather an extraordinary defence of Talleyrand's political tergiversation, and of his conduct while the Allies were at Paris? extraordinary to our ideas of political integrity. We met "ubiquity" Young and Mr. Babbage yesterday at dinner at the E. Strutts', who told all sorts of droll stories about Lord Brougham, who seems to have fairly lost his wits. He had Lord Duncannon to dine with him the other day, which is new, he having formerly stipulated when he went out to dinner that he should see none of his former colleagues. He sends his carriage to stand before Lord Denman's house for hours while he goes and walks in the Park, or even while he is out of town, to give the idea that they are very intimate. . . .

In another letter to Miss Clarke (Sept. 18), some further gossip is given. Miss Nightingale was on her way back to London from Lea Hurst, and had broken the journey at Nottingham:—

The next day we went up to town by rail in six and a half hours, notwithstanding that the engine was twice out of order and stopped us. We had very agreeable company on the road, a neighbour of ours and equerry to the Queen,¹ who was full of her virtues and condescensions. How much pleasanter it is travelling by these public conveyances than in one's own stupid carriage. He said that Lord Melbourne called the Queen's favourite terrier a frightful little beast, and often contradicted her flat, all which she takes in good part, and lets him go to sleep after dinner,

¹ General Sir Frederick Stovin, G.C.B. He was groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1860.

first time at the same concert. I was nowise disappointed, although I had heard so much of him at Paris, his execution is extraordinary, but I think one would soon grow tired of it, for both his music and his style are very inferior to Thalberg's. Have you heard Batta on the violoncello at Paris? His playing approaches more nearly to the human voice than anything I ever heard. We are going to hear charming Persiani to-night in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Tamburini, the most good-natured of mortals, has volunteered to come and sing two or three hours with my cousin Marianne every season, whenever she thinks herself sufficiently advanced. We are going to hear him at a private concert on Monday.

Now there has been enough and too much of musical news, but political news is scarce. . . . London was in a perfect whirlwind of excitement for the few days that the Melbourne ministry was out, but that is stale already. Our little Queen, who was sadly unpopular when we first came to England, recovered much of her former favour with the Whig party after the firmness she showed in this affair. She was cheered and called forward at the opera, which had not been done for months, and again returning from chapel. And the birthday drawing-room was overflowing, whereas at the two first she gave this season, there were hardly *forty* people! The story of this last fracas is that on Tuesday, the day of Lord Melbourne's resignation, the Queen dined upstairs with her mother, Baroness Lehzen, and Lady F. Hastings, which she had never done since her accession, and it is supposed that the *amende honorable* was then made to Lady Flora, and that in this *partie carrée* was also arranged the course which was to be pursued with Sir Robert Peel. The poor little Queen was seen in tears by several people who told us in the course of the three days, and struggled for her Ladies, as you see, manfully. However matters may turn out now, it is said that she has taken so tremendous a dislike to Sir R. Peel in this affair, that she will never send for *him* again.

Since that, the House has been adjourned for a fortnight and only met last Monday when the Speaker was elected, Abercromby going up to the House of Peers. We are rejoicing in the election of Shaw Lefevre, by a majority of eighteen; rather less than was expected, however, Spring Rice arriving half an hour too late to vote, which has made rather a commotion. Shaw Lefevre is a great friend of ours, and a very agreeable man, which is his chief qualification for the chair. Macaulay is not likely to come into the Ministry; Lord Melbourne says that it is impossible to get on with a man who talks so fast. So he is now writing history, and saying that it is the only thing worth doing, except, however, standing for Edinburgh in Abercromby's room

presents), where I expect to have the gift of language, is to celebrate the pomps and beauties of the garden in this wicked world, than which I never wish for a better.

Florence and her sister loved each other, but their characters were widely different, as we shall hear, and their love at this time was not that of perfect sympathy, but rather of wistful admiration on the one side, and half-pitying fondness on the other. Parthenope looked upon Florence as upon some strange being in another world, whose happiness she passionately longed to see, and whose rejection of it she could but dimly understand. Florence, on her side, regarded her elder sister's contentment in the beauties of art and nature, and in the world as she found it, with the tender pity which one may feel for a happy child. "It would be an ill return for all her affection," wrote Florence to one of her aunts, "to drag down my White Swan from her cool, fresh, blue sea of art into our baby chicken-yard of struggling, scratting¹ life. How cruel it would be, as she is rocked to rest there on her dreamy waves, for anybody to waken her." The difference in temperament between the sisters comes out very clearly in their several descriptions of Embley. Florence was sensible of its beauties, but they came to her with thoughts of a better world beyond, or with echoes from the still sad music of humanity in the world that now is. "I should have so liked you to see Embley in the summer," she wrote,² "for everything is such a blaze of beauty. I had such a lovely walk yesterday before breakfast. The voice of the birds is like the angels calling me with their songs, and the fleecy clouds look like the white walls of our Home. Nothing makes my heart thrill like the voice of the birds; but the living chorus so seldom finds a second voice in the starved and earthly soul, which, like the withered arm, cannot stretch forth its hand till Christ bids it." A

¹ An expressive, old English word, which often occurs in Miss Nightingale's letters. "As we say in Derbyshire," she sometimes added. George Eliot, also of Derbyshire, often uses it.

² Miss Nightingale took great pains with most of her letters. She often made a rough draft in a note-book, and then used the same words in letters to different correspondents, or used part of the original passage in a letter to one correspondent, and part in a letter to another. Here, as in one or two other cases, I reunite passages from two letters. One of them was addressed to the same cousin to whom Parthenope wrote.

taking care that he shall not be waked.¹ She reads all the newspapers and all the vilifying abuse which the Tories give her, and makes up her mind that a queen must be abused, and hates them cordially.

II

The Nightingales had taken up their residence at Embley in September 1839, and remained there, in accordance with their wont, till the early summer following. The charm of the place is vividly described in a letter from Florence's sister to her cousin, Miss Hilary Bonham Carter:—

MY LOVE—It is so beautiful in this world ! so very beautiful, you really cannot fancy anything so near approaching to Eden or fairy-land, or *il paradiso terrestre* as depicted in the 25th Canto, stanza 40 something ; so very, very lovely that we cannot resist a very strong desire that you should come down and see it. My dear, I assure you we are worth seeing. I never, though blest with many fair visions (both in my sleeping and my waking hours), conceived anything so exquisite as to-day lying among the flowers, such smells and such sounds hovering round me ! Flo reading and talking so that my immortal profited too, and she comforted me when I said I must have much of the beast in me to be so *very* happy in the sunshine and the flowers, by suggesting that God gave us His blessings to enjoy them. So I *am* comforted, and set to work to enjoy with all my might, and succeed *à merveille*. Still the garden is big, there are many clumps of rhododendrons and azaleas, and showers of rosebuds, and I cannot be all round them at once ; so we want you to come and help, not so much for your pleasure as to relieve the weight of responsibility, you see. . . . My love, I am writing perched on a chair on the grass, nightingales all round, blue sky above (*such* long shadows sleeping on the lawn), and June smells about me. Will you not come ? The rhododendrons are early this year, and will be much passed in another ten days. Will you not come ? If you ask learned men they will tell you June at Embley is a poetry ready made ; and the first thing I shall do when I get to heaven (you'd better set about getting there Miss Pop directly, you're a *very* long way off at these

¹ Many stories of Lord Melbourne and the "dull dog" are now accessible in the Queen's own diaries, but he made friends with the pets in the end. The Queen may have forbidden others to wake her Minister ; but she herself objected sometimes, though with a pretty playfulness, to his snoring. See *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria*, vol. ii. p. 240.

aries within her circle, her cousin Hilary was the most gifted. One of the sons, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, was, and is, Secretary of the Nightingale Fund, and Miss Nightingale appointed him one of her executors. Between the Nightingales and the Samuel Smiths the relationship was double. Mrs. Nightingale's brother, Mr. Samuel Smith, of Combe Hurst, Surrey, married Mary Shore, sister of Mr. Nightingale; moreover, their son, Mr. William Shore Smith, was the heir (after his mother) to the entailed land at Embley and Lea Hurst, in default of a son to Mr. Nightingale. The eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith, Blanche, married Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, who, as we shall hear, was closely associated with Miss Nightingale. There were many other relations; but without being troubled to go into further details, which might tax severely even the authoress of the *Pillars of the House*, the reader will perceive that Florence Nightingale was well provided with uncles, aunts, and cousins.

The fact is of some significance in understanding the circumstances of her life at this time, and the nature of her struggle for independence. Emancipated or revolting daughters are sometimes pardoned or condoned if they can aver that they have few home ties. To Mrs. Nightingale it may have seemed that in the domestic intercourse within so large a family circle, any comfortable daughter might find abundance of outlet and interest. And so, in one respect at least, her daughter Florence did. The maternal instinct in her, for which she was not in her own person to find fruition, went out in almost passionate fulness to the young cousin, William Shore Smith, mentioned above. He was "her boy," she used to say, from the day on which he was put as a baby into her arms when she was eleven years old. Up to the time of his going up to Cambridge, he spent a portion of his holidays in every year at Lea Hurst or Embley. Florence's letters at such times were full of him. She was successively his nurse, playfellow, and tutor. "The son of my heart," she called him; "while he is with me all that is mine is his, my head and hands and time."

It generally happens in any large family circle that there is one woman to whom all its members instinctively turn

very different note it will be observed, from that which Parthenope—and Pippa—heard from “the lark on the wing.” And so, too, with regard to the house at Embley. Mr. Nightingale had found it a plain, substantial building of the Georgian period. He enlarged it into an ornate mansion in the Elizabethan style. His wife and elder daughter were much occupied with the interest of furnishing it appropriately, and Mr. Nightingale was greatly pleased with his alterations. “Do you know,” said Florence, as she walked with a congenial friend on the lawn in front of the drawing-room, “what I always think when I look at that row of windows? I think how I should turn it into a hospital, and just how I should place the beds.”¹

III

Embley was now a large house, with accommodation enough to receive at one time, as Florence recorded in a letter, “five able-bodied married females, with their husbands and belongings.” The large number of Mrs. Nightingale’s brothers and sisters, some of whom had many sons and daughters, made the family circle of the Nightingales a very wide one. Between four of the families the intercourse was particularly close—the Nightingales, the Nicholsons, the Bonham Carters, and the Samuel Smiths. One of Mrs. Nightingale’s sisters married Mr. George Thomas Nicholson, of Waverley Abbey, near Farnham, Surrey.² Among their children, Marianne was as a girl a great friend of her cousin Florence. In 1851 Miss Nicholson married Captain (afterwards Sir) Douglas Galton, who, some few years later, became closely and helpfully connected with Miss Nightingale’s work. To Mr. Nicholson’s sister, “Aunt Hannah,” Florence was greatly attached. Another of Mrs. Nightingale’s sisters married Mr. John Bonham Carter, of Ditcham, near Petersfield, for many years M.P. for Portsmouth. His eldest daughter, Joanna Hilary, was a particular friend of Florence Nightingale, who said that of all her contempor-

¹ Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell’s *Pioneer Work*, 1895, p. 185.

² The annals of the Cistercian Abbey (of which ruins remain) are said to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the name of his first novel.

people so necessary to another's happiness of every instant, as he was to yours. . . . How sorry I am, dear Miss Clarke, that you will not think of coming to us here. Oh, do not say that you "will not cloud young people's spirits." Do you think young people are so afraid of sorrow, or that if they have lively spirits, which I often doubt, they think these are worth anything, except in so far as they can be put at the service of sorrow, not to relieve it, which I believe can very seldom be done, but to sympathise with it? I am sure this is the only thing worth living for, and I do so believe that every tear one sheds waters some good thing into life. . . . Dear Miss Clarke, I wish we had you here, or at least could see you and pour out something of what our hearts are full of. That clever man of Thebes, one Cadmus, need never have existed, for any good that that cold pen and ink of his ever did, in the way of expressing oneself. The iron pen seems to make the words iron, but words are what always takes the dust off the butterfly's wings. . . . What nights we have had this last month, though when one thinks that there are hundreds and thousands of people suffering in the same way, and when one sees in every cottage some trouble which defies sympathy—and there is all the world putting on its shoes and stockings every morning all the same—and the wandering earth going its inexorable tread-mill through those cold-hearted stars in the eternal silence, as if nothing were the matter;—death seems less dreary than life at that rate. But I did not mean to say that, for who would know the peace of night, if it were not for the troubles of the day, "the welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair, the best beloved night," when one feels, what at other times one only repeats to oneself, that the coffin of every hope is the cradle of a good experience, and that nobody suffers in vain. It is odd what want of faith one has for one's friends. *We* know what soft lots we would have made for them if we could; and that we should believe ourselves so infinitely more good-natured than God, that we cannot trust their lots with Him!

It must not be supposed, however, that Florence was in request among the family circle only at times of sad emergency. She sometimes took her place no less effectually on festive occasions. Waverley Abbey, the house of Uncle Nicholson aforesaid, was the scene of family reunions at Christmas-time; and in letters to Miss Clarke from both Mrs. Nightingale and her daughter Parthe, there is a lively account of private theatricals there in 1841. The *Merchant of Venice* was chosen, and Macready volunteered some assistance.

when trouble comes or help is needed. Florence was the one in the Nightingale circle who filled this rôle of Sister of Mercy or Emergency Man—taking charge of one household when an aunt was away, or being dispatched to another when illness was prevalent. In 1845 she spent some time with her father's mother, who was threatened with paralysis, and whom she nursed into partial recovery. "I am very glad sometimes," she wrote from her grandmother's sick-room to her cousin Hilary, "to walk in the valley of the shadow of death as I do here; there is something in the stillness and silence of it which levels all earthly troubles. God tempers our wings in the waters of that valley, and I have not been so happy or so thankful for a long time. And yet it is curious, in the last years of life, that we should go downhill in order to climb up the other side; that in the struggle of the spiritual with the material part of the universe, the material should get the better, and the soul, just at the moment of becoming spiritualised for ever, should seem to become more materialised." She made a similar reflection a little later in the same year (1845), when tending her old nurse, Gale, in her last illness. "The old lady's spirit," she wrote, "was in her pillow-cases, and one night when she thought she was dying, and I was sitting up with her, she said, 'Now, Miss Florence, mind you have two new cases made for this bed, for I think whoever sleeps here next year will find them comfortable.'" The death-bed of the nurse of the Queen of Nurses deserves some note. The last words of Mrs. Gale, as reported in other letters, were, "Don't wake the cook," "Hannah, go to your work," and "Miss Florence, be careful in going down those stairs." If the spirit of this old servant was materialised at the moment of passing, the materialising took the form at any rate of faithful service and of consideration for others.

Florence's sympathy with those in distress is shown in the letter of condolence which she wrote to Miss Clarke upon the death of M. Fauriel:—

EMBLEY, *July* 1844. I cannot help writing one word, my dear Miss Clarke, after having just received your note, though I know I cannot say anything which can be of any comfort. For there are few sorrows I do believe like your sorrow, and few

and we beat the base *baggites* out of the field. After the holloaing was over, and the alarming rushings and screamings we had made, M. Kroff (a Bohemian), who had listened and assisted, came to Mama, and said, ' This do give me the great idea of the liberty of your land, your young people are brought up so to understand it in your domestic life ; if *we* were to make such a noise we should have the police in with swords and cutlasses to divide us ! ' "

IV

The Nightingales had as many friends without as within the family circle. Their two homes brought them in touch with county society alike in Derbyshire and in Hampshire, and acquaintanceships made in London were often ripened in the country, or *vice versa*. In Derbyshire their friends included the Strutts, and Richard Monckton Milnes, who afterwards took a cordial interest in the Nightingale Fund. In London, Florence and her sister went out a great deal, and saw all that was interesting to well-educated young persons. A letter from Florence to one of her aunts shows her occupied in politics, in literature, in astronomy, with something, perhaps, of the note of a blue ; yet with her mind already set on a purpose in life :—

(*Miss F. Nightingale to Miss Julia Smith.*) June 20 [1843]. A cold east wind, *forty-one* days of rain in the last month ! as our newspaper informs us to prove that '43 is worse than any preceding year. *Du reste*, the world very pleasant—people looking up in the prospect of Peel's giving them free trade and all radical measures in the course of one or two years. Carlyle's new *Past and Present*, a beautiful book. There are bits about " Work," which how I should like to read with you ! " Blessed is he who has found his work : let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose : he has found it and will follow it. . . ." Sir J. Graham is going to be obliged to give up his Factories Education Bill for this year ; O ye bigoted Dissenters ! but I am going to hold my tongue and not " meddle with politics " or " talk about things which I don't understand," for I tremble already in anticipation, and proceed at once to facts. . . . The two things we have done in London this year—the most striking things—are seeing Bouffé

Parthe's artistic gifts were requisitioned, and she was "scene-painter, milliner, and cap-and-fur maker." The powers of command and organization, which Florence was afterwards to exhibit in another field, seem to have been divined by her cousins, for she was unanimously appointed stage-manager. Miss Joanna Horner, who was one of the party, remembers that the usual little jealousies about parts and costumes used to disappear in presence of Florence. "Flo very blooming," reported Mrs. Nightingale. "The actors were not very obstinate, and were tolerably good-tempered," wrote Parthe, "but it was hard work for Flo. There was a Captain Elliot, fresh from China, who could by no means be brought to obey. He was Antonio, and *would* burst out laughing in the midst of his most pathetic bits, to the horror of Shylock, who was very earnest and hard-working." The Lady-in-Chief in later years in the Crimea had a rather peremptory way with obstructive military gentlemen. On this occasion, however, she was perhaps satisfied with the assurance given at a well-known pantomime rehearsal, that it would "be all right on the night." But it was not. "Your flame, Uncle Adams,"¹ continues the letter to Miss Clarke, "was very fine in Lancelot! but, oh, desperation, forgot his Duke's part in the most flagrant way, tho' Flo had been putting it into him with a sledge-hammer all the week." In the intervals of rehearsing, the girls and their cousins danced and sang, and took large walks, sixteen together. After the performance, dancing was kept up till five in the morning. "Next day," continues Lady Verney, "we were debating whether 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' went on with a *bag* or a *pocket* full of rye; and warming on this interesting subject, we young ones dragged in all the old people, sought recruits high and low, and had a regular election scene. Uncle Adams made a hustings speech, giving both parties hopes of his vote; then the boys slunk out after the counting, and came in with large outcries to be counted a second time, with many other corrupt practices much used at such times; then we bribed a little boy to go and make disturbances in the other faction; but you will be happy to hear the *pockets* had it by a large majority,

¹ William Adams Smith, an unmarried brother of Mrs. Nightingale.

home life empty and unprofitable, it was not for lack of congenial friends.

She saw much, too, of general society, and Embley was often the scene of entertaining. We get a glimpse of its parties from an invitation which Mr. Nightingale sent to Miss Clarke (Oct. 1843) to bring her friend Leopold von Ranke with her on a visit :—

Pray send him a sly line to the effect that he will find *Notabilities* here on the 24th—to wit, the Speaker (Shaw Lefevre), the ex-Foreign Secretary (Palmerston), the Catholic Weld (future owner of Lulworth and nephew of the Cardinal of that ilk), and mayhap a Queen's Equerry or two, a Baron of the Exchequer (Rolfe), an Inspector, or rather Engineering Architect, of the new prisons,¹ and a couple of Baronets. He should think well on this. Yours, quizzically, but faithfully, W. E. N.

“Papa is quizzing the Baronets,” added Florence, “who are not wise ones. Provided you come, I care for nobody, no not I, and shall be quite satisfied. As M. de Something said to the Staël, ‘*Nous aurons à nous deux de l'esprit pour quarante ; vous pour quatre et moi pour zéro.*’ ”

There were return invitations to great houses, and occasionally Florence retails their gossip, or her own reflections, for the benefit of cousins or aunts :—

(*To Miss Hilary Bonham Carter.*) 1845 (or early '46). What is the secret of Lady Jocelyn's sublime placidity? I never saw anything so lovely as she is, and she has lived four-and-twenty years of more excitement, I suppose, than ever fell to anybody's lot but an actress, all the young peerage having proposed to her. What gives her such a fulness of life now and makes her find enough in herself? It is not that she talks to Lord Palmerston or Lord Jocelyn, for she never does; and though she is very fond of her baby, she told me herself she did not care to play with it. Perhaps you will say it is want of earnestness, but, good gracious, my dear, if earnestness breaks one heart, who is fulfilling most the Creation's end—she who is breaking her heart, or this woman who has kept her serenity in the midst of excitement and her simplicity in unbounded admiration? The Palmerstons are certainly the most good-natured people under the stars to their guests.

¹ Sir Joshua Jebb, surveyor-general of prisons, designed the “model prison” at Pentonville. Miss Nightingale valued his friendship greatly, and appointed him a member of the Council of the Nightingale Fund.

in Clermont, the blind painter (you have seen him, so I need not descant on his entire difference from anybody else); and going under Mr. Bethune to Sir James South's at Kensington,¹ where we were from ten o'clock till three the next morning. Mr. Bethune is certainly the most good-natured man in ancient or modern history. You will fancy the first going out upon the lawn on that most beautiful of nights, with the immense fellow slung in his frame like a great steam-engine, and working as easily; and the mountains of the moon striking out like bright points in the sky, and the little stars resolving themselves into double and even quadruple stars. . . . Those dialogues of Galileo are so beautiful. Mr. Bethune lent them us to read in the real old *first* edition.

At Embley the Nightingales saw something of the Palmerstons and the Ashburtons. With Miss Louisa Stewart Mackenzie, who afterwards became the second wife of the second Lord Ashburton, Florence formed a friendship which was one of the solaces and supports of her life at this time. Other friends who played a yet larger part in her life were Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge² of Atherstone, near Coventry. Florence sketches the character of some of her friends in a letter to her cousin Hilary (April 1846):—

Mrs. Keith, Miss Dutton, and Louisa Mackenzie, may be shortly described as the respective representatives of the Soul, the Mind, and the Heart. The first has one's whole *worship*, the second one's greatest *admiration*, and the third one's most lively *interest*. Mrs. Bracebridge may be described as all three; the Human Trinity in one; and never do I see her, without feeling that she is eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. Many a plan, which disappointment has thinned off into a phantom in my mind, takes form and shape and fair reality when touched by her Ithuriel's spear (for there is an Ithuriel's spear for good as well as for evil).

Dr. Richard Dawes, Dean of Hereford, who was an educational reformer, and Dr. Fowler of Salisbury, who anticipated the open-air treatment, and was otherwise a man of marked originality, were among those whose friendship she valued. If Florence Nightingale was to find her

¹ Sir James South, astronomer (1785-1867), had a famous observatory on Campden Hill.

² *Née* Mills, cousin of Mr. Arthur Mills, M.P.

Beche, the pioneer of the Geological Map of England. Warrington Smythe and Sir Henry dined at Mr. Nightingale's, and Florence sat between them. "She began by drawing Sir Henry out on geology, and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views, which were not common then. She accidentally proceeded into regions of Latin and Greek, and then our geologist had to get out of it. She was fresh from Egypt, and began talking with W. Smythe about the inscriptions, etc., where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she began quoting Lepsius, which she had been studying in the original, he was in the same case as Sir Henry. When the ladies left the room, Sir Henry said to Smythe, 'A capital young lady that, if she hadn't floored me with her Latin and Greek.'"¹ "I have been dowagering out with Papa," wrote Florence to Miss Clarke (March 1843), "in the big coach to a formal dinner-party, where, however, Mr. Gerard Noel and I were very thick, he inquiring tenderly after you and your whereabouts."

Of Miss Nightingale's personal appearance in early womanhood, there are pen-pictures by very competent hands. Lady Lovelace, in her verses entitled *A Portrait, Taken from Life*, emphasises a certain spiritual aloofness in her friend:—

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

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

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

¹ Caroline Fox, *Memories of Old Friends*, 1882, pp. 311-312.

We have been since to Sir William Heathcote's to meet the Ashburtons. I wish you had been there for the sake of the pictures, and also for the sake of the artistical dinner which, even I became aware, was such a dinner and such plate as has seldom blessed my housekeeping eyes. The Palmerstons, too, have had down all their pictures from London—such a Rembrandt, Pilate washing his hands. Lord Ashburton does not look much like a settler of a Boundary question.¹ She is an American, and we swore eternal friendship upon Boston; I having, you know, much curious information to give *her* upon that city and its inhabitants. She had a raspberry-tart of diamonds upon her forehead worth seeing. Then Mesmerism, and when we parted, we had got up so high into *Vestiges*² that I could not get down again, and was obliged to go off as an angel. The Ashburtons were the only people asked to meet the Queen at Strathfieldsaye (of her society). It was the most entire crash ever heard of, and the not asking the Palmerstons considered almost a personal insult; but they say the old Duke now cares for nothing but flattery, and asks nobody but masters of hounds. He almost ill-treated the Speaker. After dinner, they all stood at ease about the drawing-room, and behaved like so many soldiers on parade. The Queen did her very best to enliven the gloom, but was at last over-powered by numbers, gagged, and her hands tied. The only amusement was seeing Albert taught to miss at billiards.

v

Florence's remark that she would only provide the *zéro* of *esprit* to Miss Clarke's *quatre*, is by no means to be taken literally. She was attractive, and she attracted both men and women. She talked well, and often laid herself out to interest her companions, and sometimes confounded them with learning. In 1844 Julia Ward Howe was in England with her husband, Dr. Howe, and they visited the Nightingales at Embley. "Florence," writes Mrs. Howe in her reminiscences, "was rather elegant than beautiful; she was tall and graceful of figure, her countenance mobile and expressive, her conversation most interesting."³ A reminiscence of a later date records an encounter with Sir Henry de la

¹ A reference to the "Ashburton Treaty" concluded at Washington in 1842. Alexander Baring, first Baron Ashburton, was the English commissioner.

² *Vestiges of Creation*, by Robert Chambers, had been published in the preceding year (1844).

³ *Reminiscences, 1819-1877*, by Julia Ward Howe, 1900, p. 138.

the life of society was a distraction into the wrong path. She found even the London season more congenial than the life of the hospitable country-house. "People talk of London gaieties," she wrote to Miss Nicholson ("Aunt Hannah"); "but there you can at least have your mornings to yourself. To me the country is the place of 'row.' Since we came home in September, how long do you think we have been alone? Not one fortnight. A country-house is the real place for dissipation. Sometimes I think that everybody is hard upon me, that to be for ever expected to be looking merry and saying something lively is more than can be asked mornings, noons, and nights."

When she was alone with her parents and her sister, she hardly found the life at home more satisfying. This was partly, as she confessed in many a page of self-examination, the result of her own shortcomings. "Ask me," she wrote to "Aunt Hannah," "to do something for your sake, something difficult, and you will see that I shall do it *regularly*, which is for me the most difficult thing of all." Let those who reproach themselves for a desultoriness, seemingly incurable, take heart again from the example of Florence Nightingale! No self-reproach recurs more often in her private outpourings at this time than that of irregularity and even sloth. She found it difficult to rise early in the morning; she prayed and wrestled to be delivered from desultory thoughts, from idle dreaming, from scrappiness in unselfish work. She wrestled, and she won. When her capacities had found full scope in congenial work, nothing was more fixed and noteworthy in her life and work than regularity, precision, method, persistence. But in part, the failings with which she reproached herself were the fault of her circumstances. The fact of the two country homes militated against steady work in either. Her parents were not, indeed, careless or thoughtless beyond others in their station, but rather the reverse. Mr. Nightingale was a careful landlord and zealous in county business, and his wife took some interest, as I have already said, in village schools and charities. But to Florence's parents, these things were rather graces rightly incidental to their station, than the main business of life. Florence's more

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

Mrs. Gaskell's picture in prose gives some lighter touches. "She is tall ; very straight and willowy in figure ; thick and shortish rich brown hair ; very delicate complexion ; grey eyes, which are generally pensive and drooping, but when they choose can be the merriest eyes I ever saw ; and perfect teeth, making her smile the sweetest I ever saw. Put a long piece of soft net, and tie it round this beautifully shaped head, so as to form a soft white framework for the full oval of her face (for she had the toothache, and so wore this little piece of drapery), and dress her up in black silk, high up to the long, white round throat, and with a black shawl on, and you may get *near* an idea of her perfect grace and lovely appearance. She is so like a saint."¹ She dressed becomingly ; but had a saint's carelessness in such things, somewhat to her elder sister's despair. "*Make Flo wear her white silk frock to-night,*" she wrote on one occasion to her mother. Many years later, when stores and comforts were being sent out to the East under cover to the Lady-in-Chief, Lady Verney insinuated "one little gown for Flo," and who will not love her for it ? "When in 1849 she started to winter in the East, her mother says"—I quote again from Mrs. Gaskell—"they equipped her *en princesse*, and when she came back she had little besides the clothes she had on ; she had given away her linen, etc., right and left to those who wanted it."

VI

Those who have social gifts often find sufficient happiness in their exercise ; but Florence, though she sometimes enjoyed the intercourse of intellectual society, reproached herself all the while for doing so. She felt increasingly that she had other gifts which were more properly hers, and that

¹ From a letter to Catherine Winkworth, written in 1854 ; for other passages in the letter, see pp. 8, 41, 139.

one's hands tied, and having liquid poured down one's throat. Worse than that, because suffocation would immediately ensue, and put a stop to this operation. But no suffocation would stop the other."¹ As the younger daughter of a busily efficient mother, Florence was not often entrusted with household duties; but on one occasion at any rate, she was left in command, and that, during the important season of jam-making. "My reign is now over," she wrote to her cousin Hilary, who was an art-student (Dec. 1845); "angels and ministers of grace defend me from another! though I cannot but view my fifty-six pots with the proud satisfaction of an Artist, my head a little on one side, inspecting the happy effect of my works with more feeling of the Beautiful than Parthe ever had in hers." And even housekeeping brought obstinate questionings with it to Florence. She describes a bout of it on another occasion in a letter to Madame Mohl (July 1847):—

I am up to my chin in linen and glass, and I am very fond of housekeeping. In this too-highly-educated, too-little-active age it, at least, is a practical application of our theories to something—and yet, in the middle of my lists, my green lists, brown lists, red lists, of all my instruments of the ornamental in culinary accomplishments which I cannot even divine the use of, I cannot help asking in my head, Can reasonable people want all this? Is all that china, linen, glass necessary to make man a Progressive animal? Is it even good Political Economy (query, for "good," read "atheistical" Pol. Econ.?) to invent wants in order to supply employment? Or ought not, in these times, all expenditure to be reproductive? "And a proper stupid answer you'll get," says the best Versailles service; "so go and do your accounts; there is one of us cracked."

VII

Florence was an affectionate and dutiful daughter. She obeyed and yielded for many years. She strove hard to think that her duty lay at home, and that the trivial round and common task would furnish all that she had any right, before God or man, to ask. But as the sense of a vocation elsewhere strengthened and deepened in her mind, she may

¹ *Suggestions for Thought*, vol. ii. p. 385.

eager temperament and larger capacity craved for greater consistency in the energies of life. She was expected to play the part of Lady Bountiful one day, and to be equally ready to play that of Lady Graceful the next. A friend who visited at Lea Hurst recalls how Florence would often be missing in the evening, and on search being made she would be found in the village, sitting by the bedside of some sick person, and saying she could not sit down to a grand seven o'clock dinner while this was going on.¹ But by the time she had schooled herself to any regularity of work at Lea Hurst, the hour had come for moving to Embley. By the time she had settled down to work amongst her poor at Embley, the hour of the London season had struck. "I should be very glad," she wrote to her aunt from Embley, "if I could have been left here when they went to London, as there is so much to be done, but as that would not be heard of, London is really my place of rest."

The companionship which Florence had at home was sometimes wearisome to her. The sisters, as we have already seen, were not in full sympathy. The parents were not un-intellectual persons, but, again, much the reverse. Mrs. Nightingale was a woman of bright intelligence, and of much social charm. Mr. Nightingale was a highly intellectual man, sensitive, too, and refined. He shot and hunted, but he was not ardently devoted to either sport, and was interested in many things. Perhaps in too many, and yet not enough in any. Florence Nightingale in her later years used sometimes to describe with a twinkle of affectionate humour the routine of a morning in her home life as a girl. Mama, we may suppose, was busy with housekeeping cares. Papa was very fond of reading aloud, and in order to interest his daughters, would take them through the whole of *The Times*, with many a comment, no doubt, by the way. "Now, for Parthe," Miss Nightingale used to say, "the morning's reading did not matter; she went on with her drawing; but for me, who had no such cover, the thing was boring to desperation." "To be read aloud to," she wrote, "is the most miserable exercise of the human intellect. Or rather, is it any exercise at all? It is like lying on one's back, with

¹ Letter of Mrs. Gaskell to Catherine Winkworth, Oct. 20, 1854.

and Miss Nightingale thought much of his opinion. It was favourable to her wish. "Not a dreadful thing at all," he replied; "I think it would be a very good thing." "My idea of heaven," she wrote a little time afterwards, "is when my dear Aunt Hannah and I and my boy Shore and all of us shall be together, nursing the sick people who are left behind, and giving each other sympathies beside, and our Saviour in the midst of us, giving us strength." But, meanwhile, she hoped to realize some little piece of the heaven on earth. She pursued other inquiries, laid her plans, kept her own counsel, and then made a first bid for freedom. The nature of her plans, the nipping of them in the bud by maternal frost, and her following dejection are told in a letter to her cousin Hilary (Dec. 11, 1845):—

Well, my dearest, I am not yet come to the great thing I wanted to say. I have always found that there was so much truth in the suggestion that you must dig for hidden treasures *in silence* or you will not find it; and so I dug after my poor little plan in silence, even from you. It was to go to be a nurse at Salisbury Hospital for these few months to learn the "prax.;" and then to come home and make such wondrous intimacies at West Wellow, under the shelter of a rhubarb powder and a dressed leg; let alone that no one could ever say to me again, your health will not stand this or that. I saw a poor woman die before my eyes this summer because there was no one but fools to sit up with her, who poisoned her as much as if they had given her arsenic. And then I had such a fine plan for those dreaded latter days (which I have never dreaded), if I should outlive my immediate ties, of taking a small house in West Wellow.—Well, I do not like much talking about it, but I thought something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings, might be established. But there have been difficulties about my very first step, which terrified Mama. I do not mean the physically revolting parts of a hospital, but things about the surgeons and nurses which you may guess. Even Mrs. Fowler¹ threw cold water upon it; and nothing will be done this year at all events, and I do not believe—ever; and no advantage that I see comes of my living on, excepting that one becomes less and less of a young lady every year, which is only a negative one. You will laugh, dear, at the whole plan, I daresay; but no one but the mother of it knows how precious

¹ The wife of Dr. Richard Fowler, physician to the Salisbury Infirmary, mentioned above, p. 35.

well have thought that, as her elder sister was contented to stay at home, a life of activity outside might for the other daughter not be inconsistent with affection for her parents.

She had, indeed, intellectual interests of her own. She read a great deal in English, French, German ; in devotional works, in poetry, history, philosophy. And what she read she marked, and inwardly digested. A copy (unfortunately not complete) is preserved of the first edition of Browning's *Paracelsus*, which she annotated with remarks, paraphrases, and illustrative cases as she read. The first scene of the poem—"Paracelsus Aspires"—contains many a passage which aroused a sympathetic echo in her heart. The keynote is struck early. "Pursuing an aim not to be found in life," is her comment, "is its true misery." Then she kept commonplace-books, in which, under heads alphabetically arranged—such as Age of Reason, Bigotry, Creeds, Death, Education, and so forth—she copied out passages which struck her. She was accumulating stores of information and reflection. In some remarks upon Lacordaire in one of her note-books I find this passage copied out :—

I desire for a considerable time only to lead a life of obscurity and toil, for the purpose of allowing whatever I may have received of God to ripen, and turning it some day to the glory of His Name. Nowadays people are too much in a hurry both to produce and consume themselves. It is only in retirement, in silence, in meditation, that are formed the men who are called to exercise an influence on society.

For her own part, as her powers of reflection were strengthened, so did her sense of a vocation become more insistent with every year. In some autobiographical notes, Miss Nightingale records May 7, 1852, as the date at which she was conscious of "a call from God to be a saviour"; but the thought of devoting herself to be a nurse came much earlier. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in the reminiscences quoted above, describes how during the visit of herself and her husband to Embley in 1844, Florence had taken Dr. Howe aside and asked him this question: "If I should determine to study nursing, and to devote my life to that profession, do you think it would be a dreadful thing?" Dr. Howe, it will be remembered, was of wide repute as a philanthropist,

CHAPTER III

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

Though the outward man may perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.—*St. PAUL.*

THE failure of her plan left Florence in a state of great dejection. "The day of personal hopes and fears," she wrote, "is over for me. Now I dread and desire no more." This was but a passing mood; and very soon, as we shall hear in the next chapter, she resumed, with increased determination, her struggle for freedom and self-expression in a life of action. But for the moment, and at many recurring moments in later years, the dejection was intense. It was not merely the disappointment of an eager mind denied its appropriate energy; it was the exceeding bitter cry of an intensely religious soul, tempted in its perplexity to ask, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

In some autobiographical notes Miss Nightingale recorded under the year 1843 "an illness and an acquaintance I made with a woman to whom all unseen things seemed real, and eternal things near, awakened me" [from dreaming]. The woman to whom she referred was, it may safely be conjectured, Miss Hannah Nicholson. They met once or twice a year—when Miss Nicholson visited Embley or Miss Nightingale stayed with Miss Nicholson's brother at Waverley. At other times they exchanged a voluminous correspondence, and this was almost entirely devoted to religious experi-

an infant idea becomes; nor how the soul dies between the destruction of one and the taking up of another. I shall never do anything, and am worse than dust and nothing. I wonder if our Saviour were to walk the earth again, and I were to go to Him and ask, whether He would send me back to live this life again, which crushes me into vanity and deceit. Oh for some strong thing to sweep this loathsome life into the past.

And so ended for the time the dash of the caged bird for liberty.

bread, too much confined with hard work, and too full of the struggle with the material world, to visit the glorious beings immediately about us—whom we shall see, when the present candle of our earthly reason is put out, which blinds us just as the candle end, left burning after one is in bed, long prevents us from seeing the world without, lit up by the full moon. It trembles and flickers and sinks into its socket, and then we catch a bright stripe of moonlight shining on the floor; but it flares up again, and the silvery stream is gone “as if it could not be, as if it had not been,” and we can see nothing but the candle, and hardly imagine any other light—till at last it goes quite out, and the flood of moonlight rushes into the room, and every pane of the casement window, and every ivy leaf without, are stamped, as it were, upon the floor, and a whole world revealed to us, which that flickering candle was the means of concealing from us. This is what Jesus Christ meant, I suppose, when He said that He must go away in order to be *with* His friends in His spirit, that He would be much nearer to them after death than in the flesh. In the flesh, we were separated from our friends by their going into the next room only—a door, a partition divided us; but what can separate two souls? Often I fancy that we can perceive the presence of a good spirit communicating thoughts to us: are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto us? When Jesus Christ warns us not to despise any one, because that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of His Father, perhaps He thought that our beloved ones, who are gone, might be these our “angels,” who must therefore have communion with men.

It is here, where a cold and false life of conventionalism and prejudices and frivolity is often all that reaches our outward senses, that we are sometimes baffled in seeing into the life which lies beneath; it is here, amidst the tempers and little vexations, which are the shadows that dim the brightest intercourse, it is here that we fail sometimes in having intimate communion with souls, and we stop short at the dead coverings; but between the soul which is free, and our soul, what barrier, what restraint can there be? Human sympathy is indeed necessary to our happiness of every moment, and the absence of it makes an awful void in our life. Every room becomes a grave, and every book we used to read together a monument to the one we love. But some one says, that we need an *idée merveilleuse* to preserve us from the busy devils, which imagination here is always conjuring up. This *idée merveilleuse*, I think, is the idea of the loving presence of spirits. Those dear ones are safe, and yet with us still, for truly do I believe that these senses of ours are what veil from us, not discover to us, the world around (which is

ences and speculations. "Aunt Hannah" had inexhaustible sympathy with her self-torturing young friend. She did not chide or discourage Florence; but the burden of her message was the claim of the spiritual life, the message of Paul to the Corinthians. "Your whole life," wrote Florence in one of many bursts of affectionate gratitude to Miss Nicholson, "seems to be love, and you always find words in your heart which, without the pretension of enlightening, yet are like a clearing up to me. You always seem to rest on the heart of the divine Teacher, and to participate in His mysteries." "Your letters," she said on another occasion, "stay by me and warm me when the dreams of life come one after another, clouding and covering the realities of the unseen." To this sympathetic and (in some limited respects) kindred soul, Florence poured out unreservedly the experiences of her spiritual life; as also, sometimes, though with more conscious art of literary expression, to Miss Clarke in Paris.

II

A few letters, selected from a great number, will serve to trace the course of her religious thoughts. They resumed, it will be seen, the spiritual experiences and convictions of the saints who have served mankind. The *Reality of the Unseen World* is the subject of a letter to Miss Clarke (August 1846), in which, after a page of family news, she continues:—

But I think you must be tired of all this, for I fancy that you live much more in the supernatural than the natural world. I always believe in Homer; and in St. Paul's "cloud of witnesses"; and in the old Italian pictures, which have a first story, where the Unseen live *au premier*, with a two-pair back, where the Père Eternel's shadow is half seen peeping out, and a ground floor where *poor mortals* live, but still have a *connexion* with the establishment above stairs. I like those books, where the Invisible communicates freely with the Visible Kingdom; not that they ever come up to one's idea, which is always so much brighter than the execution (for the word is only the shadow cast by the light of the thought); but they are suggestive. I always believe in a multitude of spirits inhabiting the same house with ourselves; we are only the *entresol*, quite the most insignificant of its lodgers, and too busy with our pursuit of daily

aggravation as I have. No one has had such advantages, and I have sinned with all these, and after having been made to know what sin was, and what my obligations were. No one has so grieved the Holy Spirit. I have sinned against my conviction, and, as it were, standing before God's judgment-seat." In many of Miss Nightingale's religious outpourings, both in letters and in private diaries, there is a note which borders on the morbid; but the danger-point is averted, sometimes by practical good sense, and sometimes by a saving sense of humour. The letter, just given, was soon followed by another (from Embley, Oct. 1845), containing this account of a scene at the bedside of her favourite little cousin:—"One night when I was reading to Shore the verse about the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and we were agreeing that the temptations of the flesh were liking a great deal of play and no work, and lying long in bed, and the temptations of the world liking to be praised and admired, and be a general favourite, and so on, more than anything else, and we were both very much affected, he said before I left him, 'Now I may lie in bed to-morrow, and you won't call me at six, will you?' And I too went away to dream about a great many things which I had much better not think about. Oh, how I did laugh at the results of all our feelings! To think and to be are two such different things!"

To bring thought and action into harmony, to make the presence of the Unseen a guide through the path of this present world: that is the problem of the practically religious life. To Florence Nightingale, communion with the Unseen meant something deeper, richer, fuller, more positive than the fear of God. The fear of God is the beginning, but not the end, of wisdom, for perfect love casteth out fear. It was for the love of God as an active principle in her mind, constraining all her deeds, that she strove. When she was conscious of falling away from this grace, she knew *the pains of hell*, here and now, as the state of a soul in estrangement from the Eternal goodness:—

(To Miss Nicholson.) EMBLEY, *Christmas Eve* [undated].
Think of me to-morrow at the Sacrament. I have not taken it since I last took it with you, except once, with a poor woman

sometimes revealed to us in dreams, or in moments of excitement, as at the point of death, either our own or a friend's, or by mesmerism, or by faith). Faith is the real eye and ear of the soul, and as it would be impossible to describe the harmony and melody of Music to one who was born deaf, or to make a blind man perceive the beauty of the effects of colour, so without faith the spiritual world is as much a hidden one to the soul as the Art of Painting to the blind man. On a dark night the moon, when at last she rises, reveals to us, just at our feet, a world of objects, of the presence of which we were not aware before. We see the river sparkling in the moonbeams close beside us, and the tall shadows sleeping quietly on the grass, and the sharp relief of the architectural cornices, and the strong outline of the lights and shades, so well defined that we can scarcely believe that a moment ago, and we did not see them. What shall we say if, one day, the moon rises upon our spiritual world, and we see close at hand, ready to hold the most intimate communion with us, those spirits, whom we had loved and mourned as lost to us? We are like the blind men by the wayside, and ought to sit and cry, Lord that we may receive our sight! And, when we *do* receive it, we shall perhaps find that we require no transporting into another world, to become aware of the immediate presence of an Infinite Spirit, and of other lesser ones whom we thought gone. What we require is sight, not change of place, I believe.

The struggle which absorbed Florence's mind and heart was to establish some harmony between her dealings in the world of sense and her communion with the unseen world. She reproached herself for impatience, for selfishness, for lack of confidence in the good time of God. Happy are they who have no more occasion than she to deem themselves unprofitable servants! But the condition of attainment to comparative sinlessness is, I suppose, the *Conviction of Sin*; and this was intensely present to Florence Nightingale. "I have read over your letters many times again and again since I have been here," she wrote from Tapton (her grandmother Shore's house) in 1845. "Ah, my dear Aunt Hannah, you are like the white swan on your cool, fresh, blue lake, rocked to peace and rest by the sweet winds of your faith and love, and you cannot be dragged down into our busy chicken-yard of struggling, *scrattling* life.¹ You do not know what it is, when one has sinned with such

¹ The reader will note the recurrence here of some phrases already used in another letter. It is an instance of a point there noted (p. 28).

rightness of thought and deed, may be unattainable on earth, but nothing lower than the search for this ideal can satisfy the yearnings of a soul such as was Florence Nightingale's. She had the *Hunger for Righteousness*. "The crown of *righteousness*!" she wrote to Miss Nicholson (May 1846). "That word always strikes me more than anything in the Bible. Strange that not happiness, not rest, not forgiveness, not glory, should have been the thought of that glorious man's mind, when at the eve of the last and greatest of his labours; all desires so swallowed up in the one great craving after *righteousness* that, at the end of all his struggles, it was mightier within him than ever, mightier even than the desire of peace. How can people tell one to dwell within a good conscience, when the chief of all the apostles so panted after *righteousness* that he considered it the last best gift, unattainable on earth, to be bestowed in Heaven?"

To do *All for the Love of God* was the ideal which she sought to attain. "The foundation of all must be the love of God. That the sufferings of Christ's life were intense, who doubts? but the happiness must also have been intense. Only think of the happiness of working, and working successfully too, and with no doubts as to His path, and with no alloy of vanity or love of display or glory, but with the ecstasy of single-heartedness! All that I do is always poisoned by the fear that I am not doing it in simplicity and godly sincerity." This was one of the constant dreads throughout her life. When she had become famous, and was praised and courted by the popular breath, she shrank, with an abhorrence which some may have considered almost morbid and which was certainly foreign to the fashion of the world, from any avoidable publicity. This was no pose or affectation; it was part of her religion. It was a counsel dictated by her earnest striving to dissociate her work for God from any taint of worldliness.

III

The world which came to owe much to the life and example of Florence Nightingale, owes something to Miss

on her death-bed. Time has sped wearily with me since then, Aunt Hannah. If, when the plough goes over the soul, there were always the hand of the Sower there to scatter the seed after it, who would regret? But how often the seed-time has passed, it is too late, the harrow has gone over, the time of harvest has come and the harvest is not. . . . Give me your thoughts to-morrow, my dear Aunt Hannah; I want them sadly; and take me with you to the Throne of Grace. Bless me too, as poor Esau said. I have so felt with him, and cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, Bless me, even me also, O my Father; but He never has yet, and I have not deserved that He should.

(*To Miss Nicholson, May 1846.*) "The sorrows of hell compassed me about." We learn to know what these are beforehand, when we cannot command our thoughts to pray, when all our omissions give themselves form and life, and shut us up within a wall over which there is no looking, no return: when they hold us down with a resistless power, and we are hemmed in with our remembrances, like a cell compassing us about. What can the future hell be other than this? The Unspeakable Presence may be joy and peace unspeakable, but it may be a Horror, a Dweller on our Threshold, a Spirit of Fear to the stricken conscience. Jesus Christ prayed on the Cross not for life or safety, but only for the light of His countenance: Why hast Thou forsaken me? And all sorrows disappear before that one. Let those who have felt it say if it is not so, and if there is any sorrow like unto that sorrow. How willingly would we exchange it for pain, which we almost welcome as a proof of His care and attention. Grief in itself is no evil; as making the Unseen, the Eternal, and the Infinite present to our consciousness, it is rather a good. But when all one's imaginations are wandering out of one's reach, then one realizes the future state of punishment even in this world. Pray that He will not leave my soul in hell. How little can be done under the spirit of fear; it is the very sentence pronounced upon the serpent, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go all the days of thy life." Oh, if any one thinks that, in the repentance of fear, this is the time for the soul to open to the Infinite goodness, to the spirit of love and of power and of a sound mind, in the heart's death to live and love,—let him try how hard it is to collect oneself out of distraction—let him feel the woes of saying *To-morrow*, when God has said *To-day*; and then when he has found how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem all the uses of the world, let him try with a dead heart to live unto God, to love with all his strength when all energy to love is gone.

The state of perfect love, expressing itself in perfect

man that though it is the triumph, not the defeat of God's truth and of His laws, that falsehood against them must work misery, and misery is perhaps *here* the strongest proof that His loving hand is present,—yet all our powers, hopes, and fears must, it seems to me, be engrossed by doing His work for its relief. Life is no holiday game, nor is it a clever book, nor is it a school of instruction, nor a valley of tears; but it is a hard fight, a struggle, a wrestling with the Principle of Evil, hand to hand, foot to foot. Every inch of the way must be disputed. The night is given us to take breath, to pray, to drink deep at the fountain of power. The day, to use the strength which has been given us, to go forth to work with it till the evening. The Kingdom of God is coming; and "*Thy Kingdom come*" does not mean only "*My salvation come.*"

"To find out what we can do," she wrote as an annotation in Browning's *Paracelsus*, "one's individual place, as well as the General End, is man's task. To serve man for God's sake, not man's, will prevent failure from being disappointment." Florence Nightingale sought then to save her soul by serving others.

It was by this same test of practical service that she came to try and to weigh the various forms of religious doctrine. Her father was, as I have said, a Unitarian, and several other members of her family circle were of the same persuasion. But she and some others of that circle conformed in practice to the services of the English Church. And so, in some degree, Miss Nightingale continued to conform to the end of her life; though, as we shall find later on, she departed widely from the doctrines of the Church as ordinarily received, did not care about "going to church," and framed a creed of her own. But she always had a tolerant mind for any faith that issued in good works, and an impatience with any that did not. It is for this reason that she seemed to be all things to all men in religious matters. Her mission to the Crimea involved, as we shall learn, some religious bickerings. Protestants thought her too indulgent to Roman Catholics, and Catholics were sore that she did not go further with them. But her real attitude is perfectly clear, and was entirely consistent. If she looked with a favouring eye on Roman Catholics, it was on account, not of their dogmas, but of their deeds. Two letters to

Nicholson, whose gentle sympathy brought to her young friend much strength and peace. But the world may also be glad, I think, that Miss Nightingale's religious thought worked itself out in the end on lines of her own. Florence Nightingale has been enrolled by the popular voice among the saints; but there are saints and saints—saints contemplative or mystic, and saints active and ministering. In all ages of the world there have been godly women whose passion of religious spirit has led them to lives of professional pieties, rather than of practical service; who have spent in ecstasies of pity, or in tortures of self-abasement at the foot of the Cross, powers which might have gone to redeem and save the world. Florence Nightingale had, as we have sufficiently seen, a profound sense of personal religion. She felt, as all the saints must feel, that a religious life means a state of the soul; but she attained also to the conviction, which became ever stronger within her, that a state of the soul can only be approved by its fruits, and that thus *the Service of God is the Service of Man* :—

(To Miss Nicholson.) EMBLEY, Sept. 24, [1846]. I am almost heart-broken to leave Lea Hurst. There are so many duties there which lie near at hand, and I could be well content to do them there all the days of my life. I have left so many poor friends there whom I shall never see again, and so much might have been done for them. . . . I feel my sympathies are with Ignorance and Poverty. The things which interest me interest them; we are alike in expecting little from life, much from God; we are taken up with the same objects. . . . My imagination is so filled with the misery of this world that the only thing in which to labour brings any return, seems to me helping and sympathizing *there*; and all that poets sing of the glories of this world appears to me untrue: all the people I see are eaten up with care or poverty or disease. I know that it was God who created the good, and man the evil, which was not the will of God, but the necessary consequence of His leaving free-will to man. I know that misery is the alphabet of fire, in which history, with its warning hand, writes in flaming letters the consequences of Evil (the Kingdom of *Man*), and that without its glaring light, we should never see the path back into the Kingdom of God, or heed the directing guide-posts. But the judgments of nature (the law of God), as she goes her mighty, solemn, inflexible march, sweeps sometimes so fearfully over

all have been on your knees during the service, without minding your fine gowns and the cold stones.

EMBLEY, *Feb. 7* [1851]. . . . I suppose you know how the two churches have been convulsing themselves in England in a manner discreditable to themselves and ridiculous to others. The Anglican Ch. screamed and struggled as if they were taking away something of *hers*, the Catholic Ch. sang and shouted as if she had conquered England—neither the one nor the other has happened. Only a good many people (in our Church) found out they were Catholics and went to Rome, and a good many other people found out they were Protestants, which they never knew before, and left the Puseyite pen, which has now lost half its sheep. At Oxford the Puseyite volcano is extinct. . . . You know what a row there will be this Session in Parliament about it. The most moderate wish for a Concordat, but even these say that we must strip the R.C. Bishops of their new titles. Many think the present Gov. will go out upon it, because they won't do enough to satisfy the awakened prejudices of dear John Bull. I used to think it was a mere selfish quarrel between red stockings and lawn sleeves; but not a bit of it; it's a real popular feeling. One would think that all our religion was political by the way we talk, and so I believe it is. From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, you hear our clergy talking of nothing but Bishops *versus* Vicars General—never a word of different plans of education, prisons, penitentiaries, and so on. One would think we were born ready made as to education, but that Art made a Church.

I feel little zeal in pulling down one Church or building up another, in making Bishops or unmaking them. If they would *make* us, our Faith would spring up of itself, and then we shouldn't want either Anglican Ch. or R.C. Church to make it for us. But, bless my soul, people are just as ignorant now of any law in the human mind as they were in Socrates' time. We have learnt the physical laws since then; but mental laws—why, people don't even acknowledge their existence. They talk of grace and divine influence,—why, if it's an arbitrary gift from God, how unkind of Him not to give it before! And if it comes by certain laws, why don't we find them out? But people in England think it quite profane to talk of finding them out, and they pray "That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men," when I should knock you down if you were to say to *me* "That it should please you to have mercy upon your boy." I never had any training; and training to be called "training," (as we train the fingers to play

Madame Mohl, ten years apart in date, suggest what was always Miss Nightingale's point of view :—

LEA HURST, *Sept.* [1841]. We are very anxious to hear, dearest Miss Clarke, how you are going on, and how Mrs. Clarke is, some day when you are able to write. We are just returned from the Leeds Consecration, and a more curious or interesting sight I never saw. Imagine a procession of 400 clergymen, all in their white robes, with scarfs of blue and black and fur and even scarlet, so that I thought some of them were cardinals, headed by the Archbishop of York,¹ the Bishop of Ripon, &c., and most curious of all the Bishop of *New Jersey* to whom Dr. Hook (who is,—you know, perhaps,—the *Puseyite* vicar of Leeds) had written to ask him to come over from America, expressly to preach the consecration sermon. Imagine all this procession, entering the church, repeating the 24th Ps.—and then filling the space before the altar and the Transept—and *all* responding aloud through the service, so that the roll and echo of their responses through the Transept, without being able to see *them*, was the most striking thing I ever heard. It was quite a gathering-place for Puseyites from all parts of England. Papa heard them debating, whether they should have lighted candles before the Altar, but they decided no, because the Bishop of Ripon would not like it—however they had them in the evening and the next morning when he was gone—and Dr. Hook has the regular Catholic jerk in making the genuflexion every time he approaches the altar. The church is a most magnificent one, and every one has contributed their best to it, with a true Catholic spirit; one gave the beautiful painted window, another the Correggio for the Altar piece, the Queen Dowager the Altar-cloth, another the bells, &c., &c. Dr. Hook gives a service every morning and evening at $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 7, and the Sacrament every Sunday; and the aisle is all occupied by *open* seats. During the consecration I wished to have been a clergyman, but when Mrs. Gaskell² (whom I was with, she is a good Tory and half a Puseyite and withal the most general favourite and generally *lenient* person in England)—when she and I came down afterwards for the Sacrament, I could not help looking in the faces of the clergymen, for the impression I expected to see, as they walked down the aisle, and wandered about, (this immense crowd) after the Sacrament—and oh! I was woefully disappointed—they looked so stupid; and I could not help thinking, If you had been Catholics, you would

¹ Edward Vernon Harcourt.

² *Née* Brandreth (not Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress).

note-books (1849), "the only clergy who deserve the name of *pastors* are the Roman Catholic. The rest, of all denominations—Church of England, Church of Scotland, Dissenters—are only theology or tea mongers." "It will never do," she once said to a friend, "unless we have a Church of which the terms of membership shall be works, not doctrines." ¹

She was interested, however, in doctrines also. If she was resolved to dedicate her life to the Service of Man, she was no less convinced that such service could only be rendered, at the best and highest, in the light, and with the sanction, of Service to God. Herein may be found an underlying unity and harmony through the many and diverse interests of her life. We shall see that she who opened new careers and standards of practical benevolence in the modern world, spent also years of thought upon the less manageable task, if not of providing the world with a new religion, at any rate of giving to old doctrines a new application, and, as she hoped, a more acceptable sanction.

¹ *Life of Lord Houghton*, by T. Wemyss Reid, vol. i. p. 524.

scales and shakes)—I doubt whether anybody ever gets from other people, because they don't know how to give it according to any certain laws. I wish everybody would write as far as they can A Short Account of God's Dealings with them, like the old Puritans, and then perhaps we should find out at last what are God's ways in His giving on and what are not.

Arthur Stanley (afterwards the Dean) once asked her to use her influence in preventing a friend of his and of hers from taking the step, supposed to be imminent, of joining the Roman Communion. In a long reply which Miss Nightingale wrote with great care (Nov. 26, 1852), she promised to do what she could, but explained that this might not be much. She herself remained in the Anglican Communion "because she was born there," and because the Roman Church offered some things which she personally did not want. She feared their friend might consider that such arguments as she could urge against the Roman Church applied equally against the Anglican. And, on the other hand, she had never concealed her opinion that the Roman Communion offered advantages to women which the Church of England (at that time) did not. "The Catholic orders," she wrote, "offered me work, training for that work, sympathy and help in it, such as I had in vain sought in the Church of England. The Church of England has for men bishoprics, archbishoprics, and a little work (good men make a great deal for themselves). For women she has—what? I had no taste for theological discoveries. I would have given her my head, my heart, my hand. She would not have them. She did not know what to do with them. She told me to go back and do crochet in my mother's drawing-room; or, if I were tired of that, to marry and look well at the head of my husband's table. You may go to the Sunday School, if you like it, she said. But she gave me no training even for that. She gave me neither work to do for her, nor education for it."

The latter part of the second letter to Miss Clarke shows Miss Nightingale's interest in speculations about the basis of moral law; but so far as the rivalry of Churches was concerned, it was by works that she tried them. "In all the dens of disgrace and disease," she wrote in one of her

before her; the goal might never be reached, she often thought, in this present sphere; but she felt increasingly that only in a life of nursing or other service to the afflicted could her being find its end and scope. "The longer I live," she wrote in her diary (June 22, 1846), "the more I feel as if all my being was gradually drawing to one point, and if I could be permitted to return and accomplish that in another being, if I may not in this, I should need no other heaven. I could give up the hope of meeting and living with those I have loved (and nobody knows how I love) and been separated from here, if it would please God to give me, with a nearer consciousness of His Presence, the task of doing this in the real life."

Meanwhile she pursued her inquiries. Now that the fruits of Florence Nightingale's pioneer work have been gathered, and that nursing is one of the recognized occupations for gentlewomen, it is not altogether easy to realize the difficulties which stood in her way. The objections were moral and social, rooted to large measure in conventional ideas. Gentlewomen, it was felt, would be exposed, if not to danger and temptations, at least to undesirable and unfitting conditions. "It was as if I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid," she said in later years. Nothing is more tenacious than a social prejudice. But the prejudice was in part founded on very intelligible reasons, and in part was justified by the level of the nursing profession at the time. These are considerations to which full weight must be allowed, both in justice to those who opposed Miss Nightingale's plans, and in order to understand her own courage and persistence. The idea was widely prevalent at the time that for certain cases in hospital practice a modest woman was, from the nature of things, unsuited to act as a nurse. Mr. Nightingale, who desired to do what was right by his daughter, made many inquiries, and consulted many friends. There is a letter to him from a Brighton doctor arguing against the prevalent belief, and maintaining stoutly that "women of a proper age and character are not unfit for such cases. Age, habit, and office give the mind a different turn." But the whole of this letter shows a degree of broad-mindedness with regard to the education and sphere of

CHAPTER IV

DISAPPOINTMENT

(1846-1847)

There are Private Martyrs as well as burnt or drowned ones. Society of course does not know them ; and Family cannot, because our position to one another in our families is, and must be, like that of the Moon to the Earth. The Moon revolves round her, moves with her, never leaves her. Yet the Earth never sees but one side of her ; the other side remains for ever unknown.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (in a Note-book of 1847-49).

A POET of our time has counted " Disappointment's dry and bitter root " among the ingredients of " the right mother-milk to the tough hearts that pioneer their kind." If it indeed be so, Florence Nightingale was well nurtured. The spiritual experiences and speculations, recorded in the last chapter, worked round to a justification, as we have seen, of her chosen plan of life. Religion thus brought no consolation for the failure of her scheme to escape in December 1845. " My misery and vacuity afterwards," she wrote in an autobiographical retrospect, " were indescribable." " All my plans have been wrecked," she wrote at the time, " and my hopes destroyed, and yet without any visible, any material change." She faced the new year and its life on the old lines in a mood of depression which, with some happier intervals, was to grow deeper and more intense during the next few years.

She did not, however, abandon her ideal. We shall see in subsequent chapters that neither foreign travel distracted her from it, nor did opportunities for another kind of life allure her from the chosen path. The way was dark

must do the rough pioneer work of the world; but one can understand how the parents of an attractive daughter, for whom their own life at home seemed to them to open many possibilities of comfortable happiness, came to desire that in this case the somebody should be somebody else.

Miss Nightingale herself was so much impressed by the difficulties and dangers in the way of women nurses, that she was inclined at first to the idea that the admission of gentlewomen into the calling could best be secured, either in special hospitals connected with some religious institution, or in general hospitals under cover of some religious bond. "I think," wrote Monckton Milnes to his wife, "that Florence always much distrusted the Sisterhood matter,"¹ and such was the case. Her inner thought was that no vow was needed other than the nurse's own fitness for the calling and devotion to it. But she was engaged in the crusade of a pioneer, and had to consider what was practically expedient and immediately feasible, as well as what was theoretically reasonable. Dr. Blackwell was of the same opinion. She did not like religious orders in themselves; they only "become beautiful," she said, "as an expedient, a temporary condition, an antidote to present evils." Miss Nightingale was therefore intensely interested in the Institution for Deaconesses, with its hospital, school, and penitentiary, which a Protestant minister, Pastor Theodor Fliedner, had established some years before at Kaiserswerth. Her family were great friends with the Bunsens, and the Baron had sent Florence one of Pastor Fliedner's Annual Reports.² Her interest in it was twofold. It was the kind of institution to which Protestant mothers might not object to send their daughters. It was also in some sort a school of nursing where, whatever wider scope might afterwards be attainable, gentlewomen could serve an apprenticeship to the calling. "Flo," wrote her sister to a friend in 1848, "is exceedingly

¹ *Life of Lord Houghton*, vol. i. p. 524.

² In many accounts of Kaiserswerth and of Florence Nightingale, it is stated that her knowledge of the Institution came from Elizabeth Fry. It was a pleasant temptation to establish such a link between these two famous women, but Mrs. Fry was dead (1845) before Miss Nightingale had ever heard, so far as her papers show, of Kaiserswerth.

women which was in advance of the average opinion at the time. And in any case, whether women were fit or unfit by nature, it was certain that many, perhaps most, of the women actually engaged in nursing were unfit by character, and that a refined gentlewoman, who joined the profession, might thus find herself in unpleasant surroundings. We shall have to consider this matter more fully in a subsequent chapter. Here it will suffice to say that though there were better-managed hospitals and worse-managed, yet there was a strong body of evidence to show that hospital nurses had opportunities, which they freely used, for putting the bottle to their lips "when so disposed," and that other evils were more or less prevalent also.¹ Reports from Paris and its famous schools of medicine and surgery were no better. One who had been through it said that life at the "Maternité" was very coarse. In the *clinique obstétricale* at the École de Médecine, "the élèves have the reputation of being pretty generally the students' mistresses." The difficulties in the way of a refined woman, who sought to obtain access to the best training, were very great. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, a pioneer among woman-doctors in America, told Miss Nightingale of a young girl who had planned, as the only feasible way of studying surgery in Paris, to don male attire. "Pantaloons will be accepted as a token she is in earnest, while a petticoat is always a flag for intrigue. She has a deep voice, and I think will pass muster exceedingly well among a set of young students, but I shall be quite sorry for her to sacrifice a mass of beautiful dark auburn hair! What a strange age we live in! What singular sacrifices and extraordinary actions are required of us in the service of truth! An age of reform is a stirring, exciting one, but it is not the most beautiful." The more she heard of the worst, the more was Florence Nightingale resolved to make things better; but the more her parents heard, the greater and the more natural was their repugnance. Somebody

¹ See Miss Nightingale's letter, printed below (p. 117). Similarly she wrote to her father in 1854 (Feb. 22), that the head nurse in a certain London hospital told her that "in the course of her large experience she had never known a nurse who was not drunken, and that there was immoral conduct practised in the very wards, of which she gave me some awful examples."

*at Home*¹ to Father and two chapters of Mackintosh; a volume of *Sybil* to Mama. Learnt seven tunes by heart. Written various letters. Ridden with Papa. Paid eight visits. Done company. And that is all.

EMBLEY, Oct. 7. What have I done the last three months? O happy, happy six weeks at the Hurst, where (from July 15 to Sept. 1) I had found my business in this world. My heart was filled. My soul was at home. I wanted no other heaven. May God be thanked as He never yet has been thanked for that glimpse of what it is to *live*. Now for the last five weeks my business has been much harder. They don't know how weary this way of life is to me—this *table d'hôte* of people. . . . When I want *Erfrischung* I read a little of the *Jahresberichte über die Diakonissen-Anstalt in Kaiserswerth*. There is my home; there are my brothers and sisters all at work. There my heart is, and there I trust one day will be my body; whether in this state or in the next, in Germany or in England, I do not care.

The "happy six weeks at Lea Hurst" were a time, as appears from the letter to Miss Nicholson already given (p. 53), when she found opportunity to do much sick-visiting. "One's days pass away," she added in the same letter, "like a shadow, and leave not a trace behind. How we spend hours that are sacred in things that are profane, which we choose to call necessities, and then say 'We cannot' to our Father's business." At Embley the opportunities for work among the poor were less favourable. The distances were greater. Florence interested herself, so far as she was able, in the school at Wellow; and amongst her papers of 1846 there is an able discussion of the defects of elementary education as she had there observed them. But the distractions were many. There was a constant round of company at home; and, as has been said before, the migrations of the family between London, Lea Hurst, and Embley were fatal to concentration of effort.

III

The year 1847 was one of much social movement in Miss Nightingale's life. In the spring she was in London

¹ See below, p. 94.

full of the Hospital Institutions of Germany, which she thinks so much better than ours. Do you know anything of the great establishment at Kaiserswerth, where the schools, the reform place for the wicked, and a great hospital are all under the guidance of the Deaconesses ? ” Two years before (June 1846) Florence herself had written to Miss Hilary Bonham Carter, begging her to ask Mrs. Jameson about “ the German lady she knew, who, not being a Catholic, could not take upon herself the vows of a Sister of Charity, but who obtained permission from the physician of the hospital of her town to attend the sick there, and perform all the duties which the Sœurs do at Dublin and the Hôtel Dieu, and who had been there fifteen years when Mrs. Jameson knew her. I do not want to know her name, if it is a secret ; but only if she has extended it further into anything like a Protestant Sisterhood, if she had any plans of that sort which should embrace women of an educated class, and not, as in England, merely women who would be servants if they were not nurses. How she disposed of the difficulties of surgeons making love to her, and of living with the women of indifferent character who generally make the nurses of hospitals, as it appears she was quite a young woman when she began, and these are the difficulties which vows remove which one sees nothing else can.” Perhaps it was as a result of these inquiries that Florence Nightingale became acquainted, through Baron von Bunsen, with the institution at Kaiserswerth ; though, as appears from a letter given below, Madame Mohl had also sent her some information about it. It is certain that by the autumn of 1846 she was in possession of its Reports, and that the place had become the home of her heart. During these years she was also quietly pursuing studies on medical and sanitary subjects.

II

With such thoughts in her mind, the routine of home life became more than ever empty and distasteful. Here are two typical extracts from her diary of 1846 :—

LEA HURST, *July 7*. What is my business in this world and what have I done this last fortnight ? I have read the *Daughter*

Clarke married her old admirer, M. Mohl. Florence's letter of congratulation was not without significance upon the state of her own feelings, as will be seen in a later chapter :—

EMBLEY, *October 13* [1847]. DEAREST FRIEND—To think that you are now a two months' wife, and I have never written to tell you that your piece of news gave me more joy than I ever felt in all my life, except once, no, not even excepting that once, because *that* was a game of Blind-man's-Buff,—and in *your* case you knew even as you were known. I had the news on a Sunday from dear Ju, and it was indeed a Sunday joy and I kept it holy, though not like the city, which was to be in cotton to be looked at *only* on Sundays. As has often been said, we must all take Sappho's leap, one way or other, before we attain to her repose—though some take it to death, and some to marriage, and some again to a new life even in this world.

Which of them to the better part, God only knows. Popular prejudice gives it in favour of marriage. Should we not look upon marriage, less as an absolute blessing, than as a remove into another and higher class of this great school-room—a promotion—for it *is* a promotion, which creates new duties, before which the coward sometimes shrinks, and gives new lessons, of more advanced knowledge, with more advanced powers to meet them, and a much clearer power of vision to read them. In your new development of life, I take, dearest friend, a right fervent interest, and bless you with a right heart-felt and earnest love.

We are only just returned to Embley, after having passed through London, on our way from Derbyshire. News have I none, excepting financial, for no one could talk of anything in London excepting the horrid quantity of failures in the City, by which all England has suffered more or less. Why didn't I write before? Because I thought you would rather be let alone at first and that you were on your travels.

And now for my confessions. I utterly abjure, I entirely renounce and abhor, all that I may have said about M. Robert Mohl, not because he is now your brother-in-law, but because I was so moved and touched by the letters which he wrote after your marriage to Mama; so anxious they were to know more about you, so absorbed in the subject, so eager to prove to us that his brother was *such* a man, he was quite sure to make you happy.

And I have not said half enough either upon that score, not anything that I feel; how "to marry" is no impersonal

“doing the exhibitions and hearing Jenny Lind; but it really requires a new language to define her.” Then she went with her parents to the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, where Adams and Leverrier, the twin discoverers of Neptune, were the lions of the day. She wrote many lively accounts of the meeting to her friends, from which a passage or two may be given:—

Here we are in the midst of loveliness and learning; for never anything so beautiful as this place is looking now, my dearest, have I seen abroad or at home, with its flowering acacias in the midst of its streets of palaces. I saunter about the churchyards and gardens by myself before breakfast, and wish I were a College man. I wish you could see the Astronomical Section—Leverrier and Adams sitting on either side of the President, like a pair of turtle-doves cooing at their joint star and holding it between them. . . . We work hard. Chapel at 8, to that glorious service at New College; such an anthem yesterday morning! and that quiet cloister where no one goes. I brought home a white rose to-day to dry in remembrance. Sections from 11 to 3. Then Colleges or Blenheim till dinner time. Then lecture at 8 in the Radcliffe Library. And philosophical tea and muffins at somebody’s afterwards. The Fowlers, Hamilton Grays, Barlows and selves are the muffins; Wheatstone, Hallam, Chevalier, Monckton Milnes and some of the great guns occasionally are the philosophy . . .

and so forth, and so forth; with particulars of “church every two hours” on Sunday, and of a luncheon with Buckland and his famous menagerie at Christ Church, when Florence petted a little bear, and her father drew her away, but Mr. Milnes mesmerised it. “And one thing more,” she adds; “Mr. Hallam’s discovery that Gladstone is the Beast 666 (in the Revelations) came to him one day by inspiration in the Athenæum, after he had tried Pusey and Newman, and found that they wouldn’t do.”

Miss Nightingale paid many visits during the same year with her father. They went, for instance, to Lord Sherborne, whose daughter, Mrs. Plunkett, became a great friend of hers; and they spent a couple of days with Lord Lovelace. Lady Lovelace, Byron’s daughter, conceived a great admiration for Florence Nightingale, which found expression in the verses already quoted. It was in this year that Miss

But new friendships and varied interests did not bring satisfaction to Miss Nightingale. She was still constantly bent on pursuing a vocation of her own. Her parents caught eagerly at an opportunity which offered itself at the end of this year (1847), for giving, as they hoped, a new turn to her thoughts.

verb, upon which I am to congratulate you, but depends entirely upon the Accusative Case which it governs, upon which I do wish you heartfelt and trusting joy. In single life the stage of the Present and the Outward World is so filled with phantoms, the phantoms, not unreal tho' intangible, of Vague Remorse, Tears, dwelling on the threshold of every thing we undertake alone, Dissatisfaction with what is, and Restless Yearnings for what is not, cravings after a world of wonders (which *is*, but is like the chariot and horses of fire, which Elisha's frightened servant could not see, till his eyes were opened)—the stage of actual life gets so filled with these that we are almost pushed off the boards and are conscious of only just holding on to the foot lights by our chins, yet even in that very inconvenient position love still precedes joy, as in St. Paul's list, for love laying to sleep these phantoms (by assuring us of a love so great that we may lay aside all care for our own happiness, not because it is of *no* consequence to us, whether we are happy or not, as Carlyle says, but because it is of so much consequence to another) gives that leisure frame to our mind, which opens it at once to joy.

But how impertinently I ramble on—"You see a penitent before you," don't say "I see an impudent scoundrel before me"—But when thou seest, and what's more, when thou readest, forgive.—You will not let another year pass without our seeing you. M. Mohl gives us hopes, in his letter to Ju, that you won't, that you will come to England next year for many months, then, dearest friend, we will have a long talk out. If not, we really must come to Paris—and then I shall see you, and see the Deaconesses too, whom you so kindly wrote to me about, but of whom I have never heard half enough. . . .

The Bracebridges are at home—she rejoiced as much as we did over your event—Parthe is going at the end of November to do Officiating Verger to a friend of ours on a like event.—Her prospects are likewise so satisfactory, that I can rejoice and sympathize under any form she may choose to marry in. Otherwise I think that the day will come, when it will surprise us as much, to see people dressing up for a marriage, as it would to see them put on a fine coat for the Sacrament. Why should the Sacrament or Oath of Marriage be less sacred than any other?

The letter goes on to speak of a visit recently paid to Mrs. Archer Clive, well known in her day as the authoress of *Poems by V.* and of *Paul Ferroll*, a sensational novel of some force,—a lady whose powers of heart and mind were housed in an infirm body. Miss Nightingale admired her talents and her character, and valued her friendship.

her all the good mentally and bodily one can fancy. Yes, dear, God is very good to provide such a pleasant time, and it will rest her mind, I think, entirely from wearing thoughts that all men have at home when their duties weigh much on their consciences, while she will feel she is wasting nothing, for Mrs. Bracebridge has not been at all well and Flo will *feel* herself a comfort and a help to her, I hope, for I know she *is* a great one. . . . Though it is but for so short a time, yet it seems to me a great event, the solemn first launching her into life, and my heart is very full of many feelings, but yet the joy is greatest by an incalculable deal, for one does not see how harm can come to her. Yet when one loves a great deal, one cannot but be a little anxious. . . . It is so pretty to see Papa wandering over the big map of Rome remembering every corner, and Mama over Piranesi, and both over all the fair things that dwell there as tho' they had just left them.

And Florence herself did find comfort and pleasure in the tour ; but it was destined not to divert, but to strengthen, her purpose, as also to lay a train of circumstances which was to lead her to the Crimea.

Florence and her companions reached Paris on October 27, took ship at Marseilles for Civita Vecchia, and stayed in Rome—in the Via S. Bastinello (No. 8)—from the beginning of November till March 29, 1848. Florence entered heartily into all the pursuits and occupations of elegant tourists in Rome. She studied the ruins ; explored the catacombs ; copied inscriptions ; visited the churches and galleries ; spent a morning in Gibson's studio and another in Overbeck's ; collected plants in the Colosseum ; rode in the Campagna, and bought brooches, mosaics, and Roman pearls. Her father had drawn out a programme of famous sights and pretty walks and drives ; and the methodical Florence duly ticked them off on the list. She read her own thoughts and aspirations into many of the works of art. She greatly admired the Apollo Belvedere, seeing in it the type of triumphant Free Will. " We can never lose the recollection of our poor selves while we still do things with difficulty, while we are still uncertain whether we shall succeed or not. The triumph of success may be great and

CHAPTER V

A WINTER IN ROME ; AND AFTER

(1847-1849)

Six months of Rome and happiness.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (1848).

It was an event of some importance in the Nightingale family when Florence set out with Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, in the autumn of 1847, to spend the winter at Rome. The attraction to her was the society of Mrs. Bracebridge, the friend of whom she spoke as "her Ithuriel." Moreover the mental unrest from which Florence constantly suffered at home was beginning to tell upon her health. "All that I want to do in life," she wrote to her cousin Hilary, in explaining the motive of the tour, "depends upon my health, which, I am told, a winter in Rome will establish for ever." She took the foreign tour as a tonic to enable her the better to fulfil her vocation. By her parents and her sister the tour was regarded as a tonic which might divert her from it. They hoped that foreign travel would distract her thoughts, and dispel what they perhaps considered morbid fancies. She would enjoy pleasant companionship. She would see famous and beautiful things. She might return converted to the more comfortable belief that her duty lay in accepting life as she found it. The point of view comes out clearly enough in a letter from her sister to Miss Bonham Carter :—

EMBLEY, *October* [1847]. It is a very great pleasure to think of her with such a companion, one who, she says, lives always with the best part of her ; one who has all the sense and discretion and the warm-hearted sympathy and the quick enjoyment and the taste and the affection which will most give her happiness ; who will value her and take care of her, and do

to the Unknown that Isaiah knows already. There is no uncertainty as to her feeling of being called to hear the voice, but she fears that her earthly ears are heavy and gross, and corrupt the meaning of the heavenly words. I cannot tell you how affecting this anxious look of her far-reaching eyes is to the poor mortals standing on the pavement below, while the Prophets ride secure on the storm of Inspiration. . . . I feel these things to be part of the word of God, of the ladder to Heaven. The word of God is all by which He reveals His thought, all by which He makes a manifestation of Himself to men. It is not to be narrowed and confined to one book, or one nation; and no one can have seen the Sistine without feeling that he has been very near to God, that he will understand some of His words better for ever after; and that Michael Angelo, one of the greatest of the sons of men, when one looks at the dome of St. Peter's on the one hand and the prophets and martyrs on the other, has received as much of the breath of God, and has done as much to communicate it to men, as any Seer of old. He has performed that wonderful miracle of giving form to the breath of God, wonderful whether it is done by words, colours, or hard stones. . . .

The thoughts and emotions which have been suggested by the contemplation of the vault of the Sistine Chapel are countless. None are more enthusiastic than those which it inspired in Florence Nightingale, and few have been so discriminating. It is at once the privilege and a mark of consummate works of art to be capable of as many meanings as they may find of competent spectators. Each man brings to the study of them the insight of which he is capable; and each, perchance, finds in them some image of himself or of his own experience. "There are few moments, most probably," Florence Nightingale went on to say, "which we shall carry with us through the gate of Death, few recollections which will stand the Eternal Light." She felt as she came out of the Sistine Chapel that her first sight of Michael Angelo's stupendous work would be one of those few for her. We may surmise that the wistful uncertainty which she found in the face of the Delphic Sibyl had especially appealed to her in its truth to life as she had experienced it; conscious as she was of a call from God, conscious also as she could not but have been of great powers, and yet doubtful whether on this side of the gate of Death it would be

delightful, but the divine life—eternal life—is when to will is to do, when the will is the same thing as the act, and therefore the act is unconscious.” Of the Jupiter of the Capitol, again, she says: “Jupiter is that perfect grace in power where the divine *Will*, pure from exertion, speaks, and It is done.” But what chiefly interested her, what really impressed her mind and stimulated her imagination, was the genius of Michael Angelo:—

(*To her Sister.*) *December 17* [1847]. Oh, my dearest, I have had such a day—my red Dominical, my Golden Letter, the 15th of December is its name, and of all my days in Rome this has been the most happy and glorious. Think of a day alone in the Sistine Chapel with Σ [Selina, Mrs. Bracebridge], quite alone, without custode, without visitors, looking up into that heaven of angels and prophets. . . . I did not think that I was looking at pictures, but straight into Heaven itself, and that the faults of the representation and the blackening of the colours were the dimness of my own earthly vision, which would only allow me to see obscurely, indistinctly, what was there in all its glory to be known even as I was known, if mortal eyes and understandings were cleared from the mists which we have wilfully thrown around them. There is Daniel, opening his windows and praying to the God of his Fathers three times a day in defiance of fear. You see that young and noble head like an eagle's, disdaining danger, those glorious eyes undazzled by all the honours of Babylon. Then comes Isaiah, but he is so divine that there is nothing but his own 53rd chapter will describe him. He is the Isaiah, the “*grosse Unbekannte*” of the Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people. I was rather startled at first by finding him so young, which was not my idea of him at all, while the others are old. But M. Angelo knew him better; it is the perpetual youth of inspiration, the vigour and freshness, ever new, ever living, of that eternal spring of thought which is typed under that youthful face. Genius has no age, while mind (Zechariah) has no youth. Next to Isaiah comes the Delphic Sibyl, the most beautiful, the most inspired of all the Sibyls here; but the distinction which M. Angelo has drawn even between *her* and the *Prophets* is so interesting. There is a security of inspiration about Isaiah; he is listening and he is speaking; “that which we *hear* we declare unto you.” There is an anxiety, an effort to hear even, about the Delphian; she is not quite sure; there is an uncertainty, a wistfulness in her eyes; she expects to be rewarded rather in another stage than this for her struggle to gain the prize of her high calling, to reach

invocation to St. Michael to help me to thank; for why the Protestants should shut themselves out, in solitary pride, from the Communion of Saints in heaven and in earth, I never could understand. And so ended this glorious day."

The obsession of Rome, which sooner or later comes upon every intelligent visitor to the Eternal City, dated in the case of Florence Nightingale from this golden-letter day. She surmounted the sense of confusion which sometimes oppresses the traveller. "I do not feel," she wrote, "though Pagan in the morning, Jew in the afternoon, and Christian in the evening, anything but a unity of interest in all these representations. To know God we must study Him as much in the Pagan and Jewish dispensations as in the Christian (though that is the last and most perfect manifestation), and this gives unity to the whole—one continuous thread of interest to all these pearls."

II

The politics of modern Italy interested her no less than the ruins of ancient Rome or the monuments of mediæval art. She had met many Italian refugees, both at Geneva and in the *salon* of Madame Mohl in Paris, and was a whole-hearted enthusiast in the cause of Italian freedom. Her present visit to Rome synchronized with that curious and short-lived episode in the struggle during which Pio Nono was playing "the ineffectual tragedy of Liberal Catholicism." All Rome seemed seized with sympathy for the cities beyond the Papal states, which were fighting for liberty, and within the states themselves Pio Nono's offerings of mild benevolence sufficed to call forth "floods of ecstatic, demonstrative Italian humanity, torchlight processions, and crowds kneeling at his feet."¹ Miss Nightingale saw the Roman nobles, Prince Corsini, Prince Gaetano, and others, presiding at "patriotic altars," which had been set up in the public squares for the receipt of gifts in money and in jewellery. She heard the famous Father Gavazzi preach the crusade in the Colosseum. She cheered as the Tricolor of Italy was hoisted on the Capitol. "I certainly was born," she wrote

¹ G. M. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, p. 65.

given to her to interpret the Divine voice aright. She retained to the end of her life the same reverential feeling for Michael Angelo. She had photographs and engravings of the Sistine ceiling hanging in her rooms, and she sent some framed and inscribed photographs of the symbolical figures on the Medici tombs to hang at Embley on the little private staircase, where her father fell and died. Those at her home were bequeathed specifically in her Will.

The afternoon of the day on which the revelation of the Sistine Chapel came to her was spent by Florence and her friend in walking up the Monte Mario, to enjoy the famous view from the Villa Mellini, not then, as now, included within a fort :—

“We spent an exquisite half-hour,” she wrote, “mooning, or rather sunning about ; the whole Campagna and city lying at our feet, the sea on one side like a golden laver below the declining sun, the windings of the Tiber and the hills of Lucretilis on the other, with Frascati, Tivoli, Tusculum on their cypress sides, for in that clear atmosphere you could see the very cypresses of Maecenas’ villa at Tivoli ; with long stripes of violet and pomegranate coloured light sweeping over the plain like waves ; one stone pine upon the edge of our Mellini hill ; and Rome, the fallen Babylon, like a dead city beneath, no sound of multitudes ascending, but the only life these great crimson lights and shadows (for here the shadow of a red light is violet) like the carnation-coloured wings of angels, themselves invisible, flapping over the plain and leaving this place behind them. We rushed down as fast as we could for the sun was setting, and we reached St. Peter’s just as the doors were going to close. We had the great Church all to ourselves, the tomb of St. Peter wreathed with lights. It felt like the times when a Christian knight watched by his arms before some great enterprise at the Holy Sepulchre ; and one shadowy white angel we could see through the windows over the great door ; and do you know he quite made us start as he stood there in the gloaming. Of course it was the marble statue on the façade ; and there were workmen still laughing and talking at the extreme end, and their sounds, as they were repeated under the long vaults, were like the gibbering of devils, and their lanthorns, as they wavered along close to the ground, were like corpse-lights. I thought of St. Anthony and holy knights and their temptations. And at last the Sacristan took us out of that vast solemn dome through a *tomb* ! and we glided into the silvery moonlight, and walked home over Ponte St. Angelo, where I made a little

Republic that was devouring another. "I must exhale my rage and indignation," she wrote in a diary (June 30, 1849), "before I have lost all notions of absolute right and wrong. It makes my heart bleed that the French nation, the nation above all others capable of an ideal, of aspiring after the abstract right, should have lent itself to such a brutal crime against its own brother—one may say its own offspring, for the Roman Republic sprang from the French; it is purest cannibalism; this breaks my heart. When I think of that afternoon at Villa Mellini (now occupied by a French general), of Rome, bathed in her crimson and purple shadows, lying at our feet, and St. Michael spreading his wings over all—the Angel of Regeneration as we thought him then—my eyes fill with tears. But he will be the Angel of Regeneration yet." The French, she said, might reduce the city and occupy it; but the heroic defence of the Republic "will have raised the Romans in the moral scale, and in their own esteem." They would never sink back to what they had been. Sooner or later, Rome would be free. She was especially indignant at the talk which she heard on all sides in cultivated society at home about the "vandalism" of the Romans in exposing their precious monuments of art to assault. She loved those monuments, as we have seen; but if the defence of Rome against the French required it, she would have been ready to see them all levelled to the ground. "They must carry out their defence to the last," she cried. "I should like to see them fight the streets, inch by inch, till the last man dies at his barricade, till St. Peter's is level with the ground, till the Vatican is blown into the air. Then would this be the last of such brutal, not house-breakings, but city-breakings; then, and not till then, would Europe do justice to France as a thief and a murderer, and a similar crime be rendered impossible for all ages. If I were in Rome, I should be the first to fire the Sistine, turning my head aside, and Michael Angelo would cry, 'Well done,' as he saw his work destroyed." It was not only in relation to the restraints of conventional domesticity that Florence Nightingale was a rebel.

to her cousin Hilary, "to be a tag-rag-and-bob-tail, for when I hear of a popular demonstration, I am nothing better than a ragamuffin." She heard the rumble of a distant drum, and rushed up for Mr. Bracebridge, and he and she broke their own windows because they were not illuminated; stayed to see the torchlight procession of patriots singing the hymn to Pio Nono, and were rewarded by the crowd crying "God save the Queen," as they passed the English "milord" and his companion. "Very touching," she said; "though royalty was the very last thing I was thinking of"; for at this time, as she often avowed in her letters, her sympathies were Republican. "When this memorable year began with all its revolutions," she wrote later to Madame Mohl, after disillusion had come (June 27), "I thought that it was the Kingdom of Heaven coming under the fate of a Republic. But alas! things have shown that more of us must slowly ripen to angels here, before the régime of the angels, *i.e.* the Kingdom of Heaven, will begin." But for the moment everything seemed radiant. She recorded with pleasure in February that a deputation of Romans had gone up to the Pope to express their "complete confidence in him." In her note-books she collected particulars of his life and character; and when in March he granted what can only be called a sort of a Constitution, she wrote to Madame Mohl: "My dear Santo Padre seems doing very well. He has given up his Temporal Power. No man took it from him; he laid it down of himself. I think that he will reign in history as the only prince who ever did, and that his character is nearer Christ's than any I ever heard of." History will hardly confirm this saying; but if Miss Nightingale's words seem ill-balanced in the light of subsequent events, let it be remembered that, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "the cult of Pio Nono was for some months the religion of Italy, and of Liberals and exiles all over the world. Even Garibaldi in Monte Video, and Mazzini in London, shared the *enthusiasm of the hour*." A year later, when the Roman Republic had been declared and the Pope had fled, and the French troops besieged Rome on his behalf, Miss Nightingale had only pity for Pio Nono; her anger she reserved for the French "cannibals," for the one

du Sacré Cœur. She had picked up a poor girl called Felicetta Sensi, and procured her admission as a free boarder, paying for her care and education for many years. She formed a warm attachment to the Lady Superior, the Madre Sta. Colomba. She studied the organization, rules, and methods of the large school, and for ten days she went into Retreat in the Convent.¹ Her intercourse with the Madre Sta. Colomba, of whose talk and spiritual experiences she made full and detailed notes, made a very deep impression on her mind. She studied rules and organization, but, as in all her studies, she was seeking a motive, as well as, and indeed more than, a method. Many years later, a friend wrote to her: "It seems to me that the greatest want among nurses is *devotion*. I use the word in a very wide sense, meaning that state of mind in which the current of desire is flowing towards one high end. This does not presuppose knowledge, but it very soon attains it."² This was a profound conviction of her own, often expressed, as we shall hear, in her Addresses and Letters of Exhortation in later years. What she set herself to study at the Trinità de' Monti was the secret of *devotion*. She made notes of the Lady Superior's exhortations; of the spiritual exercises which were enjoined upon novices; of the forms and discipline of self-examination. She sought to extract the secret, and to apply it to the inculcation of the highest kind of service to man as the service of God. For many years the thought in her mind was to be the foundation of some distinctive order or sisterhood; and though in the end she came to be glad that she had not done this, she never abandoned the high ideal which was behind her thought. Nor, though in some ways and in some cases she came to be disillusioned about nursing sisterhoods, did she ever cease to speak with admiration of what she had seen and learnt in some of them. She thought more often, and with more affectionate remembrance, about the spirit

¹ The Convent was giving hospitality at this time to the Abbess of Minsk (in Lithuania), whose persecution by the Russian Government formed the subject of much debate. Miss Nightingale wrote a long account of the extraordinary adventures which the Abbess related to her. She was advised in 1853 to print this, but I cannot find that she did so.

² Letter from R. Angus Smith, July 7, 1859.

III

During her own stay in Rome, however, there was something which interested her more than Roman politics or Roman monuments. It was the philanthropic work of a Convent School. Every visitor to Rome knows the Trinità de' Monti. The flight of steps between the church and the Piazza di Spagna is celebrated alike for its own beauty and for the flower-girls and women in peasant-costume who frequent it. The church itself contains many fine works of art, and the choral service is one of the attractions of ecclesiastical Rome. The neighbourhood is rich in artistic and literary associations. Florence Nightingale had sympathetic eyes and ears for all these things; but what attracted her most was the convent attached to the church, with its school for girls, and (in another part of the city) its orphanage. She was broad-minded, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, in relation to church creeds. It was by works, not faith, or at any rate by faith issuing in works, that she weighed the churches. It was characteristic of the thoroughness of her mental character that during this sojourn in Rome she made a methodical study of Roman doctrine and ritual. Among her papers and note-books belonging to this time, there are careful analyses of the theory of Indulgence, of the Real Presence, of the Rosary, and so forth. She made, too, a careful collation of the Latin Breviary with the English Prayer-Book. She summed up her comparative study of the churches in this generalization: "The great merit of the *Catholic Church*: its assertion of the truth that God still inspires mankind as much as ever. Its great fault: its limiting this inspiration to itself. The great merit of *Protestantism*: its proclamation of freedom of conscience within the limits of the Scriptures. Its great fault: its erection of the Bible into a master of the soul." Her deep sense of the self-responsibility of every human soul kept her free from any inclination to Roman doctrine; but she was profoundly impressed by the practical beneficence of Roman sisterhoods. An example of such beneficence she found in the school and orphanage of the Dames

of her new friend. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert saw much of Archdeacon Manning (the future cardinal), who was also spending the winter in Rome, and Miss Nightingale was on friendly terms with him.¹ This also was an acquaintance which had some influence on her future career. Sidney Herbert, aided by the ready sympathy of his wife, was devoting much thought, now liberated from official duties, to schemes of benevolence among the poor on his estates. "He felt strongly the disadvantage at which the poor were placed in being compelled after illness, and perhaps after undergoing painful operations, to return in the earliest stage of convalescence, without rest or change, to their accustomed labour."² He was full of a scheme for a Convalescent Home and Cottage Hospital (such as is now no rarity, but was then almost unknown), and it can be imagined with what zest Miss Nightingale shared his thoughts. One of the first things which she records in her diary after return from the Continent is "an expedition with Mrs. Sidney Herbert to set up her Convalescent Home at Charmouth"; but this was only a passing incident, and return to the habitual home life, after the distraction of foreign travel, left her no more contented than before.

On her return to London in the early summer of 1848 she sent her friends occasionally the talk of the town:—

(*To Madame Mohl.*) July 26 [1848]. In London there have been the usual amount of Charity Balls, Charity Concerts, Charity Bazaars, whereby people bamboozle their consciences and shut their eyes. Nevertheless there does not seem the slightest prospect of a revolution here. Why, would be hard to say, as England is surely the country where luxury has reached its height and poverty its depth. Perhaps it is our Poor Law, perhaps the strength of our Middle Class, perhaps a greater degree of sympathy between the rich and poor, which is the conservative principle. Lord Ashley had a Chartist deputation with him the other day, who stayed to tea and talked with him for five hours. "That a man should ride in a carriage and have twenty thousand a year is contrary to the laws of Nature," said their leader, and slapped his leg. "I could show you, if you would go with me to-night," said Lord Ashley, "people who would say to *you*,

¹ Purcell's *Life of Manning*, vol. i. p. 362.

² *Sidney Herbert: a Memoir*, by Lord Stanmore, vol. i. pp. 97-98.

of the best Catholic sisterhoods than of Kaiserswerth, or indeed of anything else in her professional experience.

In such studies upon the Trinità de' Monti in the winter of 1847-48, she was taken, as she said in a note of self-examination, out of all interests that fostered her "vanity"; it was her "happiest New Year." "The most entire and unbroken freedom from dreaming I ever had," she wrote at a later time. "Oh, how happy I was!" And so again, looking back after twenty years, she wrote: "I never enjoyed any time in my life so much as my time at Rome."¹

IV

Another incident of Miss Nightingale's sojourn in Rome was destined, though she knew it not at the time, to have a far-reaching influence upon her career. Among the English visitors who spent the winter of 1847-48 in Rome were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert. Mr. Herbert had already been Secretary at War under Peel, a post to which he was afterwards to return under Aberdeen. The resignation of Peel's Cabinet in 1846 released Mr. Herbert from official work. Later in the year he married a lady with whom he had been long acquainted, Elizabeth à Court, daughter of General Charles Ashe à Court; and in the following year he and his wife set out for a long Continental tour. Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge were friends of the Herberts, and thus Florence Nightingale made their acquaintance in Rome. In her retrospect she specially recalled the beginning there of her friendship with Sidney Herbert "under the dear Bracebridges' wing." Compatriots who meet in this way in any foreign resort are apt to see a good deal of each other, and from this winter dates the beginning of a friendship which was to be a governing factor in the life of Florence Nightingale. Sidney Herbert, when they met in galleries or at soirées, or rode together in the Campagna, must have been struck by Miss Nightingale's marked abilities, and for Mrs. Herbert she formed an affectionate attachment. Florence noted "the great kindness, the desire of love, the magnanimous generosity"

¹ Letter to M. Mohl, Nov. 21, 1869.

to Kaiserswerth, and Florence was to be allowed to go there. But at the very moment disturbances broke out in Frankfurt, and the whole plan was abandoned. "I am not going to consign to paper for your benefit," she wrote to Madame Mohl (October 1848), "all the cursings and swearings which relieved my disappointed feelings; for oh! what a plan of plans I had made out for myself! All that I most wanted to do at Kaiserswerth, Brussels, and Co., lay for the first time within reach of my mouth, and the ripe plum has dropped." Florence accompanied her mother to the cure at Malvern instead, where, with many prayers for humility under the will of God, she lived for several weeks upon the dry and bitter fruit of disappointment. During the winter of 1848-49 Miss Nightingale saw something of M. Guizot and his family. The Minister had escaped to London after the fall of Louis Philippe, and was living in a modest house in Brompton. He found in Miss Nightingale "a brave and sympathetic soul, for whom great thoughts and great devotions had a serious attraction."¹

During the next year she found some congenial work in London. She inspected hospitals. She worked in Ragged Schools. She spoke of her "little thieves at Westminster" as her "greatest joy in London." But these unconventional attractions of the London season set her all the more against the life of country houses. "Ought not one's externals," she wrote in her diary (July 2, 1849), "to be as nearly as possible an incarnation of what life really is? Life is *not* a green pasture and a still water, as our homes make it. Life is to some a forty days' fasting, moral or physical, in the wilderness; to some it is a fainting under the carrying of the cross; to some it is a crucifixion; to all, a struggle for truth, for safety. Life is seen in a much truer form in London than in the country. In an English country place everything that is painful is so carefully removed out of sight, behind those fine trees, to a village three miles off. In London, at all events if you open your eyes, you cannot help seeing in the next street that life is not as it has been made to you. You cannot get out of a carriage at a party

¹ See the "Lettre de M. Guizot" prefixed to the French translation of *Notes on Nursing* (1862).

that a man should go in broadcloth and wear a shirt-pin (pointing to the Chartist's shirt) is contrary to the laws of Nature." The Chartist was silent. "And it was the only thing I said," says Lord Ashley, "after arguing with them for five hours which made the least impression."

Her acquaintance with Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury) brought her in touch with Ragged School work. But society grew more and more distasteful to Miss Nightingale. She explained the reasons in a letter to her "Aunt Hannah." Why could she not smile and be gay, while yet biding her time and not forsaking her ultimate ideals? It was, she said, because she "hated God to hear her laugh, as if she had not repented of her sin." There is something obviously morbid in such words, and they might be multiplied indefinitely, if there were good reason for doing so, from her letters, diaries, and note-books. The sins of which she most often convicted herself were "hypocrisy" and "vanity." She prayed to be delivered from "the desire of producing an effect." That was the "vanity"; and it was "hypocrisy," because she was playing a part, responding to friends' conception of her, though all the while her heart was really set on other things, and her true life was being lived elsewhere. The morbidness was a symptom of a mind at war with its surroundings. Then again the kind "Aunt" reminded her, in the spirit of George Herbert, that anything and everything may be done "to the glory of God." But Miss Nightingale at this time was deep in the study of political economy; and "can it be to the glory of God," she asked, "when there is so much misery among the poor, which we might be curing instead of living in luxury?"

v

In the autumn of 1848 an opportunity occurred which promised the realization of the dearest wish of her heart, but once more she was doomed to disappointment. Her mother and sister had been advised to go to Carlsbad for the cure. M. and Madame Mohl were to be at Frankfurt, and they were all to meet in that city. Frankfurt is near

CHAPTER VI

FOREIGN TRAVEL : EGYPT AND GREECE

(1849-1850)

When o'er the world we range
'Tis but our climate, not our mind, we change.

HORACE.

IN the autumn of 1849 Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, who were to spend some months in the East, again proposed that Miss Nightingale should travel with them, and again the offer was gladly accepted. Her sister was delighted. The expedition to Rome had not done what was hoped, but here was a second chance. The sister reported to her friends that "Flo had taken tea with the Bunsens to receive the *dernier mot* on Egyptology," and that she was going out "laden with learned books." Perhaps Florence would become absorbed in such studies, and adopt a life of gracefully learned leisure. The literary temptation did, it is true, assail Florence, but she put it behind her.

The party started in October, bound for Egypt, where the winter was to be spent. Thence they were to proceed to Athens, where Mr. Bracebridge had property. The return journey in the summer of 1850 was to be made through Germany, and Kaiserswerth was to be visited. Florence, we may surmise, looked forward most to the last stage in the journey. On November 18 the travellers landed at Alexandria. On the 27th they reached Cairo. On December 4 they started in a dahabiah for the Nile voyage. The boat was christened in honour of Florence's sister.

without seeing what is in the faces making the lane on either side, and without feeling tempted to rush back and say, 'Those are my brothers and sisters.' " She longed to rush back, to be able to go out freely into the slums, to comfort some old woman who was dying unattended, or rescue some child who was going astray untaught. But the proprieties prevented. "It would never do," she was told, "for a young woman in her station in life to go out in London without a servant." In the autumn of 1849 the distraction of another foreign tour was offered. Her parents and her sister hoped once more that Florence would return a different and a more comfortable woman. Those with whom we are cast into the nearest intimacy sometimes understand us least.

its second, nor its minute, nor its hour-hand, but by its century hand. I thought of the worshippers of three thousand years ago ; how they by this time have reached the goal of spiritual ambition, have brought all their thoughts to serve God or the ideal of goodness ; how we stand there with the same goal before us, only as distant as the star, which, a little later, I saw rising exactly over that same sand-hill in the centre of the top of the doorway, but as sure and fixed ; how to them all other thoughts are now as nothing, and the ideal we all pursue of happiness is won ; not because they have not probably sufferings, like ours, but because they no longer suggest any other thought but of doing God's will, which is happiness. I thought, too, three thousand years hence, we might perhaps have attained—and others would stand here, and still those old gods would be sitting in the eternal twilight. . . .

THEBES, *February 10* [1850]. . . . The Valley of the Kings seems, though within a mile of Thebes, as if one had arrived at the mountains of Kaf, beyond which are only "creatures unknown to any but God,"—so deep are the ravines, so high and blue the sky, so absolutely solitary and unearthly, so utterly uninhabitable the place. One look at that valley would give you more idea of the supernatural, the gate of Hades, than all the descriptions, sacred or profane. What a moment it is, the entering that valley, where in those rocky caverns, the vastness and the gloomy darkness of which are equally awful, the kings of the earth lie, each in his huge sarcophagus, with the bodies of his chiefs, each in their chamber, about him ; and where, about this time, they are to return, to find their bodies and resume their abode on earth,—if purified by their three thousand years of probation, in a higher and better state ; if degraded, in a lower. I thought I met them at every turn in those long subterranean galleries,—saw their shades rising from their shattered sarcophagi, and advancing once more towards the light of day, which shone like a star, so distant and so faint, at the end of that opening ; the dead were stirred up, the chief ones of the earth. . . . Well, these Pharaohs are perhaps now here, again in the body, their three thousand years having just elapsed to some of them,—that is, if they have philosophized sincerely, or, together with philosophy, have "loved beautiful forms." . . . And if I were a Pharaoh now, I would choose the Arab form, and come back to help these poor people ; and I am going to-morrow to a tomb of Rameses, B.C. 1150, to meet him and tell him so. . . .

It was no wonder that Miss Nightingale pitied the poor

“My work,” she wrote, “is making the pennant, blue bunting with swallow tail, a Latin red cross upon it, and ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΠΗ in white tape. It has taken all my tape, and a vast amount of stitches, but it will be the finest pennant on the river, and my petticoats will joyfully acknowledge the tribute to sisterly affection, for sisterly affection in tape in Lower Egypt, let me observe, is worth having.” They went up the river as far as Ipsambul (Abu-Simbel), a little below Wady Halfy; on the return journey they spent several days at Thebes. The letters which Florence sent home show that Egypt appealed strongly to her imagination. What struck her most was the solemnity of the country. “Nothing ever laughs or plays. Everything is grown up and grown old.” The letters are full too of Egyptology; for she had made tables of dynasties, copied plans of temples, and analysed the leading ideas in Egyptian mythology as expounded by the best writers of the time:—

ABU-SIMBEL, *January 17* [1850]. . . . I passed through other halls, till at last I found myself in a chamber in the rock, where sat, in the silence of an eternal night, four figures against the further end. I could see nothing more; yet I did not feel afraid as I did at Karnak, though I was quite alone in these subterranean halls; for the sublime expression of that judge of the dead had looked down on me, the incarnation of the goodness of the deity, as Osiris is; and I thought how beautiful the idea which placed him in the foremost hall, and then led the worshipper gradually on to the more awful attributes of the deity; for here, as I could dimly see through the darkness, sat the creative power of the mind—Neph, “the intellect”; Amun, “the concealed god”; Phthah, “the creator of the visible world”; and Ra, “the sustainer,” Ra, “the sun” to whom the temple is dedicated. . . . I turned to go out, and saw at the further end the golden sand glittering in the sunshine outside the top of the door; and the long sand-hill, sloping down from it to the feet of the innermost Osirides, which are left quite free, all but their pedestals, looked like the waves of time, gradually flowing in and covering up these imperishable genii, who have seen three thousand years pass over their heads and heed them not. In the holiest place, there where no sound ever reaches, it is as if you felt the sensible progress of time, not by the tick of a clock, as we measure time, but by some spiritual pulse which marks to you its onward march, not by

upon the back of the Acropolis." She had little taste for the topographical research and nice distinctions between different masters of sculpture which absorb the interest of many modern travellers and students. She was interested in broader speculations. The soul of a people, as expressed in their art, was the object to which she directed her observation, and around which she loved to let her imagination play. In her note-books and letters she discusses the spiritual conceptions embodied in the worship of the several Greek gods; she traces the symbols of Greek mythology to their sources in Greek scenery; she pictures the genius of Aeschylus (her favourite tragedian, preferred by her even to Shakespeare) or of Sophocles developing in relation to local conditions and surroundings. Of the statues, the pensive beauty of the sepulchral bas-reliefs most arrested her attention; and in architecture, she loved most the Doric, for its severity, its simplicity, its perfection of proportion, its image of the ideal republic:—

Only a republican could have conceived it, and it is sin for any other government to imitate it. Look at each column—man, I mean—rearing its noble head; yet none has a separate base. Each man stands upon the common base of his country. Look at the simplicity of the fluting of the capital. No man thinks of his own adornment, but only of the glory of the whole. The fluting does not look like its ornament, but its drapery. I do love the old *Doric* as if it was a person. Then comes the *Ionic*, light and elegant and airy, it is true, like the Attic wit, but somewhat luscious to the taste; it soon palls; the fluting is too laboured, too semicircular, like the people sitting in a semicircle to hear the wit of Aristophanes; it does not look as if it *belonged* to the column; and that ridge between the flutes, what is it doing there? It looks like the interval while the next interlocutor is thinking of a repartee. Then that rich beading round the base, like one of Euripides' choruses which have nothing to do with the piece. Give me the *Ionic* to amuse me, but the *Doric* to interest me. The *Corinthian* is like the worship of Dionysus, like the illustration of Nature by Art—a bad conjunction, I think, which in any other hands would become Art run mad, but modified by the exquisite artistic perceptions of the Greeks is exquisitely beautiful, but it is not architecture. The *Doric*, the *Ionic*, and the *Corinthian* are the ethical, the poetical, and the aesthetic views of life. But look at the workmanship of these things. How mathematically exact it is—the very poetry of number.

people ; for the Egypt in which she travelled was as Mehemet Ali, the Lion of the Levant, had left it. She saw girls sold in the open slave market "at from £2 to £9 a head." She heard how justice was sold to the highest bidder ; and "everybody," she noted, "seems to bastinado everybody else." "Every man," she noted further, "is a conscript for the army, and mothers put out their children's right eye to save them from conscription, till Mehemet Ali, who was too clever for them, had a one-eyed regiment, who carried the musket on the left shoulder." Miss Nightingale was fond of escaping from the dahabiah in order to wander about the desert, "poking my own nose," as she wrote home, "into all the villages," and seeing for herself how "these poor people" lived. "They call me 'the wild ass of the wilderness, snuffing up the wind,' because I am so fond of getting away." Egyptian impressions stayed long in her memory, and they recurred to her thirty years later in connection with her Indian studies.¹ As on her earlier visit to Rome, so now in Egypt she utilized all such opportunities as came in her way for studying the work of religious Sisterhoods. At Alexandria she passed her days, she wrote, "much to my satisfaction, as I had travelled with two Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul from Paris to Auxerre, who gave me an introduction to the Sisters here ; and I have spent a great deal of time with them in their beautiful schools and *Miséricorde*. There are only 19 of them, but they seem to do the work of 90."

II

In April 1850 Miss Nightingale went with her friends to Athens. Their house was in Eucharis Street, and Florence "slept in the library, which opens on to a terrace looking

¹ E.g. in an article in *Good Words*, August 1879 : "Whoever in the glorious light of an Egyptian sunset—where all glows with colour, not like that of birds and flowers, but like transparent emeralds and sapphires and rubies and amethysts, the gold and jewels and precious stones of the Revelations—has seen the herds wending their way home on the plain of Thebes by the colossal pair of sitting statues, followed by the stately woman in her one draped garment, plying her distaff, a naked, lovely little brown child riding on her shoulder, and another on a buffalo, can conjure up something of the ideal of the ryot's family life in India."

Lord Palmerston had ordered the Mediterranean Fleet to the Peiræus to enforce the British claims, and Miss Nightingale was sitting beside Mr. Wyse, the British Minister at Athens, at dinner on board H.M.S. *Howe*, when the submission of the Greek Government was brought to him. Her home letters throw much light on the ins and outs of this affair, which, however, is now only remembered as the occasion of Lord Palmerston's vindication in the House of Commons with its famous peroration about *Civis Romanus sum*. Miss Nightingale now, as earlier, was a strong Palmerstonian. "The friends of Broadlands," she wrote to her parents, "need never have been less uneasy for his reputation"; and if parliamentary success be a sufficient test, she was entirely right. She found herself again in the thick of political discussion on leaving Greek waters. Her party sailed from Athens on June 17, and went to Trieste by Corfu—"that fairy island," she wrote, "where every flower grows twice as big as it does anywhere else, and where no frost can touch the olive and the pomegranate." She and her parents were acquainted with Sir Henry Ward, then Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. Sir Henry, who had been an active Liberal at home, had felt himself obliged to adopt sternly repressive measures in the islands. Miss Nightingale was opposed to his policy, as also to the British occupation. He invited her and her friends to the Palace. She went to proffer excuses. "He came out, said that I had often called him 'Tyrant,' and took me in his arms like a father, and stood over me in the character of Tyrant (he said) till I had written a letter compelling them all to come, which he then sealed and I sent. So the whole *posse comitatus* of us spent the day there, they sending the carriage for us, and I am really glad to have seen what is my idea of Eastern luxury." The tyrant placed his accuser next to him at dinner, deplored his "false position," and so forth, and they made some sort of peace; though not perhaps till Miss Nightingale had sought to bring him to a conviction of sin for his executions and arbitrary arrests, for she was armed, as her letters show, now as ever, with all the facts and figures marshalled in Blue-book precision.

It was characteristic of the philosophical bent of her mind that she sought to refer the charm of the scenery to some general law :—

ATHENS, *June 8.* I have been taking some lovely rides with Mr. Hill on Hymettus, along the Daphne road, and to Karà. How lovely the scenery is, would be difficult to describe, and why it is so lovely. I begin to think that it is the proportion, and that there must be proportion in the things of Nature as of Art. I am talking nonsense, I believe, but nobody minds me, you know. In the valleys of Switzerland the height is too great for the width, and it looks like a bottle. In the valleys of Egypt the width is too great for the height, and it looks like a tray. For this reason clouds are provided in Switzerland and Scotland ; the height would become intolerably out of proportion unless it were covered in at the top. For this reason clear sky is in Egypt, or you would feel in a shelf. But here, where the clear sky is meant, they say, to be perpetual (tho' I cannot say I have seen much of it since I came), the proportion observed has been perfect, the exact curve is always there, the exact slope which you want ; and if a line were to change its place, you feel the effect would be spoilt. You feel towards it as to an architectural building. I believe that in this lies the great peculiarity of the Athenian views. Otherwise, for colouring, I must declare I have seen nothing like the evenings of the Campagna.

Of the Parthenon by moonlight she wrote that it was "impossible that earth or heaven could produce anything more beautiful." In other letters she dwells on the beauty of the view from Lycabettus, and the glory of the sunset from Hymettus. One day upon the Acropolis she found some boys with a baby owl that had just fallen from its nest in the Parthenon. She bought it from them and kept it. It used to travel in her pocket, and lived at Embley.

III

Public affairs in Greece interested her also. She had arrived in Greek waters at the height of the "Pacifico crisis." There had been a rupture between England and Greece, which threatened also the relations between England and France, and which convulsed political parties at Westminster, over the claims of Mr. Finlay, the historian of modern Greece, and Don Pacifico, a native of Gibraltar.

beams bright light upon me. Oh what a history that picture contains in its little canvass; and how well it hangs near that glorious Sistine Virgin. All that woman *might* be, all that she will be, near what she *is*; for it is not a Magdalen, in the common sense of the word, or rather it is in the common sense of what woman commonly is—not what we mean by a Magdalen.” At Dresden Miss Nightingale was still in much dejection. “I have never felt so bad,” she wrote (July 7); “the habit of living not in the present but in a future of dreams is gradually spreading over my whole existence. It is rapidly approaching the state of madness when dreams become realities.” And now when the goal of Kaiserswerth was near, she felt almost unmanned; almost inclined to turn back and follow another path. “It seemed to me now (July 10) as if quiet, with somebody to look for my coming back, was all I wanted.” But this was only a moment of passing weakness. At Berlin her spirits revived; for her vital interests were satisfied, and she spent some days in inspecting the hospitals and other benevolent institutions. On July 31 she reached Kaiserswerth. “I could hardly believe I was there,” she wrote in her diary. “With the feeling with which a pilgrim first looks on the Kedron, I saw the Rhine, dearer to me than the Nile.” She stayed a fortnight with the Pastor and his wife and the Deaconesses, studying their institutions. “Left Kaiserswerth,” says the diary (August 13), “feeling so brave as if nothing could ever vex me again.”¹ She rejoined her friends at Düsseldorf. “They staid at Ghent actually for me to finish my MS.” (August 17). “Finished my MS. They read it. Mr. Bracebridge corrected it and sent it off” (August 19). Next day they returned to Eng-

¹ In the Album of the Pastor's eldest daughter, Miss Nightingale left this inscription:—

“Vier Dinge, Gott, habe ich dir zu bieten,
Die sich in all deinen Schatzkammern nicht finden:
Meine Nichtigkeit, meine traurige Armut,
Meine verderbliche Sünde, meine ernste Reue.
Nimm diese Gaben an und nimm den Geber hin.

Kaiserswerth, den 13 August 1850. Fl. N., die mit überfließendem Herzen sich immer der Güte all ihrer Freunde in lieben Kaiserswerth erinnern wird. Ich bin ein Gast gewesen, und ihr habt mir beherbergt” (*Eine Heldin unter Helden*, 1912, p. 45).

IV

Her mind was interested' in all these things, but her heart was elsewhere. "Wherever thou art," said a famous statesman, "it is with the poor that thou should'st live." It was so with Florence Nightingale's inmost thoughts. Her greatest pleasure in Athens was found in the society of the American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who conducted a school and orphanage. Of Mrs. Hill she wrote, "From heaven she comes, in heaven she lives." In charge of the mission school was a Greek refugee from Crete, Elizabeth Kontaxaki, and with her too Florence Nightingale formed a warm friendship. Elizabeth had lived an adventurous life before she found security at Athens. Her father had fallen by a Turkish bullet. Her mother had made an heroic escape from a Turkish captor, and the first years of the child's life were spent in the fastnesses of Mount Ida. "Alas," wrote Miss Nightingale, "how worthless my life seems to me by the side of these women." A mood of great dejection appears in her diary of this time, to which an attack of low-fever no doubt contributed. She could not find satisfaction in the interests of foreign travel. She was tortured by unsatisfied longings which could find outlet only in a world of dreams. An entry in her diary for June 7 is in these words: "Grotto of the Eumenides. Will this Fury go on increasing till by degrees my mind is more and more taken off the outer world with all its claims, and I am no longer able to command my attention at all?"

Miss Nightingale and her friends landed at Trieste at the end of June, and thence made their way to Dresden and Berlin. The pictures which most impressed her were Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and the "Reading Magdalen," then attributed to Correggio. A year later her mother and sister were at Dresden, and she enjoined them, above all things, to see "the Magdalen, the queen of pictures." "How I feel that picture now," she wrote to them (August 26, 1851), "dark wood behind, sharp stones in front, nothing to look back upon, nothing to look forward to, clinging to the present as she does to the book, which

' give utterance to one's feelings ' in a poem to appear (price 2 guineas) in the *Belle Assemblée*? I think one's feelings waste themselves in words; they ought all to be distilled into actions, and into actions which bring results. Do you think a babe would *ever* learn to walk if it were to talk about its living in such ' strange times,' ' I *must* learn to use my legs,' and so on? Or do you think anybody ever did anything, who did not go to it with a directness of purpose, which prevented him from frittering away his impressions in words? " She was of Ibsen's persuasion:—

What is Life? a fighting
In heart and in brain with trolls.
Poetry? that means writing
Doomsday-accounts of our souls.¹

She held in great suspicion and dislike what she called the " artist-like way of looking upon life." It reduces all religions, she said, and most inward and spiritual feelings " into a sort of magic-lantern, with which to make play for the amusement of the company." Her mother used to praise her " beautiful letters," was proud of the " European reputation " she had won among learned men, and wanted to know why she could not be happy in cultivating at home the gifts which God had given her. To Florence Nightingale these things were not gifts to be cultivated, but rather temptations to be subdued. She read with some attention in 1846 a book called *Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home*, a religious work containing counsels of submission for women dissatisfied with their home life. " Piling up miscellaneous instruction for oneself," she wrote in one place in the margin; " the most unsatisfactory of all pursuits!" She strove to say to God, as she wrote in another place, " Behold the handmaid of the Lord! *not* Behold the handmaid of correspondence, or of music, or of metaphysics!" " That power of always writing a good letter whenever one likes," she said in one of her pages of self-examination, " is a great temptation"—a temptation, if such it be, to which, it must be confessed, she continually succumbed. But she wished to win no repute from her fall. In 1854 her sister printed the " beautiful letters " from

¹ *Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen*, translated by F. E. Garrett.

land. The manuscript was of the pamphlet describing "The Institution of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine," which was issued anonymously soon after Miss Nightingale's return.¹ Some notice of the pamphlet will be found in a later chapter in connection with her longer sojourn at Kaiserswerth in 1851. It was printed by the inmates of the Ragged School at Westminster in which she was interested. She described in it the work of the Deaconesses, and ended with an appeal to Englishwomen to go and do likewise. The fire burnt within her, and she returned home more than ever resolved to consecrate her life to the service of the sick and sorrowful.

V

Foreign travel, it will thus be seen, had worked no such cure, had created no such diversion, as her family desired. Their hope, even their expectation, was not unreasonable. Florence Nightingale was a woman of learning, and her foreign travels had stimulated her alike to research and to imaginative thought. At home, too, during all the years of restless and unsatisfied yearning for some other life, she had been a diligent reader and student. She had a real gift for literary expression, as her letters may already have indicated, and as her later writings were to prove more decisively. She had, moreover, the instinct for self-expression. She was a constant letter-writer and note-taker. She communed with herself not only in speechless thought, but in written memoranda. Had another impulse not been stronger within her, she might easily have become a literary woman of some distinction. But though she was fond of writing for her own satisfaction, she had a profound distrust of it as a substitute for action. Like one of George Eliot's heroines, "she did not want to deck herself with knowledge—to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that fed her action." "You ask me," she had written to Miss Clarke in 1844, "why I do not write something. I think what is not of the first class had better not exist at all; and besides I had so much rather live than write; writing is only a supplement for living. Would you have one go away and

¹ Bibliography A, No. 1.

CHAPTER VII

THE SINGLE LIFE

The craving for sympathy, which exists between two who are to form one indivisible and perfect whole, is in most cases between man and woman, in some between man and God. This the Roman Catholics have understood and expressed under the simile, Christ the bridegroom, the Nun married to Him, the Monk married to the Church; or as St. Francis to poverty, or as St. Ignatius Loyola to the divine mistress of his thoughts, the Virgin. This sort of tie between man and God seems alone able to fill the want of the other, the permanent exclusive tie between the one man and the one woman.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: *Suggestions for Thought*.

“ I HAD three paths among which to choose,” wrote Miss Nightingale in a diary of 1850: “ I might have been a literary woman, or a married woman, or a Hospital Sister.” We have seen how she turned away from the first path. Why did she reject the second ?

“ Our dear Flo,” wrote Mrs. Bracebridge to Miss Clarke in 1844, “ has just recovered from a severe cold, but I hear nothing of what I long for, *i.e.* some noble-hearted, true man, one who can love her as she deserves to be loved, prepared to take her to a house of her own.” And three years later another friend, Fanny Allen, in describing a visit to Embley, said of Florence: “ What a wife she would make for a man worthy of her ! but I am not sure I yet know the mate fit for her.” The two Nightingale girls, she surmised, would experience a “ difficulty in finding any one they would like well enough to forsake such a home.”¹ In the case of Florence, the position was ill understood by outsiders. To her the home was not a happy garden which she would be

¹ *A Century of Family Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 106, 107.

Egypt,¹ and issued a few copies for private circulation. Florence was not pleased, but acquiesced, and corrected the proofs.

Any dreams, then, which she may have harboured of literary distinction, she had put resolutely away from her. " Oh God," she had written in her diary at Cairo, " thou puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful. I offer it to thee. Do with it what is for thy service." But there was still one other temptation to be subdued.

¹ Bibliography A, No. 2.

heroine, the 'sweet sad enthusiast,' have been set to some such work as this? Indeed it is past telling the mischief that is done in thus putting down youthful ideals. There are not too many to begin with. There are few indeed to end with—even without such a gratuitous impulse as this to end them." In this passage, as in much that Florence Nightingale wrote, there is an autobiographical note. She did not marry because she held fast to an ideal—an ideal nearer to that of Octavia Hill than to that of Dorothea Brooke.

II

For two or three years Florence Nightingale was in much trouble of mind from an attachment which one of her cousins had formed for her. In no case would she have thought it right to marry him. "Accident or relationship," she wrote some years later,¹ "throw people together in their childhood, and acquaintance has grown up naturally and unconsciously. Accordingly in novels it is generally cousins who marry; and now it seems the only natural thing, the only possible way of making an intimacy. And yet we know that intermarriage between relations is in direct contravention of the laws of nature for the well-being of the race." It was supposed by some of the family circle at the time that this was the only objection to an engagement; but there were others. Florence was in no mood, then or afterwards, to marry for the sake of marrying. Marriage, she had written to Miss Clarke (p. 66), was not an absolute blessing; and though she liked her cousin, she was in no sense in love with him. She felt relief; intense and unmixed, as she recorded in her private meditations, when she learnt that the young man had at last forgotten her. But though this episode left her heart-whole, it had a great and painful influence upon her mind. "Cleanse all my love from the desire of creating an interest in another's heart" is the burden of many of her meditations.

Among other attachments of which Florence Nightingale was the object, there was one which had a deeper effect and called for a more difficult and searching choice in life.

¹ *Suggestions for Thought*, vol. ii. p. 401.

very reluctant to forsake, but rather a gilded cage from which she eagerly sought a way of escape. To us who have the means of knowing her inmost thoughts and feelings, the question thus presents itself in another light than that in which it appeared to her friends at the time. She craved for a larger, fuller life than she could find at home. Why could she not, or why did she not, seek it in marriage? It is love that sometimes "frees the imprisoned spirit," that enables it to find and to express itself. That Miss Nightingale remained single was not the result of lack of opportunity to marry. The reason is to be found elsewhere—in feelings, thoughts, and ideals, in reasoned convictions and aspirations, which, if I can present them aright, will illuminate her character and her career.

In 1873 Miss Nightingale, like the rest of the world, was reading *Middlemarch*, and a paper which she wrote in that year contained some notice of George Eliot's heroine.¹ "A novel of genius has appeared. Its writer once put before the world (in a work of fiction too), certainly the most living, probably the most historically truthful, presentment of the great Idealist, Savonarola of Florence. This author now can find no better outlet for the heroine—also an Idealist—because she cannot be a 'St. Teresa' or an 'Antigone,' than to marry an elderly sort of literary impostor, and, quick after him, his relation, a baby sort of itinerant Cluricaune (see *Irish Fairies*) or inferior Faun (see Hawthorne's matchless *Transformation*). Yet close at hand, in actual life, was a woman—an Idealist too—and if we mistake not, a connection of the author's, who has managed to make her ideal very real indeed. By taking charge of blocks of buildings in poorest London, while making herself the rent-collector, she found work for those who could not find work for themselves; she organized a system of visitors; . . . she brought sympathy and education to bear from individual to individual, . . . so that one might be tempted to say, 'Were there one such woman with power to direct the flow of volunteer help, nearly everywhere running to waste, in every street of London's East End, almost might the East End be persuaded to become Christian.' Could not the

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*, May 1873.

Miss Nightingale thus explained her refusal to marry. "I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. I can hardly find satisfaction for any of my natures. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events, because that will at least secure me from the evil of dreaming. But would it? I could be satisfied to spend a life with him combining our different powers in some great object. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things. . . . To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life, without hope of another, would be intolerable to me. Voluntarily to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide."

Florence Nightingale was no vestal ascetic. A true and perfect marriage was, she thought, the perfect state. "Marrying a man of high and good purpose, and following out that purpose with him is the happiest" lot. "The highest, the only true love, is when two persons, a man and a woman, who have an attraction for one another, unite together in some true purpose for mankind and God."¹ The thought of God in instituting marriage was "that these two, when the right two are united, shall throw themselves fearlessly into the universe, and do its work, secure of companionship and sympathy." Miss Nightingale recognized also that for many women marriage, even though it may fall short of this ideal state, is the proper lot in life. But she held, on the other hand, that there are some women who may be marked out for single life. "I don't agree at all (she wrote in 1846) that a woman has no reason (if she does not care for any one else) for not marrying a good man who asks her, and I don't think Providence does either. I think He has as clearly marked out some to be single women as He has others to be wives, and has organized them accordingly for their vocation. I think some have every reason for not

¹ *Suggestions for Thought*, vol. ii. pp. 229, 231.

She was asked in marriage by one who continued for some years to press his suit. It was a proposal which seemed to those about her to promise every happiness. The match would by all have been deemed suitable, and by many might have been called brilliant. And Florence herself was strongly drawn to her admirer. She had not come to this state of mind in hasty inclination. She was on her guard against any such temptation. Many years before, in a letter to her "brother Jonathan," as she called Miss Hilary Bonham Carter, she had written:—

It strikes me that in all the most unworldly poetry (both prose and verse) *la passion qu'on appelle inclination* is treated in a very extraordinary way. When one finds a comparative stranger becoming all of a sudden more essential to one than one's family (via flattery, in general, of one sort or another), one is content with saying to oneself, "Oh! that's love," instead of saying, "How unjust and how blind this feeling is." I wonder whether if people were to examine—for, as Socrates says, the life unexamined is not a living life—they would not find that (whatever it may ripen to afterwards) this feeling at first is generally begun by vanity or jealousy or self-love; and that what is very much to be guarded against, instead of submitted to, is the stranger's admiration (and I suppose everybody has been susceptible at one time of their lives) having more effect upon one than one's own family's.

In this case, however, the stranger's admiration had stood the test. She felt drawn to him, not by vanity or self-love; but because she admired his talents, and because the more she saw of him the greater pleasure did she find in his society. She leaned more and more upon his sympathy. Yet when the proposal first came, she refused it; and when it was renewed, she persisted. Then, it may be said, she cannot have been "in love" with him. And in one sense that is, I suppose, quite true; for love, as the poets tell us, does not reason, and Florence Nightingale reasoned deeply over her case. But it is certain that she felt at least as much affection as suffices to make half the marriages in the world. She turned away from a path to which she was strongly drawn in order to pursue her Ideal.

In one of the many pages of autobiographical notes which she preserved in relation to this episode in her life,

turned away from marriage in order that she might remain entirely free to fulfil her vocation.

III

It was not a sacrifice which cost her little. If, as some may hold, she was not in love, yet she confessed to herself many of a lover's pangs, and there were moments when, as she met her admirer again, or as she thought of him, she was half inclined to repent of her choice of the single life. And the sacrifice, moreover, was of an immediate satisfaction to an ideal which after all she might never be able to realize. The legends of the saints tell of many virgins and martyrs who have crucified the flesh and sacrificed worldly happiness for the love of Christ. But when the sacrifice was made, the love which seemed to them far better was already theirs. In the ears of St. Agnes the Divine Voice had sounded with sweet assurance, and she had tasted of the milk and honey of His lips. St. Dorothea was already espoused in a garden where celestial fruits and roses that never fade surrounded her. And to Florence Nightingale also happiness was to be given, filling all her life for some years, so that she "sought no better heaven"; but at the time when she made her choice, and renounced all else to follow her ideal, the way before her was still dark and uncertain. She was conscious of a call, but she had no assurance of appointed work. To have entered into a marriage which gave no sure promise of her ideal, would have been, she felt, the suicide of a soul; yet, when she was called to choose between the two paths, her present life was starvation.

Perhaps it was the price which she had paid for her ideal that led to what, in later years, some considered a certain hardness in her. When once a woman had devoted her life to the work of nursing, Miss Nightingale had little sympathy with any turning back. She seemed sometimes in such cases to regard marriage as the unpardonable sin.

But another and a loftier train of thought was prompted by her experience. At the end of one of her meditations upon marriage, and her refusal of it, I find these significant words: "I must strive after a better life for woman." She

marrying, and that for these it is much better to educate the children who are already in the world and can't be got out of it, than to bring more into it. The Primitive Church clearly thought so too, and provided accordingly; and though no doubt the Primitive Church was in many matters an old woman, yet I think the experience of ages has proved her right in this." And again: "Ours is a system of Christianity without the Cross"; the single life was the life of Christ. "Has Heaven bestowed everlasting souls on men, and sent them upon earth for no better purpose than to marry and be given in marriage? True, there is in this world much more waiting to be done; but is it the man leading a secular life who will do it? He is apt to see nothing beyond himself and the fair creature he has chosen for his bride." And, as with men, so with women. There are women of intellectual or actively moral natures for whom marriage (unless it realizes the perfect ideal) means the sacrifice of their higher capacities to the satisfaction of their lower. "Death," she wrote (again in a note-book of 1846), "is often the gateway to the Garden where we shall no longer hunger and thirst after real satisfaction. Marriage, on the contrary, is often an initiation into the meaning of that inexorable word Never; which does not deprive us, it is true, of what 'at their festivals the idle and inconsiderate call life,' but which brings in reality the end of our lives, and the chill of death with it."

In her own case, Miss Nightingale was conscious of capacities within her for "high purposes for mankind and for God." She could not feel sure that the marriage which was offered to her would enable her to employ those capacities to their best and fullest power. And so she sacrificed her "passional" nature to her moral ideal. "I am 30," she wrote on her birthday in her diary of 1850; "the age at which Christ began His mission. Now no more childish things, no more vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me only think of Thy will." And amongst her sayings in another book, I find this: "Strong passions to teach the secrets of the human heart, and a strong will to hold them in subjection, these are the keys of the kingdom in this world and the next." Florence Nightingale

CHAPTER VIII

APPRENTICESHIP AT KAISERSWERTH

(1851)

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled.—CARLYLE.

FOREIGN travel had, as we have seen, in no way changed Florence Nightingale's resolve to devote herself to a life of nursing. She had turned away deliberately from marriage, and was bent upon finding a new field of usefulness for unmarried women. But ways and means of doing this were not yet apparent. She had no independent fortune of her own. She returned to a family circle which understood her cravings no better than before. The call of domestic duties was the same as before. There were aunts and a grandmother to be visited, company at home to be entertained, a sister to be humoured, a father and mother to be pleased.

But she could not please them, because she herself could find no pleasure in their life. She did not say to herself that she was better than they. Still less did she thank God that she was not as they were. But she felt with piteous keenness the gulf that separated her alike from her parents and from her sister. She loved her father, and admired his good impulses and amiable character. But she perceived that his contentment in a life of busy idleness made him constitutionally unable to enter fully into her state of mind. She loved her mother, and considered that she was,

did not mean a better life than marriage ; she meant also a life that should make the conditions of marriage better. In the world in which she lived, daughters, she wrote, " can only have a choice among those people whom their parents like, and who like their parents well enough to come to their house." One may doubt whether in the mid-Victorian or in any age, young men paid calls only because they liked the parents ; but unquestionably restriction in the employments of women involves also limitation in the opportunities for choice in marriage. And at the same time the lack of interest and variety in the lives of girls at home makes many of them inclined to marriage as a mere means of escape. By throwing open new spheres of usefulness to women, Miss Nightingale hoped at one and the same time to improve the lot of those who were marked out to be wives, and to find satisfaction for those marked out for the single life.

ness I mind, it is not indeed ; but people can't be unhappy without making those about them so."

She strove to attain happiness. She tried to submit her will to what her spiritual confidantes told her must be taken to be the will of God ; to trust that in His own good time He would make her vocation sure ; in such confidence to find relief, and to throw herself meanwhile into the round of immediate duties. But the more she struggled, the more she failed. She could not subdue the imperious longing to be up and doing which surged within her. "The thoughts and feelings that I have now," she wrote, "I can remember since I was six years old. It was not that I made them. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for, consciously or not. During a middle part of my life, college education, acquirement, I longed for, but that was temporary. The first thought I can remember, and the last, was nursing work ; and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young. But for this I had had no education myself." Finding no outlet in active reality, she lived more than ever in a land of dreams. "Everything has been tried," she exclaimed to herself ; "foreign travel, kind friends, everything." And again, "My God ! what is to become of me ?" Eighteen months before she had resolved on a great effort to crucify her old self, "to break through the habits, entailed upon me by an idle life, of living, not in the present world of action, but in a future one of dreams. Since then nations have passed before me, but have brought no new life to me. In my 31st year I see nothing desirable but death." She was perishing, as she put it, for want of food ; and she could find no impulse to activity. Her habit of late rising grew upon her ; for what had she to wake for ? "Starvation does not lead a man to exertion, it only weakens him. O weary days, O evenings that seem never to end ! For how many long years, I have watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach the ten ! And for 20 or 30 more years to do this !" And again, "Oh, how I am to get through

within her range, a woman of genius. "She has the genius of order," she wrote in a character-sketch of her mother, "the genius to organize a parish, to form society. She has obtained by her own exertions the best society in England." What pained the daughter was the inability to please the mother. "When I feel her disappointment in me, it is as if I was becoming insane." She loved her sister also, and, I think, yet more tenderly. But as the sister once wrote: "The natures God has given us differ as widely as different races." Florence was deeply sensible of the attractive side of her sister's character. Lady Verney had indeed a most attractive mind; she was very vivacious, inquiring, and highly gifted, both as an artist and as a writer. She was a perfect hostess, and her memory is pleasant to all who knew her. If she lacked some of her sister's stronger English characteristics, she had a light touch which Florence did not possess. And Florence felt the charm of all this. "No one less than I," she wrote, "wants her to do one single thing different from what she does. She wants no other religion, no other occupation, no other training than what she has. She has never had a difficulty except with me; she knows nothing of struggle in her own unselfish nature." But for that very reason she could not sympathize with, because she could not understand, her sister's difficulties. In a passage which is doubtless autobiographical, Florence wrote: "Very few people *can* sympathise with each other in any pursuit or thought of any importance. If people do not give you thought for thought, receive yours, digest it, and give it back with the impression of their own character upon it, then give you one for you to do likewise, it is best to know what one is about, and not to attempt more than kindly, cheerful outward intercourse. Some find amusement in the outward, do not suffer inwardly, because the attention is turned elsewhere."¹ Meanwhile Florence felt that everything she said or did was a subject of vexation to her sister, a disappointment to her mother, a worry to her father. "I have never known a happy time," she exclaimed to herself, "except at Rome and that fortnight at Kaiserswerth. It is not the unhappi-

¹ *Suggestions for Thought*, vol. ii. pp. 236, 237.

myself to be treated as a child." She would submit to such tutelage no longer.

Various plans had at different times found place in her dreams. She would collect funds for founding a sisterhood, an institution, a hospital; but one thing she saw clearly and consistently. If she were ever to have an opportunity of doing good work in nursing or otherwise in service to the poor, she must first learn her business. There is a long letter of 1850 from her to her father in which she argues the point, not specifically with reference to herself, but as a general proposition. Something more than good intention is necessary in order to do good. Philanthropy is a matter of skill, and an apprenticeship in it is necessary. An opportunity occurred sooner than she had dared to hope which enabled her to serve such an apprenticeship. Her sister was still in bad health, and a visit to Carlsbad was again proposed. She insisted on being allowed to start with her mother and her sister, and to spend at Kaiserswerth the time that they would spend upon the cure and subsequent travels.

She reached Kaiserswerth early in July and stayed there as an inmate of the Institution until October 8.

III

Kaiserswerth is an ancient town on the Rhine, on the right bank, six miles below Düsseldorf. In its Church of the twelfth century a reliquary is shown, in which are preserved the bones of St. Suitbertus, who came there from Ireland to preach the Gospel in 710. Eleven centuries later, a Protestant pastor of Kaiserswerth repaid the debt to the British Isles by founding the famous Institution for Deaconesses which was now to give Florence Nightingale an important part of her training. The order of deaconesses, as she was careful to point out in her account of Kaiserswerth, was known in the Primitive Church; and long before St. Vincent de Paul established the Sisters of Mercy in 1633, Protestant communities had in 1457 organized "Presbyterae," since "many women chose a single state, not because they expected thereby to reach a super-eminent degree of

this day, to talk through all this day, is the thought of every morning. . . . This is the sting of death. Why do I wish to leave this world? God knows I do not expect a heaven beyond, but that He would set me down in St. Giles's, at a Kaiserswerth, there to find my work and my salvation in my work."

II

Such cries from the heart, cries for the food for which she was hungering and which her parents could or would not let her take, filled many a sheet of Florence Nightingale's diaries, letters, and memoranda. "Mountains of difficulties," as she says in one place, were "piled up" around her. Looking forward to a New Year (1851) she could see nothing in front of her but the same unsatisfying routine. "The next three weeks," she said, in one of her written colloquies with herself, "you will have company; then a fortnight alone; then a few weeks of London, then Embley; then perhaps go abroad; then three months of company at Lea Hurst; next the same round of Embley company." And then, with a humorous transition not infrequent in her musings, she asks, "But why can't you get up in the morning? I have nothing I like so much as unconsciousness, but I will try." As the year advanced a more decided spirit of revolt begins to appear in her diaries. One of her perplexities hitherto had been a doubt whether the "mountains of difficulties" were to be taken as occasions for submission to God's will, or whether they were piled up in order to try her patience and her resolve, and were to be surmounted by some initiative of her own. She now began to interpret God's will in the latter sense. "I must *take* some things," she wrote on Whitsunday (June 8, 1851), "as few as I can, to enable me to live. I must *take* them, they will not be given me; take them in a true spirit of doing Thy will, not of snatching them for my own will. I must do without some things, as many as I can, which I could not have without causing more suffering than I am obliged to cause any way." She would cease looking for the sympathy and understanding of her mother and sister. "I have been so long treated as a child and have so long allowed

regulations are made without experience. Honorary members abound, but where are the working ones? The scheme is excellent, but what are the results?" Miss Nightingale's intensely practical genius had ever a holy horror of prospectuses. In some notes written on June 15, 1848, I find this passage:—

Eschew Prospectuses; they're the devil, and make one sick. It is like making out a bill of fare when you have not a single pound of meat. What do the cookery books say? First catch your hare. All the instances on the Continent have begun in one of two ways. At Kaiserswerth, a clergyman and his wife have begun, not with a Prospectus, but with a couple of hospital beds, and have offered, not an advertisement, but a home to young women willing to come. At Berne, a Mdlle. Würstenberger, a woman of rank and education, goes to Kaiserswerth to learn, and her friend to Strassburg. They return and open a hospital with two rooms, increase their funds, others join them and are taught by them. . . . To publish first is as bad a practical bull as is the name of the *Prospective Review*.

A few years were to pass, and Florence Nightingale herself was to begin her work in the world not with a programme, but with a deed.

The institutions of Kaiserswerth, when she was there in 1851, were still on a comparatively modest scale. They comprised, as she enumerates them, a Hospital (with 100 beds), an Infant School, a Penitentiary (with 12 inmates), an Orphan Asylum, and a Normal School for schoolmistresses. There were in all 116 deaconesses, of whom 94 were "consecrated," the remainder being still on probation. The "consecration" consisted only of "a solemn blessing in the Church, without vows of any kind." Of the 116 deaconesses, 67 were on service in other parts of Germany, or abroad; the rest were engaged in working the various institutions at Kaiserswerth itself. After six months' trial they received a modest salary, just enough to provide their clothes. There was no other reward, except that the Mother House stood open to receive those who might fall ill or become infirm in its service. Everything was clean and well ordered, but there was no luxury; the board was simple to the verge of roughness. The place was pervaded by two notes. It was a place of

holiness, but that they might be better able to care for the sick and young." It was in 1823-24 that the young pastor of Kaiserswerth, Theodor Fliedner, set out on a journey to Holland and England to beg for funds to relieve his parish, which had been ruined by the failure of a silk-mill. In England, the little Princess Victoria headed his list of subscribers. In London he met Mrs. Elizabeth Fry and was greatly impressed with her work in Newgate. Shortly after his return he founded (1826) the Rhenish-Westphalian Prison Association. Presently he met a kindred spirit in Friederike Münster, a woman in comparatively easy circumstances who was devoting herself to reformatory work. They married, and in 1833—in a tiny summer-house in the pastor's garden—a refuge was opened for the reception of a single discharged prisoner. Three years later, they added, on an equally modest scale at first, an Infant School, and a Hospital in which to train volunteer-nurses as deaconesses. From these humble beginnings has grown a great congeries of institutions, the fame of which has spread throughout the philanthropic world. There are thirty branch or daughter houses in various parts of Germany. They are to be found also at Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut, Smyrna, and Bucharest. "Not only its own daughter houses, but all independent institutions for deaconesses, owe their existence to Kaiserswerth, for all subsequent work wrought by deaconesses whether in France, Switzerland, or America, whether Lutheran, Methodist, or Episcopalian, has been the fruit of the Kaiserswerth tree."¹

But the forest began as a tiny acorn. Pastor Fliedner started his work not with grandiose schemes or full-fledged programmes, but with individual cases and personal devotion. This was a point to which Miss Nightingale called particular attention in her account of the place. "It is impossible not to observe," she said, "how different was the beginning from the way in which institutions are generally founded—a list of subscribers with some royal and noble names at the head—a double column of rules and regulations—a collection of great names begin (and end) most new enterprises. The

¹ *History of Nursing*, vol. ii. p. 4.

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

The world here fills my life with interest, and strengthens me in body and mind. I succeeded directly to an office, and am now in another, so that until yesterday I never had time even to send my things to the wash. We have ten minutes for each of our meals, of which we have four. We get up at 5 ; breakfast $\frac{1}{4}$ before 6. The patients dine at 11 ; the Sisters at 12. We drink tea (*i.e.* a drink made of ground rye) between 2 and 3, and sup at 7. We have two ryes and two broths—ryes at 6 and 3, broths at 12 and 7 ; bread at the two former, vegetables at 12. Several evenings in the week we collect in the Great Hall for a Bible lesson. The Pastor sent for me once to give me some of his unexampled instructions ; the man's wisdom and knowledge of human nature is wonderful ; he has an instinctive acquaintance with every character in his place. Except that once I have only seen him in his rounds.

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

The room in which Miss Nightingale slept during her residence at Kaiserswerth was in the Orphan Asylum. She took her meals with the Deaconesses. The Spartan severity, but no less the beautiful spirit of the place, were clear in her recollection nearly half a century later. In 1897 the authorities of the British Museum applied to her for a copy of the pamphlet on Kaiserswerth which she had printed in 1851. The pencilled note which she sent with a torn copy of the pamphlet, the only one she could find, is preserved in the Museum Library. " I was twice in training there myself," she wrote (September 24, 1897). " Of course

training, and a place of consecrated service. The training was both in practice and by precept. Every week the pastor gave a conversational lecture to the deaconesses, finding out from each the difficulties she might have experienced in her work, and suggesting how they could best be met. The education of the young, the ministrations of the sick, the art of district visiting, the yet more difficult work of rescue and reformation, all were taught.

In such a place as this, Florence Nightingale found by actual experience, as already she had learnt to expect from reading the reports, the realization in some degree of her most earnest desires. The training in nursing was, it is true, not particularly good; it fell far short of the professional standard which the Nightingale School was afterwards to set up. She objected strongly in later years to current statements that her own training was confined to Kaiserswerth. "The nursing there," she wrote, "was *nil*. The hygiene horrible. The hospital was certainly the worst part of Kaiserswerth. I took all the training that was to be had—there was none to be had in England, but Kaiserswerth was far from having trained me." On the other hand "the tone was excellent, admirable. And Pastor Fliedner's addresses were the very best I ever heard. The penitentiary out-door work and vegetable gardening under a very capable Sister were excellently adapted to the case. And Pastor Fliedner's solemn and reverential teaching to us of the sad events of hospital life was what I have never heard in England."¹ But here, at Kaiserswerth, Miss Nightingale found "a better life for women," a scope for the exercise of "morally active" powers. And here, though the field was limited, was provided in some sort the training which alone could fit women for larger responsibilities elsewhere. Here was "the service of man" organized as "the service of God"; here was opportunity for the Dedicated Life, as she had found it also in the Trinità de' Monti.

Her manner of life at Kaiserswerth and her joy in it were told in letters to her mother:—

¹ Letter to Mrs. C. S. Roundell, August 4, 1896.

not so perish that you chiefly would mourn ! Give me time, give me faith. Trust me, help me. I feel within me that I could gladden your loving hearts which now I wound. Say to me, ' Follow the dictates of that spirit within thee.' Oh my beloved people, that spirit shall never lead me to anything unworthy of one who is yours in love."¹ But her mother and her sister, though they loved and admired her, or perhaps from their point of view because they did so, were unable to give any such active sympathy as that for which she craved. Her sister hoped that the visit to Kaiserswerth would be only an episode. It was a good thing, she had written to her mother, for Florence to go there, " as we can get her back sooner to Lea Hurst." To Florence herself she wrote affectionately, but yet with gentle irony. She sent a lively letter describing in detail the birth of a friend's twins : " I tell you, as you are going to be a *sage femme*, I suppose." Mrs. Nightingale, for her part, had acquiesced in the visit to Kaiserswerth, but was already wondering what people would think of her daughter's escapade. " I have not mentioned to any one," wrote Florence (July 16), " where I am, and should also be very sorry that the old ladies should know. With regard, however, to your fear of what people will say, the people whose opinion you most care about, it has been their earnest wish for years that I should come here. The Bunsens (I know he wishes one of his own daughters would come), the Bracebridges, the Sam Smiths, Lady Inglis, the Sidney Herberts, the Plunketts, all wish it ; and I know that others—Lady Byron, Caroline Bathurst, Mr. Tremenheere, Mr. Rich (whose opinions however I have not asked)—would think it a very desirable thing for everybody. . . . With regard to telling people the fact (afterwards) of my having been here, I can see no difficulty. The Herberts, as you know, even commissioned me to do something for them here. The fact itself will pain none of them." Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, who were at Homburg, presently paid her a visit at Kaiserswerth.

Mrs. Nightingale and her elder daughter reached Cologne

¹ Much of this appeal was suggested to Florence, in almost identical words (as an extant letter shows), by her Aunt Mai.

since then, Hospital and District nursing have made giant strides. Indeed District nursing has been invented. But never have I met with a higher tone, a purer devotion, than there. There was no neglect. It was the more remarkable because many of the Deaconesses had been only peasants—none were gentlewomen (when I was there). The food was poor. No coffee but bean-coffee. No luxury; but cleanliness." Pastor Fliedner told a visitor to Kaiserswerth that "no person had ever passed so distinguished an examination, or shown herself so thoroughly mistress of all she had to learn, as Miss Nightingale."¹

IV

Happy as Miss Nightingale was at Kaiserswerth, there was yet one thing lacking. She wished, it is true, for no other earth; she had found her pictured heaven; her life was full and rich. Yet with all her self-reliance, and even in the moment of first victory in her long struggle for self-expression, she yearned, woman-like, for sympathy. Nay, and not only woman-like. "Not till we can think," said Carlyle, "that here and there one is thinking of us, one is loving us, does this waste earth become a peopled garden." It was not enough to Florence that she should have had her way and that her parents should have acquiesced. Her loving heart craved for their positive sympathy; her mind, half leaning for all its masterfulness, demanded that what she had decided should be accepted by those dear to her as their choice also. "I should be as happy here," she wrote to her mother (August 31), "as the day is long, if I could hope that I had your smile, your blessing, your sympathy upon it; without which I cannot be quite happy. My beloved people, I cannot bear to grieve you. Life and everything in it that charms you, you would sacrifice for me; but unknown to you is my thirst, unseen by you are waters which would save me. To save me, I know would be to bless yourselves, whose love for me passes the love of women. Oh how shall I show you love and gratitude in return, yet

¹ Mr. Sidney Herbert's speech at the Nightingale Fund Meeting, Nov. 29, 1855.

CHAPTER IX

AN INTERLUDE

(1852)

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.—BYRON.

THE three months which Miss Nightingale spent at Kaiserswerth in 1851 were a turning-point in her career, but they were not immediately effectual in altering the tenor of her life. The battle for freedom was not yet completely won; but the "mountains of difficulty" in her way had been turned, and henceforth the resistance offered to her was but a rear-guard action.

A note of serenity, in marked contrast to the storm and distress of earlier years, now appears in some of her letters. She had firmly resolved on taking her life into her own hands; and at Kaiserswerth she had already served some apprenticeship. She was resolved no less firmly to follow up the advantage; and, though there were still to be some difficulties ahead, she could afford to be patient for a while:—

(To Miss H. Bonham Carter.) UMBERSLADE, Jan. 8. Brussels Sprouts is at it already, I mean at correspondence. I mention it to show how little women's occupations are respected, when people can think that a woman has time to spin out long theories with every young fool who visits at her house. This place is grand—Inigo Jones, and Papa is content. . . . I like Dr. Johnson; but I can always talk better to a medical man than to any one else. They have not that detestable nationality which makes it so difficult to talk with an Englishman. I suppose the habit of examining organisations gives them this. . . . Poor Cassandra has found an unexpected ally in a young surgeon

on their way home in October 1851, and there Florence rejoined them. "Our dear child Florence," wrote the mother to Madame Mohl (October 9), "came to us yesterday, and is gone this morning to visit certain Deaconesses and others. I long to be at home and among our people. Daily and hourly I congratulate myself that our home is where it is. Oh what a land of justice and freedom and all good things it is, compared to what we have seen, and how surprising that with all our advantages and our freedom won we should not be so much better than other people. Well, I hope Florence will be able to apply all the fine things she has been learning, to do a little to make us better. Parthe and I are much too idle to help and too apt to be satisfied with things as they are."

was the obvious call of filial duty for the moment. Her father was in poor health, and had been advised to take the water-cure under Dr. Johnson at Umberslade Park, in Worcestershire. Florence, being herself convalescent at the time from an attack of the measles, was the more ready to companion her father. She was at Umberslade with him for some weeks at the beginning, and again at the end, of the year. Her observation of some of the patients there, as in a former year at Malvern, was the origin of an epigrammatic definition which I find in one of her note-books: "The water-cure: a highly popular amusement within the last few years amongst athletic invalids who have felt the *tedium vitæ*, and those indefinite diseases which a large income and unbounded leisure are so well calculated to produce." Then, again, towards the end of the year, her kinswoman, "Aunt Evans," was smitten down. She was the sister of her father's mother, and died at the age of ninety. Florence attended her in her last illness, and as emergency-man made all the arrangements for her funeral. George Eliot was, I believe, distantly connected with "Aunt Evans's" family; and it was in this year that she and Florence met. "I had a note from Miss Florence Nightingale yesterday," wrote George Eliot in July 1852; "I was much pleased with her. There is a loftiness of mind about her which is well expressed by her form and manner."¹ Florence also at this time called upon Mrs. Browning, who in a letter to a friend, three years later, said: "I remember her face and her graceful manner and the flowers she sent me afterwards. She is an earnest, noble woman."² In August 1852 Miss Nightingale visited Ireland, and inspected the Dublin hospitals, somewhat, it seems, to her disappointment. She went in September with her father to stay with Sir James Clark, Queen Victoria's physician, at Birk Hall, near Ballater. She always got on well, as we have just heard, with medical men, and the opportunity of discussing her plans and thoughts with so eminent a physician must have pleased her greatly.

¹ *George Eliot's Life as Related in her Letters and Journals*, edited by J. W. Cross, vol. i. p. 285.

² *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. i. p. 188.

of a London hospital, a son of Dr. Johnson who sits next Papa at the *table d'hôte*. The account he gives of the nurses beats everything that even I know of. This young prophet says that they are all drunkards, without exception, Sisters and all, and that there are but two nurses whom the surgeon can trust to give the patients their medicines. I thought you would be pleased to hear how bad they are, so I tell you. Johnson is extraordinarily careful, but he does not strike me as having genius like Gully. The company is of a nature which would give Mama some hopes of me that I should learn "the value of good society" by the contrast. . . .

(To her Father.) May 12 [1852]. On my 32nd birthday I think I must write a word of acknowledgment to you. I am glad to think that my youth is past, and rejoice that it never, never can return—that time of follies and bondage, of unfulfilled hopes and disappointed *inexperience*, when a man possesses nothing, not even himself. I am glad to have lived; though it has been a life which, except as the necessary preparation for another, few would accept. I hope now that I have come into possession of myself. I hope that I have escaped from that bondage which knows not how to distinguish between "bad habits" and "duties"—terms often used synonymously by all the world. It is too soon to holloa before you are out of the wood; and like the Magdalen in Correggio's picture, I see the dark wood behind, the sharp stones in front only with too much clearness. Of clearness, however, there cannot be *too* much. But, as in the picture, there is light. I hope that I may live; a thing which I have not often been able to say, because I think I have learnt something which it would be a pity to waste. And I am ever yours, dear father, in struggle as in peace, with thanks for all your kind care, F. N.

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

II

There were various reasons for the comparative serenity of Miss Nightingale's mind during this period of pause. One

(whose chief prophet was George Jacob Holyoake) and other "advanced" persons. In 1846 Mr. Truelove had come up from "Harmony Hall," the Owenite community at Tytherley in Hampshire, to act as Secretary of the Institution in John Street; and in a small house next door he set up his shop—afterwards removed, successively, to the Strand and High Holborn. A west-end lady, who did not at first give her name, used to pay occasional visits to the shop in John Street, and have long conversations with the wife of the proprietor. The lady was Miss Nightingale, and the acquaintance developed into a friendship with Mrs. Truelove, which extended over many years. Mr. Truelove was an unworldly man, conducting his affairs with entire disregard for "business principles," conventional opinions, and constituted authorities. His shop, as Mr. Holyoake said, was one of the "fortresses of prohibited thought, not garrisoned without daring"; and provisioned, it may be added, scantily enough. Miss Nightingale continued to see Mrs. Truelove from time to time in later years; wrote to her occasionally; sent her books and various presents regularly; and in times of her husband's difficulties and (literally) trials, never withheld sympathy.

Miss Nightingale's object, in her first expeditions to John Street, had been to discover and discuss the kind of literature affected by the more intelligent working-men. The conclusion at which she arrived was that "the most thinking and conscientious of the artizans have no religion at all."¹ She set to work, accordingly, to find a new religion for them. In this undertaking she took much counsel with one of her aunts. This was "Aunt Mai," her father's sister, Mary Shore, married to Mr. Samuel Smith, her mother's brother. A large number of her letters on religious subjects was preserved by Miss Nightingale. They show spiritual insight, and a considerable talent in speculative thought. The postscript of Miss Nightingale's letter to her father, given above, contains one of the fundamental ideas in her scheme of theology—the idea of Perfect Goodness, willing that mankind shall create mankind by man's own experience. The same idea was suggested by Aunt Mai when she wrote

¹ Letter to Sir John McNeill, May 17, 1860.

III

The letter to her father, given above, refers to Miss Nightingale's "Works"; and herein is to be found a second explanation of this peaceful interlude in her life. She had, as I have said, renounced a literary career; but she drew a sharp distinction between what she called literature for its own sake, and writing as subservient to action. She was intensely anxious to find some theological sanction, less assailable than she deemed the popular creeds to be, for her religion of practical service. Again, as I have also said, she was determined to open up a new sphere of usefulness for women. These were the subjects of her "Works," which comprised "a Novel" and a book on "Religion." Of the novel, no manuscript has been found among her papers. But in one of three volumes of *Suggestions for Thought*, which she printed privately in 1860, there is a section entitled "Cassandra," dealing with the life at home of an ordinary English gentlewoman. It may be conjectured that the form of the novel was abandoned after 1852, and the theme treated instead in the pages of "Cassandra." The manuscript book on "Religion" was doubtless enlarged between 1852 and 1860 into the main portion of the *Suggestions for Thought*, of which the first volume was dedicated "To the Artizans of England."

Already in 1851, in a sheet of good resolutions, Miss Nightingale had planned to devote some portion of her life at home to giving "a new religion to the Tailors." The hero of *Alton Locke*, published in 1850, was, it will be remembered, a tailor. Miss Nightingale herself had some acquaintance with operatives in the North of England and in London, "among those of what are called 'Holyoake's party.'" ¹ She met these latter through Mr. Edward True-love, whom some readers of earlier generations may still remember as a publisher and vendor of radical and "free-thinking" literature. "The Literary and Scientific Institution" in John Street, Fitzroy Square, was in the 'forties the headquarters of Owenite Socialists, the Secularists

¹ Letter to Sir John McNeill, May 17, 1860.

safe from irreverent handling or crude exposure, and could be used in any way more or less future that you might think fit." By that time, however, the work had been submitted to the judgment of other men of letters; and to that later period further reference to the subject had better be postponed.

IV

The formulating of a religion, whether for the tailors or others, is no short task, and Miss Nightingale's "Works" must have well filled her mind during otherwise unoccupied hours in 1852. But the "Works" were only bye-work. Her main concern was to continue her apprenticeship in nursing. Some vexatious delays and difficulties were still to be encountered, but she faced them with a brighter confidence than before, and the last stage of the struggle wears an aspect more of comedy than of tragedy. She had successfully asserted her independence once in going to Kaiserswerth. In an imaginary dialogue with her mother, she makes herself say, "Why, my dear, you don't suppose that with my 'talents' and my 'European reputation' and my 'beautiful letters,' and all that, I'm going to stay dangling about my mother's drawing-room all my life! I shall go and look out for work, to be sure. You must look upon me as your son. I should have cost you a great deal more if I had married or been a son. You must now consider me married or a son. You were willing to part with me to be married." In presenting the case in this light to her parents, Florence had now a valuable ally in her Aunt Mai. Something of a diplomatist, as well as of a philosopher, was within the powers of that excellent woman. Without any interference which could be resented, by insinuating a word here, suggesting a phrase there, and pouring oil upon troubled waters everywhere, Aunt Mai did a good deal to smooth the last stages in her niece's struggle for independence.

Like all good diplomatists, the aunt sought first for a basis of compromise. She was able to sympathize with both sides. She was wholly favourable to her niece's aspirations and claims. But as a mother herself, she could enter into the case of her brother and his wife. It was not

to her niece: "The purpose of God is to accomplish the welfare of man, not as a gift from Him, but as to be attained for each individual and for the whole race by the right exercise of the capabilities of each."

During 1851 and 1852 aunt and niece corresponded at great length on these high matters, and by the end of the latter year Miss Nightingale had her new religion ready for the criticism of her friends. "Many thanks," she wrote (Nov. 19) to her cousin Hilary, "for your letter of corrections and annotations, all of which I have adopted. I should much like to have a regular talk with you about the Novel. I have not the least idea whether I shall have to remodel the Novel and 'Religion' entirely; for I am so sick of it that I lose all discrimination about the ensemble and the form." Her object is explained in a letter of about the same date to another friend:—

(*To R. Monckton Milnes.*) I am going abroad soon. Before I go, I am thinking of asking you whether you would look over certain things which I have written for the working-men on the subject of belief in a God. All the moral and intellectual among them seem going over to atheism, or at least to a vague kind of theism. I have read them to one or two, and they have liked them. I should have liked to have asked you if you think them likely to be read by more; but you are perhaps not interested in the subject, or you have no time, which is fully taken up with other things. If you tell me this, it will be no surprise or disappointment.¹

Lord Houghton read the manuscript attentively, and did not forget it. Several years later, when Miss Nightingale was ill, and thought likely to die, he wrote to her suggesting that if she had made no other arrangements for the preservation and possible publication of her essay, she might think of entrusting it to him. "I have often thought," he said (March 11, '61), "of asking you what you meant to do with the papers you have written on social and speculative subjects. They surely should not be destroyed; and yet I hardly know to whom you will entrust them, who would not misunderstand, misinterpret, and misuse them. If you were to leave them in my hands, they would be, at any rate,

¹ *Life of Lord Houghton*, vol. i. p. 475.

should be free to do the work of a Mrs. Fry or a Mrs. Chisholm without the protection of a Mr. F. or a Captain C. There was even some talk of obtaining a written agreement to that effect, specifying the age; but Aunt Mai thought better of such a plan, and contented herself with calling in another witness to the verbal understanding. This was the lady—Mrs. Bracebridge—who two years later was to accompany Miss Nightingale on a mission more renowned even than that of Mrs. Fry or Mrs. Chisholm. But from the point gained by Aunt Mai's diplomacy and Florence's own persistence, a logical consequence followed. Presently, at some future unspecified age, Florence was to be free to control some philanthropic institution; but what would be the use of being free to do so, unless she were also trained and qualified?

v

Having lived and learnt among the Protestant Deaconesses in Germany, Miss Nightingale was next determined to do the like among the Catholic Sisters in France. She sought the good offices of Manning, whose acquaintance she had made in Rome five years before, and who had now lately been received into the Roman Communion. Manning put himself into communication with his friend, the Abbé Des Genettes, in Paris. The Abbé obtained leave from the Council of the Sisters of Charity for the English lady to study their institutions. It had been explained to him that Miss Nightingale was also desirous of studying the hospitals in Paris. The Abbé accordingly selected a House belonging to the Sisters which would offer every advantage in this respect. Her cousin, Miss Hilary Bonham Carter, who was intent on the study of art and had been invited to stay with M. and Madame Mohl, was to accompany her to Paris; and Lady Augusta Bruce was also to be of the party. It was in the salon of Madame Mohl that Lady Augusta met her future husband, Dean Stanley.

Thus, then, it had been arranged. The necessary authorization from the Sisters had been obtained in September. The start was to be made in November. But as the time approached, Mrs. Nightingale drew back. She wrote

that they were selfishly obstructive ; it was that, finding so much interest and enjoyment themselves in their own way of life, they desired in all love that the daughter should not deprive herself of the same privileges. But could not a compromise be arranged ? Let it be agreed that Florence should spend part of each year in pursuit of what the mother considered her daughter's fancies, and spend another part at home. This was the arrangement which was in fact now in force.

The compromise served well enough for a while, but Florence wanted something more ; and here, again, Aunt Mai's diplomacy prepared the way. With a good strategic eye, she saw that Mrs. Nightingale held the key of the position. Mr. Nightingale in his heart was at one with Florence. He admired her and believed in her ; he was quite willing that she should go her own way, and was not reluctant to make her some independent allowance, such as would enable her to conduct a mission or an institution. But, as he said to his sister, whenever he broached anything of the kind to his wife and elder daughter, he found them united against him. Mr. Nightingale was one of those amiable men who are inclined to take the line of least resistance. It was Mrs. Nightingale's opposition, therefore, that had to be overcome. "Your mother," reported the aunt, "would, I believe, be most willing that you undertake a mission like Mrs. Fry or Mrs. Chisholm,¹ but she thinks it necessary for your peace and well-being that there should be a Mr. Fry or Captain Chisholm to protect you, and in conscience she thinks it right to defend you from doing anything which *she thinks* would be an impediment to the existence of Mr. F. or Captain C." A good many mothers, even in these days, will, I doubt not, be on Mrs. Nightingale's side. But Aunt Mai, having made her sister-in-law define the position, pressed the advantage in an ingenious way. Florence was already thirty-two ; and a time comes soon after that age when even the most sanguine mother begins to despair. It was agreed, accordingly, that "at some future specified age" Florence

¹ Caroline Jones (1808-77) married Captain Chisholm, 1830 ; opened orphan schools in Madras, 1832 ; befriended female emigrants to Australia, 1841-66. Miss Nightingale had correspondence with her in 1862.

was most unsuitable for the purpose ; the only more unsuitable place was the " Forest Lodge " at Embley, which her sister Parthe had suggested. In the following year, Florence joined the Sisters of Charity in Paris. And thus, after many struggles and delays, was she launched upon her true work in the world.

of the plan, not as something agreed upon, but as a new proposition. "I am afraid," she said to Aunt Mai, "that Flo is thinking of some new expedition, perhaps to Paris. I cannot make up my mind to it." Florence was staying at a friend's house in London. Her father came in, and reported that her mother was greatly distressed. There was company coming to Embley, and could Florence have the heart to leave her mother? "Parthe would be in hysterics." Every one would be in despair. Could she not delay? An aged kinswoman, moreover, was ill, as already related. Florence yielded, perhaps more to this last consideration than to the others, and the start was postponed. There was a lingering hope that the expedition to Paris might be abandoned, and a suggestion was made to that end. Why must Florence go to the Sisters, and Roman Catholic Sisters, too—abroad? Why should she not stay at home, and conduct some small institution on her own account? There was a house available for such a purpose at Cromford Bridge, close to their own Lea Hurst, and Mr. Nightingale would provide the necessary funds. In this way the best might be made of both worlds—of theirs, and of hers. Florence was touched, but remained of her own mind:—

(To her sister.) January 3. Oh, my dearest Pop, I wish I could tell you how I love you and thank you for your kind thoughts as received in your letter to-day. If you did but know how genial it is to me, when my dear people give me a hope of their blessing and that they would speed me on my way! as the kind thought of Cromford seems to say they are ready to do. I will write to Mama about Paris and Cromford. My Pop, whether at one or the other, my heart will be with thee. Now if these seem mere words, because bodily I shall be leaving you, have patience with me, my dearest. I hope that you and I shall live to prove a true love to each other. I cannot, during the year's round, go the way which (for my sake, I know) you have wished. There have been times when, for your dear sake, I have tried to stifle the thoughts which I feel ingrained in my nature. But, if that may not be, I hope that something better shall be. If I ask your blessing on a part of my time for my absence, I hope to be all the happier with you for that absence when we are together.

Miss Nightingale refused Cromford Bridge House: it

they stayed with M. and Madame Mohl in the Rue du Bac. Before entering the Maison de la Providence, Miss Nightingale desired to visit and study other institutions in Paris. She was armed with a comprehensive permit from the Administration Générale de l'Assistance Publique to study in all the hospitals of the city. She availed herself indefatigably of this permission, spending her days in inspecting hospitals, infirmaries, and religious houses, and having the advantage of seeing the famous Paris surgeons at their work. Now, as at all times, she was a diligent collector and student of reports, returns, statistics, pamphlets. Among her papers of this date are elaborately tabulated analyses of hospital organization and nursing arrangements both in France and in Germany, and a circular of questions bearing on the same subjects which she seems to have addressed to the principal institutions in the United Kingdom. Her evenings were spent in company with her host and hostess. There were *soirées dansantes* in the Rue du Bac. She went once or twice with Madame Mohl to balls elsewhere, and also to the opera. She met many English visitors and distinguished Parisians. Having completed her general inquiries into the Paris hospitals, she presented herself to the Reverend Mother of the Maison de la Providence, and had arranged a day for her admission, when she was suddenly recalled to England by the illness of her grandmother, who died at the age of ninety-five. "Great has been the occasion for Flo's usefulness," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his wife. And "I shall never be thankful enough," wrote Florence herself to her cousin in Paris, "that I came. I was able to make her be moved and changed, and to do other little things which perhaps smoothed the awful passage, and which perhaps would not have been done as well without me." A family event of a different kind interested Miss Nightingale at this time. Her cousin Blanche Shore Smith had become engaged to Arthur Hugh Clough. Miss Nightingale greatly liked him. As a long engagement seemed likely, Miss Nightingale interested herself in the future of the young couple; discussing the proper limits of parental allowances in such matters; drawing up elaborately detailed estimates of household expendi-

CHAPTER X

FREEDOM. PARIS AND HARLEY STREET

(1853–October 1854)

Lo, as some venturer from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes.

F. W. H. MYERS.

THE institution in which Florence Nightingale was to serve her apprenticeship in Paris was the Maison de la Providence, belonging to the Sœurs de la Charité in the Rue Oudinot (No. 5), Faubourg St. Germain. The Abbé Des Genettes described in a letter to Manning the attractions which it would offer to his protégée. The principal House, managed by twenty Sisters, received nearly two hundred poor orphans, and also conducted a *crèche*. A hospital was attached to it, next door, for aged and sick women. Within ten minutes' walk Miss Nightingale would find two other hospitals, one a general hospital, the other a children's hospital. The English *demoiselle* would conform, in accordance with her desire, to the rules of the House as a *postulante*, rendering all necessary service to the sick. The only restrictions were that she would not be able to enter the refectory or the dormitory of the Sisters. She would have to sleep and take her meals in her own room. But she would be free to visit the poor in company with the Sisters, to serve the sick under their direction in various hospitals and infirmaries, and to assist in the care of the orphans alike in class and at play.

Such was the life in Paris to which Miss Nightingale was looking forward eagerly. She left London for Paris on February 3, 1853, with her cousin, Miss Bonham Carter, and

do a little quacking for me to them, the same will be thankfully received, in order that I may come in, when I arrive, not with my tail between my legs, but gracefully curved round me, in the old way in which Perugino's Devil wears it, in folds round the waist.

I am afraid I *must* live at the place. If I don't, it will be a half and half measure which will satisfy no one. However, I shall take care to be perfectly free to clear off, without its being considered a failure, at my own time. I can give you no particulars, dearest friend, because I don't know any. I can only say that, unless I am left a free agent and am to organize the thing myself and not they, I will have nothing to do with it. But as the thing is yet to be organized, I cannot lay a plan either before you or my people. And that rather perplexes them, as they want to make conditions that I shan't do this or that. If you would "well present" my plans, as you say, to them, it would be an inestimable benefit both to them and to me. . . . Hillie will tell you all I know—that it is a Sanatorium for sick governesses managed by a Committee of fine ladies. But there are no surgeon-students nor improper patients there at all, which is, of course, a great recommendation in the eyes of the Proper. The Patients, or rather the Impatients, for I know what it is to nurse sick ladies, are all pay patients, poor friendless folk in London. I am to have the choosing of the house, the appointment of the Chaplain and the management of the funds, as the F.A.S. are *at present* minded. But Isaiah himself could not prophesy how they will be minded at 8 o'clock this evening.

What specially annoyed Miss Nightingale was that some of the fashionable ladies in the course of gossip had begun to wonder whether her appointment would have the approval of her family. Some officious friend had suggested that "it would be cruel to take her away from her home." This difficulty was disposed of by Miss Nightingale's assurance that the appointment would be submitted to the approval of her mother and father. Her father now agreed to make her an independent allowance, paid quarterly in advance. It was on a scale sufficiently liberal to enable her to offer her services to the Institution entirely gratuitously. She also agreed to pay all the charges (board and lodging included) of the matron (Mrs. Clarke), whom she was to bring with her. Another difficulty was then raised. The superintendent of a nursing-home ought to be present when the doctors went their rounds and when operations were performed. But would it be seemly for a gentlewoman

ture, not forgetting to include future charges for a young family, as by the statistics of the average birth-rate they might be calculated. Statistics were already almost a passion with her.

II

Negotiations were now on foot for Miss Nightingale to take charge of a benevolent institution in London, and Madame Mohl advised her to keep in their places the great ladies who were concerned in it. Neither now, nor at any time, was she much in love with committees, but not every word in the following account of the negotiations need be taken very seriously :—

(*To Madame Mohl.*) LEA HURST, *April 8.* In all that you say I cordially agree, and if you knew what the " fashionable asses " have been doing, their " offs " and their " ons," poor fools ! you would say so ten times more. I shall be truly grateful if you will write to Pop—my people know as much of the affair now as I do—which is not much. You see the F.A.S. (or A.F.S., which will stand for " ancient fathers " and be more respectful, as they are all Puseyites), the F.A.S. want me to come up to London now and look at them, and if we suit to come very soon into the Sanatorium, which, I am afraid, will preclude my coming back to Paris, especially if you are coming away soon, for going there without you would unveil all my iniquities, as the F.A.S. are quite as much afraid of the R.C.'s as my people are. It is no use telling you the history of the negotiations, which are enough to make a comedy in 50 acts. They may be summed up as I once heard an Irish shoeless boy translate Virgil : *Obstupui*, " I was althegither bothered "—*steteruntque comae*, " and my hair stood up like the bristles of a pig "—*vox faucibus haesit*, " and divil a word could I say." Well, divil a bit of a word can I say except that you are very good, dear friend, to take so much interest, and that I shall be truly glad if you will write to Pop, . . . *dans le sens du muscle.*

All your advice, which I sent to Mrs. Bracebridge, I give my profoundest adhesion to—I would gladly point the finger of scorn in the liveliest manner at the F.A.S. and ride them roughshod round Grosvenor Sq. I will even do my very best—but I am afraid it is not in me to do it as I should wish. It would be only a poor feint—a mean Caricature. But I will practise and you shall see me.

My people are now at 30 Old Burlington Street, where I shall be in another week. Please write to them there, and if you can

in your back drawing-room. Poor M. Mohl appears to bear it with wonderful equanimity and recueillement, like his danseuse. Not so I. It is the most impertinent, the most surprising, the most inopportune thing I have ever done—me established in a lady's house in her absence, to be ill. If M. Mohl had any sins, I should think I was the avenging Phooka appointed to castigate him—as he has none, I am obliged to arrest myself at the other supposition that it is for my own. It was not my fault though really. Here is how the things have happened. . . .

I have had the measles at the Sœurs. And, of all my adventures, of which I have had many and queer, as will be (never) recorded in the Book of my Wanderings, the dirtiest and the queerest I have ever had has been a measles in the cell of a Sœur de la Charité. They were very kind to me—and dear M. Mohl wrote to me almost every day, and sent me tea (which, however, they would not let me have), and he lastly, in his paternity, would have me back (where I came yesterday), and established me in the back drawing-room, to my infinite horror, and now I am getting better very fast, and mean to be out again in a day or two. I had got rid of the eruption and all that before I came. Mr. Mohl is so kind and comes to see me and talk, which I suppose is very improper, but I can't help it, and he has been like a father to me and never was *such* a father! I really am so ashamed of all his kindness, and the trouble I give them, that my brazen old face blushes crimson, and I assure you this paper ought to be red. Julie [the servant] is very kind to me. But I hope not to be long on their hands. As to my calamity itself, it is like the Mariage de Mademoiselle: who could have foreseen it? It really was not my fault. There was no measles at any of my posts, and I had had them not eighteen months ago, so that, erect in the consciousness of that dignity, I should not have kept out of their way, if I had seen them. The Dr. would not believe I could have had them before. Well, I'm so ashamed of myself that I shall lock myself up for the rest of my life, and never go nowhere no more. For you see, it's evident that Providence, who was always in my way, and who, as the Supérieure said, is *très admirable* (meaning wonderful) in having done this, does not mean me to come to Paris nor to the Sœurs, having twice made me ill when I was doing so—and given you all this trouble. For me to come to Paris to have the measles a second time, is like going to the Grand Desert to die of getting one's feet wet, or anything most unexpected. . . . Please write to M. Mohl, and comfort him for his disaster. I am so repentant that I can say nothing—which, the Catholics tell me, is the "marque" of a true "humiliation." Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness. I come to England next week. F. N.

to do this? Miss Nightingale insisted, and an agreement was arrived at in April. She was to enter upon her duties as superintendent as soon as new premises had been secured, and meanwhile she was free to resume her studies in Paris.

III

She returned to Paris on May 30, and after a week spent with M. and Madame Mohl, during which she again inspected various hospitals, she entered the Maison de la Providence in the Rue Oudinot on June 8. From Paris she kept up correspondence with regard to the new premises for the institution in London. "The indispensable conditions of a suitable house are," she wrote to Lady Canning (June 5), "*first*, that the nurse should never be obliged to quit her floor, except for her own dinner and supper, and her patients' dinner and supper (and even the latter might be avoided by the windlass we have talked about). Without a system of this kind, the nurse is converted into a pair of legs. *Secondly*, That the bells of the patients should all ring in the passage outside the nurse's own door *on that story*, and should have a valve which flies open when its bell rings, and *remains* open in order that the nurse may see who has rung." The letter continues for some pages to describe other requirements—about a hot-water supply and the like; points which are now in the A B C of hospitals or nursing-homes, but which then were novel counsels of perfection. The idea of a lift, in particular, was new; inquiries were made by the ladies in various parts of the country, and there were many hitches before a suitable apparatus was installed. The correspondence is significant of the attention to practical detail which characterized all Miss Nightingale's work. Meanwhile her work with the Sisters of Charity among the poor came to a tiresome pause. The nurse had herself to be nursed. The nature of the calamity is described in a letter to Madame Mohl, who was paying visits in England at the time:—

BACK DRAWING-ROOM AT MADAME MOHL'S, RUE DU BAC 120,
June 28. MY DEAREST FRIEND—Do you see where I am? Here's a "go"! Has M. Mohl told you? Here am I in bed

not to go to church. She had stipulated for extensive powers of control, and she was not one to let any agreed powers suffer diminution from desuetude. The ladies on the Council and the Committee included (besides Lady Canning already mentioned) Lady Ellesmere, Lady Cranworth, Lady Monteagle, Lady Caroline Murray, and others well known in the worlds of society and philanthropy. Miss Nightingale had her special friends and allies among them, such as Lady Canning and Lady Inglis, and Mrs. Sidney Herbert presently joined the Committee in order to lend her support. Since their meeting in Rome, Mrs. Herbert and Miss Nightingale had seen much of each other, for Wilton House was within calling distance of Embley. Miss Nightingale had assisted at the birth of one of Mrs. Herbert's children; and amongst Miss Nightingale's papers belonging to this period is a "Syllabus of Religious Teaching for a Girls' School," which they had adapted from the Madre S. Colomba's lessons to girls. Mrs. Herbert now wrote from Wilton, offering to come up to a committee meeting: "I thought some wicked cats might be there who would set up their backs; and if so, I should like to have mine up too." And, again: "I hope you will write to me, dearest Flo, should any little difficulties arise whilst we are out of town."

Difficulties did arise in plenty, but Miss Nightingale was sometimes peremptory, and at other times showed herself a master in the gentle art of managing committees:—

(To Madame Mohl.) I UPPER HARLEY ST., August 20. . . .
Clarkey dear, I would write, but I can't. I have had to prepare this immense house for patients in ten days—without a bit of help but only hindrance from my Committee. If M. Mohl would write a book upon English societies, I would supply him with such Statistics as would astonish even him. But it's no use talking about these things, and I've no time. I have been "in service" ten days, and have had to furnish an entirely empty house in that time. We take in patients this Monday, and have not got our workmen out yet.

My Committee refused me to take in *Catholic* patients—whereupon I wished them good-morning, unless I might take in Jews and their Rabbis to attend them. So now it is settled, and *in print*, that we are to take in all denominations whatever, and allow them to be visited by their respective priests and

M. Mohl required no comfort. Miss Nightingale's father wrote to thank him for his kindness to her. The kindness, he gallantly replied, was on her side in giving him the advantage of her society and conversation. "Her gentle manner," he wrote (July 25), "covers such a depth and strength of mind and thought, that I am afraid of nothing for her, but that her health should fail her."

IV

Convalescence was rapid. On July 13 she returned to London, and a month later, on August 12, 1853, Miss Nightingale went into residence in her first "situation." The place in question, already briefly described in one of her letters to Madame Mohl, was that of Superintendent of an "Establishment for Gentlewomen during Illness." This institution had been founded a few years before, at 8 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, to give medical assistance and a home to sick governesses and other gentlewomen of narrow means. It was managed by a Council, which in its turn appointed a "Committee of Ladies" and a "Committee of Gentlemen." We need not trouble ourselves with the relations between the two committees, though they much troubled Miss Nightingale; but it is characteristic of the ideas of the time that the ladies made over to the gentlemen "all payments, contracts, and financial arrangements," as also "the selection of medical officers and male servants." Some years later Kinglake devoted several pages of his most elaborate satire to a comparison of the male pretensions and the female performances in their respective spheres in the hospitals of the Crimea; but on the present occasion Miss Nightingale found the ladies more difficult than the gentlemen. The institution had languished in Chandos Street. She was called in to give it new life. Suitable new premises had been found at No. 1 Upper Harley Street, and there Miss Nightingale lived, with a few brief intervals, until October 1854. She had also a *pied-à-terre* in some lodgings taken for her by her aunt in Pall Mall, where she occasionally saw her friends, and whither she resorted on Sunday mornings, in order not to scandalize the patients in Harley Street by being known

3. A series of resolutions about not *keeping* patients, of which I send you the foul copy.
4. A complete revolution as to Diet, which is shamefully abused at present.
5. An advertisement for the Institution, of which I send the foul copy.

All these I proposed and carried in Committee, without telling them that they came from *me* and not from the Medical Men; and then, and not till then, I showed them to the Medical Men, without telling *them* that they were already passed in *committee*.

It was a bold stroke, but success is said to make an insurrection into a revolution. The Medical Men have had two meetings upon them, and approved them all *nem. con.*, and thought they were their own. And I came off with flying colours, no one suspecting my intrigue, which of course would ruin me were it known, as there is as much jealousy in the Committee of one another, and among the Medical Men of one another, as ever what's his name had of Marlborough.

I have also carried my point of having good, harmless Mr. — as Chaplain; and no young curate to have spiritual flirtations with my young ladies.

And so much for the earthquakes in this little mole-hill of ours.

(*To her Father.*) . . . I send you some more documentary evidence—the tail of my Quarterly Report. My Committee are such children in administration that I am obliged to tell them such obvious truths as are contained in what *I make the Medical Men say*. This place is exactly like the administering of the Poor Law. We have cases of purely lazy fits and cases deserted by their families. And my Committee have not the courage to discharge a single case. *They* say the Medical Men must do it. The Medical Men say *they* won't, although the cases, they say, *must* be discharged. And I always have to do it, as the stop-gap on all occasions.

By such arts, and by such readiness to shoulder responsibility, Miss Nightingale reduced chaos to order, and her management of the Institution won praise in all quarters. It was hard work, for the Lady Superintendent was here, there, and everywhere, shepherding those who had cure of souls, managing the nurses, assisting at operations, checking waste in the coal-cellar or the larder. When a thing wanted to be done, she did it herself. Mrs. Herbert

Muffis, provided *I* will receive (in any case *whatsoever* that is *not* of the Church of England) the obnoxious animal at the door, take him upstairs myself, remain while he is conferring with his patient, make myself *responsible* that he does not speak to, or look at, *any one else*, and bring him downstairs again in a noose, and out into the street. And to this I have agreed! And this is in print!

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

In great haste, ever yours overflowingly. It will do me so much good to see a good man again.

(*To her Father.*) 1 UPPER HARLEY ST., December 3 [1853].
DEAR PAPA—You ask for my observations upon *my* line of statesmanship. I have been so very busy that I have scarcely made any résumé in my own mind, but upon doing so now for your benefit, I perceive:—

When I entered into service here, I determined that, happen what would, I *never* would intrigue among the Committee. Now I perceive that I do all my business by intrigue. I propose in private to A, B, or C the resolution I think A, B, or C most capable of carrying in committee, and then leave it to them, and I always win.

I am now in the hey-day of my power. At the last General Committee they proposed and carried (without my knowing anything about it) a resolution that I should have £50 per month to spend for the House, and wrote to the Treasurer to advance it me. Whereupon I wrote to the Treasurer to refuse it me. Lady —, who was my greatest enemy, is now, I understand, trumpeting my fame through London. And all because I have reduced their expenditure from 1s. 10d. per head per day to 1s. The opinions of others concerning you depend, not at all, or very little, upon what *you* are, but upon what *they* are. Praise and blame are alike indifferent to me, as constituting an indication of what myself is, though very precious as the indication of the other's feeling. . . .

Last General Committee I executed a series of Resolutions on five subjects, and presented them as coming from the Medical Men:—

1. That the successor to our House Surgeon (resigned) should be a dispenser, and dispense the medicines in the house, saving our bill at the druggist's of £150 per annum.
2. A series of House Rules, of which I send you the rough copy.

I am sure, know ; and though there are many consolations, and very high ones, the disappointments are so numerous that we require all our faith and trust. But that is enough. I have never repented nor looked back, not for one moment. And I begin the New Year with more true feeling of a happy New Year than ever I had in my life." She had found her vocation. But her family had not yet quite fully accepted it. On their side there was still some looking back. Her father, indeed, took pride in his daughter's success, and the correspondence between them at this time is very pleasant. He was himself a county magistrate, concerned in the administration of hospitals and asylums ; and he followed every move in his daughter's strategy with lively interest. He admired her masterfulness, but was not quite sure that she might not carry it too far. " You will have," he wrote, " to govern by a representative system after all. In England we go this way to work, and a good way it is, for a good autocrat is only to be found at intervals. Despots do nothing in teaching others. Republicans keep teaching each other all day long." He was most sympathetic in her difficulties, but he was not sure that those about him would be so. There is a postscript in one of his letters which tells a good deal between the lines : " Better write to me at the Athenæum so as not to excite inquiry." Her mother and sister seem to have thought that while they were in London Florence might have lived at home, or, at any rate, have often been with them. Why should she be wearing herself out away from them ? Their point of view was put by Madame Mohl, who was the affectionate friend of both sisters :—

(*To Madame Mohl.*) HARLEY STREET, August 27 [1853]. . . . I have not taken this step, Clarkey dear, without years of anxious consideration. It is the result of the experience of years and of the fullest and deepest thought ; it has not been done without advice, and it is a step, which, being the growth of so long, is not likely to be repented of or reconsidered. I mean the step of leaving them. I do not wish to talk about it—and this is the last time I shall ever do so, but as you ask me a plain question, Clarkey dear, I will give you a plain answer. I *have* talked matters over ("made a clean breast," as you express it) with Parthe, *not once but thousands of times*. Years and years have

heard with anxiety that her friend had strained her back by lifting a patient, though she was suffering from lumbago at the time. There were smaller worries too. The British workman, and the British tradesman also, tried her sorely. "The chemists," she wrote to her father, "sent me a bottle of ether labelled S. spirits of nitre, which, if I had not smelt it, I should certainly have administered, and should have had an inquiry into poisoning. And the whole flue of a new gas-stove came down the second time of using it, which, if I had not caught it in my arms, would certainly have killed a patient." Then there were the anxieties necessarily incident to a nursing home. "We have had an awful disappointment," she wrote to her father (1854), "in a couching for a cataract, which has failed. The eye is lost (through *no* fault of Bowman's), and I am left, after a most anxious watching, with a poor blind woman on my hands, whom we have blinded, and with a prospect of insanity. I had rather ten times have killed her. These are the cases, not those like the poor German who died, which make *our* lives so anxious." What was afterwards to characterize her work in a larger field was already observed in Harley Street. It was the combination of masterful powers of organization with womanly gentleness and sympathy. Letters of gratitude, which she received from patients after their discharge from Harley Street, speak of her "unwearied and affectionate attention." They were often addressed to her as "My good, dear, and faithful Friend," or "My darling Mother." And a friend and mother she was indeed to many of the young women who came under her care. She had a large and influential circle of friends and acquaintances, and she was indefatigable in finding convalescent homes or sympathetic care, or openings in the Colonies, for those who stood in need of such assistance. She was much interested in the scheme for Female Emigration, which Sidney Herbert had started in 1849, and in which he and his wife superintended every detail.¹

Though the work was hard and the anxieties many, Miss Nightingale did not lose heart. "Our vocation is a difficult one," she wrote to Miss Nicholson (Jan. 10, 1854), "as you,

¹ See *Stannmore*, vol. i. pp. 111-120.

God more than ever to think how straight He is sending His Spirit down into her as into the prophets and saints of old. . . ." And in another letter:¹ "I am glad that Miss — likes *North and South*. I did not think Margaret *was so over good*. What would she say to Florence Nightingale? I can't imagine! for *there* is intellect such as I never came in contact with before in woman!—only twice in man—great beauty, and of her holy goodness who is fit to speak?" A famous writer has said of the saints, that the greatest and most helpful of them have always shown some wit or humour;² and of Florence Nightingale Mrs. Gaskell noted further: "She has a great deal of fun, and is carried along by that, I think. She mimics most capitally."

Miss Nightingale cut short her holiday on hearing that an epidemic of cholera had broken out in London. She volunteered to give help with the cholera patients in the Middlesex Hospital. She was up day and night receiving the women patients—chiefly, it seems, outcasts in the district of Soho—undressing them, and ministering to them. The epidemic, however, subsided, and she returned to her normal work in Harley Street.

VI

The work there did not fail within its appointed scope, but in another way the failure which Miss Nightingale had predicted in her letter to Madame Mohl soon became apparent. The scale of the undertaking was more restricted than Florence had desired, and she saw no means of widening it. She had wanted to receive patients of all classes, to enrol many volunteer nurses, to have opportunities for training them. Among a wide circle, both at home and abroad, her knowledge and her talents were well understood; and already, in her correspondence for a year or two past, she appears as a woman to whom reference was made as to one speaking with authority. A missionary in Paris applied to her for two well-qualified matrons. "Alas," she had to reply, "I have no fish of that kind." She was

¹ To Catherine Winkworth, Jan. 1, 1855.

² See Ruskin's *Works*, vol. xxxi. p. 386, vol. xxxii. p. 72.

been spent in doing so. It has been, therefore, with the deepest consideration and with the fullest advice that I have taken the step of leaving home, and it is a *fait accompli*. With regard to "my sacrificing my peace and comfort," it is true that I am *here* entirely for their sakes. But to serve my country in this *way* has been also the object of my life, though I should not have done it in this time or manner. But it is not a sacrifice any more than that I have done a thing in a bad way, which I should fain have done in a good one. For *this* is sure to fail. So farewell, Clarkey dear, don't let us talk any more about this. It is, as I said before, a *fait accompli*.

Having at so great difficulty won her freedom, Florence clearly felt that any policy of half-and-half now might necessitate in the future a renewal of the struggle. Her sister was still in very delicate health, and Florence was advised, by the family doctor himself, that her visits involved much disturbing excitement. Besides, the work at Harley Street, if it was to be done efficiently, required constant residence and unremitting attention. And it was written: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

v

In August 1854 Miss Nightingale took a few days' holiday at Lea Hurst, where Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress, was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. It was then that Mrs. Gaskell wrote the description of Florence's personal appearance, which has already been given (p. 39). Mrs. Gaskell was struck no less by the beauty of her character. She gave a sketch of Miss Nightingale's career, and then continued: "Is it not like St. Elizabeth of Hungary? The efforts of her family to interest her in other occupations by allowing her to travel, etc.—but the clinging to one object! She must be a creature of another race, so high and angelic, doing things by impulse or some divine inspiration, not by effort and struggle of will. But she seems almost too holy to be talked about as a mere wonder. Mrs. Nightingale says with tears in her eyes (alluding to Andersen's *Fairy Tales*), that they are ducks, and have hatched a wild swan. She seems as completely led by God as Joan of Arc. I never heard of any one like her. It makes me feel the *livingness* of

before the Crimean War was dreamt of? Lady Lovelace, the daughter of Lord Byron, the "Ada sole daughter of my home and heart," had, before her death in 1852, written a poem in honour of her friend, Florence Nightingale. I have quoted some of it already. The piece ends with a presage :—

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

making the most of her present opportunity, but it was narrow. Some of her friends had thought from the first that she was wasting her powers on unsuitable soil in Harley Street. Monckton Milnes, who paid a visit to Embley in December 1853, wrote to his wife: "They talk quite easily about Florence, but her position does not seem very suitable. I wish we could put her at the head of a Juvenile Reformatory."¹ Her own primary object was to train nurses; and other friends—Mrs. Bracebridge among the number—advised her to leave Harley Street, since there she found no scope for so doing. King's College Hospital had just been rebuilt, and another friend, Miss Louisa Twining, opened negotiations in August 1854 for securing Miss Nightingale's appointment as Superintendent of Nurses there. Some of the medical men, who had been impressed at Harley Street with her rare combination of gifts, were most anxious that she should consent to take up such a post. Dr. William Bowman in particular strongly pressed her, and was confident that, if she agreed, he could get the appointment *en train* in the autumn. Miss Nightingale's mother and sister sought as strongly to dissuade her. The sister laid stress on Florence's "doubtful health." The mother added objections on the score of the medical students. They both urged that, if she must do something of the kind, Great Ormond Street and work among children were more suitable and convenient. Florence herself was greatly drawn to King's College Hospital, and began devising plans, on the model of Kaiserswerth, for enrolling a staff of nurses among farmers' daughters.

But the immediate future hid in it another fate for Florence Nightingale. "Thy lot or portion in life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." So Miss Nightingale may have read in Emerson; and in homelier phrase her good Aunt Mai had said to her, "If you will but be ready for *it*, something is getting ready for you, and will be sure to turn up in time." Which things Florence, I doubt not, laid up in her heart. When news began to arrive from the East, did she recall a prophecy which had been made about her by a friend long

¹ *Life of Lord Houghton*, vol. i. p. 491.

PART II
THE CRIMEAN WAR
(1854-1856)

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be ?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought . . .
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

WORDSWORTH.

Nearly forty years had passed since the British army had been engaged in European warfare. The Battle of the Alma, though it disclosed little tactical skill, and though it was not followed up as it might have been, had at any rate shown the desperate courage of the British soldier. The note of exultation which inspired the verses of Archbishop Trench expressed the popular mood.

Presently there was a change. The number of killed and wounded was very large ; but though many homes were thrown into mourning, it was felt, in the words of the official bulletin, that such a victory " could not be achieved without a considerable sacrifice." The country did not at the time grudge the sacrifice ; but Lord Raglan's dispatch was followed by another. The Crimean War was the first in which the " Special Correspondent " played a conspicuous part, and the dispatches sent to the *Times* by Mr. William Howard Russell availed even to overthrow a Ministry. In the *Times* of October 9, attention was drawn to the futility of the nursing arrangements on the British side. The old pensioners, who had been sent out for such service, were " not of the slightest use " ; the soldiers had to " attend upon each other." On the 12th a long letter from " Our Special Correspondent," dated " Constantinople, September 30," ended with the following passage :—

It is with feelings of surprise and anger that the public will learn that no sufficient preparations have been made for the proper care of the wounded. Not only are there not sufficient surgeons—that, it might be urged, was unavoidable ; not only are there no dressers and nurses—that might be a defect of system for which no one is to blame ; but what will be said when it is known that there is not even linen to make bandages for the wounded ? The greatest commiseration prevails for the sufferings of the unhappy inmates of Scutari, and every family is giving sheets and old garments to supply their wants. But why could not this clearly foreseen want have been supplied ? Can it be said that the Battle of the Alma has been an event to take the world by surprise ? Has not the expedition to the Crimea been the talk of the last four months ? And when the Turks gave up to our use the vast barracks to form a hospital and depot, was it not on the ground that the loss of the English troops was sure to be considerable when engaged in so dangerous an enterprise ? And yet, after the troops have been six months

CHAPTER I

THE CALL

(October 1854)

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

WALT WHITMAN.

ON September 20 the Battle of the Alma was fought, and the country, as Greville noted, was "in a fever of excitement." The disembarkation of the allied British and French forces for the invasion of the Crimea had begun on the 14th. Their advance was not resisted until they reached the bank of the Alma, where the Russian commander was awaiting attack, in so strong a position that he was confident of victory. In less than three hours the allied troops had driven the enemy from every part of the ground. Lord Raglan, the Commander of the Forces, congratulated the troops on "the brilliant success that attended their unrivalled efforts in the battle, on which occasion they carried a most formidable position, defended by large masses of Russian infantry, and a most powerful and numerous artillery." The river which the Russian commander had hoped to make the grave of the invaders became famous in the annals of British valour :—

Thou, on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold ;
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done,
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.
O thou river ! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma ! roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea !

sitting comfortably at home, to bestir themselves, and render such help as might be possible to the soldiers in the East. A letter was published next day from Sir Robert Peel, who had enclosed £200 to start a fund for supplying the sick and wounded with comforts. Other contributions were quickly forthcoming, and on October 14 a letter was published asking: "Why have we no Sisters of Charity? There are numbers of able-bodied and tender-hearted English women who would joyfully and with alacrity go out to devote themselves to nursing the sick and wounded, if they could be associated for that purpose, and placed under proper protection."

II

There were those among the ladies of England who had not waited to be stung into action by such appeals. On the first news of the failure of the British nursing arrangements, they had asked themselves whether they might not help, not merely by money, but by personal service. One of the first to move was Lady Maria Forester. She must have read and marked the letter in the *Times* on October 9, for already by October 11 she had placed herself in communication with Miss Nightingale, offering money to send out some trained nurses. "I was so anxious something should be done," she said to Lady Verney, "that I would have gone myself, only I knew that I should not have been the slightest use." Happily the minds of those who could be of the greatest use were moving in the same direction. If a party of women nurses were to be sent out to the East with any prospect of success, there were two persons in England whose co-operation was essential, and by fortunate chance they were personal friends.

One was Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary *at War*. The preposition which I have placed in italics must be noted. The reader would not thank me for entering at length into all the intricacies of War Office organization, disorganization, and reorganization, which went on during the Crimean War, and have continued to our own day. But this much it is necessary to remember, that in 1854 there was a Secretary *for War* (the Duke of Newcastle) and a Secretary *at War*

in the country, there is no preparation for the commonest surgical operations! Not only are the men kept, in some cases, for a week without the hand of a medical man coming near their wounds; not only are they left to expire in agony, unheeded and shaken off, though catching desperately at the surgeon whenever he makes his rounds through the fetid ship; but now, when they are placed in the spacious building, where we were led to believe that everything was ready which could ease their pain or facilitate their recovery, it is found that the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick-ward are wanting, and that the men must die through the medical staff of the British army having forgotten that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds. If Parliament were sitting, some notice would probably be taken of these facts, which are notorious and have excited much concern; as it is, it rests with the Government to make inquiries into the conduct of those who have so greatly neglected their duty.

On the following day a further letter from the "Special Correspondent" was published. "It is impossible," he wrote, "for any one 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 are treated is worthy only of the savages of Dahomey. . . . The worn-out pensioners who were brought as an ambulance corps are totally useless, and not only are surgeons not to be had, but there are no dressers or nurses to carry out the surgeon's directions, and to attend on the sick during the intervals between his visits. Here the French are greatly our superiors. Their medical arrangements are extremely good, their surgeons more numerous, and they have also the help of the Sisters of Charity, who have accompanied the expedition in incredible numbers.¹ These devoted women are excellent nurses." These scathing attacks changed the mood of the country. There was still exultation in victory, and still readiness to pay its price; but the "Special Correspondent's" charges of neglect towards the sick and wounded raised a feeling of bitter resentment—of resentment against the authorities, but also of pity for the victims. The *Times* accompanied the "Special Correspondent's" letter on October 12 by a leading article, making appeal to its readers, who were

¹ For the actual number, see below, p. 149.

has shown by "what circuit first" her life had been one long preparation for precisely such work as was now wanted. She and the Minister had read the dispatch in the *Times* with equal, if different, interest. To Mr. Herbert it came as a call for something to be done, if the Ministry were to avoid dangerous criticism; and to this motive, which must rightly actuate every Minister, there was added the conscience of a high-minded man, sincerely and eagerly anxious to do all that was possible to improve the treatment of the sick and wounded soldiers. To Miss Nightingale, as she read the dispatch, and the stirring appeal which accompanied it, the words came with something of the force of a call from Above. For nearly ten years of her life she had consciously yearned, and half-consciously for a much larger period, after ample scope in which to exercise her power of organization, and her desire to serve the sick and suffering. During many of those years she had been training herself so as to be ready to use her opportunity when it should occur. And here was the opportunity at hand, in which patriotism confirmed her personal aspirations. "God's good time" had come.

The minds of the Minister and of Miss Nightingale were kindled together. They reached the flash-point of action at almost an identical moment. Private initiative forestalled official overtures only by a few hours. Working in harmony, they carried the scheme into operation with an unparalleled rapidity.

III

Within two days of the publication of the dispatch from Constantinople, Miss Nightingale and her friends had made their plans. She submitted them to the Minister in the following letter addressed to his wife:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Mrs. Herbert.*) 1 UPPER HARLEY STREET, October 14 [1854]. MY DEAREST—I went to Belgrave Square this morning for the chance of catching you or Mr. Herbert even, had he been in town.

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

(Mr. Sidney Herbert). The curious part of the arrangement was that the Secretary *at War* had nothing to do with war, as such ; he was, technically, only a financial and accounting official. But Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the emergency created by the Crimean War, stepped courageously beyond the strict bounds of his office. He had already shown himself by many beneficent measures of practical reform to be the Soldiers' Friend. He was deeply interested, as we have heard (p. 80), in the care of the sick. He knew how overworked was his colleague, the Duke of Newcastle, and in this matter of hospitals he assumed the position of volunteer delegate of the Secretary of State. "I wish," wrote Mr. Gladstone to Monckton Milnes (Oct. '15, 1855), "that some one of the thousand who in prose justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man of 'routine' who devised and projected her going."¹ Lord Stanmore has said not a word, but a volume, in that sense ; what was truly admirable was "the man of routine's" bold departure from routine. The employment of female nurses in the army was in this country entirely novel. It would probably excite some jealousy in the medical profession ; it was sure to be criticized by the military men. The Cabinet had much else to think of. The Duke of Newcastle had more on his hands than any one human being could properly accomplish. Mr. Herbert, from his influence in the Cabinet, from his winning manner and general popularity, was the man to carry through the new departure. He had pondered long over the problems of nursing, both in military hospitals and in civil life. He could see no reason why a task, which in civil life was entrusted almost exclusively to women, should in the case of military hospitals be confined to men. The French Government had sent out fifty Sisters of Mercy. Mr. Herbert could see no reason why England should not do something of a like kind. He determined to make the experiment.

He was strengthened in his resolve by the fact that he was intimately acquainted with the character and the powers of the second indispensable person. He knew Miss Florence Nightingale. The preceding Part of this volume

¹ *Life of Lord Houghton*, vol. i. p. 521.

seen in the papers that there is a great deficiency of nurses at the Hospital at Scutari.

The other alleged deficiencies, namely of medical men, lint, sheets, etc., must, if they have really ever existed, have been remedied ere this, as the number of medical officers with the army amounted to one to every 95 men in the whole force, being nearly double what we have ever had before, and 30 more surgeons went out 3 weeks ago, and would by this time, therefore, be at Constantinople. A further supply went on Thursday, and a fresh batch sail next week.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now to business.

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

(2) What does Mr. Herbert say to the scheme itself? Does he think it will be objected to by the authorities? Would he give us any advice or letters of recommendation? And are there any stores for the Hospital he would advise us to take out? Dr. Smith says that nothing is needed.

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

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

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

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

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

Believe me, dearest, in haste, ever yours, F. NIGHTINGALE.

Perhaps it is better to keep it quite a private thing, and not apply to Gov^t. *qua* Gov^t.

This letter was posted on Saturday. Mr. Herbert had left London to spend Sunday at Bournemouth, and thence, unaware of the communication which was on its way to him from Miss Nightingale, he addressed the following letter to her:—

(*Sidney Herbert to Miss Nightingale.*) BOURNEMOUTH, October 15 [1854]. DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE—You will have

society and sympathy only could give you. I have written very long, for the subject is very near my heart. Liz [Mrs. Herbert] is writing to Mrs. Bracebridge to tell her what I am doing. I go back to town to-morrow morning. Shall I come to you between 3 and 5? Will you let me have a line at the War Office to let me know?

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

I know you will come to a wise decision. God grant it may be in accordance with my hopes! Believe me, dear Miss Nightingale, ever yours,
SIDNEY HERBERT.¹

There was no hitch, such as Sidney Herbert half feared, from reluctance on the part of Miss Nightingale's parents. Her uncle, Mr. Samuel Smith (husband of her Aunt Mai, of whose helpfulness we have heard), had already half obtained their consent to her going as a volunteer. All hesitation was removed when the news came that she was asked to go by and for the Government itself:—

“MY LOVE,” wrote Miss Nightingale's sister to a friend (Oct. 18), “Government has asked, I should say entreated, Flo to go out and help in the Hospital at Scutari. I am sure you will feel that it is a great and noble work, and that it is a real duty; for there is no one, as they tell her, and I believe truly, who has the knowledge and the zeal necessary to make such a step succeed.”

¹ This famous letter—obviously private at the time—was printed *in extenso*, for a controversial purpose (see below, p. 245), in the *Daily News* of October 28, 1854. Miss Nightingale was much distressed when she heard of the publication, and her family could not think how it had “got into the papers”; but they had shown it, and copies of it, too widely.

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

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

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

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

I do not say one word to press you. You are the only person who can judge for yourself which of conflicting or incompatible duties is the first, or the highest ; but I must not conceal from you that I think upon your decision will depend the ultimate success or failure of the plan. Your own personal qualities, your knowledge and your power of administration, and among greater things your rank and position in Society give you advantages in such a work which no other person possesses.

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

I hardly like to be sanguine as to your answer. If it were "yes," I am certain the Bracebridges would go with you and give you all the comfort you would require, and which their

nurses in the first instance is placed solely under your controul, or under that of persons to be agreed upon between yourself and the Director-General of the Army and Ordnance Medical Department, and the persons so selected will receive certificates from the Director-General or the principal Medical Officer of one of the General Hospitals, without which certificate no one will be permitted to enter the Hospital in order to attend the sick.

In like manner the power of discharge on account of illness or of dismissal for misconduct, inaptitude, or other cause, is vested entirely in yourself; but in cases of such discharge or dismissal the cost of the return passage of such person home will, if you think it advisable and if they proceed at once or so soon as their health enables them, be defrayed by the Government.

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

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

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

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

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

And I rely on your discretion and vigilance carefully to guard against any attempt being made among those under your authority, selected as they are with a view to fitness and without

And to the same friend a day or two later :—

Before, in Harley Street, I did not feel sure that she was right, there seemed so much to be done at home ; but now there is no doubt that she is fitted to do this work, and that no one else is, and that it *is* a work. I must say the way in which all things have tended to and fitted her for this is so very remarkable that one cannot but believe she was intended for it. None of her previous life has been wasted, her experience all tells, all the gathered stores of so many years, her Kaiserswerth, her sympathy with the R. Catholic system of work, her travels, her search into the hospital question, her knowledge of so many different minds and different classes, all are serving so curiously—and much more than I have time for.

Yes, and perhaps even the difficulties which affectionate solicitude had placed in Florence Nightingale's way might have been counted among her preparations for a task involving great power of will and determination.

Miss Nightingale saw Mr. Herbert on Monday, October 16, and the matter was arranged between them. Mrs. Sidney Herbert and the other ladies of the Harley Street Committee readily released their Superintendent. Her faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, agreed to accompany her. Mr. Herbert had assured Miss Nightingale of their willingness, without any previous consultation—a fine instance, surely, of friendly confidence. The Duke of Newcastle, who had some slight personal acquaintance with Miss Nightingale, and the other members of the Cabinet cordially approved the initiative of their colleague, and three days later Miss Nightingale received her official appointment and instructions :—

(The Secretary-at-War to Miss Nightingale.) WAR OFFICE, October 19 [1854]. MADAM—Having consented at the pressing instance of the Government to accept the office of Superintendent of the female nursing establishment in the English General Military Hospitals in Turkey, you will, on your arrival there, place yourself at once in communication with the Chief Army Medical Officer of the Hospital at Scutari, under whose orders and direction you will carry on the duties of your appointment.

Everything relating to the distribution of the nurses, the hours of their attendance, their allotment to particular duties, is placed in your hands, subject, of course, to the sanction and approval of the Chief Medical Officer ; but the selection of the

great advantage of their common cause,—“of remarkable intelligence and activity.”

Two days after the receipt of her official instructions, five days after her interview with Mr. Herbert, Miss Nightingale and her party left London (Oct. 21). The amount of work which fell upon Miss Nightingale during the ten days (Oct. 12–21) was enormous, and some of the details she was obliged to delegate to others. The headquarters of the expedition during its outfit were established at Mr. Sidney Herbert's house in Belgrave Square, and there Miss Mary Stanley and Mrs. Bracebridge interviewed applicants. Miss Nightingale, foreseeing (only too truly, as the event was to show) the difficulty both of finding suitable women and of supervising them, was inclined to limit the number to twenty. Mr. Herbert, thinking that such a new departure should be made on a considerable scale, proposed a larger number, and Miss Nightingale gave way. Forty was the number agreed upon; but the material which offered itself was not promising. “Here we sit all day,” wrote Miss Stanley; “I wish people who may hereafter complain of the women selected could have seen the set we had to choose from. All London was scoured for them. We sent emissaries in every direction to every likely place. . . . We felt ashamed to have in the house such women as came. One alone expressed a wish to go from a good motive. Money was the only inducement.”¹ Ultimately thirty-eight nurses were obtained.

Mr. Herbert, in the concluding passage of his Instructions, relied on Miss Nightingale's vigilance to prevent religious “tampering.” This was an instruction which she had discussed with him, for she foresaw (again only too well) the *odium theologicum* that might confront her. She was primarily concerned to get the best nurses as such, but she was anxious also that the different churches or shades should be represented. In this desire she was in large measure disappointed. Application was made both to St. John's House, an institution inclined towards Tractarianism, and to the Protestant Institution for Nurses in Devonshire Square. In each case the answer was returned that nurses

¹ *Stanmore*, vol. i. p. 342.

any reference to religious creed, to make use of their position in the Hospitals to tamper with or disturb the religious opinions of the patients of any denomination whatever, and at once to check any such tendency and to take, if necessary, severe measures to prevent its repetition.

I have the honor to be, Madam, your most obedient servant,
SIDNEY HERBERT.

The instructions promised in this letter were duly sent to the Commander of the Forces, the Purveyor-in-Chief, and the Principal Medical Officer;¹ and the way was smoothed for Miss Nightingale, as they thought in Downing Street, by supplementary letters to some of the officials. A letter was sent to the Purveyor-General (Oct. 19), in which "Mr. Sidney Herbert trusts that you will use every endeavour to assist Miss Nightingale in the performance of the arduous duties she has voluntarily undertaken, the success of which must necessarily depend upon the assistance and co-operation of others, and cannot fail to be of great benefit to those Gallant Men who have suffered in the service of their country." Similarly Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant-secretary to the Treasury, remarking that the commissariat officers are the bankers and stewards of the army, wrote, as he told Miss Nightingale (Oct. 20), "to Commissary-General Filder and Deputy-Commissary-General Smith, the Senior Officer at Scutari, to request that they will from the first give you all the support they are able, and instruct their officers of every grade to do the same." Any difficulties which might confront her would not be caused, it seemed, by lack of support at home.

IV

Private support was forthcoming as readily as official. Mr. Henry Reeve, an old friend of Miss Nightingale and her family, rejoicing that she had now "an opportunity of action worthy of her," spoke to the great Delane, and requested him to direct Mr. Macdonald—who was being sent out to administer the *Times* Fund—to co-operate with Miss Nightingale. Mr. Macdonald was a man, as Mr. Reeve testified, and as Miss Nightingale was to discover—to the

¹ The text of the instructions may be found in the *Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps*, October 1910.

by his heart-stirring words, and cheered no less by the sunny brightness of his presence than by his kindly and unfailing sympathy." Unhappily the effect was not in all cases permanent, as we shall hear.

V

"Do not answer this," wrote a Minister to Miss Nightingale; "for I am sure you must have more on your hands now than a Secretary of State." But what struck those about her was her perfect calm. "No one is so well fitted as she to do such work," wrote Lady Canning to Lady Stuart de Rothesay (Oct. 17); "she has such nerve and skill, and is so wise and quiet. Even now she is in no bustle and hurry, though so much is on her hands, and such numbers of people volunteer services." She had only one worry. Her pet owl had died. When her family were leaving Embley to see her off, the feeding of the owl was forgotten in the hurry and flurry. It was embalmed, and "the only tear its mistress shed through that tremendous week," says her sister, "was when I put the little body into her hands. 'Poor little beastie, it was odd how much I loved you.'"¹ For the rest, she was "as calm and composed in this furious haste," wrote her sister (Oct. 19), "with the War Office, the Military Medical Board, half the nurses in London to speak to, her own Committee and Institution, as if she were going out for a walk." She was quiet because, like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, in the heat of excitement, she "kept the law in calmness made, and saw what she foresaw." Like the character drawn by another master-hand, "in the tumult she was tranquil," because she had pondered when at rest.

A small black pocket-book is preserved in which were found, at Miss Nightingale's death, a few of the many letters received just before she left England for the East. Perhaps they were the very last letters received; perhaps they were there for other reasons. One spoke of a mother's love:—

¹ From the *Life and Death of Athena, an Owlet from the Parthenon*, a manuscript book charmingly written and illustrated by Lady Verney. She wrote it in 1855, and sent it to Scutari "to try and make Flo and Mrs. Bracebridge laugh when F. was recovering from her fever."

could only be supplied if they were to be subject to their own Committees; the Government's condition of subjection to Miss Nightingale's control was rejected. The authorities of St. John's House proposed that their nurses should be accompanied by the Master of the House, to act as "their guardian." It will readily be imagined how impossible Miss Nightingale's position would have been on such terms. The proposal shows incidentally how little some people understood of the conditions of discipline necessary in a military hospital. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, and Miss Nightingale met the Council of St. John's House; the point of Miss Nightingale's exclusive control was conceded, and the Master stayed at home. The Lady Superior of St. John's House at this time was Miss Mary Jones, who to the end of her life remained one of the most valued and tenderly devoted of Miss Nightingale's friends.¹ The authorities in Devonshire Square, on the other hand, would not surrender the point of separate control, and accordingly no nurses were supplied by the distinctively Protestant institution. "We are only vexed," wrote Lady Verney, "because Flo so earnestly desired to include all shades of opinion, to prove that all, however they differed, might work together in a common brotherhood of love to God and man."

The party, as ultimately recruited, was composed of ten Roman Catholic Sisters (five from Bermondsey and five from Norwood), eight Anglican Sisters (from Miss Sellon's Home at Devonport), six nurses from St. John's House, and fourteen from various English hospitals. It has often been supposed that the nurses who accompanied Miss Nightingale were ladies of gentle birth, but, with a few exceptions, this was not the case. On the eve of their departure, the nurses were addressed by Mr. Herbert in his dining-room. He told them that if any desired to turn back, now was the time of decision, and he impressed upon them that all who went were bound implicitly to obey Miss Nightingale in all things. "All started on their ways," we are told,² "strengthened

¹ Miss Jones resigned her appointment at St. John's House in 1868, owing to differences of opinion with the Council, and set up a private nursing establishment. She died in 1887.

² *Stanmore*, vol. i. p. 342.

CHAPTER II

THE EXPEDITION—PROBLEMS AHEAD

On the ocean no post brings us letters which we are compelled to answer. No newspaper tempts us into reading the last night's debate in Parliament. The absence of distracting incidents, the sameness of the scene, and the uniformity of life on board ship, leave us leisure for reflection; we are thrown in upon our own thoughts, and can make up our accounts with our consciences.—FROUDE.

MISS NIGHTINGALE and her party left London on Saturday, October 21. Among those who saw them off was her cousin, Arthur Hugh Clough. The principal halts were made in Paris and Marseilles. At Paris, Miss Nightingale had hoped to recruit some Sisters for nursing service. She went to the headquarters of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, furnished with letters from the British Government and the French military authorities, and accompanied by the British Ambassador's private secretary in order to strengthen her application; but it was refused.¹ At Marseilles, with what turned out to be admirable forethought, she laid in a large store of miscellaneous provisions. Her uncle, Mr. Sam Smith, accompanied the party to Marseilles, and from his letters we obtain vivid glimpses of the expedition *en route* :—

“Kindly received everywhere,” he wrote (Oct. 26), “by French and English. Still it was very hard work for Flo to keep 40 in good humour; arranging the rooms of 5 different sects each night, before sitting down to supper, took a long time; then calling all to be down at 6 ready to start. She bears all wonderfully—so calm, winning everybody, French and English.”

A correspondent wrote to the *Times* from Boulogne,

¹ Letter to Captain Galton, May 5, 1863.

Monday morning. God speed you on your errand of mercy, my own dearest child. I know He will, for He has given you such loving friends, and they will be always at your side to help in all your difficulties. They came just when I felt that you must fail for want of strength, and more mercies will come in your hour of need. They are so wise and good, they will be to you what no one else could. They will write to us, and save you in that and in all ways. They are to us an earnest of blessings to come. I do not ask you to spare yourself for your own sake, but for the sake of the cause.—Ever Thine.

Another letter reminded her of the love of God :—

God will keep you. And my prayer for you will be that your one object of Worship, Pattern of Imitation, and Source of consolation and strength may be the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. Always yours for our Lord's sake,

HENRY E. MANNING.

And a third among them was from the friend whose life she had declined to share, but whose sympathy was still precious to her :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,” he wrote (Oct. 18), “I hear you are going to the East. I am happy it is so, for the good you will do there, and the hope that you may find some satisfaction in it yourself. I cannot forget how you went to the East once before, and here am I writing quietly to you about what you are going to do now. You can undertake *that*, when you could not undertake me. God bless you, dear Friend, wherever you go.”

She sailed from Marseilles on board the *Vectis* on Friday, October 27, loudly cheered from an English vessel in the harbour, carrying with her, as a friend had written, "the deep prayers and gratitude of the English people."

II

From the moment when public announcement of her mission was made, she had, indeed, become a popular heroine. Though well known in Society, she had been as yet a stranger to public fame; so much so that the *Times* itself, in printing the announcement (Oct. 19), said: "We are authorised to state that Mrs. Nightingale," etc. Delane cannot have kept his eye on the news-columns, for not until some days had elapsed was it discovered to the public that "Mrs." Nightingale was in fact "Miss." "Who is 'Mrs.' Nightingale?" was a heading in the *Examiner* (Oct. 28), and the question was answered in a biographical article. Some passages of it deserve record here, for it went the round of the press throughout the world, and was the source from which, from that day to this, the popular idea of Florence Nightingale has been derived. The article stated succinctly, and with substantial accuracy, the course of her life; dwelt upon the facts that she was "young, graceful, feminine, rich, and popular"; enlarged, with less accuracy, upon her delight in the "palpable and heart-felt attractions" of her home; described her forsaking the "assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds," in order to sit beside the sick and dying; and concluded thus: She had set out for the scene of war

. . . at the risk of her own life, at the pang of separation from all her friends and family, and at the certainty of encountering hardship, dangers, toils, and the constantly renewing scene of human suffering, amid all the worst horrors of war. There are few who would not recoil from such realities, but Miss Nightingale shrank not, and at once accepted the request that was made her to form and control the entire nursing establishment for all sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Levant. While we write, this deliberate, sensitive, and highly-endowed young lady

describing how the arrival of the party there caused so much enthusiasm, that the sturdy fisherwomen seized their bags and carried them to the hotel, refusing to accept the slightest gratuity ; how the landlord of the hotel gave them dinner, and told them to order what they liked, adding that they would not be allowed to pay for anything ; and how waiters and chambermaids were equally firm in refusing any acknowledgment for their attentions. Lady Verney, in a letter to a friend, acutely noted a yet more remarkable thing, " the railroad would not be paid for her boxes."

At Marseilles the expedition excited lively interest, and its Chief was overwhelmed with attentions :—

" Where she was seen or heard," wrote the proud uncle, " there was nothing but admiration from high and low. Her calm dignity influenced everybody. I am sure the nurses quite love her already. Some cried when she exhorted them at the last, and all promised well. Blessings on her ! She makes everybody who joins with her feel the good and like it (instead of disposing them against it, as some well-meaning oppositious spirits do)."

And again in another letter :—

Words cannot tell Mrs. Bracebridge's devotion to Flo, nor Flo's to the cause. Neither sat down but for a hurried meal. Shopkeepers, visitors, nurses, servants, every single instant. Flo never crossed the threshold. There she was, receiving in her little bedroom (not at bedtime) the Inspector-General, the Consul and Agent, a Queen's Messenger, *Times* Correspondent, and two or three shopkeepers with the same serenity as if in a drawing-room quite *désœuvrée*. Her influence on all (to captain and steward of boat) was wonderful. The rough hospital nurses, on the third day after breakfasting and dining with us each day, and receiving all her attentions, were quite humanized and civilized, their very manners at table softened. " We never had so much care taken of our comforts before ; it is not people's way with *us* ; we had no notion Miss N. would slave herself so for us." She looked so calm and noble in it all, whether waiting on the nurses at dinner in the station (because no one else would), or carrying parcels, or receiving functionaries. The Bracebridges are fuller than ever of admiration of her, as I am. She looked better and handsomer than even the day she sailed. I went back with the literary public of Marseilles, all full of admiration. It was very doleful sitting in Flo's deserted room.

Cavendish Square (No. 4), which became the headquarters of a charitable bureau.

"I am well nigh writ out," wrote Lady Verney to Madame Mohl (Nov. 6), "170 letters to answer in the last fortnight, and very difficult ones, some of them. I should like you to hear a batch of the offers of all kinds we receive, some so pretty, some so queer. Old linen is abating, I am happy to say; even knitted socks are slacker; but nurses, rabble and respectable, ladies, and *very much* the reverse, continue to rain. It is tremendous; however, having reached No. 276, we are going to shut the door. Mary Stanley and I sit daily at the receipt of custom, and funny things do we see and hear! Human nature is a wondrous work, whether of God Almighty I sometimes begin to doubt."

It is worth noting, in view of an unfortunate dispute that presently arose, that both Lady Verney and Miss Stanley distinctly understood that additional nurses would only be sent "if Flo asks." All applicants were so informed; but so keen was the desire to serve, that "many ladies," so Lady Verney wrote, "are undergoing hospital training on chance."

III

Miss Nightingale, meanwhile, was at sea on her way to Constantinople, revolving many things in her mind. She had been called to a mission upon which issues very near to her heart depended. If it succeeded, then, as Mr. Herbert had written to her, not only would an enormous amount of good be done now to the sick and wounded, but "a prejudice would have been broken through, and a precedent established, which would multiply the good to all time." And so, as we all know, it was destined to be. But at the time the fate of the experiment was doubtful. It was Mr. Herbert's conviction that no one except Florence Nightingale could make it succeed, but it was by no means certain that even she could do so. She took in her hands the reputation of the Minister who trusted her, and her own; and not her reputation only, but the hopes, the aspirations, the ambitions which had ruled her life.

She determined to succeed, and she counted the difficulties which would confront her. Writing two years later

is already at her post, rendering the holiest of women's charities to the sick, the dying, and the convalescent. There is a heroism in dashing up the heights of Alma in defiance of death and all mortal opposition, and let all praise and honour be, as they are, bestowed upon it; but there is a quiet forecasting heroism and largeness of heart in this lady's resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation, and her devoted application of them, which rank as high and are at least as pure. A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at, or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric, or at best misplaced; but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who at this moment stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.

The discovery by the public that the head of the Nursing Expedition was not "Mrs." Nightingale, a matron, but a young lady, "graceful, rich, and popular," added to the enthusiasm which her devotion called forth. Her services were rendered gratuitously; her necessary expenses were to be defrayed by the Government, and officialdom opined that no voluntary contributions, either in money or in kind, were needed. Happily for the comfort of our soldiers in the East, private individuals took a different view, and—in addition to the *Times* Fund—donations were sent to Miss Nightingale personally, both by her friends and by the general public. An account rendered after her return¹ from the East shows that from the general public she received nearly £7000 in money. This fund, added to the help which she obtained from the *Times*, and supplemented by expenditure out of her private purse, enabled Miss Nightingale greatly to extend the scope of her work. The statement that she was rich requires some qualification. Her father was rich, but the personal allowance which he had made to her, when she declared her independence in 1853, was £500 a year, and it remained at this figure for several years. During her mission to the East she devoted the whole of it to her work.

Gifts in kind and offers of personal service also poured in. Now that Miss Nightingale was at sea, the task of dealing with such matters was undertaken by her sister and a friend. The Nightingale family had taken a house for the time in

¹ The *Statement* (see Bibliography A, No. 5).

ridiculous." He is so pleased with his quip about the female court-martial that he returns to it in another letter. He is tickled, too, by a saying of the mess-room, that "Miss Nightingale has shaved her head to keep out vermin." One can almost hear the honest Colonel's guffaw as he wonders whether "she will wear a wig or a helmet?" Women, he supposes, imagine that "war can be made without wounds"; they will be teaching us how to fight next; and as for their ideas of nursing, why some of the ladies actually took to "scrubbing floors"! It amused him, but angered him no less. He has to admit that he believes "the Nightingale" has been of some use; but he bitterly resents her "capture" of orderlies for mere purposes of nursing, and when he is asked, "When will she go home?" answers with Christopher Sly, "Would it were done." "However," he writes, "—— (presumably Sidney Herbert) is gone; and I hope there is not to be found another Minister who will allow these absurdities." Miss Nightingale read Sir Anthony's book when it came out in 1895, and made some severe *marginalia* upon it; remarking upon his "absolute ignorance of sanitary things," noting the "misprints as a fair index to the whole," and finally dismissing the book as "one long string of Seniority complaints." But I protest that she need not have been so angry. And, indeed, perhaps she was not so angry as she seemed, for her caustic pen was not always a true index of her mind. For my part I take my hat off to Sir Anthony Absolute. His honest, old-fashioned outbursts let in a flood of light upon one side of the difficulties which were to confront Miss Nightingale upon landing at Scutari.

She pondered much also upon the possibilities of friction with the medical officers; and here, too, our Colonel has some light to give us. "The Chief Medical Officer out here," he wrote, "ought to have been intrusted with Nightingale powers." The Service in all its branches stuck together, it will be seen, and no blame to it for that! But if a fighting colonel smarted under what he deemed a slight upon an army medical officer, how much more might the Medical Service itself be expected to resent any encroachment upon its appointed province! How keenly it did resent such

and giving account of her stewardship, she paid her tribute of thanks to those "among the officials, medical as well as military, to whose benevolence, ability, and unselfish devotion to duty she was indebted for facilities, without which, in a position such as hers, new to the service, and exposed to much criticism and difficulty, she would have been utterly unable to perform the work entrusted to her."¹ She saw from the start that she would be exposed, in the very nature of the case, to some medical jealousy and much military prejudice.

The idea of employing female nurses at Scutari had been mooted before the army left for the East, but was abandoned, as the Duke of Newcastle explained, because "it was not liked by the military authorities."² Of the military prejudice against the intrusion of women, even for the gentle office of nursing, into the rough work of war, some entertaining illustrations are happily on record. Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, afterwards Sir Anthony Sterling, K.C.B., was on active service during the Crimean campaign, first as brigade-major, and afterwards as assistant adjutant-general to the Highland division. He was an elder brother of Carlyle's John Sterling, and himself possessed of some literary skill. "A solid, substantial man," Carlyle calls him; he was also a man who loved to stand by the ancient ways. He wrote a series of lively letters during the campaign, and in his will directed that they should be published. Nowhere, so clearly as in Sterling's *Highland Brigade in the Crimea*, have I found contemporary evidence of the prejudices against which the experiment of Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale had to contend. During Miss Nightingale's visit to Balaclava in 1855, some dispute arose among the nurses. "Miss —— has added herself," wrote Colonel Sterling, "to the hospital of the 42nd; and will not acknowledge the voice of the Nightingale, who has written an official letter to Lord Raglan on the subject. I suppose he will order a court-martial composed of nurses, who will administer queer justice." Our Colonel is something of a wag. He cannot help laughing at "the Nightingale," because, as he explains, he has such "a keen sense of the

¹ *Statement*, pp. 3-4.

² *Roebuck Committee*, Q. 14625.

put it) mistress of a barrack, it was because she found herself in the midst of conditions which the constituted authorities at home had not foreseen, and before which those on the spot stood powerless. Miss Nightingale was happily possessed of an original mind and a resolute will. She saw evils which cried out for remedies; and new occasions taught new duties.

encroachment may be gathered from the *Life and Letters of Sir John Hall, M.D.*, by Mr. Mitra, whose book supplies us with the same kind of illustration in regard to the army doctors that we may gather from Colonel Sterling's in regard to the soldiers. Sir John, like Sir Anthony, thought the whole thing "very droll." He was stationed in the Crimea, and we shall hear something of the strained relations between him and Miss Nightingale, when we follow her thither. But at Scutari also, there were some few medical officers who retained even to the last a ridiculous jealousy of any "meddling" by Miss Nightingale and her staff.¹ She foresaw this danger, and made up her mind to avert it by every means in her power.

And there was a third danger which she foresaw also. Not only had she to overcome military prejudice and to avert medical jealousy, but she had also to prevent religious disputation. This last task was beyond her powers, as it has ever proved beyond those of men, women, and angels; for by this cause even the angels fell. No work, however beneficent, has ever yet been found beyond the capacity of the *odium theologicum* to mar and embitter. Miss Nightingale's mission did not escape the common lot, as we shall hear; but she was keenly sensible of the danger.

Miss Nightingale pondered over all these things as the ship sped on its way to the Golden Horn; and the more she pondered, the more she was driven to decide upon a course of action, very different from what many people supposed that she would adopt, but entirely consonant with the bent of her own mind. She saw quite clearly that, if she was to avoid the rocks ahead of her, what was needed was not so much genial, impulsive kindness, reckless of rules and defiant of constituted authority, but rather strict method, stern discipline, and rigid subordination. The criticisms to which she exposed herself in the superintendence of her nurses were based, not upon laxity, but upon her alleged severity.² As for her own conduct, she supposed that her work, when she landed, would be that of the matron of a hospital. If, as it turned out, she became rather (as she

¹ *Pincoffs*, p. 79.

² See on this point the references given below, p. 210 n.

You will want to know about our crew. One has turned out ill, others will do.

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

The Hospital, to which Miss Nightingale refers, was to be the chief scene of her labours for the next six months, and a few particulars about it and other hospitals, in which the nursing was under her superintendence, must be given in order to make future proceedings intelligible. The principal hospitals of the British army during the Crimean War—four in number—were at Scutari (or in its immediate neighbourhood), the suburb of mournful beauty which looks across to Constantinople from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

The first hospital to be established was in the Turkish Military Hospital. This was made over to the British in May 1854, and was called by them *The General Hospital*. Having been originally designed for a hospital, and being given up to the English partially fitted, it was, wrote Miss Nightingale, "reduced to good order early, by the unwearied efforts of the first-class Staff Surgeon in introducing a good working system. It was then maintained in excellent condition till the close of the war."¹ It had accommodation for 1000 patients, but the Battle of the Alma showed that much larger accommodation would be wanted.

North of the General Hospital, and near to the famous Turkish cemetery of Scutari, are the Selimiyeh Barracks—a great yellow building with square towers at each angle. This building was made over to the British for use as a hospital after the Battle of the Alma, and by them was always called *The Barrack Hospital*. This is the hospital in which Miss Nightingale and her band of female nurses were first established, and in which she herself had her headquarters throughout her stay at Scutari. It is built on rising ground, in a beautiful situation, looking over the Sea of Marmora on one side, towards the Princes' Islands on

¹ *Statement*, p. 13 n.

CHAPTER III

THE HOSPITALS AT SCUTARI

Dearth of creative brain-power showed itself in our Levantine hospitals, for there industrious functionaries worked hard at their accustomed tasks, and doggedly omitted to innovate at times when not to be innovating was surrendering, as it were, at discretion to want and misery. But happily, after a while, and in gentle, almost humble, disguise, which put foes of change off their guard, there acceded to the state a new power.—
KINGLAKE.

MISS NIGHTINGALE reported the arrival of her expedition at Constantinople in a short note to her parents :—

CONSTANTINOPLE, *November 4*, on board *Vectis*.—DEAREST PEOPLE—Anchored off the Seraglio point, waiting for our fate whether we can disembark direct into the Hospital, which, with our heterogeneous mass, we should prefer.

At six o'clock yesterday morn I staggered on deck to look at the plains of Troy, the tomb of Achilles, the mouths of the Scamander, the little harbour of Tenedos, between which and the mainshore our *Vectis*, with steward's cabins and galley torn away, blustering, creaking, shrieking, storming, rushed on her way. It was in a dense mist that the ghosts of the Trojans answered my cordial hail, through which the old Gods, nevertheless, peered down from the hill of Ida upon their old plain. My enthusiasm for the heroes though was undiminished by wind and wave.

We made the castles of Europe and Asia (Dardanelles) by eleven, but also reached Constantinople this morn in a thick and heavy rain, through which the Sophia, Sulieman, the Seven Towers, the walls, and the Golden Horn looked like a bad daguerrotype washed out.

We have not yet heard what the Embassy or Military Hospital have done for us, nor received our orders.

Bad news from Balaclava. You will hear the awful wreck of our poor cavalry, 400 wounded, arriving *at this moment* for us to nurse. We have just built another hospital at the Dardanelles.

The maximum number of patients accommodated at any one time (Dec. 23, 1854) in the Barrack Hospital was 2434. It was half-an-hour's walk from the General Hospital, and an invalided soldier records that he used to accompany Miss Nightingale from one hospital to another in order to light her home on wet stormy nights, across the barren common which lay between them.

Farther south of the General Hospital, in the quarter of Haidar Pasha, was what was known as *The Palace Hospital*, consisting of various buildings belonging to the Sultan's Summer Palace. These were occupied as a hospital in January 1855. Miss Nightingale had no responsibility here; but in the summer of 1855, the female nursing of sick officers, quartered in one of these buildings, was placed under the superintendence of Mrs. Willoughby Moore, the widow of an officer who had died a noble death in the war, and four female nurses, sent out specially from England.

Finally, there were hospitals at *Koulali*, four or five miles farther north, upon the same Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. These hospitals were opened in December 1854. The nursing in them was originally under Miss Nightingale's supervision, but she was presently relieved of it (p. 193 *n.*). The hospitals were broken up in November 1855, when, of the female nursing establishment, a portion went home, and the rest passed under Miss Nightingale into the hospitals at Scutari.

There were also five hospitals in the Crimea, but particulars of these may be deferred till the time comes for following Miss Nightingale upon her expeditions to the front. For the nursing in the Civil Military Hospitals (*i.e.* hospitals controlled by a civilian medical staff) at Renkioi (on the Dardanelles) and at Smyrna, and for the Naval Hospital at Therapia, Miss Nightingale had no responsibility, though there is voluminous correspondence among her papers showing that she was constantly consulted upon the site and arrangements of these hospitals. The medical superintendent of the hospital at Renkioi was Dr. E. A. Parkes, with whom Miss Nightingale formed a friendship which endured to the end of his life.

another, and towards Constantinople and up the Bosphorus on a third. "I have not been out of the Hospital Walls yet," wrote Miss Nightingale ten days after her arrival, "but the most beautiful view in all the world, I believe, lies outside." Her quarters were in the north-west tower, on the left of the Main Guard (or principal entrance). There was a large kitchen or storeroom, of which we shall hear more presently, and out of it on either side various other rooms opened. Mr. Bracebridge and the courier slept in one small room; Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge in another. The nurses slept in other rooms. The whole space occupied by Miss Nightingale and her nurses was about equal to that allotted to three medical officers and their servants, or to that occupied by the Commandant. "This was done," she explained, "in order to make no pressure for room on an already overcrowded hospital. It could not have been done with justice to the women's health, had not Miss Nightingale later taken a house in Scutari at private expense, to which every nurse attacked with fever was removed."¹ The quarters were as uncomfortable as they were cramped. "Occasionally," wrote Miss Nightingale, "our roof is torn off, or the windows are blown in, and we are under water for the night." The Hospital was infested also with rodents and vermin; and, among other new accomplishments acquired under the stress of new occasions, Miss Nightingale became an expert rat-killer. This skill was afterwards called into use at Balaclava. In the spring of 1856, one of the nuns whom she had taken with her to the Crimea—Sister Mary Martha—had a dangerous attack of fever. Miss Nightingale nursed the case; and one night, while watching by the sick-bed, she saw a large rat upon the rafters over the Sister's head; she succeeded in knocking it down and killing it, without disturbing the patient.² The condition of physical discomfort in which, surrounded by terrible scenes of suffering, she had to do her work, should be remembered in taking the measure of her fortitude and devotion.³

¹ *Notes* (Bibliography A, No. 8), sec. iii. p. xxxiii.

² *Grant*, p. 174.

³ For a lively description of like discomforts endured by her staff, see *Eastern Hospitals*, vol. i. pp. 91-94.

be placed in the condition of "former wars," instead of perceiving that he "should be treated with that degree of decency and humanity which the improved feeling of the nineteenth century demands." But the principal reason for the conflict of testimony was that the very facts of protest and inquiry put all the officials concerned upon the defensive. Any suggestion of default or defect was resented as a personal imputation. There is a curious illustration in the letter which the Head of the Army Medical Department wrote to his Principal Medical Officer in view of the Roebuck Committee. "I beg you to supply me, and that immediately"—with what? with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? No—"with every kind of information which you may deem likely to enable me to establish a character for it [the Department], which the public appear desirous to prove that it does not possess."¹ But though there was much conflict of evidence, the final verdict was decisive. What Greville wrote in his Journal—"the accounts published in the *Times* turn out to be true"—was established by official inquiry and admitted by Ministers. In consequence of the indictment in the *Times*, a Commission of Inquiry was dispatched to the East by the Secretary of State. The Commission arrived at Constantinople simultaneously with Miss Nightingale, and four months later it reported to the Duke of Newcastle.² I need not trouble the reader here with many particulars of its Report; for they were adopted and confirmed by a Select Committee of the House of Commons a few months later (the famous "Roebuck Committee"), which pronounced succinct sentence that "the state of the hospitals was disgraceful." The ships which brought the sick and wounded from the Crimea were painfully ill-equipped. The voyage from Balacava to Scutari usually took eight days and a half. During the first four months of the war, there died on a voyage, no longer than from Tynemouth to London, 74 out of every 1000 embarked. The landing arrangements added to the men's sufferings. To an unpractised eye the buildings used as

¹ *Notes*, sec. i. p. xxii.

² This Commission is referred to on later pages as "The Duke of Newcastle's."

II

The state of the hospitals when Miss Nightingale arrived requires some description, which, however, need not be long. The treatment of the sick and wounded during the Crimean War was the subject of Departmental Inquiries, Select Committees, and Royal Commissions, which, when they had finished sitting upon the hospitals, began sitting upon each other. Enormous piles of Blue-books were accumulated, and in the course of my work I have disturbed much dust upon them. The conduct of every department and every individual concerned was the subject of charge, answer, and countercharge innumerable. Each generation deserves, no doubt, the records of mal-administration which it gets; but one generation need not be punished by having to examine in detail the records of another. Some of the details of the Crimean muddle will indeed necessarily be disinterred in the course of our story; but all that need here be collected from the heaps aforesaid are three general conclusions.

The reader must remember, in the first place, that, apart from controverted particulars, it was made abundantly manifest that there was gross neglect in the service of the sick and wounded. The conflict of testimony is readily intelligible. It was easy to give an account based upon the facts of one hospital or of one time which was not applicable to another. At Scutari, for instance, the General Hospital was from the first better ordered than the Barrack Hospital. Then, again, different witnesses had different standards of what was "good" in War Hospitals; to some, anything was good if it was no worse than the standard of the Peninsular War. Of Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division in the Crimea, it was said: "As he was thrown into a cart on some straw when shot through the legs in Spain, he thinks the same conveyances admirable now, and hates ambulances as the invention of the Evil One."¹ Miss Nightingale had much indignant sarcasm for those who seemed content that the soldier in hospital should

¹ J. B. Atkins, *Life of Sir W. H. Russell*, vol. i. p. 143.

from dysentery, may be imagined, and it is no wonder that cholera and typhus were rife. In February 1855 the mortality per cent of the cases treated was forty-two. No words are necessary to emphasize so terrible a figure.

Mr. Herbert had not waited for the reports of Commission and Committee to reach the conclusion that things were wrong :—

“ I have for some time,” he wrote on December 14, 1854, to the Commandant at Scutari, “ been very anxious and very much dissatisfied as to the state of the hospital. I believe that every effort has been made by the medical men, and I hear that you have been indefatigable in the conduct of the immediate business of your department. But there has been evidently a want of co-operation between departments, and a fear of responsibility or timidity, arising from an entire misconception of the wishes of the Government. No expense has been spared at home, and immense stores are sent out, but they are not forthcoming. Some are at Varna, and for some inexplicable reason they are not brought down to Scutari. When stores are in the hospital, they are not issued without forms so cumbrous as to make the issue unavailing through delay. The Purveyor’s staff is said to be insufficient. The Commissariat staff is said to be insufficient, your own staff is said to be insufficient,” etc.

By admission, then, and by official sentence, there were things amiss at Scutari which urgently called for amendment. This is the first general conclusion which has to be remembered in relation to Miss Nightingale’s work.

To what individuals the disgrace of “ a disgraceful state of things ” attached, it is happily no concern of ours here to inquire. But as I have called Mr. Sidney Herbert as a witness to the fact of the disgrace, I must add my conviction that his own part in the business was wholly beneficent. Some research among the documents entitles me, perhaps, to express entire agreement with Mr. Kinglake’s remark upon “ what might have been if the Government, instead of appointing a Commission of *enquiry* on the 23rd of October, had then delegated Mr. Sidney Herbert to go out for a month to the Bosphorus, and there *dictate* immediate action.” At home, Mr. Herbert was a good man struggling in the toils. The fact is that, though there were some individuals palpably to blame, the real fault was everybody’s or nobody’s. It

hospitals at Scutari were imposing and convenient; and this fact accounts for some of the rose-coloured descriptions by which persons in high places were for a time misled. Even the Principal Medical Officer on the spot was naïvely content with whitewash as a preparation to fit the Barrack for use as a hospital. In fact, however, the buildings were pest-houses. Underneath the great structures "were sewers of the worst possible construction, loaded with filth, mere cesspools, in fact, through which the wind blew sewer air up the pipes of numerous open privies into the corridors and wards where the sick were lying."¹ There was also frightful overcrowding. For many months the space for each patient was one-fourth of what it ought to have been. And there was no proper ventilation. "It is impossible," Miss Nightingale told the Royal Commission of 1857, "to describe the state of the atmosphere of the Barrack Hospital at night. I have been well acquainted with the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with it." Lastly, hospital comforts, and even many hospital necessaries, were deficient.² The supply of bedsteads was inadequate. The commonest utensils, for decency as well as for comfort, were lacking. The sheets, said Miss Nightingale, "were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men begged to be left in their blankets. It was indeed impossible to put men in such a state of emaciation into those sheets. There was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and only empty beer or wine bottles for candlesticks." Necessary surgical and medical appliances were often either wanting or not forthcoming. There was no machinery, until Miss Nightingale came, for providing any hospital delicacies. The result of this state of things upon patients arriving after a painful voyage in an extreme state of weakness and emaciation, from wounds, from frost-bite,

¹ *Notes*, sec. iii. pp. iii., ix.

² If any reader desires to be sickened, I recommend to him the Report on the Hospitals by the Sanitary Commissioners of 1855. And if any one desires to find painful details under some of these heads detailed above, without recourse to Blue-books, he may be referred to the report in Hansard of the speech made by Mr. Augustus Stafford (an eye-witness of what he described) in the House of Commons, Jan. 29, 1855.

Miss Nightingale supplied. The popular voice thought of her only or mainly as the gentle nurse. That, too, she was; and to her self-devotion in applying a woman's insight to a new sphere, a portion of her fame must ever be ascribed. But when men who knew all the facts spoke of her "commanding genius,"¹ it was rather of her work as an administrator that they were thinking. "They could scarcely realize without personally seeing it," Mr. Stafford told the House of Commons, "the heartfelt gratitude of the soldiers, or the amount of misery which had been relieved" by Miss Nightingale and her nurses; and, he added, "it was impossible to do justice, not only to the kindness of heart, but to the clever judgment, the ready intelligence, and the experience displayed by the distinguished lady to whom this difficult mission had been entrusted." These were the qualities which enabled her to reform, or to be the inspirer and instigator of reforms in, the British system of military hospitals. She began her work, where it lay immediately to her hand, in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari. She did the work in three ways. She applied an expert's touch and a woman's insight to a hospital hitherto managed exclusively by men. She boldly assumed responsibility, and did things herself which she could find no one else ready to do. And, thirdly, she was instant and persistent in suggestion, exhortation, reproaches, addressed to the authorities at home. It will not be possible to keep these three branches of our subject entirely distinct; but in the main they will form the topics successively of the next three chapters.

¹ Dean Stanley, *Memorials of Edward and Catherine Stanley*, 2nd ed., p. 335. So, too, Mr. Sidney Herbert, in his speech at Willis's Rooms on Nov. 29, 1855, referred to her as "a woman of genius."

was the fault of a vicious system, or rather the vice was that there was no system at all, no co-ordination, but only division of responsibility. The remarks of Mr. Herbert, just quoted, point to the evil, and on every page of the Blue-books it is written large. There were at least eight authorities, working independently of each other, whose co-operation was yet necessary to get anything well done. There was the Secretary of State; there was the War Office (under the Secretary-at-War); there were the Horse Guards, the Ordnance, the Victualling Office, the Transport Office, the Army Medical Department, and the Treasury. The Director-General of the Medical Department in London told the Roebuck Committee that he was under five distinct masters—the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State, the Secretary-at-War, the Master-General of Ordnance, and the Board of Ordnance. The Secretary of State said that he had issued no instructions as to the hospitals; he had left that to the Medical Board. But the Medical Director-General said that it would have been impertinent for him to take the first step.¹ If I were writing the history of the Crimean War, or of the Government Offices, other fundamental reasons for the disgraceful state of things in the hospitals—notably the miscalculated plan of military campaign—would have to be taken into account; but I am writing only the life of Miss Nightingale, and all that under this head the reader need be asked to bear in mind is this: That the root of the evils which had to be dealt with was division of responsibility, and reluctance to assume it.

The third conclusion of the official inquiries, which I want to emphasize, is contained in a passage in the Roebuck Committee's Report, which prefaced a reference to Miss Nightingale's mission: "Your Committee in conclusion cannot but remark that the first real improvements in the lamentable condition of the hospitals at Scutari are to be attributed to private suggestions, private exertions, and private benevolence."

So, then, we see that there were disgraceful evils at Scutari needing amendment, and that in order to amend them what was needed was bold initiative. This it was that

¹ *Roebuck Committee, Fifth Report, pp. 17, 19.*

for the good of his men, with the deepest feeling, as well as with the high courtesy and true manliness of his character. No tinge of petty jealousy against those entrusted with any commission, public or private, connected with the Army under his command, ever alloyed his generous benevolence." ¹

The behaviour of some (but not all) of the military officers, and of the men who caught their manners from the officers, was at first different. There was sometimes ill-disguised jealousy, and consequent sulkiness. Outwardly, there was politeness; but difficulties were put into the way of "the Bird," as some of them called her behind her back, and she was left to shift for herself, when a little help might have eased the burden. "It is the Bird's duty," they would say. Miss Nightingale, however, kept perfect command of her temper. "She was always calm and self-possessed," says one of the Roman Catholic Sisters; "she was a perfect lady through everything—never overbearing. I never heard her raise her voice."

Upon most of the medical men on the spot she made a good impression at once, because she proved herself to be efficient and helpful. She applied the expert's touch. But there were doctors and doctors. Some welcomed her and her staff, and made as much use of them as possible. Others resented their presence, and threw obstacles in their way. There was one ward in which the junior medical officers had been advised by their superior to have as little to do with Miss Nightingale as possible. She showed exemplary patience under this kind of opposition, and gradually won her way into the confidence of most of the doctors.² "Miss Nightingale told us," says one of her staff, "only to attend to patients in the wards of those surgeons who wished for our services, and she charged us never to do anything for the patients without the leave of the doctors."³ "The number of nurses admitted into each division of a hospital depended," Miss Nightingale herself explained, "upon the medical officer of that division, who sometimes accepted them, sometimes refused them, sometimes accepted them after they had been refused; while the duties they were permitted

¹ *Statement to Subscribers*, p. vii.

² See *Pincoffs*, p. 79.

³ *Eastern Hospitals*, vol. i. p. 71.

CHAPTER IV

THE EXPERT'S TOUCH

Write that, when pride of human skill
Fell prostrate with the weight of care,
And men pray'd out for some strong will,
Some reason 'mid the wild despair,—
The loving heart of Woman rose
To guide the hand and clear the eye,
Gave hope amid the sternest woes,
And saved what man had left to die.

R. M. M. : "A Monument for Scutari,"
Times, Sept. 10, 1855.

MISS NIGHTINGALE arrived at Scutari, as we have seen, on November 4, and was immediately in the midst of heavy work in nursing. The Battle of Balaclava was fought on October 25; and on the day after her arrival, the Battle of Inkerman.

"Miss N. is decidedly well received," reported Mr. Bracebridge to Mr. Herbert (Nov. 8). A few days later, the Commander of the Forces, in a letter dated "Before Sevastopol, Nov. 13th, 1854," bade her a hearty welcome, tendering to her a "grateful acknowledgment for thus charitably devoting yourself to those who have suffered in the service of their country, regardless of the painful scenes you may have to witness." With some of the military officers she had difficulties; from the Commander she received nothing but courtesy, sympathy, and support.

"Miss Nightingale cannot but here recall," she wrote after the war, "with deep gratitude and respect, the letters of support and encouragement which she received from the late Lord Raglan, who invariably acknowledged all that was attempted,

on our side of the Hospital who were arriving from the dreadful affair of the 5th November from Balaklava, in which battle were 1763 wounded and 442 killed, besides 96 officers wounded and 38 killed. I always expected to end my Days as Hospital Matron, but I never expected to be Barrack Mistress. We had but half an hour's notice before they began landing the wounded. Between one and 9 o'clock we had the mattresses stuffed, sewn up, laid down—alas! only upon matting on the floor—the men washed and put to bed, and all their wounds dressed. I wish I had time. I would write you a letter dear to a surgeon's heart. I am as good as a *Medical Times*! But oh! you Gentlemen of England who sit at Home in all the well-earned satisfaction of your successful cases, can have little Idea from reading the newspapers of the Horror and Misery (in a Military Hospital) of operating upon these dying, exhausted men. A London Hospital is a Garden of Flowers to it.

We have had such a Sea in the Bosphorus, and the Turks, the very men for whom we are fighting, carry in our Wounded so cruelly, that they arrive in a state of Agony. One amputated Stump died 2 hours after we received him, one compound Fracture just as we were getting him into Bed—in all, twenty-four cases died on the day of landing. The Dysentery Cases have died at the rate of one in two. Then the day of operations which follows. . . .

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

We have our Quarters in one Tower of the Barrack, and all this fresh influx has been laid down between us and the Main Guard, in two Corridors, with a line of Beds down each side, just room for one person to pass between, and four wards. Yet in the midst of this appalling Horror (we are steeped up to our necks in blood) there is good, and I can truly say, like St. Peter, "It is good for us to be here"—though I doubt whether if St. Peter had been here, he would have said so. As I went my night-rounds among the newly wounded that first night, there was not one murmur, not one groan, the strictest discipline—the most absolute silence and quiet prevailed—only the steps of the Sentry—and I heard one man say, "I was dreaming of my friends at Home," and another said, "I was thinking of them." These

to perform varied according to the will of each individual medical officer." ¹ That this ill-defined state of things called constantly for tact and diplomacy on the part of the Lady Superintendent, and often for severe self-restraint, will readily be perceived.

On the first arrival of Miss Nightingale and her staff, the wounded were pouring in fast, and the nurses were told off to the worst surgical cases :—

"Comfort yourselves," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to her parents (Nov. 20), "that what the good Flo has done and is doing is priceless, and is felt to be so by the medical men—the cleanliness of the wounds, which were horribly dirty, the general order and arrangement. There has not been half the jealousy I expected from them towards her."

"As to Miss Nightingale and her companions," wrote Mr. Osborne to Mr. Herbert (Nov. 15), "nothing can be said too strong in their praise; she works them wonderfully, and they are so useful that I have no hesitation in saying some 20 more of the same sort would be a very great blessing to the establishment. Her nerve is equal to her good sense; she, with one of the nurses and myself, gave efficient aid at an amputation of the thigh yesterday. She was just as cool as if she had had to do it herself." ²

A letter from Miss Nightingale herself to her friend of Harley Street, Dr. Bowman, the ophthalmic surgeon, gives a lively account of some of her difficulties, and a vivid picture of the horrors amid which her work was done (Nov. 14) :—

"I came out, Ma'am, prepared to submit to everything, to be put upon in every way. But there are some things, Ma'am, one can't submit to. There is the Caps, Ma'am, that suits one face, and some that suits another. And if I'd known, Ma'am, about the Caps, great as was my desire to come out to nurse at Scutari, I wouldn't have come, Ma'am."—*Speech of Mrs. Lawfield.*—Time must be at a discount with the man who can adjust the balance of such an important question as the above, and I for one have none: as you will easily suppose when I tell you that on Thursday last we had 1715 sick and wounded in this Hospital (among whom 120 Cholera Patients), and 650 severely wounded in the other Building called the General Hospital, of which we also have charge, when a message came to me to prepare for 510 wounded

¹ Notes, p. 152.

² Stanmore, vol. i. p. 349.

wrote Mr. Nightingale to a friend (Dec. 12), " 'Miss Nightingale is an admirable person ; none of us can sufficiently admire her. A perfect lady, she wins and rules every one, the most rugged official melts before her gentle voice, and all seem glad to do her bidding.' "

Florence Nightingale had that " excellent thing in woman " : Lady Lovelace, in the poem already quoted, spoke of her friend's " soft, silvery voice " ; but it could command, as well as charm, unless indeed it were the charm that commanded. " She scolds sergeants and orderlies all day long," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to her parents (Nov. 20) ; " you would be astonished to see how fierce she is grown." That was written, of course, in fun ; but there was always a note of calm authority in her voice. A Crimean veteran recalled her passing his bed with some doctors, who were saying, " It can't be done," and her replying quietly, " It *must* be done." " I seem to hear her saying it," writes one who knew her well ; " there seemed to be no appeal from her quiet conclusive manner."

With regard to the nurses, Miss Nightingale, as may be gathered from the letter to Dr. Bowman, found them rather a difficult team to drive, and this fact should be remembered in considering an episode presently to be related (II.). She had to send one nurse back to England at once, filling the vacancy by a German Sister from the Kaiserswerth colony at Constantinople. Of the six nurses supplied by St. John's House, " four, alas ! returned shortly from Scutari, not being prepared to accept the discipline and privations of the life out there." ¹ We need not be too impatient with Mrs. Lawfield (who turned out an excellent nurse) for her objection to the cap. The uniform, devised on the spur of the moment, seems to have been very much less becoming than that of the " Staff Nurse, New Style," with her " gown of silver gray, bright steel chain, and chignon's elegant array." ² The Nightingale nurses in the East wore " grey tweed wrappers, worsted jackets, with caps and short woollen cloaks, and a frightful scarf of brown holland, embroidered

¹ *St. John's House : a Record*, p. 8.

² W. E. Henley, *In Hospital*.

poor fellows bear pain and mutilation with an unshrinking heroism which is really superhuman, and die, or are cut up without a complaint.

The wounded are now lying up to our very door, and we are landing 540 more from the *Andes*. I take rank in the Army as Brigadier General, because 40 British females, whom I have with me, are more difficult to manage than 4000 men. Let no lady come out here who is not used to fatigue and privation. . . . Every ten minutes an Orderly runs, and we have to go and cram lint into the wound till a Surgeon can be sent for, and stop the Bleeding as well as we can. In all our corridor, I think we have not an average of three Limbs per man. And there are two Ships more "loading" at the Crimea with wounded—(this is our Phraseology). Then come the operations, and a melancholy, not an encouraging List is this. They are all performed in the wards—no time to move them; one poor fellow exhausted with hæmorrhage, has his leg amputated as a last hope, and dies ten minutes after the Surgeon has left him. Almost before the breath has left his body it is sewn up in its blanket, and carried away and buried the same day. We have no room for Corpses in the Wards. The Surgeons pass on to the next, an excision of the shoulder-joint, beautifully performed and going on well. Ball lodged just in the head of the joint and fracture starred all round. The next poor fellow has two Stumps for arms, and the next has lost an arm and a leg. As for the Balls they go in where they like and come out where they like and do as much harm as they can in passing. That is the only rule they have. . . .

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

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

The Senior Chaplain had the sense, among other things, to appreciate Miss Nightingale. "The Chaplain says,"

have in some instances complained of being subject to hardships and to rules for which they were not previously prepared, and of having to do work differing from what they expected, it has been thought desirable to state distinctly the regulations relative to the outfit, clothing, duties, and position of nurses in military hospitals." The nurses, it is then set forth, "are required to appear at all times in the regulation dress with the badge, and never to wear flowers in their bonnet-caps, or ribbons, other than such as are provided for them, or are sanctioned by the superintendent." Another rule defines the precise quantities of spirituous liquor which a nurse will be allowed; a third states that "no nurse will be allowed to walk out except with the housekeeper, or with a party of at least three nurses together, and never without leave previously obtained." The whole code shows the necessity which Miss Nightingale had found for enforcing strict discipline.¹ And even with these new regulations to back her, she still found discipline hard to enforce. Her official letters to the War Office complain of unsuitable recruits being sent out to her, and of the greater number of them as being "wholly undisciplined."

II

In December 1854 Miss Nightingale was astonished to receive an announcement that a party of forty-seven more nurses, under the care of her friend, Miss Mary Stanley, were on their way to join her. She remonstrated, and threatened to resign:—

"You have sacrificed the cause so near my heart," she wrote to Mr. Sidney Herbert (Dec. 15); "you have sacrificed me, a matter of small importance now; you have sacrificed your own written word to a popular cry. You must feel that I ought to resign, where conditions are imposed upon me which render the object for which I am employed unattainable, and I only remain at my post till I have provided in some measure for these poor wanderers."

¹ The manuscript of this document is preserved among the archives of the War Office. The text of these, "the earliest rules defining the position and duties of a female nurse in any military hospital," has been printed elsewhere (Bibliography B, No. 52).

in red with the words, 'Scutari Hospital.'"¹ Such is the description of the costume worn by the seculars which is given by one of the Roman Catholic Sisters, not without some pity as she thought of her own religious habit. But the short cloak should not be so contemptuously dismissed. "The red uniform cape worn by the ladies of the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service is modelled on that originally introduced by Florence Nightingale for the nurses whom she took with her to Scutari. This cape may therefore be regarded as a memorial to the great founder of military nursing."² As for the "frightful scarf" some such distinctive badge was a very necessary precaution amid the rough-and-tumble of a military depot and its camp-followers. A raw new-comer was seen to approach one of the nurses in the street. "You leave her alone," said his mate, "don't you see she's one of Miss Nightingale's women?" Their cloth was respected throughout the camps; but Miss Nightingale had to dismiss two or three for levity of conduct. On arriving at Scutari, she had placed ten in the General Hospital and twenty-eight in the Barrack Hospital, and in neither did she find it easy to maintain discipline. From time to time she transferred nurses, sending the best to other hospitals, keeping the less trustworthy under her own eye; and sending some home, who were unwilling to stay or found incompetent, as other recruits arrived. Of the thirty-eight in the first party, she considered that not more than sixteen were really efficient, whilst five or six were in a class of excellence by themselves.

The difficulties—including the great Dress Question—which Miss Nightingale had with her staff, appear clearly enough in the "Rules and Regulations for the Nurses attached to the Military Hospitals in the East," which Miss Nightingale presently sent home to Mr. Herbert, who had them printed, and handed to every candidate for appointment as nurse. "As it has been stated," says the preamble, "that the nurses who have gone to the hospitals in the East,

¹ *Memories of the Crimea*, by Sister Mary Aloysius, p. 17. The "frightful scarf" was a plain band worn, I suppose, over one arm and under the other.

² *Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps* (Bibliography B, No. 52), p. 393.

the horrors they would have to witness, which would try the firmest nerves. Were all accepted who offer, I fear we should have not only many inefficient nurses, but many hysterical patients themselves requiring treatment instead of assisting others. . . .

No additional nurses will be sent out to Miss Nightingale until she shall have written home from Scutari and reported how far her labours have been successful, and what number and description of persons, if any, she requires in addition. . . . No one can be sent out until we hear from Miss Nightingale that they are required.

Miss Nightingale had not written home in that sense at all, but Mr. Herbert had sent the nurses. That was what she meant when she said that he had "sacrificed his own written word." "Had I had the enormous folly," she wrote to Mr. Herbert (Dec. 15), "at the end of eleven days' experience, to require more women, would it not seem that you, as a statesman, should have said, 'Wait till you can see your way better.' But I made no such request." She was an expert, and did not wish to be inundated with amateurs. Moreover, everybody at Scutari knew, as she wrote, the terms of Mr. Herbert's letter to the newspapers, and the medical men knew that she had not asked for any more nurses. Yet here was a new party sent out; and, to make the encroachment on her domain the more marked, Miss Stanley had received instructions to, and reported herself to, not the Superintendent of the Nurses, but other officials. Miss Nightingale felt that her authority had been flouted, her position undermined. But personal considerations were not the cause of her vexation. It was not a case of "pique," as some people in England imagined. Mr. Herbert and she were engaged in making a new experiment. It was full of difficulties, and the only chance of success lay in the maintenance of undivided responsibility and clearly established authority. Miss Nightingale could not quietly have accepted the new situation without sacrificing the key of the position. Had she acquiesced, she would have admitted that Mr. Herbert might henceforth send out nurses without consulting her, and without placing them expressly under her orders. She would have left herself at the mercy of any well-meaning person in England who thought that this or that might be

Mr. Herbert replied, as his biographer states, in terms of courtesy and kindness, and without any trace of the bitterness which Miss Nightingale's vehemence might have evoked in a smaller-minded man. There is a letter to Mrs. Bracebridge (Dec. 27) in which Mrs. Herbert says: "I am heart-broken about the nurses, but I do assure you, if you send them all home without a trial, you will lose some really valuable women." The Minister had authorized Miss Nightingale, if on full consideration she thought fit, to return Miss Stanley's party to England at his own private expense. Her good sense soon showed her that such a course would be, as she wrote, "a moral impossibility"; and in the end she made the best she could of what she considered a bad job—to the great advantage, as it was to turn out, of the wounded soldiers, though at a great increase to her own responsibilities and difficulties.

Much has been made in some quarters¹ of this episode, and it may be well here to explain Miss Nightingale's position clearly; for the affair throws strong light upon the difficulties of her task. It is essential to know, in the first place, that Mr. Herbert had distinctly stated that the selection of nurses was to be exclusively in Miss Nightingale's hands. This is implied in his official instructions (p. 156), and was stated with the utmost emphasis in a letter "to a correspondent," which he had caused to be inserted in the newspapers of October 24. Already the cry had been raised that more nurses should be sent, and volunteers were clamouring for enlistment. Mr. Herbert thereupon wrote:—

WAR OFFICE, *October 21* [1854]. . . . The duties of a hospital nurse, if they are properly performed, require great skill as well as strength and courage, especially where the cases are surgical cases and the majority of them are from gunshot wounds. Persons who have no experience or skill in such matters would be of no use whatever; and in moments of great pressure, such as must of necessity at intervals occur in a military hospital, any person who is not of use is an impediment. Many ladies, whose generous enthusiasm prompts them to offer their services as nurses, are little aware of the hardships they would have to encounter, and

¹ Especially by Lord Stanmore in his *Memoir of Sidney Herbert*. He handles it, I think, with some needless asperity, and he might have mentioned Mr. Herbert's letter which is here quoted.

And there was a further objection. A considerable number of the second party were Roman Catholics, and Miss Stanley herself (as Miss Nightingale well knew) was on the verge of joining the Roman Communion. How much this factor in the case added to the force of Miss Nightingale's objections, we shall learn in a later chapter. Mr. Herbert thought, I suppose, that the additional nurses would be welcome to her because they came under the escort of a friend. But so strongly did Miss Nightingale feel on the subject, that Miss Stanley's part in the affair rankled the more. It was in the house of her friends, she felt, that she had been wounded. Their personal relations were further embittered by the case of a nurse whom Miss Nightingale (with the concurrence of the other authorities) felt obliged to dismiss, but whom Miss Stanley believed to be ill-used. Miss Nightingale's friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert was in no way impaired. They had confessed themselves in the wrong; and so she was deeply touched, as she wrote, by their kindness and generosity. But between her and Miss Stanley the breach was never healed. Their later lives took different directions, and they did not meet again.

Miss Nightingale's resentment was perfectly justified. Her remonstrances to Mr. Herbert were necessary. His well-intentioned action was calculated to undermine her authority, and to aggravate her difficulties; and, in both of these ways, to imperil the success of their joint experiment. Her handling of the crisis which had burst upon her was, perhaps, in relation to the subordinates unfortunate. Miss Stanley was accompanied by Dr. Meyer, a medical man, and Mr. Jocelyne Percy, who had gone out (as Mrs. Herbert wrote to Mrs. Bracebridge) devoted to Miss Nightingale, "saying he would be her footman, etc."¹ "We picked out," added Mrs. Herbert plaintively, "the two men in England who, we thought, would help Flo most," and they returned sad and sore at their cold reception. Miss Nightingale, acting on advice she received on the spot, asked them to sign notes of their conversation with her;² this rankled

¹ See below, p. 241.

² It was Mr. Bracebridge who took the notes of the interview.

helpful to her. Her judgment would no longer have been the governing factor ; while yet for any confusion or failure that might follow, she would be held responsible. Mr. Herbert thought, no doubt, that already the experiment had been a great success, as indeed it was, and he was eager to increase the scale of it. He might not unreasonably think that, as the number of the wounded increased, so should the number of female nurses be increased also. Mr. Osborne's remark, cited above (p. 183), must have confirmed him in such an opinion. But to Miss Nightingale on the spot the case wore a very different aspect. We must remember the severe mental strain of her position ; the high pressure of work and emotion at which she was living, all the higher to one of her intensely sensitive conscientiousness ; the continual failure (to her critical mind) of attempts to reform cruel abuses ; the danger of real, acknowledged failure always present. In such a position, the arrival of a fresh batch of nurses, unexpected and unsolicited, must have seemed to her the break-up of all her plans, the destruction of the standard of nursing which she was painfully creating, the gravest peril to an experiment, still on its trial, and ever subject to hostile criticism.

Immediate and practical difficulties were also great. There was no accommodation in the hospitals at Scutari available for additional female nurses. "The 46," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to Mr. Smith (Dec. 18), "have fallen on us like a cloud of locusts. Where to house them, feed them, place them, is difficult ; how to care for them, not to be imagined." The Principal Medical Officer flatly refused to have any more, and Miss Nightingale herself felt that she could not manage any more :—

"I have toiled my way," she wrote (Dec. 15), "into the confidence of the Medical Men. I have, by incessant vigilance, day and night, introduced something like system into the disorderly operations of these women. And the plan may be said to have succeeded in some measure, *as it stands*. . . . But to have women scampering about the wards of a Military Hospital all day long, which they would do, did an increased number relax the discipline and increase their leisure, would be as improper as absurd."

ago. We remember that a staff of nearly 800 female nurses was maintained for service in the South African War, and may be tempted to smile at the question between 20 and 40, or 40 and 90 for the Crimea. But it was Miss Nightingale who showed the way, and the way of the pioneer is rough. No one who reads this volume will suspect her of timidity, or think her wanting in self-confidence; yet so conscious was she of the difficulties that in this instance she under-rated her power, and was anxious to keep the experiment within much narrower limits than it assumed. Her original idea had been to limit the number of female nurses to 20, but at various dates after Miss Stanley's arrival she sent home for more nurses, and, before the war was over, she had had control of 125.

III

Miss Nightingale's reluctance to assume the superintendence of additional nurses will be the more readily understood when we pass to the multifarious duties which circumstances led her to discharge.

"Having understood," she wrote to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (Nov. 7), "that Your Excellency has the power of drawing upon Government for the uses of the sick and wounded, I beg to state that there is at present a great deficiency of linen among the men in the Hospitals until the Government Stores can arrive and be appropriated to them. A hundred pairs of sheets and 200 shirts might be applied to such a temporary purpose, and would never be *de trop*. Also a few American stoves, upon which we might prepare delicate food for the worst cases, who require to be fed every two or three hours, which is of course impossible for the Medical Officers and Orderlies to attend to; many deaths are necessarily the consequence."

This suggestion to the Ambassador, made on the third day after Miss Nightingale's arrival, serves to introduce two main directions in which she applied a woman's insight to the condition of things at Scutari. Efficient nursing requires, she well knew, cleanliness and delicately cooked food. She set herself with characteristic energy to supply these necessities. She found "not a basin, nor a towel, nor a bit of soap, nor a broom," and instantly requisitioned 300

with them, and Mr. Percy made a grievance of it in England. Mrs. Herbert, in reporting all this to Mrs. Bracebridge (Jan. 7, 1855), made the final reflection: "Perhaps it is wholesome for us to be reminded that Flo is *still a mortal*, which we were beginning to doubt." Mortals have to deal with entanglements as best they may on the spur of the moment; and those at a distance hardly made enough allowance for the difficulties with which Miss Nightingale was suddenly confronted, for the danger which Mr. Herbert's dispatch of unsolicited reinforcements involved, and, therefore, for the importance which she attached to having all the conditions defined in black and white.

Her practical genius and good sense speedily triumphed, however, over the difficulties of the case. In agreement with the medical authorities, the number of female nurses at Scutari was raised to 50, and Miss Nightingale weeded out some of her original staff in favour of new-comers. Others of them were sent to the hospitals at Balaclava (p. 254); and others to those at Koulali (p. 174). Miss Stanley, whose intention it had been to return to England as soon as she had deposited her party, remained for several months in charge at the latter place, not administering the nursing service altogether according to Miss Nightingale's ideas,¹ but rendering aid to the afflicted of which her brother, the Dean, has left us so charming and sympathetic a memorial.²

In the end, then, the scope of Miss Nightingale's experiment was considerably enlarged; and the deeper significance of the episode is to be found in the emphasis which it throws upon the novelty and difficulties of Miss Nightingale's enterprise. In these days, nurses, trained and distinctively attired, are so much part of everyday life, women-nurses serving under the Red Cross are so normal a feature of war, and Territorial nurses, smartly uniformed, are so familiar a unit of auxiliary forces, that some effort of imagination is required to realize the conditions which existed sixty years

¹ Miss Nightingale made some criticisms in an official letter to the War Office, May 1, 1855; printed at pp. 389, 390 of the pamphlet No. 52 in Bibliography B. And in another letter (March 5) she begged Lord Panmure to relieve her of responsibility for the hospitals at Koulali.

² In an appendix to the second edition (1880) of his *Memorials of Edward and Catherine Stanley*.

of course, both wards and corridors) ; it took three or four hours to serve the ordinary dinners, and there were no facilities whatever for preparing delicacies between times. Within ten days of her arrival, Miss Nightingale had remedied this defect. She opened two "extra diet kitchens" in different parts of the building, and had three supplementary boilers fixed on one of the staircases for the preparation of arrowroot and the like. As explained more fully below (p. 201), nothing was supplied except in accordance with medical directions ; and she met the doctors' requisitions out of her private stores only when the government stores failed. "It is obvious," she explained, "that Miss Nightingale would have shielded herself from heavy responsibility by adhering, and by obtaining the adherence of the medical officers, to the strict precedents of Military Hospital Regulations, according to which the materials for the Extra Diets would have been sent in to her by the purveyor without requisition, in the same manner as is practised in the case of the ordinary diets ; but she felt that in doing so she would most frequently be defeating the object she was sent to carry out, for in the majority of cases the purveyor had either no supply, or a supply of a very indifferent quality of the articles required."¹ It is safe to say that many lives were saved by the application by Miss Nightingale of the good housewife's care to the kitchen of the hospitals. The woman's eye was not above distinguishing between bone and gristle and meat in the men's dinner, and she wanted to have the meat issued from the stores boned, so that one patient should not get all bone, another all gristle, and another all meat. But on this point she was beaten. The Inspector-General informed her that it would require a new "Regulation of the Service" to "bone the meat"!! The notes of exclamation are hers.² In the culinary department an invaluable volunteer arrived in 1855 in the person of Alexis Soyer, once famous as the *chef* of the Reform Club, and still alive as M. Mirobolant in Thackeray's *Pendennis*. M. Soyer rearranged and partly superseded Miss Nightingale's kitchens at Scutari. We shall meet with him and his good work again when we accompany her to the Crimea.

¹ *Statement*, p. 26 n.

² Letter to Mr. Herbert, Feb. 5, 1855.

scrubbing brushes. "The first improvements took place," said Mr. Macdonald, "after Miss Nightingale's arrival—greater cleanliness and greater order. I recollect one of the first things she asked me to supply was 200 hard scrubbers and sacking for washing the floors, for which no means existed at that time."¹ Miss Nightingale had foreseen that washing would be one of the first things necessary. During the voyage out, as the ship was approaching Constantinople, one of the party went up to her and said earnestly, "Oh, Miss Nightingale, when we land, don't let there be any red-tape delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows!" "The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub," was the reply. Until Miss Nightingale arrived, the number of shirts washed during a month was six.² Up to the date of her arrival, the Purveyor-General had contracted for the washing of the hospital bedding, and of the linen of the patients. Simultaneously, however, with the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman, it was found that the contractor had broken down in the latter part of his contract. And even with regard to the former part, the bedding was washed, Miss Nightingale discovered, in cold water. She insisted upon hot; the more since it was found, as the Duke of Newcastle's commissioners reported, that many of the articles sent back from the wash as clean, had to be destroyed as being in fact verminous. Miss Nightingale accordingly took a Turkish house, had boilers supplied in it by the Engineer's Office, employed soldiers' wives to do the washing, and thus gave the sick and wounded the comfort of clean linen. All this was paid for partly out of her private funds and partly by the *Times* fund.

Yet more important, perhaps, to the comfort and recovery of the sick, were Miss Nightingale's "Extra Diet Kitchens." When she came to the Barrack Hospital she found that all the cooking was done in thirteen large coppers, situated at one end of the vast building. The patients' beds extended over a space of from three to four miles (including,

¹ *Roebuck Committee, Q. 6140.*

² This fact, reported by the Roebuck Committee, barbed one of Mr. Kinglake's sarcasms against the males (vi. 427 n.). It also greatly impressed John Bright. See Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *Life of him*, 1913, p. 242.

who had left children at home. "Many things turn up," wrote Lady Verney to a friend, "for us to do for Florence; as in looking after the children of her nurses." And Mrs. Nightingale wrote similarly (April 1855):—

Flo has been writing incessantly lately about her nurses' families, for whom the best seem getting very anxious, and she scarcely mentions anything else. We have seen and heard much in visiting them which is a great pleasure to us.

Before the Roebuck Committee, Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Department in London, was asked, "What do you think was the result of Miss Nightingale's mission?" "I daresay," he answered, apparently with some reluctance, "it was very advantageous"; and then, pulling himself together like a man and seeking to be just, he added: "There is no doubt about it; because females are able to discover many deficiencies that a man would not think of, and they will look at things that a man will have no idea of looking to." A very true statement; and perhaps as much as could reasonably be expected from an official on the defensive. But I think we shall find in the next chapter that some of the things which Miss Nightingale saw and did were not unworthy of the more comprehensive sweep claimed by Dr. Smith for the male faculty of vision.

Miss Nightingale was not long at Scutari without being touched by the pitiable condition of the women camp-followers, separated often from their regiments, and in a very forlorn state. Miss Nightingale deputed the care of them in large measure to Mrs. Bracebridge, who, with her husband, collected and administered a separate fund for giving assistance to the wives, women, and children of soldiers at Scutari. A Lying-in Hospital was organized; and Miss Nightingale found employment for many of the women, both in washing as aforesaid, and in making up old linen into various hospital requisites. Here, too, helpful volunteers presently arrived. The Rev. Dr. and Lady Alicia Blackwood were moved after the Battle of Inkerman to go out to Scutari and see if they could be of use. Dr. Blackwood asked and obtained an appointment as a military chaplain; and, on their arrival, Lady Alicia went straight to Miss Nightingale and asked what she could do to help:—

“The reply she gave me,” wrote Lady Alicia, “or rather the question she put me in reply, after a few seconds of silence, with a peculiar expression of countenance, made an indelible impression. ‘Do you mean what you say?’ ‘Yes, certainly; why do you ask me?’ ‘Because I have had several such applications before, and when I have suggested work, I found it could not be done, or some excuse was made; it was not exactly the sort of thing intended, it required special suitability, &c.’ ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘I am in earnest; we came out here with no other wish than to help where we could.’ ‘Very well, then, you really can help me if you will. In this Barrack are now located some two hundred poor women in the most abject misery. A great number have been sent down from Varna; they are in rags, and covered with vermin. My heart bleeds for them; but my work is with the soldiers, not with their wives. Now, will you undertake to look after them? If you will take them as your charge, I will send an orderly who will show you their haunts.’”¹

Lady Alicia went, and with her husband was of great assistance. Miss Nightingale was mindful also of the families of her nurses. Some of them were wives and widows

¹ *Narrative of a Residence on the Bosphorus*, p. 49. Any reader who wishes to be harrowed should read the following pages in Lady Alicia's Journal. She died in July 1913 in her 95th year.

Scutari "stated that he wanted nothing in the shape of stores or medical comforts at a time when his patients were destitute of the commonest necessaries. Assistance which had been discouraged as superfluous was eventually found essential for the lives of the patients." ¹

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

The caravanserai was the large kitchen aforesaid (p. 173). "From this room," wrote one of the lady volunteers, "were distributed quantities of arrowroot, sago, rice puddings, jelly, beef-tea, and lemonade upon requisitions made by the surgeons. This caused great comings to and fro; numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns or a lady received them, and saw they were signed and countersigned before serving. We used, among ourselves, to call this kitchen the tower of Babel. In the middle of the day everything and everybody seemed to be there: boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts, and old linen and flannels, tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books, and of all kinds of rubbish, besides the diets which were being dispensed; then the people, ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French and Italian servants, officers and others waiting to see Miss Nightingale; all passing to and fro, all intent upon their own business, and all speaking their own language." ²

There was also in "The Sisters' Tower," as this part of the Barrack Hospital came to be called, a small sitting-room; and in it "were held those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily-varying exigencies of the hospital. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff. This, too, was the office from

¹ *Roebuck Committee, Fifth Report*, pp. 20, 21.

² *Eastern Hospitals*, vol. i. p. 68.

CHAPTER V

THE ADMINISTRATOR

I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Nightingale has exhibited greater power of organization, a greater familiarity with details, while at the same time taking a comprehensive view of the general bearing of the subject, than has marked the conduct of any one connected with the hospitals during the present war.—SIDNEY HERBERT (speech at Willis's Rooms, Nov. 29, 1855).

OSTENSIBLY, and by the strict letter of her original instructions, Miss Nightingale was only Superintendent of the Female Nursing establishment. In fact, and by force of circumstances, she became a Purveyor to the Hospitals, a Clothier to the British Army, and in many emergencies a *Dea ex machina*.

She became, first, Purveyor-Auxiliary to the hospitals at Scutari. My statements under this head might seem to be the inventions of a satirist if I did not disclaim credit for such ingenuity by adding that they are in every case extracted from official sources. Of the ignorance existing in high places of the true state of things at Scutari, the best illustration is the answer which the British Ambassador gave when he was asked by the Commissioner of the *Times* Fund what things were most needed in the hospitals. "Nothing is needed," said Lord Stratford, and the only suggestion he could make to the *Times* was that it should devote its fund to building an English Church at Pera. Miss Nightingale thought that the service of God included the service of man, and Mr. Macdonald, the *Times* Commissioner, agreed with her. Between them, they established not a church, but a store. The Ambassador of course formed his conclusions from what he was told; and the Principal Medical Officer at

shown by the Duke of Newcastle's Commission that she never issued anything from her stores, nor did she allow any one else to do so, except upon the demand of the medical officers, and after inquiry of the Purveyor if he could supply them. I find among Miss Nightingale's papers a few of the original requisitions from medical officers. Here is one of them :—

PALACE HOSPITAL, 18th January 1855. MADAM—I have the honor to forward a requisition for 50 shirts and 50 warm flannels. The Purveyor has none. Knowing the extensive demand, I have limited my request to meet the urgent requirements of the most serious cases in my charge. I have the honor to be, Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD MENZIES, Staff Surgeon in Charge.

The list, said the commissioners drily, " must not be regarded as conclusive proof that the articles mentioned in it were invariably wanting in the [Government] stores." Goods, they explained, " have been refused, although they were, to our personal knowledge, lying in abundance in the store of the Purveyor." Why refused? Because the Purveyor took it upon himself to override the requisition of the medical officers? Not at all. " This was done because they had not been examined by the Board of Survey. On one occasion, in the month of December last [1854], we found that this was the case with respect to Hospital rugs, and it is probable that this has not been the only instance of such an occurrence." Miss Nightingale's letters to Mr. Herbert show that it was a frequent occurrence. For instance, in February 1855, she received a requisition from the medical officers at Balaclava for shirts. She knew that 27,000 shirts had at her instance been sent by Government from home, and they were already landed. But the Purveyor would not let them be used; " he could not unpack them without a Board." Three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts. The sick and wounded, lying shivering for want of rugs and shirts, would have expressed themselves forcibly, I fear, if it had been explained that they must shiver still until the Board of Survey's good time had arrived.

Miss Nightingale's impatience at such delays was the origin, doubtless, of a story which had wide currency at

which were sent those many letters to the Government, to friends and supporters at home, telling of the sufferings of the sick and wounded." ¹ In the Report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commission, as also in Miss Nightingale's *Statement to Subscribers*, the full list of articles supplied by her may be found, tabulated with a precision and amplitude of detail characteristic of her. It included the miscellaneous utensils, etc., enumerated above, and also various articles of food required for the "extra diets" mentioned in the preceding chapter. The supplies were furnished partly by the *Times* Fund, partly out of moneys sent to her by benevolent persons, and partly out of the private purse of herself and her immediate friends. Much of the expenditure was ultimately refunded to her by the Government. The sick and wounded soldiers at Scutari would, I fear, have felt ill requited for the lack of linen, sheets, utensils, and extra diet by hearing that a beautiful new church was being built at Pera.

But, it may be asked, were the things which Miss Nightingale procured and issued really wanted? May they not have been her fads? and was not hers perhaps a work of supererogation, for could not the official Purveyor have supplied them? Such statements were widely made at the time, and one can readily understand the reason. By drawing upon her own stores, Miss Nightingale not only furnished the soldiery with the things they were needing, but "administered to the defaulting administrators a telling, though silent, rebuke; and it would seem that under this discipline the groove-going men winced in agony, for they uttered touching complaints, declaring that the Lady-in-Chief did not choose to give them time (it was always time the males wanted), and that the moment a want declared itself, she made haste to supply it herself." ² But such complaints were entirely unfounded; for it was

¹ *Scutari and its Hospitals*, by S. G. O., p. 24.

² Kinglake, p. 430. He cites an example of the complaints in a private letter from Sir John Burgoyne to Lord Raglan (March 27, 1855). The complaint of the "groove-going men" has been revived in our own day by Lord Stanmore, who complains of Miss Nightingale (*Memoir of Sidney Herbert*, vol. i. p. 381) that she got things (which the Purveyor had failed to get) instead of informing him where they could be got. She acted on what is a golden rule in cases of emergency. When she wanted a thing done without delay, she did it herself.

had the forethought, as already related, to lay in at Marseilles on her way out a large supply of articles which she deemed likely to be useful; and at Scutari Mr. Macdonald of the *Times* was untiring and resourceful. In the course of time, as funds continued to pour in, and the Government purveying became more efficient, Miss Nightingale was able on emergency to supply, not only the British, but their allies. In the spring of 1856, when the scourge of typhus committed sad ravages among the French, and the *amour propre* of the *Intendance* prevented the acceptance of the humane offer of medical comforts as a loan from the British Government, Miss Nightingale paved the way in overcoming this scruple by sending, as a present to the French Sisters and Medical Officers, large quantities of wine, arrow-root, and meat-essence. The Sardinian Sisters of Mercy also experienced much kindness at her hands when the destruction of a supply-ship by fire had left them without many things needed by their patients. She sent supplies also to the Prussian Civil Hospital, where many Britishers were treated; for this good office she received a letter of thanks from the king of Prussia (Sept. 1856). To her quarters at Scutari, the Turks, too, often resorted for medicine and advice. In her, says an eye-witness, the sickly and needy of all nations found an active friend.¹ "She embraced in her solicitude," said a French historian of the Crimean War, "the sick of three armies."²

Miss Nightingale's initiative was further useful in extracting needed articles which were contained in the Government store, but yet had not been forthcoming, either because nobody else had asked for them, or because somebody had not been lucky enough to hit upon the right moment for asking. The system in force was most ingeniously contrived to bring about such a state of things. Articles were only supplied to the hospitals by the Purveyor on the requisition of a medical officer. The medical officers were overburdened with work, and perhaps omitted to send in a

¹ *Pincoffs*, pp. 82-83; and see *Hall*, p. 378.

² *La Guerre de Crimée*, by M. L. Baudens, p. 104. Miss Nightingale paid a tribute to the "wise and enlightened sanitary views" of M. Baudens. See her *Subsidiary Notes*, p. 133 n.

the time that on one occasion she ordered a Government consignment to be opened forcibly, while the officials wrung their hands at the thought of what the Board of Survey might presently say. The story was mentioned in the Roebuck Committee; and, though it was not confirmed, I think that Miss Nightingale was quite capable of the dreadful deed. Certainly she often insisted on obtaining first-hand evidence for herself, instead of trusting to the report of others; for in one of her letters to Mr. Herbert (Dec. 21, 1854), I find this passage: "This morning I foraged in the Purveyor's Store—a cruise I make almost daily, as the only way of getting things. No mops, no plates, no wooden trays (the engineer is having these made), no slippers, no shoe-brushes, no blacking, no knives and forks, no spoons, no scissors (for cutting the men's hair, which is literally alive), no basins, no towelling, no chloride of zinc." Then she enumerates the things which Mr. Herbert should send from London, adding, "The other articles mentioned above as not now in store can be had at Constantinople" or Marseilles; whence, I imagine, she proceeded to get them. Shopping at Scutari was not an afternoon's easy amusement:—

"English people," she wrote to Mr. Herbert (Dec. 10), "look upon Scutari as a place with inns and hackney-coaches, and houses to let furnished. It required yesterday, to land 25 casks of sugar, four oxen and two men for six hours, plus two passes, two requisitions, Mr. Bracebridge's two interferences, and one apology from a quarter-master for seizing the *araba*, received with a smile and a kind word, because he did his duty; for every *araba* is required on Military store or Commissariat duty. There are no pack-horses and no asses, except those used by the peasantry to attend the market $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles off. An *araba* consists of loose poles and planks, extended between two axle-trees, placed on four small wheels, and drawn by a yoke of weak oxen. . . . Four days in the week we cannot communicate with Constantinople, except by the other harbour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles off, to which the road is almost impassable."

But, somehow or other, Miss Nightingale was able to supply from her stores in hand, or to obtain from Constantinople or Smyrna or elsewhere, many things which the Purveyor-General could not, or would not, obtain. She

III

Miss Nightingale assumed responsibility on one occasion as a builder, and this was at the time the usurpation which was most condemned in some quarters and the most commended in others. Some wards in the Barrack Hospital were in so dilapidated a condition as to be unfit for the reception of patients. The Commander-in-Chief had warned the hospital authorities that additional sick and wounded might shortly be upon their hands. The uninhabited wards might by prompt expenditure be made capable of accommodating 800 cases. The expenditure, however, would be considerable, and no one seemed willing to incur it without superior authority. Miss Nightingale stepped into the breach. With the concurrence of Dr. McGrigor, a senior medical officer of the hospital, she represented the urgency of the case to Lady Stratford de Redcliffe. The Ambassador had been empowered, as we have seen, to incur expenditure; and his wife, as she had given Miss Nightingale to understand, was the authorized intermediary between the Ambassador and the authorities of the hospitals. Lady Stratford saw the urgent necessity of the work, and Mr. Gordon, the chief of the engineering staff, was instructed to put it immediately in hand. The workmen, 125 in number, presently struck, whereupon Miss Nightingale, on her own authority, succeeded in engaging 200 other workmen, and the work was rapidly completed. Lord Stratford subsequently disclaimed any responsibility,¹ and Miss Nightingale paid the bill out of her own private resources. The War Department, when the affair came to their knowledge, approved her action, and reimbursed her. This instance of "the Nightingale power" made a great impression, and she herself regarded it as the most beneficent thing she did in the East. The fame of the affair was noised abroad, and reached the British camp at Balaclava, where our unfailing friend, Colonel Sterling, heard of it with hot indignation. Miss Nightingale, he wrote, "coolly draws a cheque. Is

¹ My statements are based on a letter from Miss Nightingale to Mr. Sidney Herbert of Dec. 5, 1854.

requisition. Or they sent in a requisition, and the form was returned, marked "None in store." The articles may subsequently have been obtained or have arrived from England, but no note was kept in the Purveying Department of unfulfilled requisitions, and unless the medical officers requisitioned again, the articles were not supplied. The Commissioners found that from this cause patients were sometimes left without beds, though there were bedsteads in store at the time. Happily Miss Nightingale had laid in a good many at Marseilles.

II

There was another sphere in which Miss Nightingale came to the rescue of the sick and wounded from the blunders of official administration. She clothed them, 50,000 shirts in all having been issued from her store. The history of this private clothing department is curious. The regulations of the War Office assumed that every soldier brought with him into hospital an adequate kit, and it was no part of the Purveyor's duty to supply such a thing as a shirt. But three of the four generals of division in the Crimea had decided not to disembark the men's knapsacks. Sebastopol, it was confidently expected, would fall in a few days' time, and the men were to march light. In most cases they never saw their knapsacks again.¹ Hence the sick and wounded who arrived at Scutari immediately after the Battle of the Alma were destitute of all clothing except what was on their persons, and that was in many cases fit only for the furnace. No regulation existed whereby, if the soldier had for military reasons been deprived of his kit, the deficiency could be made good. The supply of a change of linen for the sick and wounded while in hospital, and of clean shirts to wear when invalided home or returned to the front, was perhaps a better allocation of benevolent funds than a supply of altar-cloths for a new church at Pera. At any rate Miss Nightingale thought so; and thus she and her coadjutors were in some measure the clothiers as well as the purveyors of the wounded soldiers.

¹ For a reference to this matter by Miss Nightingale, see below, p. 224.

the ultimate fault lay elsewhere. "The grand administrative evil," she said (Dec. 10), "emanates from home—in the existence of a number of departments here, each with its centrifugal and independent action, uncounteracted by any centripetal attraction, viz. a central authority capable of supervising and compelling combined effort for each object at each particular time." Mr. Herbert might write, but the officials would not act. The force of custom was too strong. Miss Nightingale showed the Purveyor a letter from the Minister. "This is the first time," he said, "I have had it in writing that I was not to spare expense. I never knew that I might not be thrown overboard." "Your name," she had told Mr. Herbert (Nov. 25), "is continually used as a bug-bear. They make a deity of cheapness, and the Secretary at War stands as synonymous here with Jupiter Tonans, whose shafts end only in a *brutum fulmen*. The cheese-paring system, which sounds unmusical in British ears, is here identified with you by the officers who carry it out. It is in vain to tell the Purveyors that they will get no *kudos* by this at home."

It should not be supposed, however, that Miss Nightingale was a spurner of rules, and a despiser of discipline, routine, and subordination. The very reverse is the case. Her whole career makes it probable, the character of her mind suggests it, and the administration of the funds placed at her disposal, with which the present chapter has mainly been concerned, proves it. If she shocked and staggered some official minds by her daring innovations, it was her strictness and insistence upon rules and regulations that was most criticized in unofficial quarters. She explained the matter very clearly in her final *Statement to Subscribers*. She had been placed by the Government in two positions of trust, each independent of the other. She had been appointed superintendent of the nursing establishment; and she further had received authority, as almoner of the "Free Gifts" (as the Royal Bounty was called), to apply them, and any other gifts derived from private sources, in the War Hospitals. In the second of these capacities, she could, if she had chosen, have administered her stores solely at her personal discretion, and have delegated a like discretion to

this the way to manage the finances of a great nation? *Vox populi*? A divine afflatus. Priestess, Miss N. Magnetic impetus drawing cash out of my pocket!" In normal times it would certainly not be the way to manage the finances of a great nation. And even in times of emergency the way which would of course have occurred to any well-regulated slave of routine was that Miss Nightingale should have spoken to some officer on the spot, that he should have represented the case to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in London, that the Director-General should have moved the Horse Guards, and the Horse Guards the Ordnance, that the Ordnance should then have approached the Treasury, and that after process of minuting and countersigning, the work should in due course have been officially ordered. But meanwhile Lord Raglan's wounded would have arrived at the hospital, and there would have been no wards ready to receive them. As it was, "the wards were ready," as Miss Nightingale reported to Mr. Herbert (Dec. 21), "to receive 500 men on the 19th from the ships *Ripon* and *Golden Fleece*. They were received in the wards by Dr. McGrigor and myself, and were generally in the last stage of exhaustion. I supplied all the utensils, including knives and forks, spoons, cans, towels, etc., clearing our quarters of these."

IV

In all these things Miss Nightingale may be warmly commended, but the officials need not be too hotly condemned. They were but doing their duty, as they had learnt it; and for the rest, it was the system, or want of system, that was at fault. Just as in London there was no co-ordination among the Departments, so at Scutari there was no unity of action, and no clear personal responsibility. "It is a current joke here," wrote Miss Nightingale from Scutari, "to offer a prize for the discovery of any one willing to take responsibility." It was never awarded, for Miss Nightingale herself was, I suppose, "barred." In writing to Mr. Herbert, she called many of the officials at Scutari by very hard names, but in other letters she admitted that

to them when any emergency, during which, at the instance of authorities, she had departed from them, had ceased. A position such as hers necessarily exposes the holder to attacks from different quarters upon opposite grounds. While previously existing authorities are disposed to complain of all novel expenditure as lavish, and tending to the relaxation of discipline by over-indulgence, others, who feel themselves checked or restrained by regulations in the distribution of comforts according to their ideas of benevolence, will naturally object to the obstruction, in their view unnecessarily, interposed to the current of public liberality. While the experience of all who have conducted the operations of any extensive charity proves that the application of the ordinary axioms of business is the only road to success, it also sufficiently shows that such application is surely attended by no small measure of unpopularity."¹

She saw the value of rules, and respected them, sometimes even when they were ridiculous. On a cold night in January 1856, she was by the bedside of a dying patient, whose feet she found to be stone cold. She requested an orderly to fetch a hot-water bottle immediately. He refused, on the ground that his instructions were to do nothing for a patient without directions from a medical officer. Miss Nightingale stood corrected, and trudged off to find a doctor and make requisition for the bottle in due form. On a night in the following month, there was an unusually cold east wind, with a heavy snowfall. The patients in the ward attended by a civilian doctor were exposed to the wind and complained bitterly of the cold, but the regulation supply of fuel had given out. As the Government store was closed, Miss Nightingale waived the rule about applying first to the Purveyor, and gave the doctor fuel from her private stores. Next day the civilian doctor requisitioned in due form for an extra supply of fuel. He was refused. He carried his case to the Inspector-General. That official pleaded that he could not depart from the regulations which allowed only a certain

¹ *Statement*, pp. 19, 26. How greatly Miss Nightingale's strict rules were resented is shown by attacks upon her administration printed by certain of Miss Stanley's nurses. The most bitter of these is to be found in the text and appendix of *The Autobiography of a Balaclava Nurse, 1857* (No. 13, Bibliography B). See also *Eastern Hospitals*, 3rd ed., pp. 44-5, 52-3.

other superintendents, sisters, or nurses appointed by her. But, except in a few special cases, which it were superfluous to enumerate, she rejected the liberty of personal discretion, and administered her funds only upon the requisition of medical officers. (She lays repeated stress on this fact, but I daresay that she herself was often the originating source of the requisitions. We have seen that in Harley Street she had learnt the art of managing overworked doctors.) Her statement of the reasons which governed her action is characteristic of her good sense. The exercise of personal discretion alone would have been the easier course ; but the objections to it were " the abrogation of ordinary rule ; the impossibility of preventing irregular issues, or at least of disproving the charge, and the unfitness of a large proportion of the women, who efficiently discharge the duty of the Nurses, to be the judges of the wants of soldiers and distribution of supplies to them ; and, farther, the abuse which some would undoubtedly make of the power. To those to whom the charge of dishonesty would not apply, religious partiality either would, or, what in matters of this kind is only less mischievous, would be believed to, apply." Next, there was the danger of patients being given other food than what the medical officers ordered. " It is needless to state to any sensible person, even without hospital experience, the manifold dangers of issuing to Nurses, whether ' Ladies, Sisters, or Nurses,' stores or facilities for procuring stores, to be distributed at their own discretion through the Wards. It is to be remembered that the employment of women in Army Hospitals is recent, that many experienced and able Surgeons are opposed to it, that, among these, some are honestly, and some are unscrupulously prone to find objections to it, and to exaggerate mischiefs arising from it ; that the Surgeon can, to a considerable extent, allow the Nurse to be useful, or force her to be comparatively useless, in his Wards ; that the War Hospitals are a bad field for investing the Nurse with powers and offices which she never exercises in Civil Hospitals. On these grounds, as strict an adherence to existing rules as was possible appeared to be the only course. . . . Miss Nightingale exacted and she rendered adherence to rules to a large extent, and she strictly reverted

them to act up to a great occasion." ¹ Miss Nightingale's initiative alone saved the situation.

I have in this chapter separated various illustrations of that initiative from others which, in the preceding chapter, were attributed to "the woman's insight." But perhaps the separation, though convenient, is imaginary, and all the cases of Miss Nightingale's administrative energy are ascribable to the same cause. Such was Mr. Kinglake's opinion; yet I have always suspected that the exceeding prominence given by him to the woman's touch in Miss Nightingale's work may in part have been caused by a desire to heighten the contrasts, and to barb with deadlier point his brilliant satire upon incompetence in official places. Let those who believe that it is possible to make a sharp delimitation between the "masculine" and the "feminine mind" settle this matter as they may. It seems to me that as there are old women of both sexes, so in both sexes there are men of business. My object in this chapter has been to show that Miss Nightingale brought to bear upon the task which confronted her at Scutari those high powers of the administrative mind, be they masculine or feminine, which, in moments of emergency, are capable of resource, initiative, decision.

¹ *Memoir of Sidney Herbert*, vol. i. pp. 357, 360. It will be noticed that he adopts some of Miss Nightingale's expressions.

quantity of wood for each stove. But, urged the civilian, exceptional cold calls for an extra allowance. Possibly, replied the Inspector-General with exemplary gravity, but "a Board must first sit" upon the question. The civilian smiled good-humouredly, and begged the great man to supply the wood first, and let the Board sit upon it when the weather was milder. The Inspector-General consented. These little incidents¹ throw a flood of light upon the difficulties through which Miss Nightingale had to thread her way. She was a firm believer in rules; but she was one of those able administrators who have the sense to know, and the courage to act upon the knowledge, that rules sometimes exist only to be broken.

And this was precisely the kind of initiative that the state of things in the hospitals at Scutari demanded. Miss Nightingale's adherence to rules may have brought unpopularity upon her from some of her subordinates or subscribers; but her departure from rules, on due cause of emergency, and her cutting of knots—perhaps even her breaking open of consignments—brought from her official superior, Mr. Sidney Herbert, nothing but commendation and support. One sees this sometimes in his letters to herself, sometimes in those which he addressed to others, and which reflect the impression made upon him by her vigour and resource. "Pray recollect," he wrote to the senior medical officer (Dec. 1, 1854), "in your demands upon us here, whether for more men, more comforts, or more necessities, that there is no question of pounds, shillings and pence in such matters, but that whatever can be got *must* be got." And to the Purveyor-General he wrote: "This is not a moment for sticking at forms, but for facilitating the rapid and easy transaction of business. There is much mischief done to the public service by the stickling for precedence and dignity between departments." Thus he wrote to many others also; but he confessed to Mr. Bracebridge that he had "small hopes of these men. I have been writing in this sense before, and in vain; but I trust there is some improvement. They are so saturated with the cheese-paring economy of forty years' peace, that there is no getting

¹ I take them from *Pincoffs*, pp. 58, 79.

in preceding chapters), were in fact the result of the exertions of many persons both at home and in the East. "I have an unbounded admiration of Miss Nightingale's qualifications," said a deputy medical inspector, "and of the manner she applies them, but I see dozens of things placed to her credit which I happen to know she had nothing to do with."¹ Such was doubtless the case. Yet though in one sense Dr. Hall was perfectly right, in another he was profoundly wrong. Neither he, however, nor any of the other medical men who shared his views, need be blamed for their misapprehension. The facts of the case can only be fully understood now that access is obtainable to the private correspondence of Miss Nightingale and other actors in the drama.

She did many things herself, but she was also the inspirer and instigator of more things which were done by others. She was able of her own initiative to institute considerable reforms; but she was a reformer on a larger scale through the influence which she exercised. Though she was in truth no magician, there were men on the spot who, not being able to understand the secret and sources of her power, seemed to find something uncanny in it. Our good friend, Colonel Sterling, who hated the intrusion of petticoats into a campaign, was very much puzzled. The thing seemed to him "ludicrous," as we have heard, but he had to admit that "Miss Nightingale queens it with absolute power"; and elsewhere he speaks of "the Nightingale power" as something mysterious and "fabulous." The secret, however, is simple. "The Nightingale power" was due to causes of which some were inherent in herself and others were adventitious. The inherent strength of her influence lay in the masterful will and practical good sense which gave her dominion over the minds of men. The adventitious sources of her power were that she had both the ear and the confidence of Ministers, and the interest and sympathy of the Court. I have called this accession of influence "adventitious," but it also accrued to her, in a secondary degree, from the inherent force of her character.

The influence of the Court in strengthening, in speeding

¹ *Roebuck Committee, Second Report, p. 723.*

CHAPTER VI

THE REFORMER

We have made Miss Nightingale's acquaintance, and are delighted and very much struck by her great gentleness and simplicity, and wonderful, clear, and comprehensive head. I wish we had her at the War Office. —QUEEN VICTORIA (Letter to the Duke of Cambridge, 1856).

"WHEN one reads such twaddling nonsense," wrote Dr. Hall in November 1855 from the Crimea to Dr. Andrew Smith in London, "as that uttered by Mr. Bracebridge, and which was so much lauded in the *Times* because the garrulous old gentleman talked about Miss Nightingale putting hospitals, containing three or four thousand patients, in order in a couple of days by means of the *Times* funds, one cannot suppress a feeling of contempt for the man who indulges in such exaggerations, and pity for the ignorant multitude who are deluded by these fairy tales."¹ The contempt and pity of the Inspector-General of the hospitals in the East were not unmixed, I think we may surmise, with a good deal of anger, which, we may also surmise, was shared by his friend, the Director-General of the Medical Department in London. Such feelings were in the course of human nature, and the exaggeration in the statements cited by Dr. Hall is palpable. Miss Nightingale was not a magician. It would be an idle fairy tale to represent that by her exertions, either in a couple of days, or a couple of months, she effected a complete transformation scene. And it would be unfair to attribute solely to Miss Nightingale the gradual improvements which, though largely due to her initiative and resource (as described

¹ *Life and Letters of Sir John Hall*, p. 403, where "Bracebridge" is misprinted "Bainbridge."

to the wounded, and the following letter was sent to her by the Keeper of the Queen's Purse :—

WINDSOR CASTLE, *December 14* [1854]. MADAM—I have received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to forward by the ship *Eagle* some packages containing some comforts and useful articles which Her Majesty wishes to be placed in your hands for distribution, as you may think fit, amongst the wounded and sick at Scutari.

Her Majesty has wished to mark by some private contribution from herself her deep personal sympathy for the sufferings of these noble soldiers, and her admiration of the patience and fortitude with which they have suffered both wounds and hardships.

The Queen has directed me to ask you to undertake the distribution and application of these articles, partly because Her Majesty wished you to be made aware that your goodness and self-devotion in giving yourself up to the soothing attendance upon these wounded and sick soldiers had been observed by the Queen with sentiments of the highest approval and admiration ; and partly because, as the articles sent did not come within the description of Medical or Government stores, usually furnished, they could not be better entrusted than to one who, by constant personal observation, would form a correct judgment where they would be most usefully employed.

The Queen sent presents of warm scarves and the like to Miss Nightingale's nurses. The position of Almoner of the Free Gifts and the confidence thus shown by the Sovereign greatly extended the prestige of Miss Nightingale, who was already known to command influence with the Government, to have the favour of the Press, and to be the darling of popular opinion. Officials might feel sore, and old fogeys might grumble, but the fact became palpable that "the Nightingale power" had to be reckoned with.

II

It was, however, behind the scenes that Miss Nightingale's activity as a reformer was most powerfully exercised. In accordance with Her Majesty's command, reports from Miss Nightingale were forwarded to the Queen, and by her were sent on to the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke, writing to the Queen on December 22, 1854, assured Her Majesty that the condition of the Hospitals at Scutari, and the entire want of

up, and sometimes in chiding Ministers, especially in military matters, was, during the reign of Victoria, very great, as all readers of memoirs of the time are aware.¹ And from an early period of Miss Nightingale's mission the Court had expressed a lively interest in it, and had intimated a wish that full consideration should be paid to her experiences and impressions. "Would you tell Mrs. Herbert," wrote the Queen to Mr. Sidney Herbert (Dec. 6, 1854), "that I beg she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as *I hear no details of the wounded*, though I see so many from officers, etc., about the battlefield, and naturally the former must interest *me* more than 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." Upon the receipt of the Queen's message, the chaplain went through the wards reading it to the men, and copies of it were also posted on the walls of the several hospitals. "The men were touched," Miss Nightingale reported to Mr. Herbert (Dec. 25). "'It is a very feeling letter,' they said. 'She thinks of us' (said with tears). 'Each man of us ought to have a copy which we will keep till our dying day.' 'To think of her thinking of us,' said another; 'I only wish I could go and fight for her again.'" The Queen's message was followed by more substantial proof of Her Majesty's interest, and here again Miss Nightingale was made the intermediary between the throne and the soldiers. Through Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Queen had ascertained from Miss Nightingale the kind of comforts which would be useful

¹ The classical passage in this sense is in the *Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers*, 1901, vol. ii. p. 104, where it is said, in relation to the Egyptian Expedition of 1882: "The Queen with her well-known solicitude for the welfare of her Army, wrote many letters at this time to Mr. Childers to satisfy herself that all precautions were being taken for the health and comfort of the troops: one day alone brought seventeen letters from Her Majesty, or her private secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby."

Nightingale. Her letters are written with complete freedom and often in great haste. It would be possible to make isolated extracts from them which would suggest that the writer was a censorious and uncharitable scold. But such a selection would convey a misleading impression. Miss Nightingale wrote unreservedly about individuals, because she saw, as Mr. Herbert himself saw also, that the *personnel* was at fault, and that the most admirable instructions from home would be useless unless there were men of some initiative and vigour to carry them out on the spot. She wrote in anger, because she saw, what Mr. Herbert soon came to know, that such men were not forthcoming. "I write all this savagery," she said (March 5, 1855), "because of the non-success of your unwearied efforts for the good of these poor Hospitals." And then something must be allowed to the caustic humour which, when Miss Nightingale had a pen in her hand, could not be denied. "I shall make no further remark about him," she writes of a certain individual, "than that he is a fossil of the pure Old Red Sandstone." "Some newspaper has said of me," she writes on another occasion, "that I am the fourth woman (query, Old Woman) that has had to do with the war. Who are the other three?" And she goes on for Mr. Herbert's amusement to nominate three of his principal subordinates for the distinction. It would argue a lack of humour to take such epistolary diversions with no grain of salt. But I do not propose to follow the example of a previous writer, who has had access to these letters, in recording Miss Nightingale's remarks on individuals. I desire rather to illustrate from the letters, and from other sources, first, the practical contributions to reform which Miss Nightingale made in some matters of detail, and then her firm grasp of the large principles of sound administration.

III

Miss Nightingale performed the duties, as we have seen, of a Purveyor to the sick and wounded portion of the British army. The duty was assumed by her only because the home authorities had been deficient in foresight, or the authorities on the spot were inefficient and hampered by official re-

all method and arrangement in everything which concerns the comfort of the army, were subjects of constant and most painful anxiety to him. "Nothing can be more just," he added, "than all your Majesty's comments upon the state of facts exhibited by these letters, and the Duke of Newcastle has repeatedly, during the last two months, written in the strongest terms respecting them—but hitherto without avail, and with little other result than a denial of charges, the truth of which must now be considered to be substantiated."¹ It remained for Ministers to do what was possible to remedy the evils.

Mr. Sidney Herbert, who (as already stated) had relieved the Duke of Newcastle of hospital matters, needed no compulsion to zeal, and Miss Nightingale's letters to him showed in what directions his zeal could most usefully be employed. The Government of Lord Aberdeen, defeated on the motion appointing the Roebuck Committee, resigned in January 1855, and Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister. The offices of Secretary *for* War and Secretary *at* War were amalgamated, and Lord Panmure became Secretary of State in place of the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Herbert became for a short time Secretary of State for the Colonies, and then resigned. But Mr. Herbert begged Miss Nightingale to continue writing to him, promising to forward her representations to the proper quarters. Lord Palmerston knew her personally, and Lord Panmure paid deference to her wishes and opinions, so that the change of Government did not weaken her position. I have before me copies of a long series of letters addressed by Miss Nightingale to Mr. Herbert between November 1854 and May 1855. He had given her private instructions that she was to act as eye and ear for him in the East. Of her letters a few were printed by Lord Stanmore in his *Memoir of Sidney Herbert*, where also a series of Mr. Herbert's letters, both to her and to various officials concerned, is given. A comparison of the one set with the other shows very clearly how much of the improvements which the Government of Lord Aberdeen and its successor were able to effect was due to the suggestions, the remonstrances, the entreaties of Miss

¹ *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, vol. iii. p. 79.

of Three—Dr. John Sutherland, Dr. Hector Gavin, and Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.E.—was sent out to the East with full executive powers. They received their instructions on February 19, 1855, and within three days they sailed. "The tone of the instructions," says Kinglake, "is peculiar, and such as to make one believe that they owed much to feminine impulsion. The diction of the orders is such that, in house-keeper's language, it may be said to have 'bustled the servants.'" The credit for the bustling at home belongs, however, to Lord Shaftesbury, who had pressed the appointment of the Commissioners upon Lord Panmure, and who was employed to draft their instructions.¹ The duties of these Sanitary Commissioners were laid down with a minuteness of detail which Miss Nightingale herself could not have excelled; and they were then told that "the utmost expedition must be used in the execution of all that is necessary at the place of your destination. It is important that you be deeply impressed with the necessity of not resting content with an order, but that you see instantly, by yourselves or your agents, to the commencement of the work and to its superintendence day by day until it is finished."² It is from the Report of the Sanitary Commissioners that I drew many of the statements about the condition of the hospitals given in an earlier chapter. They set about the work of sanitary engineering with great dispatch, and the death-rate in the hospitals fell, as the result of their reforms, with remarkable rapidity.³ "The sanitary conditions of the hospitals of Scutari," Miss Nightingale told the Royal Commission of 1857, "were inferior in point of crowding, ventilation, drainage, and cleanliness, up to the middle of March 1855, to any civil hospital, or to the poorest homes of the worst parts of the civil population of any large town that I have ever seen. After the sanitary works undertaken at that date were executed (June), I know no buildings in the world which I could compare with them in these points, the original defects of construction of course excepted." It was this Commission, as Miss Nightingale said afterwards

¹ Hodder's *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, pp. 503 seq.

² *Report of the Sanitary Commission*, March 1857.

³ For the figures, see below, pp. 254, 314.

strictions. Hence her earlier letters to Mr. Herbert were largely filled with urgent suggestions for the sending of Government stores. She begs for "hair mattresses, or even flock, as cheaper." The French hospitals were furnished throughout with hair mattresses; the British soldier was suffering terribly from bed-sores. She pleads for knives and forks: "the men have to tear their meat like wild beasts." She suggests mops, plates, dishes, towelling, disinfectants, and so forth,—obvious requirements, no doubt, but, as Mr. Herbert said, the responsible authorities seem to have shrunk sometimes from making requisitions lest they should thereby confess the inadequacy of their preparations. It was Miss Nightingale, again, who suggested the need of carpenters to do odd jobs in the vast and imperfectly equipped Turkish buildings which served for the British hospitals. She expressed herself most gratefully for an "invaluable reinforcement" of them which Mr. Herbert had sent out; but their arrival necessitated a depletion in one department of her private stores. "These men," she wrote (Feb. 19, 1855), "I had to find with knives, forks, and spoons, in default of the Purveyor, who besides would not provide them with rations unless the Officer of Engineers wrote 'urgent' and asked it 'as a favour.'"

Some building operations, Miss Nightingale, as we have seen, took it upon herself to carry out; and some sanitary reforms she was able, by her personal influence with the orderlies, to effect.¹ "The instruction of the Orderlies in their business was," she said,² "one of the main uses of us in the War Hospitals." Other sanitary engineering works, on a larger scale, were ultimately carried out, thanks in part to her urgent and detailed representations to the authorities at home. She had pointed out repeatedly to them that the mere issuing of orders was insufficient; it was essential that executive powers should be placed in the hands of officials directly responsible for immediate action. When the Government was reconstituted after the fall of Lord Aberdeen, with Lord Panmure as Secretary for War, this lesson was taken faithfully to heart, and a Commission

¹ See, on these two points, above, p. 206, and below, p. 242.

² In a letter to Colonel Lefroy, Aug. 25, 1856.

together and stowed away promiscuously for want of time and space for sorting, and were often delayed by an unnecessary trip to Balacava and back again. There were occasions in which vessels containing hospital stores, as well as munitions of war, made three voyages to and fro before the former were landed at Scutari. Sometimes when Miss Nightingale happened to hear of an incoming vessel betimes, she was able, by special petition to the military authorities, to intercept hospital stores; but she saw (what no one else seems to have done) that the whole system was at fault. "It is absolutely necessary," she wrote, "that there should be a Government Store House, in the shape of a hulk, where stores for the British, from whatever ships, could be received at once from them, and be delivered on the ship-store-keeper's receipt. There are no store-houses to be had by the water's-edge, and portorage is very expensive and slow." In March 1855 Miss Nightingale's solution was adopted.¹

As Purveyor, Miss Nightingale was directly concerned only with the sick and wounded; but the condition in which the men arrived at Scutari enabled her to learn the state of things at the front, and she urged upon Mr. Herbert the necessity of sending out warm clothing to the army in the Crimea. "The state of the troops who return here, particularly those 500 who were admitted on the 19th, is frost-bitten, demi-nude, starved, ragged. If the troops who work in the trenches are not supplied with warm clothing, Napoleon's Russian campaign will be repeated here." The terrible experiences of the British army before Sebastopol during the winter of 1854-55 were some fulfilment of her prediction. When opportunity offered she similarly sent suggestions to Lord Panmure; then, in reply to a letter of kind inquiries from him about her health (Aug. 1855), she called attention to the disproportionate number of patients which came from the Artillery, and threw out hints for economizing the men's labour.² On a matter of the soldiers' pay, she was the means of remedying a hardship which had struck her at Scutari. She pressed

¹ *Statement to Subscribers*, pp. 9-10, and letter to Sidney Herbert, January 22, 1855.

² See *Panmure*, vol. i. p. 356.

to Lord Shaftesbury, that "saved the British Army." In Dr. Sutherland, the head of the Sanitary Commission, Miss Nightingale found a warm admirer and a stout supporter. During his stay at Scutari he acted as her physician. On her return to England she was on terms of intimate friendship with him and his wife; and Dr. Sutherland was, as we shall hear, one of her close allies in the battle for reform in army hygiene. With Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Rawlinson she also formed a friendship which lasted to the end of his life. Dr. Gavin died in the Crimea during the work of the Commission.

In the matter of stores, whatever suggestions or requisitions Miss Nightingale sent home were complied with by Government. But it was one thing to send stores out, and quite another to secure that they should arrive when and where they were wanted. "Sidney," wrote Mrs. Herbert to Mrs. Bracebridge (Nov. 17, '54), "has sent heaps of arm-chairs, etnas, and other comforts, but is in terrible fear that they may have been carried on with the troops to Balaclava from some blunder." Miss Nightingale's unerring eye for detail and perception of the point saw where the evil lay. First, there was no co-ordination among the departments at home in packing the things. The *Prince* (the wreck of which in the famous hurricane of November 14 was disastrous to the welfare of the soldiers) "had on board," she wrote, "a quantity of medical comforts for us, which were so packed under shot and shell as that it was found impossible to disembark them here, and they went to Balaclava and were lost." But there was a second obstacle. The army had encamped at Scutari as early as May 1854, but it had occurred to nobody to establish either there or at Constantinople an office for the reception and delivery of goods. Packages, intended for the army or the hospitals, if they arrived in merchant vessels, were detained in the Turkish Custom House, from which they were never extracted without much delay, difficulty, and confusion; many were partially or entirely destroyed; and many abstracted and totally lost. "The Custom House," said Miss Nightingale, "was a bottomless pit, whence nothing ever issued of all that was thrown in." In the case of ships chartered by the Government, great masses of goods were necessarily landed

comprehensive views, and from time to time she sent to Mr. Herbert schemes of reorganization. In the following letter, of January 8, 1855, she exposed the extent and nature of the evil in the hospitals, and the kind of reform which was needed to remedy them :—

As the larger proportion of the army (in which we are told that there are not two thousand sound men) is coming into hospital—as there are therefore thousands of lives at stake—as, in a service where the future of the official servants is dependent upon the personal interest of one man, these cannot be expected to peril that future by getting themselves shelved as innovators.

I feel that this is no time for compliments or false shame; and that you will never hear the whole truth, troublesome as it is, except from one independent of promotion. . . .

I subjoin a rough estimate of what has been given out by me during *one month—the whole at the “requisition” of the Medical Men*—all of which I have by me (merely in order to substantiate the facts of the destitution of these hospitals).

Since the 17th December, we have received 3400 sick, and I have made no sum total as yet of what has been done for these new-comers by us—excepting for one corridor, which I enclose.

(1) Thus the Purveying is *nil*—that is the whole truth, beyond bedding, bread, meat, cold water, fuel.

Beyond the boiling *en masse* in the great coppers of the general kitchen the meat is not cooked, the water is not boiled except what is done in my subsidiary kitchens. My schedule will show what I have purveyed.

I have refused to go on purveying for the third Hospital, the Sultan's Serail¹—the demands upon me there having been begun with twelve hundred articles, including shirts, the first night of our occupying it. I refer you to a List of what was *not* in store, and to a copy of one requisition upon me sent last letter.

(2) The extraordinary circumstance of a whole army having been ordered to abandon its kits, as was done when we landed our men before Alma, has been overlooked entirely in all our system. The fact is, that I am now clothing the British Army. The sick were re-embarked at Balaclava for these Hospitals, without resuming their kits, also half-naked besides. And when discharged from here, they carry off, small blame to them, even my knives and forks—shirts, of course, and Hospital clothing also. The men who were sent to Abydos as convalescents were sent *in their Hospital dresses*, or they must have gone naked.

¹ This is the “Palace Hospital.” See above, p. 174.

earnestly upon Mr. Herbert that hospital stoppages against the daily pay of the *sick* soldier (9d.) should be made equal to the hospital stoppage against the *wounded* soldier (4½d.), provided that the sickness be incurred while on duty before the enemy. She made this representation in December 1854, not only to Mr. Herbert, but to the Queen. On February 1, 1855, she heard with great satisfaction that her suggestion had been adopted, and that the soldiers' accounts were to be rectified in that sense as from the Battle of the Alma.

IV

The Queen had asked Miss Nightingale to make suggestions as to what Her Majesty could do "to testify her sense of the courage and endurance so abundantly shown by her sick soldiers." One of the suggestions submitted was the rectification just mentioned. Another suggestion was that a Firman should be immediately asked of the Sultan granting the military cemetery at Scutari to the British, and that Her Majesty should have it enclosed by a stone wall. "There are already, alas!" wrote Miss Nightingale, "about a thousand lying in this cemetery. Nine hundred were reported last week. We have buried one hundred in the last two days only. The spot is beautiful, overlooking the Sea of Marmora, and occupies the space between the General Hospital wall and the edge of the sea-cliff." The suggestion must have gone straight to the Queen's heart, for Miss Nightingale was informed that Her Majesty had written on the subject both to Lord Clarendon, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and to the British Ambassador to the Porte. The Firman was obtained in due course, and the well-kept British enclosure attracts the attention of travellers to this day by contrast with the Oriental burial-places. It was again at Miss Nightingale's suggestion that a memorial obelisk, far seen in lonely splendour, was erected "by Queen Victoria and her people."¹

But I must not linger further over points of detail. Miss Nightingale's eye for detail did not prevent her from taking

¹ In 1865 Miss Nightingale, after an energetic correspondence with the War Office, secured payment, long before promised, to an English custode.

(5) We want discharged Non-Commissioned Officers, not past the meridian of life—not the Ambulance Corps, who all died of delirium tremens or cholera—but the class of men employed as Ward-Masters of Military Prisons, or as Barrack Sergeants, or Hospital Sergeants of the Guards who can be highly recommended.

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

The book of Hospital regulations, admirable in time of peace, contains nothing for a time of war, much less a time of war like this, unexampled for calamity.

The Hospital Sergeants are, of course, up in the Crimea with their regiments,—and we have nothing but such raw Corporals and Sergeants as can be spared, new to their work, to place in charge of the divisions and wards. And these Lord Raglan complains of our keeping. We must have Hospital Sergeants if there is to be the remotest hope of efficiency among the Orderlies here.

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

I had written a plan for the systematic organization of these Hospitals upon a principle of centralization, under which the component parts might be worked in unison. But, on reconsideration, deeming so great a change impracticable during the present heavy pressure of calamities here, I refrain from forwarding it, and substitute a sketch of a plan, by which great improvement might be made from within, without abandoning the forms under which the service is carried on. . . .

This further scheme may, however, be given more shortly from a later letter (Jan. 28):—

As the Purveying seems likely to come to an end of itself, perhaps I shall not be guilty of the murder of the Innocents if I venture to suggest what may take the place of the venerable Wreford. Cornelius Agrippa had a broom-stick which used to fetch water for his use. When the broom-stick was cut in two by the axe of an unwary student, each end of the severed broom, catching up a pitcher, began fetching water with all its might. Were the Purveyor here cut in three, we might conceive some

The consequence is that not one single Hospital dress is now left in store, and I have substituted Turkish dressing-gowns from Stamboul (three bales in the passage are marked Hospital Gowns, but have not yet been "*sat upon*"). To purvey this Hospital is like pouring water into a sieve; and will be, till regimental stores have been sent out from England enough to clothe the naked and refill the kit.

I have requisitions for *Uniform trousers*, for each and all of the articles of a kit, sent in to me.

We have not yet heard of boots being sent out; the men come into Hospital half-shod.

In a time of such calamity, unparalleled in the history, I believe, of calamity, I have a little compassion left even for the wretched Purveyor, swamped amid demands he never expected. But I have no compassion for the men who would rather see hundreds of lives lost than waive one scruple of the official conscience.

(3) The Hospital and Army Stores come out in the same vessels—and up go our stores to Balaclava, and down they never come again, or have not yet.

(4) The total inefficiency of the Hospital Orderly System as now is. The French have a permanent system of Orderlies, trained for the purpose, who do not re-enter the ranks. It is too late for us to organize this. But if the convalescents, being good Orderlies, were not sent away to the Crimea as soon as they have learnt their work—if the Commander-in-Chief would call upon the Commanding Officer of each Regiment to select ten men from each as Hospital Orderlies to form a depot here (not young soldiers, but men of good character), this would give some hope of organizing an efficient corps. Above all, that the class of Ward-Master I shall mention should be sent out from England.

We require :—

(1) An effective staff of Purveyors out from England—but beyond this,

(2) *A head*, some one with *authority* to mash up the departments into uniform and rapid action. He may as well stay at home unless he have power to modify the arrangements of departments made expressly by Sir C. Trevelyan with Mr. Wreford before he came away in May.

(3) We want Medical Officers.

(4) Three Deputy Inspectors-General (whereas we have only one). . . . It is obvious from what has been said in former letters *who*, if there are two Deputy Inspector-Generals made to these Hospitals, should be made Deputy Inspector-General of this Barrack Hospital, past and present efficiency being considered.

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

But into these details it is needless to enter to you.

(2) The second office of the Purveyor now is to furnish, *upon requisition*, the Hospital with utensils and clothing. But let the Hospital be furnished at once, as has been already described in former letters. If 2000 beds exist, let these 2000 beds have their appropriate complement of furniture and clothing, stationary and fixed. Whether these be originally provided by a Commissary or a storekeeper, let those who are competent decide. The French appear to give as much too much power to their Commissariat, who are the real chiefs of their Hospitals, while the Medical Men are only their slaves, as we give too little. But the Hospital being once furnished, and a store-keeper appointed to each division to supply wear and tear, let the Ward-Masters be responsible. Let an inventory hang on the door of each ward of what *ought* to be found there. Let the Ward-Masters give up the dirty linen every night and receive the same quantity in clean linen every morning. Let the Patient shed his Hospital clothing like a snake when he goes out of Hospital, be inspected by the Quarter-Master, and receive, if necessary, from Quarter-Master's store what is requisite for his becoming a soldier again. While the next patient succeeds to his bed and its furniture.

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

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

With the French the *chef d'administration*, the Commissary, as we should call him, is the master of the Orderlies. And the Medical Men just come in and prescribe, as London physicians do, and go away again. With us the Medical Officers are everything, and have to do everything, however heterogeneous. The French system is bad, because, though there may be twenty things down on the Carte for the Medical Man to choose his patient's diet

hope of having not only water, but food also, and clothing fetched us. Let there be three distinct offices instead of one indistinct one :—

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

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

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

Now, why should not the *Commissariat purvey* the Hospital with food ? perform the whole of Purveyor's office, No. 1 ? The practice of drawing *raw* rations, as here seen, seems invented on purpose to waste the time of as many Orderlies as possible, who stand at the Purveyor's office from 4 to 9 A.M. drawing the patients' breakfast, from 10 to 12, drawing their dinner—and to make the patients' meals as late as possible—because it is impossible to get the diets, thus drawn, cooked before 3 or 4 o'clock. The scene of confusion, delay, and disappointment where all these raw diets are being weighed out by twos, and threes, and fours, is impossible to conceive, unless one has seen it, as I have, day after day. And one must have been, as I have, at all hours of the day and night in this Hospital to conceive the abuses of this want of system—raw meat, drawn too late to be cooked, standing all night in the wards, etc., etc., etc. Why should not the Commissariat send *at once* the amount of beef and mutton, etc., etc., required into the kitchens, without passing through this intermediate stage of drawing by Orderlies ?

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

It should be all carved in the kitchens on hot plates, and at meal-times the Orderlies come to fetch it for the patients—carry it through the wards, where an Officer tells it off to every bed, according to the Bed-ticket, on which he reads the Diet, hung up at every bed. The time and confusion thus saved would be incalculable. Punctuality is now impossible ; the food is half-raw, and often many hours after time. Some of the portions are all bone, whereas the meat should be boned in the kitchen, according to the plan now proposed, and the portions there carved contain meat only. Pray consider this.

on efficiently with a less staff than two lecturers on Physiology and Pathology, and one lecturer on Anatomy, who will be employed in preparing the subject for demonstration, and performing operations for the information of the Juniors."

This suggestion also was in part adopted. An excellent dissecting-room was built, provided with numerous instruments, microscopes and other apparatus.¹

V

And so this woman of ideas went on, week by week, month by month, pouring in requisitions, hints, plans, to the Government at home; sometimes getting things done as she wanted, at others making suggestions which, had they been adopted, would still more have conduced to efficiency. Something of that calm and clear sagacity, which impressed Queen Victoria and Prince Albert when they made her personal acquaintance,² was reflected in her appearance and demeanour as observed by eye-witnesses at Scutari. "In appearance," wrote Mr. Osborne, "Miss Nightingale is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain under the principles of the action of the moment every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian; she throws herself into a work as its head. As such she knows well how much

¹ See *Pincoffs*, p. 55.

² See the words cited at the head of this chapter, and below, pp. 324, 325.

from, *nominally*, the Chef d'Administration may have provided only two, and the Patient has no redress.

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

On September 20, 1855, a Royal Warrant was issued, reorganizing the Medical Staff Corps, "for the better care of the sick and wounded," revising the duties of the several officers, and improving their pay. Any one who cares to refer to this Warrant, and to compare it with Miss Nightingale's letters just given, will see that in large measure her suggestions were adopted by the War Department.

Miss Nightingale was careful, as we have seen, not to interfere with the doctors, and, though she thought that as administrators some of them were ineffective, she bore willing testimony to their skill and devotion (with some few exceptions) in their proper work. But she could not abstain from deploring one great omission, and she offered to subscribe largely towards repairing it:—

"One thing which we much require," she wrote to Mr. Herbert (Feb. 22, 1855), "might easily be done. This is the formation of a Medical School at Scutari. We have lost the finest opportunity for advancing the cause of Medicine and erecting it into a Science which will probably ever be afforded. There is here no operating room, no dissecting room; post-mortem examinations are seldom made, and then in the dead-house (the ablest Staff Surgeon here told me that he considered that he had killed hundreds of men owing to the absence of these) no statistics are kept as to between what ages most deaths occur, as to modes of treatment, appearances of the body after death, etc., etc., etc., and all the innumerable and most important points which contribute to making Therapeutics a means of saving life, and not, as it is here, a formal duty. Our registration generally is so lamentably defective that often the only record kept is—*a man died* on such a day. There is a kiosk on the Esplanade before the Barrack Hospital, rejected by the Quarter-Master for his stores, which I have asked for and obtained as a School of Medicine. It is not used now for any purpose—£300 or £400 (which I would willingly give) would put it in a state of repair. It is not overlooked and is in every way calculated for the purpose I have named. The Medical teaching duties could not be carried

particular need in his own department carried his case to the Lady-in-Chief. Did a surgeon want some point represented with special urgency to the authorities at home? He went to Miss Nightingale. Did a purveyor want some special authority from the military to facilitate his task? He went to Miss Nightingale. The centre of initiative at Scutari was in the Sisters' Tower; and going to Miss Nightingale had something of the magic that in earlier days was found in "going to Mr. Pitt."¹

¹ See *Kinglake*, vol. vi. pp. 43, 436.

success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order." ¹

It was soon perceived at Scutari that Miss Nightingale was a power. She mentioned incidentally at a later period a curious fact, which shows the way in which officers appealed to her as a kind of emergency-man. In 1862 she was pressing the War Office to separate the function of Banker from that of Purveyor, and she illustrated the confusion caused by the amalgamation from her own experience. Among the instances was this: "I had at Scutari thousands of sovereigns at a time in my bedroom, entrusted to me by officers who preferred making me their banker because of the perpetual discord. 'Offend the Commissary or Purveyor, and you won't be able to get your money.'" ² It was soon perceived also that Miss Nightingale was the person who, if any one, could get things done, and any official who had an idea took it to her. In the letters to Sidney Herbert she sometimes bids him know that what she says does not merely come from "poor me," but represents the views "of all the best men here." But she, I think, was the best man of them all.³ Such was the opinion, at any rate, of a man among men, the redoubtable Sydney Godolphin Osborne. "Every day," he wrote in describing his experience at Scutari, "brought some new complication of misery to be somehow unravelled. Every day had its peculiar trial to one who had taken such a load of responsibility, in an untried field, and with a staff of her own sex, all new to it. Hers was a post requiring the courage of a Cardigan, the tact and diplomacy of a Palmerston, the endurance of a Howard, the cheerful philanthropy of a Mrs. Fry. Miss Nightingale fills that post; and, in my opinion, is the one individual who in this whole unhappy war has shown more than any other what real energy guided by good sense can do to meet the calls of sudden emergency."⁴ And hence it was, too, that any official who felt the urgency of some

¹ *Scutari and its Hospitals*, p. 25.

² Letter to Captain Galton, June 28, 1862. On the general question, see vol. ii. p. 64.

³ It was a *mot* of Mr. Stafford's that he had only met two men in the East, Omar Pacha (the Turkish Commander) and Florence Nightingale.

⁴ *Scutari and its Hospitals*, p. 27.

more instant appeal. By them she was known and honoured not as the rigid disciplinarian or creative organizer, but as the compassionate and tender nurse. Those who had no means of knowing what other work she had to do supposed that ministration to the sick, in the narrower sense, comprised it all. But, in fact, as she wrote to Mr. Herbert (Jan. 14, 1855), nursing was "the least important of the functions into which she had been forced"; and those on the spot, who watched the arduousness of these other duties, wished that she could be persuaded to spare herself more of one kind of work or of the other. The marvel is that in unstinted measure she combined them both.

Her devotion and her power of work were prodigious. "I work in the wards all day," she said, "and write all night"; and this was hardly exaggeration. A letter from Miss Stanley (Dec. 21, 1854) gives an interesting glimpse of Florence Nightingale at work in the Barrack Hospital:—

We turned up the stone stairs; on the second floor we came to the corridors of sick, on low wooden stands, raised about a foot from the floor, placed about 2 feet apart, and leaving 2 or 3 feet down the middle, along which we walked. The atmosphere worsened as we advanced. We passed down two or three of these immense corridors, asking our way as we went. At last we came to the guard-room, another corridor, then through a door into a large busy kitchen, where stood Mrs. Margaret Williams, who seemed much pleased to see me: then a heavy curtain was raised¹; I went through a door, and there sat dear Flo writing on a small unpainted deal table. I never saw her looking better. She had on her black merino, trimmed with black velvet, clean linen collar and cuffs, apron, white cap with a black handkerchief tied over it; and there was Mrs. Bracebridge, looking so nice too. I was quite satisfied with my welcome. . . . A stream of people every minute. "Please, ma'am, have you any black-edged paper?" "Please, what can I give which would keep on his stomach; is there any arrowroot to-day for him?" "No; the tubs of arrowroot must be for the worst cases; we cannot spare him any, nor is there any jelly to-day; try him with some eggs." "Please, Mr. Gordon [the Chief Engineer] wishes to see

¹ Miss Nightingale's camp bedstead was at this time behind a screen in the kitchen, for she had given up her room to the widow of an officer.

CHAPTER VII

THE MINISTERING ANGEL

Then in such hour of need . . .
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine ! . . .
Order, courage, return . . .
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave !
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

In the preceding chapters we have seen at work the impelling power of a brain and a will ; but, with these, Florence Nightingale brought to her mission the tenderness of a woman's heart. She was the matron of a hospital no less than the mistress of a barrack. She was a resolute administrator ; but also, as was said at the time in a hundred speeches, letters, articles :

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

Upon those behind the scenes, upon ministers and officials, it was the former side of her activity that made the profounder impression. Some of them applauded what she did, recognizing that only the advent of a new force could have driven a way through the quagmire ; others complained that in her methods there was something too imperious and masterful ; all alike perceived her power and strength of will. But to the sick and wounded among whom she lived and moved, and to the great public at home which heard of her work, it was the softer side of her character that made the

heard her say, 'Never be ashamed of your wounds, my friend.' " ¹ "I believe," wrote a Civilian doctor who saw her at work, "that there was never a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice, and sometimes it was wonderful to see her at the bedside of a patient who had been admitted perhaps but an hour before, and of whose arrival one would hardly have supposed it possible she could be already cognisant." ²

Sometimes when exhausted nature could not be denied repose, she would depute the last sad office to another lady. "Selina [Mrs. Bracebridge] is sitting up with a dying man. Florence at last asleep, 1 A.M." Her days were always long; for she deemed it well not to allow any of her nurses to be in the wards after eight at night. And often, when all else was quiet, and she had been sitting up to finish her heavy correspondence, she would make a final tour of the wards. A lady volunteer, who two days after her arrival was sent for to accompany Miss Nightingale on such a tour, recalled the scene. "We went round the whole of the second story, into many of the wards and into one of the upper corridors. It seemed an endless walk, and it was one not easily forgotten. As we slowly passed along, the silence was profound; very seldom did a moan or cry from those deeply suffering ones fall on our ears. A dim light burned here and there. Miss Nightingale carried her lantern, which she would set down before she bent over any of the patients. I much admired her manner to the men—it was so tender and kind." ³ The description of these midnight vigils, given by Mr. Macdonald, the commissioner of the *Times* Fund, became famous, by adaptation, throughout the world:—

Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form and the hand of the despoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a "ministering angel" without any exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired

¹ *Wittle*, p. 113.

² *Pincoffs*, p. 78, where a particular case in point is recorded.

³ *Eastern Hospitals*, vol. i. pp. 69-70.

Miss Nightingale about the orders she gave him." Mr. Sabin comes in for something else. Mr. Bracebridge in and out about General Adams,¹ and orders of various kinds.²

The occasion described by Miss Stanley was post-day. Still busier were the awful days on which fresh consignments of sick and wounded arrived from the Crimea. Miss Nightingale has been known, said General Bentinck, to pass eight hours on her knees dressing wounds and administering comfort. There were times when she stood for twenty hours at a stretch, apportioning quarters, distributing stores, directing the labours of her staff, or assisting at the painful operations where her presence might soothe or support. She had, said Mr. Osborne, "an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful to every sense, any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him, administering to his ease by every means in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him."³ "We cannot," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to her uncle, Mr. Smith (Dec. 18, 1854), "prevent her self-sacrifice for the dying. She cannot delegate as we could wish; but the cases are so interesting and painful; who could leave them when once taken up?—boys and brave men dying who can be saved by nursing and proper diet." It is recorded that on one occasion she saw five soldiers set aside as hopeless cases. The first duty of the overworked surgeons was with those whom there seemed to be more hope of saving. She asked to be given the care of the five men, and the surgeons consented. Assisted by one of her nurses, she tended the cases throughout the night, administering nourishment from her stores, and in the morning they were found to be in a fit condition for surgical treatment.⁴ "Miss Nightingale," said a Chelsea pensioner, in recalling his experiences at Scutari, "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

¹ He had died in hospital from his wounds, and his body was to be sent to England.

² *Stanmore*, vol. i. p. 373.

³ *Scutari and its Hospitals*, p. 26.

⁴ *Daily News*, June 2, 1855.

a poor fellow racked by fever, or smarting from sores? And who can say how often her presence may have been as "a cup of strength in some great agony"? "The magic of her power over men was felt," as Kinglake has described, "in the room—the dreaded, the blood-stained room—where operations took place. There perhaps the maimed soldier, if not yet resigned to his fate, might at first be craving death rather than meet the knife of the surgeon; but, when such a one looked and saw that the honoured Lady-in-Chief was patiently standing beside him, and—with lips closely set and hands folded—decreeing herself to go through the pain of witnessing pain, he used to fall into the mood for obeying her silent command, and—finding strange support in her presence—bring himself to submit and endure."¹ And when the hour of death came, how often must the passing have been soothed by a presence which, with words of womanly comfort, may have carried the soldier's last thoughts back to home and wife, or child? A member of Parliament, well known in London Society, Mr. Augustus Stafford, went out during the recess of 1854 to Scutari, and made himself very useful to Miss Nightingale. "He says," wrote Monckton Milnes (Jan. 1855), "that Florence in the Hospital makes intelligible to him the Saints of the Middle Ages. If the soldiers were told that the roof had opened, and she had gone up palpably to Heaven, they would not be the least surprised. They quite believe she is in several places at once."² They were impressed by her power, no less than they were touched by her tenderness, and ascribed to the Lady-in-Chief the gifts of leadership in the field. "If she were at their head, they would be in Sebastopol in a week" was a saying often heard in the hospital wards.

II

Of all the documents that have passed under my eyes in writing this memoir, none have touched me more than a bundle of letters to and from friends and relatives of Crimean soldiers. Miss Nightingale was careful to take note of any

¹ *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. vi. p. 425.

² *Life of Lord Houghton*, vol. i. p. 505.

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,¹ making her solitary rounds.

Famous, too, became the words which one poor fellow sent home. "What a comfort it was to see her pass even. She would speak to one and nod and smile to as many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." "Before she came," said another soldier's letter, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was holy as a church." Mr. Sidney Herbert read out these letters at a public meeting in November 1855.² Lord Ellesmere used Mr. Macdonald's description in the House of Lords in May 1856.³ And Longfellow, in the following year made a poem of it all, one of the most widely known poems, I suppose, that have ever been written:—

Lo! in that hour of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.
 And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

The men idolized her. They kissed her shadow, and they saluted her as she passed down their wounded ranks. "If the Queen came for to die," said a soldier who lost a leg at the Alma, "they ought to make *her* queen, and I think they would." Her lively sense of humour, which Mr. Osborne had discerned in talks with her in the hospital, was appreciated also by the patients. "She was wonderful," said one, "at cheering up any one who was a bit low," "She was all full of life and fun," said another, "when she talked to us, especially if a man was a bit down-hearted."⁴ Who can tell what comfort was brought by the sound of a woman's gentle voice, the touch of a woman's gentle hand, to many

¹ The lamp of famous memory was a camp lamp, and was taken possession of by Mrs. Bracebridge.

² Below, p. 270.

³ Below, p. 303.

⁴ *Wittle*, pp. 106, 108.

carefully answered, and every message was, I doubt not, given whenever it was in her power to do so. Many are the blessings invoked on Miss Nightingale's head. Often the writer begins by explaining that the newspapers have told of her great kindness and so she will forgive the intrusion. Others show that they take all that for granted by beginning, "Dear Friend," or ending, "Yours affectionately." Many wives beg her to let the soldier know that the children are well and happy. And one letter sends a message to a wounded Lancer from the girl he left behind him, "If alive, please mention my name to him."

III

The strain upon Miss Nightingale's physical and mental powers was incessant. Her health, as it proved in the end, was seriously impaired; but during all her work, at Scutari, she was never absent from her post. "You had the best opportunities," she was asked by the Royal Commission of 1857, "for observing the condition of the soldier when he entered the hospitals, while he resided in them, when he died and was sent to the cemeteries, when he was sent home as an invalid, and when he rejoined the army?" "Yes," she answered; "I was never out of the hospitals." During the worst time of cholera and typhus, three of her nurses died, and seven of the army doctors. Miss Nightingale tended two of the doctors in their last moments, and the thinning, for a while, of the medical ranks increased her labours. The amount of clerical work which devolved on her was, it may be well imagined, enormous. Lady Alicia Blackwood records that when she was starting a school in the women's and children's quarters at Scutari, Miss Nightingale said laughingly, "Oh, are you really going to do that unkind thing—to teach children to write? I am so tired of writing, I sometimes wish I could not write!" The laugh must have had a certain grimness in it, I fear. The extent of the correspondence which Miss Nightingale kept up with Ministers at home, with military and medical officers at the seat of war and at Scutari, may be gathered from the foregoing chapters. Her superintendence of the nurses entailed,

dying man's last wishes or messages, and the letters in which she forwarded these, to wife or mother, must, by their touch of womanly sympathy, have brought balm to many a stricken heart. "My dear Miss," writes one mother, "I feel the loss of my poor son's death very keenly, but if anything could help my grief it is the thought that he was looked to and cared for by kind friends when so many miles away from his native land." "I beg," writes a sister, "to return you my grateful thanks for all your kindness to my poor dear brother and for writing to tell me of his death. It is great consolation to know that both his soul and body were so kindly cared for." "I can assure you," writes another, "that you are beloved by every poor soldier I have seen." Correspondence of this kind continued in the same manner when Miss Nightingale passed on from Scutari to the Crimea. One letter to a bereaved mother may be given as a representative of many:—

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

There is another bundle, hardly less touching, which contains letters of anxious inquiry addressed to Miss Nightingale from all parts of the United Kingdom, begging her to send, if she can, particulars of the whereabouts or of the illness or of the last hours of husband, brother, father, or son. "In order that you may know him," writes one fond mother, "he is a straight, nice, clean-looking, light-complexioned youth." "Died in hospital, in good frame of mind," was Miss Nightingale's docket for the reply. Every letter was

much as possible to occupy themselves and to keep up a communication with home, she supplied stationery and postage stamps to those in hospital. If a soldier was illiterate or too ill to write, she or one of her nurses, or some other volunteer, would write at the sick man's dictation. Mr. Augustus Stafford, as mentioned above, spent some portion of the autumn recess (Nov.—Dec. 1854) at Scutari, and he gave his experiences to the Roebuck Committee. He described the pitiable condition of the wounded on their arrival, "their thigh and shoulder bones perfectly red from rubbing against the deck" of the vessel which had brought them from the Crimea; but then Miss Nightingale's nurses came round, "and with a precision and rapidity which you would scarcely believe, would bring the soldiers arrowroot mixed with port wine, which was the greatest comfort; the men expressed themselves very thankfully, and said that they felt themselves in heaven." But it was in writing letters for the soldiers that this "cherished, yet unspoilt, favourite of English society"¹ spent most of his time at Scutari. Of Miss Nightingale's reading-rooms some account will be found in another chapter (XI.).

She was much touched by the men's appreciation of these attentions, and she was no less impressed by the conduct of the orderlies in the hospitals. In describing to the Secretary of State certain sanitary reforms which she carried out in the hospitals of Scutari, she wrote: "I must pay my tribute to the instinctive delicacy, the ready attention of orderlies and patients during all that dreadful period; for my sake they performed offices of this kind (which they neither would for the sake of discipline, nor for that of the importance to their own health, which they did not know), and never was there one word nor one look which a gentleman would not have used; and while paying this humble tribute to humble courtesy, the tears come into my eyes as I think how, amidst scenes of loathsome disease and death, there rose above it all the innate dignity, gentleness, and chivalry of the men (for never, surely, was chivalry so strikingly exemplified), shining in the midst of what must be considered as the lowest sinks of human misery, and

¹ *Kinglake*, p. 436.

in account-keeping and in letters to complainants among them, and to their relatives, another mass of correspondence. Then I find next, amongst her papers, piles of store-keeping accounts (mostly in her own handwriting), and other bundles of correspondence referring to offers of help in money or in kind. That Miss Nightingale ultimately broke down under the strain was natural ; the marvel is that she bore up against it so long. She could not have coped with the mass of detail involved in her multifarious labours without a good deal of help. To Mr. Macdonald's assistance I have already referred ; and like assistance was rendered for a time by the Rev. and Hon. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, the famous S.G.O. of letters to the *Times*. Mr. Kinglake devotes a charming page to "the enthusiastic young fellow who, abandoning his life of ease, pleasure, and luxury, went out, as he probably phrased it, to 'fag' for the Lady-in-Chief." The reference is probably to Mr. Percy, mentioned in a previous chapter, or possibly to Mr. William Shore, a distant relative of Miss Nightingale's father ; he was put in charge of a soldiers' library. But it was Miss Nightingale's old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, who rendered the longest and the most helpful aid. Mrs. Bracebridge shared alike her room and her labours, and with Mr. Bracebridge cared, as we have heard, for the soldiers' wives. But Mr. Bracebridge did much else. His knowledge of the East, and his persevering good humour, determined to help everybody about everything, were invaluable. Faithful, cheery, and indefatigable, no less now among the arduous labours of Scutari than in former days of sight-seeing at Rome and in Egypt, he fetched and carried for Miss Nightingale, wrote letters or orders for her, and kept minutes of her interviews ; and, at times of less strain, relieved her of visitors or callers by taking them for excursions in the Straits or to Constantinople.

IV

Miss Nightingale's thoughtfulness devised many practical ways of helping the men who were not too ill to think of their worldly affairs. In order to encourage them as

CHAPTER VIII

THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY

Your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, . . . these are the true fog children.—RUSKIN.

Whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings.—ST. PAUL.

EVERY generation has its own "religious difficulty," by which phrase is meant, not the difficulty which the individual soul or the collective soul of a nation may find in its religious beliefs themselves, but a difficulty which intrudes itself into allied or alien matters from the sphere of religious disputation. In the present day, the religious difficulty with which we are most familiar concerns questions of education. In the days of Miss Nightingale's mission to the East there was a religious difficulty in questions of nursing.

It was not enough that such a mission as hers was conceived in the very spirit of the Founder of Christianity: "I was sick, and ye visited me." The question was eagerly and angrily canvassed under which of the rival Christian banners the visitation of the sick soldiers should be, and was being, carried on. The country had at the time hardly recovered its mental equilibrium after the shock administered to it by the Tractarian movement, and echoes of the "No Popery" cry of 1850 were still resonant in many quarters. The religious difficulty appeared at the very start of Miss Nightingale's Crimean work, and dogged her footsteps to the end of it. I have dealt already with the difficulties which her experiment encountered from social ideas, military prejudices, official routine; but I am not sure that of all her difficulties the religious one was not the most wearing

preventing instinctively the use of one expression which could distress a gentlewoman."¹

Even in the lowest sinks of human misery there are chords which will respond to a sympathetic touch. It was the innate dignity of her bearing that struck every one who saw Florence Nightingale; and, amidst those scenes of loathsome disease and death, she was herself "the sweet presence of a good diffused."

¹ *Notes*, p. 94.

December 6 (p. 215), showing the confidence which Her Majesty placed in Miss Nightingale, did something to stem the tide, but for many months the feud flowed on in the press.

II

Miss Nightingale's comment, when echoes of the storm reached her on the Bosphorus, was characteristic. "They tell me," she wrote to Mr. Herbert (Jan. 28, 1855), "that there is a religious war about poor me in the *Times*, and that Mrs. Herbert has generously defended me. I do not know what I have done to be so dragged before the Public. But I am so glad that my God is not the God of the High Church or of the Low, that He is not a Romanist or an Anglican—or a Unitarian. I don't believe He is even a Russian, though His events go strangely against us. (*N.B.*—A Greek once said to me at Salamis, 'I do believe God Almighty is an Englishman.')

Excellent, too, was the answer given by an Irish clergyman when asked to what sect Miss Nightingale belonged. "She belongs to a sect which, unfortunately, is a very rare one—the sect of the Good Samaritan." Miss Nightingale was by descent a Unitarian, by practice a communicant of the Church of England; but she was addicted neither to High Church nor to Low. Her God was the God of Moral Law, a God of infinite pity and benevolence, but also One who worked out His purpose by the free will of human instruments. Her service of God was the service of Man, and her service of Man mingled efficiency with tenderness. She applied only one kind of test to a nurse: Was she a good woman, and did she know her business? To be a good woman, a religious woman, a noble woman was not in itself sufficient. "Excellent, gentle, self-devoted women," Miss Nightingale said in a note upon some of her staff, "fit more for Heaven than for a Hospital, they flit about like angels without hands among the patients, and soothe their souls, while they leave their bodies dirty and neglected. They never complain, they are eager for self-mortification. But I came not to mortify the nurses, but to nurse the wounded." Therefore if a nurse was a good woman and knew her business, it was nothing that she was Romanist,

and worrying, as it was also assuredly the most unnecessary and the least excusable. It enveloped a noble undertaking in a fog of envy, strife, and futile railing.

Mr. Sidney Herbert, who was supposed to be of the High Church persuasion, had scented the difficulty from the first, as we have heard, and Miss Nightingale was keenly alive to it. They had desired to make the first party of nurses representative of all the leading sects; but owing to the abstention of a Protestant institution, the Roman Catholics and the High Church party were in a considerable majority among the thirty-eight nurses. This fact gave the alarm, and a sectarian hue-and-cry was immediately raised. It began, as I am sorry to have to say, in the *Daily News*; it was taken up, as goes without saying, in the so-called "religious press." On October 28, 1854, when Miss Nightingale was on her way to Scutari, an attack upon her was given great prominence in the first-named paper. It was signed "Anti-Puseyite," and it included the text of Mr. Herbert's letter which had somehow or other been obtained.¹ "Miss Nightingale recruited her staff of nurses from Miss Sellon's house [a High Church one] and from a Romanist establishment." This awful fact explained "the party spirit which actuated the choice of Miss Nightingale for this important and responsible office, and which set aside Lady Maria Forester"—a lady, it seems, of Evangelical principles. It was not yet too late to remedy the offence "if the feeling of the nation be at once aroused and expressed." "A Reader of the Bible" and other correspondents followed, and the controversy raged furiously. Mrs. Sidney Herbert's intervention, with an assurance that Miss Nightingale was somewhat Low Church, did not stop it. S. G. O. referred to it in his book. "I have heard and read," he wrote, "with indignation the remarks hazarded upon her religious character. Her works ought to answer for her faith. If there is blame in looking for a Roman Catholic priest to attend a dying Romanist, let me share it with her—I did it again and again."² An admirable avowal, but not calculated, I fear, to allay the anger of "No Popery" fanatics. The publication of Queen Victoria's letter of

¹ See above, p. 154 n.

² *Scutari and its Hospitals*, p. 26.

proportion than I have done, without exciting the suspicion of the Medical Men and others." The difficulty was ultimately adjusted, but only at the cost of infinite trouble and worry to Miss Nightingale. Her letters to Mr. Herbert are full of references to the subject, some of them very amusing, and perhaps it was her lively sense of humour that helped to carry her through this religious difficulty. "Such a tempest," she wrote (Dec. 25, 1854), "has been brewed in this little pint pot as you could have no idea of. But I, like the Ass, have put on the Lion's skin, and when once I have done that (poor me, who never affronted any one before), I can bray so loud that I shall be heard, I am afraid, as far as England. However, this is no place for lions; and as for asses, we have enough." One proposition made to her was that, as the doctors did not want many more woman nurses, "ten of the Protestants should be appropriated as clerical females by the chaplains, and ten of the nuns by the priests, *not as nurses*, but as female ecclesiastics. With this of course I have nothing to do. It being directly at variance with my instructions, I cannot of course appropriate the Government money to such a purpose." Miss Nightingale's own proposition was to allocate the party in various proportions to various hospitals; but the Superior of the new set of nuns objected that "it would be uncanonical" for any of her party to be separated from her. Then Miss Nightingale proposed sending some of the nuns, either of the first or of the second batch, back to England; but Father Cuffe said that to send them away would be "like the driving of the Blessed Virgin through the desert by Herod." "I believe it may be proved as a logical proposition," wrote Miss Nightingale in the midst of her religious difficulty, "that it is impossible for me to ride through all this; my caique is upset, but I am sticking on the bottom still." Three days later she still despaired. "The fifteen New Nuns are leading me the devil of a life, trying to get in *vi et armis*, and will upset the coach; there is little doubt of that." However, she held her ground. She had started with a Protestant howl at her; she was now prepared to face "a Roman Catholic storm." Happily the Reverend Mother of the first party of nuns was on her side, and strove to

Anglican, High Church, Low Church, or Unitarian. If she was not a good nurse, the fact that she belonged, or did not belong, to this or that persuasion was no recommendation. Miss Nightingale was, it is true, desirous from the first to include Roman Catholics in her staff, and she did so, in spite of many difficulties, to the end. But her reasons therein were practical, not sectarian. In the first place, many of the soldiers were Roman Catholics; and, secondly, her apprenticeship in nursing had shown her the excellent qualities, as nurses, of many Catholic Sisters. But here efficiency was the test, and a Protestant Deaconess from Kaiserswerth was all one to her with a Sister from "a Romanist establishment." And one practical advantage of vowed Sisters was that she did not lose them from marriage. One morning six nurses came in to Miss Nightingale, declaring that they one and all wished to be married. They were followed by six soldiers—sergeants and corporals—declaring their desire to claim the nurses as brides. This matrimonial deluge carried off six of her best nurses.¹

III

Such, then, was Miss Nightingale's position; and one can understand the amused contempt with which she heard of the picture drawn of her in certain quarters as a conspirator in a Tractarian or Romanist plot. But she was a practical person, and, though herself broad-minded, took stock of a narrower world as she found it. She was intensely desirous of making her experiment of woman nurses a success, and she felt acutely the danger of wrecking it by even the suspicion of sectarian prejudice. This fact supplies a further explanation of the alarm with which she received the coming of the second party of nurses under Miss Stanley.² It included a batch of fifteen nuns. "The proportion of R. Catholics," she wrote to Mr. Herbert, "which is already making an outcry, you have increased to 25 in 84. Mr. Menzies [the Principal Medical Officer] has declared that he will have two only at the General Hospital, and I cannot place them here [in the Barrack Hospital] in a greater

¹ *Blackwood*, p. 232.

² See above, p. 192.

patients; and finally a chaplain solemnly appealed to the War Department in London to remove one of Miss Nightingale's staff on the ground that the nurse had been heard to avow herself a Socinian. Miss Nightingale protested successfully against any such disciplinary measure, urging that the lady, whether Socinian or not, was an excellent nurse. Much of all this perverse disputing was born of sheer ignorance and intolerance. One of Miss Stanley's ladies was accused by a certain chaplain of "circulating improper books in the wards." Particulars were asked, and it was found that the offending book was Keble's *Christian Year*.¹

No sooner was any one phase of the religious difficulty adjusted than another appeared. There were Anglicans and Roman Catholics among the Nightingale nurses, and there were others selected from English hospitals, who, so far as their religious views were concerned, might be anything or nothing. But why, it was asked, were there no Presbyterians? Representations were made to the War Office. "I object," wrote Miss Nightingale (Feb. 19, 1855), "to the principle of sending out any one, *qua* sectarian, not *qua* nurse. But this having already been done in the case of the R.C.'s, etc., I do not see how the Presbyterians can be refused. And therefore let six trained nurses be sent out, if you think fit, of whom let two-thirds be Presbyterians. But I must bar these fat drunken old dames. Above 14 stone we will not have; the provision of bedsteads is not strong enough. Three were nearly swamped in a caique, whom Mr. Bracebridge was conducting to the ship, and, had he not walked with the fear of the police before his eyes, he might easily have swamped them whole." The stout old dames were not Presbyterians; but, sad to relate, two of the Presbyterian party did turn out to be over-fond of drink, and Miss Nightingale had to return them to Eng-

¹ *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*, vol. i. p. 492. There is a curious echo of "the Religious Difficulty" in Purcell's *Life of Manning* (vol. ii. p. 53, 1st ed.), where a letter of Feb. 13, 1856, will be found from Manning to Cardinal Wiseman, discussing whether Roman Catholic chaplains should or should not encourage collections for the Nightingale Fund. The solution suggested was "to let the collection be *passively* made without any ecclesiastical recognition of it."

compose the canonical difficulty. To another Reverend Mother, who was less peaceably minded, Miss Nightingale often referred in her letters as "the Reverend Brickbat." In any case, Miss Nightingale was resolved, as she wrote, "not to let our little Society become a hot-bed of Roman Catholic Intriguettes." Ultimately it was arranged that five of the second party of nuns should go to the General Hospital, and ten to the newly opened hospital at Koulali. Miss Nightingale suspected some of the second party of a desire to proselytize; and presently she had to inform Mr. Herbert (Feb. 15, 1855) of "a charge of converting and rebaptizing before death, reported to me by the Senior Chaplain, by him to the Commandant, by him to the Commander-in-Chief." She promptly exchanged the suspected nun.

The ingenuity of theological rancour was infinite. Having caught wind of the fact that there was some difference of view among the Roman Catholic Sisters, an Evangelical writer sought to fan the flame by denouncing the absurdity of "Catholic Nuns transferring their allegiance from the Pope of Rome to a Protestant Lady." One of the Sisters, on hearing of this diatribe, playfully addressed Miss Nightingale as "Your Holiness," who in turn dubbed the Sister "her Cardinal."¹ I hereby give notice, in case Crimean letters from Miss Nightingale should chance to be printed (such as I have seen) in which she says, "I do so want my Cardinal," that the expression signifies no dark and secret adhesion to any Prince of the Roman Church, but only a desire for the services of a particularly efficient nursing Sister. If a nurse was efficient, Miss Nightingale was on the friendliest terms with her, equally whether the nurse were Catholic or Protestant. Miss Nightingale herself was accused successively, and with equal absurdity in each case, of being prejudiced for, or against, Catholics and Protestants, and of being inimical to religious ministrations altogether.² The Protestant charges of proselytizing by Catholic nurses were of course met by counter-charges of attempts by Protestant nurses to convert Roman Catholic

¹ *Grant*, p. 165.

² See the *Autobiography of a Balaclava Nurse* (a Welshwoman), vol. ii. p. 146.

IV

A great obstacle with which Miss Nightingale's work in the East had to contend throughout was the scarcity at the time of properly trained nurses. She had long ago formed a resolve to remedy this defect; the seriousness of it was still further enforced upon her mind by painful experience in the Crimean War; and her resolve was the more strengthened. The religious difficulty—demanding that nurses should be selected, to some extent, not *qua* nurses, but *qua* sectarians—accentuated the obstacle of inadequate training, which, however, would in any case have existed. The case is excellently put, in terms which doubtless reflect Miss Nightingale's own views, in a letter from Lady Verney to Mrs. Gaskell (May 17, 1855):—

Until women have gone through a *real* training, it is vain to hope that four or five weeks in a Hospital can fit them for one of the most difficult works that any one can be called on to undertake. I cannot tell you the details, you can guess many of them; but when I hear estimable people talking as if you could turn 40 women of all ranks, degrees of virtue, and intelligence, into a Military Hospital, with drunken orderlies, unmarried Chaplains, young Surgeons, &c., &c., and expect that they are not more likely to be unwise or tempted astray than the R.C. Sisters of Charity, who are bound by well-considered vows, love of their kind and the fear of Hell fire, then we feel that the "estimable people" have very little knowledge of human nature. F.'s form of Sisterhood is infinitely higher, I believe, than the R.C. and *will be carried out*, I doubt no more than in her own existence, but as it must exist without the checks and safeguards of the other and inferior form, so it requires higher elements in the actors and a more severe training and examination. Instead of which the loosest possible choice takes place by people most excellent but not in the least qualified to choose; goodwill and a "love of nursing" is enough for the Lady class.

It is the fact, though it is not popularly known, that Miss Nightingale was at this time strongly opposed to "lady" nurses. She objected to them, not because they were ladies, but because they were unlikely to be well trained. Pious and benevolent ladies were more given, she said, to "spiritual flirtations with the patients," than apt

land. I regret to say that there were similar cases, not amongst the Presbyterians.

The charges and counter-charges of proselytism were referred by the chaplains to the Secretary of State. Lord Panmure, in reply (April 27, 1855), had "to say in the first place, that he has perused the correspondence with great regret, and that he deeply laments to find that religious differences have arisen to such an extent as to mar the united energies and labours of those who are devoting themselves with such disinterestedness and heroic courage and success to the relief of the sick and wounded." The Minister then proceeded to promulgate instructions designed to prevent any proselytism by the nurses and Sisters. Unfortunately, his dispatch was so worded as to make things, from Miss Nightingale's point of view, no better, but rather worse. "The instructions," she wrote to Lady Canning (Sept. 9, 1855), "have been so completely misunderstood that they have been my principal difficulty. The R.C.'s who before were quite amenable have chosen to construe the rule that they 'are not to enter upon the discussion of religious subjects with any patients other than those of their own faith,' to mean therefore with *all* of their own faith, and the second party of nuns who came out now wander over the whole Hospital out of nursing hours, not confining themselves to their own wards, nor even to patients, but 'instructing' (it is their own word) groups of Orderlies and Convalescents in the corridors, doing the work each of ten chaplains, and bringing ridicule upon the whole thing, while they quote the words of the War Office." Lady Canning, who was at this time acting as Miss Nightingale's agent for the enlistment of nurses, had proposed to embody Lord Panmure's instructions in the printed Rules and Regulations. Miss Nightingale begged her to do no such thing. I doubt not that Miss Nightingale's own verbal instructions were less ambiguous. She was one who never failed to say exactly what she meant.

CHAPTER IX

TO THE CRIMEA—ILLNESS

(May—August 1855)

For myself, I have done my duty. I have identified my fate with that of the heroic dead.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (private notes, 1855).

IN the spring of 1855 Miss Nightingale decided to leave Scutari for a while in order to visit the hospitals in the Crimea. The conditions at Scutari were now greatly improved. Sanitary works had been executed. The hospitals were better supplied. The pressure in the wards, caused by the terrible winter before Sebastopol, was relieved. There were only 1100 cases in the Barrack Hospital, and of those only 100 were in bed. The rate of mortality had fallen from 42 per cent to 22 per thousand of the cases treated. The siege was likely soon to be accompanied by assaults, and the pressure might rather be in the hospitals at Balaclava, where the sick and wounded were if possible to remain, in order to avoid the sufferings of the sea passage to Scutari.

In the Crimea, besides the regimental hospitals, there were four general hospitals. There was the *General Hospital* at Balaclava, established after the British occupation in September 1854. There was the *Castle Hospital*, consisting of huts on the "Genoese heights" above Balaclava, opened in April 1855. There was the *Hospital of St. George's Monastery*, also consisting of huts, intended for convalescent and ophthalmic cases; and, lastly, there were the *Hospitals of the Land Transport Corps*, again consisting of huts, near Karani. All these hospitals had a complement of female nurses, though the Monastery Hospital not until December 1855,

at the proper business of surgical nursing. It was the trained hospital nurses that she preferred. There were among the 125 women who passed through her hands in the East more efficient and less, and in so large a flock there were some black sheep. But amongst the band, in all classes and of all denominations, there were devoted and competent women, whose services deserve to be held in grateful remembrance beside those of their Lady-in-Chief. And as I have had to record Miss Nightingale's criticism upon some of the Roman Catholics among her flock, it should be added that of others she wrote to Mr. Herbert : " They are the truest Christians I ever met with—invaluable in their work—devoted, heart and head, to serve God and mankind—not to intrigue for their Church." To the Reverend Superior, who came out from Bermondsey with the first party of nuns, Miss Nightingale was particularly attached. " She writes," said Cardinal Wiseman, " that great part of her success is due to Rev. Mother of Bermondsey, without whom it would have been a failure." ¹

The aspect of Miss Nightingale's work, touched upon in this chapter, adds another to the accumulation of difficulties with which she had to deal. It was the one which troubled her most. " In this sink of misery, in this tussle of life or death," she felt the bitter futility of personal grievances and religious differences. It is worry, more than work, that kills ; and the religious difficulty was perhaps the last straw which caused the Lady-in-Chief to break down, as we shall hear in the next chapter, under her heavy load of responsibility and care.

¹ Wilfred Ward's *Life of Wiseman*, vol. ii. p. 191. And see Miss Nightingale's own words given below, p. 299.

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

Miss Nightingale was accompanied to the Crimea by the faithful Mr. Bracebridge, willing as ever to serve her. Among the nurses was Mrs. Roberts, whose exceptional efficiency and personal devotion to the Lady-in-Chief were soon to be called in need. Of the cooks, the chief was Soyer the Great, from whose cheerfully gossiping and pleasantly egotistical pages¹ some details are drawn in this chapter. The "boy" mentioned in Miss Nightingale's letter was Thomas, a drummer, who, though only twelve years of age, used to call himself "Miss Nightingale's Man." He was a regular *enfant de troupe*, says M. Soyer, full of activity, wit, intelligence, and glee. He would draw himself up to his full height, and explain that he had "forsaken his instruments in order to devote his civil and military career to Miss Nightingale." She was attended also by a soldier invalided from the 68th Light Infantry, whom Mr. Bracebridge had picked out to serve as messenger. In 1860 he wrote a manuscript account of his experiences in the Crimea,² and this is another first-hand source from which particulars are drawn in the present chapter. The party arrived at Balacava on May 5, and the decks of vessels in the harbour were crowded with spectators anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous Lady-in-Chief. There was no accommodation for her ashore; so her headquarters were on board the *Robert Lowe*, and when that vessel left, on the sailing transport *London*.

II

Miss Nightingale set to work immediately, and with characteristic energy. One of her first duties was a visit of ceremony to Lord Raglan. She was a good horsewoman,

¹ See Bibliography B, No. 15.

² Robert Robinson, on his return to England, was sent to school and an agricultural college by Miss Nightingale, and obtained employment on Lord Berners's estate in Scotland. Miss Nightingale was constantly befriending him, *e.g.* in paying his expenses for a visit to London to see the Exhibition of 1862, and in sending him illustrated newspapers, and even the *Times*. There was another Crimean lad, besides Tommy, one William Jones, with a wooden leg. See below, p. 304, where account is also given of another protégé, Peter.

and the Land Transport Hospitals not until 1856. In the spring of 1855, then, there were already female nurses at the General Hospital and the Castle Hospital, under their own superintendents, but all ultimately responsible to Miss Nightingale—as she apprehended, and as the War Office intended. She was now anxious to inspect these hospitals ; to increase the efficiency of the female nursing establishments ; and, in particular, to introduce those washing and cooking arrangements which had been productive of so much benefit at Scutari. Her visit of inspection was approved by the War Office ; and, by instructions dated April 27, she was invested with full authority as Almoner of the Free Gifts in all the British Hospitals in the Crimea. But in other respects her position was somewhat ambiguous. The original instructions, issued by Mr. Herbert, had named her as Superintendent of the female nurses in all the British military hospitals *in Turkey* ; and these words gave a standing-ground to her opponents in the Crimea. The intention of the War Office was to give her general superintendence, but to relieve her of direct responsibility for the nurses in the Crimea so long as she was at Scutari. The matter was not, however, cleared up till a later date,¹ and the indefiniteness of her position in the Crimea exposed her to infinite worry and intrigues.

On May 2, Miss Nightingale set forth from Scutari, where Mrs. Bracebridge was left in charge :—

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

¹ See below, p. 292.

way picked up a wounded man, and brought him in on his shoulders to the lines, where he fell down insensible. When, after many hours, he recovered his senses, I believe after trepanning, his first words were to ask after his comrade, 'Is he alive?' 'Comrade, indeed! yes, he's alive, it is the General.' At that moment the General, though badly wounded, appeared at the bedside. 'Oh, General, it's you, is it, I brought in, I'm so glad. I didn't know your honour, but if I'd known it was you, I'd have saved you all the same.' This is the true soldier's spirit." ¹

III

During the few days immediately after her arrival at Balaclava, Miss Nightingale carried on an active investigation of the hospitals, regimental and general; arranged various affairs in connection with the sisters and nurses; discussed the building of new huts; and, in conjunction with M. Soyer, planned the erection of several kitchens for extra diet. Here, as at Scutari, she was fearless of contagion, and tended patients stricken with fever. On return to her ship one evening she complained of great fatigue; and on the following morning, feeling no better, she sent for Dr. Anderson, Chief Medical Officer at the General Hospital. He called others of the medical staff into consultation, and a joint bulletin was issued to the effect that Miss Nightingale was suffering from Crimean fever. They advised that she should be removed from the ship, and she was carried on a stretcher by relays of soldiers to the Castle Hospital on the Genoese Heights. The hut in which she lay was immediately behind those of the wounded soldiers. The attack of fever was sharp, and she was, as she afterwards admitted to her friends, "very near to death." There are scraps of manuscript among her papers (for even in illness she could not be kept from the use of her pen) which show a wandering mind.

The news of Miss Nightingale's illness was received with consternation in England, and the anxiety of her friends was intense, though Lord Raglan had thoughtfully arranged

¹ Letter on the Volunteers, 1861. See Bibliography A, No. 25.

and as a girl had been fond of riding. She was now mounted "upon a very pretty mare, which, by its gambols and caracoling, seemed proud to carry its noble charge, and our cavalcade produced an extraordinary effect upon the motley crowd of all nations assembled at Balaclava, who were astonished at seeing a lady so well escorted." Was not the great Soyer himself among the escort? The Commander of the Forces was away, but Miss Nightingale was taken to the Three Mortar Battery, and the soldiers, as she passed, gave her three times three. This visit to the front made a profound and indelible impression upon her.¹ It is first recorded in a letter of May 10, which was forwarded to Windsor Castle.² "Fancy," she wrote, "working five nights out of seven in the trenches! Fancy being 36 hours in them at a stretch, as they were all December, lying down, or half lying down, often 48 hours with no food but *raw* salt pork, sprinkled with sugar, rum, and biscuit; nothing hot, because the exhausted soldier could not collect his own fuel, as he was expected to do, to cook his own ration; and fancy through all this the army preserving their courage and patience as they have done, and being now eager (the old ones more than the young ones) to be led even into the trenches. There was something sublime in the spectacle." "When I see the camp," she wrote to Lady Canning (May 10), "I wonder not that the army suffered so much, but that there is any army left at all; but now all is looking up. Sir John M'Neill has done wonders." With Sir John M'Neill, a doctor who afterwards entered the Political Service in the East, Miss Nightingale formed a great friendship. He, with Colonel Tulloch, had been sent out to the Crimea by Lord Palmerston's Government to report upon the Commissariat system.

Miss Nightingale, on this and her later visits to the Crimea, saw and heard of many deeds of heroism which she loved to tell. "I remember," she wrote, "a sergeant, who was on picket, the rest of the picket killed, and himself battered about the head, stumbled back to camp, and on his

¹ See, e.g., below, pp. 317, 488, and Vol. II. p. 411.

² Found among the Prince Consort's papers, and printed in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life* of him, vol. iii. p. 214.

good Mrs. Bracebridge had arrived from Scutari just in time to accompany her friend on the return voyage. Lord Ward, whose steam-yacht was in harbour at the time, pressed the use of it upon her, and in it she was taken to Scutari. When the yacht reached Scutari, all the high officials were present to meet it. One of the large barges, used to remove the sick and wounded, was brought alongside, and Miss Nightingale, in a state of extreme weakness and exhaustion, was lowered into it. At the pier soldiers were in readiness, who carried her on a stretcher to the chaplain's house, followed by a large and sympathetic crowd. "I do not remember anything during the campaign," wrote the good-hearted Soyer, "so gratifying to the feelings as that simple though grand procession." "Ah," said a soldier, "there was no sadder sight than to see that dear lady carried up from the pier on a stretcher just like we men, and perhaps by some of the fellows she nursed herself."¹ It was the same when she was presently moved from Scutari to the shore in order to go to Therapia, where the Ambassador had placed his summer residence at her disposal. She was carried in a litter by four guardsmen, but, though it was only five minutes' walk to the shore, there were two relays, and her baggage was divided among twelve soldiers, though two could easily have carried the whole,² so great was the desire of the men to share in the honour of helping the Lady-in-Chief.

Her recovery was gradual, and her weakness great. Mrs. Bracebridge described her as unable to feed herself or speak above a whisper. The extreme exhaustion was more from the previous overstrain on mind and body than from the fever, the doctors said, and they recommended complete change and rest. Mr. Sidney Herbert wrote, imploring her to come home for two months: "We are delighted," wrote her mother (July 9), "to think of you at Therapia. Oh, my love, how I trust that you will, among the numerous lessons which your life has been spent in learning, be able to perfect that most difficult one of standing and waiting." She was to be lessoned in that form of service, but not till

¹ *Blackwood*, p. 115.

² *Memoirs of Lady Eastlake*, vol. ii. p. 44.

that a telegraphic dispatch from him should not reach them till, after two or three days of the fever, the doctors were able to hold out hopes of recovery. "Sitting to-day," wrote her sister to a friend, from Embley (May 27), "in the little Vicarage woodhouse, waiting for the people to come out from church (for we were not up to the whole service), in order to go in to the Communion which she loves so well, and which we always take with her and God, and which she is taking in spirit or reality to-day if she is alive, and if not is taking in a higher and happier sense—Mama said, 'I thank God she is ready for life or for death'; and in that, dear, we truly strive to rest, though the spirit would quail, I am afraid, if there were not hope at the bottom." The anxiety in the War Hospitals was scarcely less. "The soldiers turned their faces to the wall," said one, "and cried." The crisis passed, and on May 24 Lord Raglan was able to telegraph home that the patient was out of danger, and three days later that she was going on favourably. The bulletins were forwarded to the Queen, and on May 28 Her Majesty, in writing to Lord Panmure, was "truly thankful to learn that that excellent and valuable person, Miss Nightingale, is safe."¹ At this time a horseman rode up to her hut, and the nurse, Mrs. Roberts, who had been enjoined to keep the patient quiet, refused to let him in. He said that he most particularly desired to see Miss Nightingale. "And pray," said Mrs. Roberts, "who are you?" "Ah, only a soldier," replied the visitor, "but I have ridden a long way, and your patient knows me very well." He was admitted, and a month later was himself laid low and died. It was Lord Raglan.

IV

Miss Nightingale, on becoming convalescent, was strongly advised by the doctors to take a voyage to England. She would not listen to such advice. Her work at the front had but just begun, and she was resolved to return to it after the shortest possible delay. The voyage to the Bosphorus was the longest that she could be induced to take. Her

¹ *Panmure Papers*, vol. i. p. 215.

as if it pleased God to remove from the work those who have been most useful to it. His will be done!" Nurse Drake's body was brought to Scutari, and Miss Nightingale erected a small marble cross over it in the cemetery. It was no time, when members of the rank-and-file were falling at the post of duty, for the chief to listen to counsels of medical prudence. Nor, indeed, at any time did Miss Nightingale harbour even a passing thought of what would have seemed to her an act of military desertion. She remained till the end of the war came, and till the last transport had sailed; working indefatigably as ever, and in some respects in new spheres of usefulness, both in the Crimea and at Scutari; to what good effect we shall hear in later chapters, but at great cost to her own comfort and bodily strength. She had been appointed, as she used to say, to a subsidiary post in the Queen's Army¹; the humblest post, it might be, but still a post of duty. The men had dared and suffered; and Florence Nightingale was resolved to show that a woman too had strength to suffer and endure.

During the weeks of convalescence at Scutari, Miss Nightingale used sometimes to walk at evening on the shore, in full sight of that view which, when she had first come there, they told her was the finest in the world, but which, in the crush of work, she had no time to enjoy.² She sent a letter to her people at home describing one such evening walk, and it was read out in the family circle. Lady Byron, who was staying with them at the time, heard it read, and said that it was "like a hymn—simple and deep-toned." She described how, on the opposite side, the city of Constantinople was defined against the burning sky of the setting sun, but the outline was changed by the fall of some mounds in an earthquake. Near her were the graves of the heroic dead, the thousands with whom, she said, she felt identified. "It went into my heart," wrote Lady Byron, "as the poetry of fact—for she has made poetry fact." The letter went on to speak of the British burying-

¹ She was especially pleased when in March 1856 her name appeared for the first time in General Orders; see below, p. 293.

² Above, p. 173.

after many more years of arduous labour, and for the present she would not hear of any return to England. The feeling of the soldiers for her touched her so deeply that she could not bear, she said, to leave them. Gradually she recovered strength. "We have a charming account," wrote her sister (Aug. 21), "from Lothian Nicholson just ordered out to Crimea, who is quite enthusiastic, dear old boy, about her good looks, which, as all her hair has been cut off, is good testimony—'her own smile,' he talks of, and says he can hardly believe she has gone through such a winter. The dear Bracebridges say that her improvement in the last week was delightful and wonderful." Already, in July, her business letters were resumed. In August she was in the full rush of work again. The doctors and her friends still besought her to take rest. But her indomitable spirit would listen to no counsels of retreat. The end of the war was not yet in sight. Even Sebastopol had not yet fallen. So long as there remained sick and wounded in the Levant to be cared for, she was resolved to remain also. A soldier was told that the Lady-in-Chief would probably be sent home. "But how will they *pairt* with her," he said, "what'll they do without her? they set all their hopes on she." There were nurses, too, naturally anxious to rejoin their families or friends at home, who said that, if she went, they would go. The presence of Miss Nightingale, with her lofty ideals and inspiring self-devotion, was the attraction which kept many of these women at their posts. Some had already died. Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, one of the nurses whom Miss Nightingale had taken with her to the Crimea, died on August 9 of low fever at Balaclava. "I cannot tell you," wrote Miss Nightingale to the Master of St. John's House (Aug. 16, 1855), "what I felt when I heard of her death, unexpected alike by all. Her two physicians thought her going on well, and I expected her in every convoy that came down from Balaclava, as she was coming to me to recruit. I have lost in her the best of all the women here. Once I proposed to her to go home, but she scouted the idea entirely and said her health was better here than in England. I feel like a criminal in having robbed you of one so truly to be loved and honoured. It seemed

CHAPTER X

THE POPULAR HEROINE

Miss Nightingale looks to her reward from this country in having a fresh field for her labours, and means of extending the good that she has already begun. A compliment cannot be paid dearer to her heart than in giving her work to do.—SIDNEY HERBERT.

THE news of Miss Nightingale's illness spread sympathetic anxiety throughout Great Britain. Even more than when her mission of mercy was first announced, she became the popular heroine; and more than ever men and women of all classes sought means of showing their sympathy.

Lady Verney, whose depth of feeling is not concealed by the play of humour which sparkles pleasantly upon the surface, described, successively, the penalties and the pleasures of being the sister of a heroine:—

(*Miss F. P. Nightingale to Miss Ellen Tollet.*) EMBLEY, Friday [Summer of 1855]. I am quite *done* with writing, a second blast of linen and knitted socks was nearly the death of me, and 'hints,' my dear!—oh, my horror of being asked for hints,—such as "can newspapers be put into the post free?" and such like *niaiseries*. How grateful I am to you for never once having inquired whether socks or muffetees are most required, and whether you are safe in sending 6 towels and an old tablecloth to London, or whether they had better come to us. It sounds very ungrateful, I am afraid, but when one's wrist aches over the two hundredth repetition of the matter, I do wish the public would apply to the nearest post office, or read that scarce and erudite work the *Times*, and use their sense not their pens.

However, these words are only when I am cross at having been prevented from writing to the folk I love, such as thee, of the progress of Scutari. Else generally the feeling in every soul, so wide and so deep, touches us more than I can tell, and helps us over the inevitable weight of the anxiety more than I thought

ground at Scutari, and Miss Nightingale added these lines :—

" They are not here ! " No, not beneath that sod,
And yet not far away,
For they can mingle their new life from God
With living souls, not clay.

And they, " the heroic dead," will softly pour
Into thy spirit's ear
A music human still, but sad no more,
To tell thee they are near—

Near thee with higher ministering aid
Thy heart-work to return,
So that each sacrifice that love has made
A victory shall earn ! ¹

¹ The words in inverted commas were quotations from Miss Nightingale's letters. These had been shown to a friend, who thereupon wrote the lines, above quoted, and sent them to her.

(as your representative) how our Burlington Street room has seen Manning and Maurice, Mr. Best and the Chancellor, Lady Amelia Jebb and Mrs. Herbert, Lady Byron and Lady Canning, the extremes of all kinds crowding in to help you in every way that they could devise. Then come in tradespeople, all so intent on you ; and working folk, your stoutest supporters, and those you will care most for. And we are tenderly treated and affectionately welcomed by one and all of all classes and opinions for your sake, my dear, and very sweet to me is kindness for your dear sake ; it seems as if it were part of you coming to meet me.

II

But Miss Nightingale's popularity was not limited to such circles as those in which her family moved. Letters from soldiers in the Crimea had made her known in thousands of humble homes, and she became the heroine of the cottage, the workshop, and the alleys. Old soldiers dropped into poetry about her, and rhymed broadsheets, with rough woodcuts of the Lady with the Lamp, issued from printers in Seven Dials and Soho. One of these songs, entitled "The Nightingale in the East," and intended to go to the tune of "The Cottage and Water Mill," was especially popular with its refrain :—

So forward, my lads, may your hearts never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.¹

Then from the same class of printing-offices there issued "Price One Penny, The Only and Unabridged Edition of the Life of Miss Nightingale, Detailing her Christian Heroic Deeds in the Land of Tumult and Death, which has made her name most deservedly Immortal, not only in England,

¹ For the text see Bibliography B, No. 7. An article in the *Quarterly Review* of April 1867, entitled "The Nightingale in the East," is "a study of the Poetry of Seven Dials." The popular ditty about Miss Nightingale has been sung under many skies and to many audiences ; never to greater effect than on Christmas Day 1870 in St. Thomas's Hospital (then in the Surrey Gardens). The nurses had arranged a Christmas treat ; the children had sung hymns, and older patients had given popular songs of the day. A patient in the Accident Ward, a coal-heaver with a broken leg, then volunteered ; when the words of the refrain caught the ears of the Nightingale nurses, "we dropped all work" (says one of them), "and listened intently till the song was over, all enthusiasm for our Chief." The singer told them that he was an old soldier, and had been nursed by Miss Nightingale in the General Hospital at Balaclava.

possible—heavy, redfaced, old fox-hunting Squires, who never had a “sentiment” in their lives, come with their eyes full of tears; narrow-minded Farmers with *both* eyes on the main chance are melted; young ladies who never got beyond balls and concerts are warmed. Dearest, I do feel of the feeling she has raised, it blesseth “him here who gives and those out there who take,” and will do good wider than one hoped. I can’t so much as write for a dispatch box for her (thinking an official of her scale must want one for her papers) without its coming back full of pretty little match boxes as an offering, and wrapped in a large contribution of old sheets. . . . I must give you the cream of this last three or four days’ letters. Firstly, Mr. Hookham, the bookseller, sending down a parcel, says he “trusts to hear of the return of Miss N., as he does not think, though convalescent, she can get well on the shores of Bosphorus or Black Sea; that a General or Admiral can be replaced, but there can be no successor to Miss N., her skill, her fortitude, her courage cannot be replaced. I speak of courage in the most exalted sense that it is possible to characterise the bravery and devotion of woman.” Then comes a letter from a shipowner in the north of Scotland going to launch a vessel, and wanting to call it after her, sends to have her name quite “correct.” Next, Lady Dunsany saying that “Joan of Arc was not more a creation of the moment and *for* the moment than F. Joan’s was the same unearthly influence carrying all before its spirit might—Joan’s was the same strange and sexless identity, which, belonging as it were neither to man nor woman, seemed to disembody and combine the *choicest results* of both, and then to sweep down conventionalities, prejudices, and pruderies, with the clear, cold, crystal sceptre of its *majestic purity*. Joan’s mission, too, was the condensation of her country’s moral and intellectual power in the person of a young and single woman when the men of that country were so many of them imbecile and effete! I think my parallel runs pretty close.” Lord Dunsany adds that he has no time to write, so he says, “ditto to Mrs. Burke,” and that I know he is “fanatico for Joan of Arc rediviva, God bless her.” Then a bit from Lady Byron, saying, “even her illness will advance her work as all things must for those who do all with His aid,” and more that is most beautiful. Then 2 copies of the *History of Women*, with portrait of Miss N. to be sent to her “from the author,” and a flaming extract from a County paper in a pamphlet, *Stroll to Lea Hurst*, 20 copies ditto, ditto, and a majestic effusion from the family grocer about “heroic conduct,” “brave and noble Miss N.,” “identified with Crimean success and sad disasters,” “posterity,” “arm of civilisation,” “rampant barbarism,” &c. &c., and so on.

(To Florence Nightingale.) Dec. 8 [1855]. It has been curious

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

III

When it became known in England that Miss Nightingale had recovered from her illness, and had resolved to remain at her post until the end of the war, a movement at once sprang up for marking in some public manner the nation's appreciation of her services and her devotion. There was at first some idea, as Lady Verney wrote, of a personal testimonial in the "teapot and bracelet" kind. Mrs. Herbert, who was consulted in the matter, knew her friend well enough to be certain that Miss Nightingale would decline to accept any such proposal. The only form of testimonial to which she would ever listen was something to enable her the better to carry on her work for others. Miss Nightingale was written to, and replied, in accordance with Mrs. Herbert's expectation, that she must absolutely decline any testimonial of a personal character. Her friends knew well that what she would best like was the establishment in one form or another of "an English Kaiserswerth." This suggestion was accordingly put before her, and she was asked to submit a plan. Her reply was, again, very characteristic. Immersed in the crowded work of the

but in all Civilized Parts of the World, winning the Prayers of the Soldier, the Widow, and the Orphan." The poets and biographers were not only in Seven Dials. The Poet's Corner of every newspaper, from *Punch* and the *Spectator* to the smallest country journal, was devoted to the praise of the heroine. Ingenious triflers were at work, and it was found that her anagram was indeed, as an old definition has it, poesie transferred, and Florence Nightingale became "Flit on, cheering angel." Prize poems at the universities pictured her, in the manner of such compositions, walking fearlessly

Where strong men tremble and where brave hearts fail.

Then the musicians took up the Popular Heroine, and both now, and after her return from the Crimea, sentimental songs, set to music, were inscribed to her: "Angels with Sweet Approving Smiles," "The Shadow on the Pillow," "The Soldier's Widow," "The Woman's Smile," "The Soldier's Cheer"—this latter "played by the band of the 97th Regiment,"—"Die Soldaten Lebewohl," "The Star of the East," and so forth. The stationers followed in the wake of the printers, and brought out note-paper with a picture of Florence Nightingale as the water-mark, or with lithographed views of "Lea Hurst, her home." Portraits of her were eagerly sought; and as the family were unwilling to supply them, likenesses had to be invented to adorn sentimental prints. Life-boats and emigrant-ships were christened *The Florence Nightingale*. Children, streets, vales, and race-horses were named after her. "The Forest Plate Handicap was won by Miss Nightingale, beating Barbarity and nine others." Tradesmen printed portraits and short lives of her on their paper bags. At Fairs there were "Grand Exhibitions of Miss Florence Nightingale administering to the Sick and Wounded." China figures, with no recognizable likeness to her, but inscribed "Florence Nightingale," were put on sale. The public would not be denied. "Yes, indeed," wrote Lady Verney to her sister, "the people love you with a sort of passionate tenderness that goes to my heart."

Miss Nightingale did not relish all this. They had

courage to go ourselves, staid it over ; our informants came flocking in, and we were rewarded." " Fancy if you can," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his sister, " our joy at the universal oneness of the meeting which has honoured Flo with its absolute fiat of ' Well done ' and well to do. I am not apt to be easily satisfied with the things which I see and feel or hear or think, but all people seem to agree that there was *there* nothing wanting."

The speeches deserve, I think, all that the proud mother said of them. Mr. Sidney Herbert's was, perhaps, the best, if one can judge from the reports ; and certainly it is the best remembered, for in the course of it he read out the soldier's letter, which, as mentioned already (p. 237), became famous throughout the world. But " the truest thing," as Lady Verney wrote to her sister, " was said by Monckton Milnes. He said that too much had been made of the sacrifice of position and luxury in your case." How true that was is known to all who have read the first part of this volume. " God knows," said Mr. Milnes, " that the luxury of one good action must to a mind such as hers be more than equivalent for the loss of all the pomps and vanities of life."

And Mr. Milnes, with the touch of a poet and the feeling of a friend, said another very true thing. He drew a contrast between the crowded and brilliant scene before him, and " the scene which met the gaze of that noble woman, who was now devoting herself to the service of her suffering fellow-creatures on the black shores of Crim Tartary, overlooking the waters of the inhospitable sea." She was grateful for sympathy ; but the glitter of praise and reputation was as nothing, or less than nothing, to her. She was wrestling by those bleak shores with disease and death, wrestling, too, with jealousies and intrigues and other difficulties. She cared for no recognition, except in so far as it could help her in her work. A contribution of £1000 to her private fund, sent by the people of New Zealand in November, greatly pleased her. " If my name," she wrote to her parents, " and my having done what I could for God and mankind has given you pleasure, that is real pleasure to me. My reputation has not been a boon to me in my work ;

moment, she was in no mood to make future plans ; but she took the earliest opportunity of intimating that, whatever the plan might be, she must be the autocrat of it. " Dr. Bence-Jones has written to me," she said (Sept. 27), " for a plan. People seem to think that I have nothing to do but to sit here and form plans. If the public choose to recognize my services and my judgment in this manner, they must leave those services and that judgment unfettered." She was experiencing enough of fetters in the East to last her for a lifetime. An influential Committee was formed, on which Mr. Sidney Herbert and Mr. S. C. Hall served as honorary secretaries, and it was decided to raise a fund for the establishment of some School for Nurses, under a Council, to be nominated by Miss Nightingale. A public meeting was called for November 29, 1855, at Willis's Rooms, " to give expression to a general feeling that the services of Miss Nightingale in the hospitals of the East demand the grateful recognition of the British people." The room proved far too small. It was crowded to suffocation ; and never, said the *Times*, in reporting the meeting, had a more brilliant, enthusiastic, and unanimous gathering been held in London.

" Burlington St., this 29th of November," wrote Mrs. Nightingale to Florence, " the most interesting day of thy mother's life. It is very late, my child, but I cannot go to bed without telling you that your meeting has been a glorious one. I believe that you will be more indifferent than any of us to your fame, but be glad that we feel this is a proud day for us ; for the like has never happened before, but will, I trust, from your example, gladden the hearts of many future mothers. One thing will rejoice you. We were all as anxious as you were there that the good Bracebridges' devoted love should be publicly recognized, and Sidney Herbert has taken this occasion to do it most gracefully. The Duke of Cambridge was in the chair and made a simple, manly speech. Sidney Herbert's delighted every one. Lord Stanley, the Duke of Argyll, and Sir J. Pakington spoke capitally. Monckton Milnes was very touching. Lord Lansdowne as good as in his best days. All seemed inspired by their subject. Parthe and I, though we could not take

able village, where some cottage household has not been comforted amidst its mourning for the loss of one who had fallen in the war, by the assurance that his last moments were watched, and his worst sufferings soothed, by that care, at once tender and skilful, which no man, and few women, could have shown. True heroism is not so plentiful that we can afford to let it pass unrecognized—if not for the honour of those who show it, yet very much for our own. The best test of a nation's moral state is the kind of claim which it selects for honour. And with the exception of Howard, the prison reformer, I know no person besides Miss Nightingale, who, within the last hundred years, within this island, or perhaps in Europe, has voluntarily encountered dangers so imminent, and undertaken offices so repulsive, working for a large and worthy object, in a pure spirit of duty towards God and compassion for man." Lord Stanley showed a true appreciation, too, of the facts in pointing out the strength of character which Miss Nightingale had shown as a pioneer. "It is not easy everywhere, especially in England, to set about doing what no one has done before. Many persons will undergo considerable risks, even that of death itself, when they know that they are engaged in a cause which, besides approving itself to their consciences, commands sympathy and approval, when they know that their motives are appreciated and their conduct applauded. But in this case custom was to be violated, precedent broken through, the surprise, sometimes the censure of the world to be braved. And do not underestimate that obstacle. We hardly know the strength of those social ties that bind us until the moment when we attempt to break them."¹ The Nightingale Fund was taken up heartily, but there was some carping criticism, and the jealousies which attended Miss Nightingale's work found expression against the Fund in her honour. There were great ladies who, strange as it may now seem, regarded the attempt to raise the *status* of the nursing profession as a silly fad. "Lady Pam," wrote Lord Granville, "thinks the Nightingale Fund great humbug. 'The nurses are very good now; perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the

¹ *Speeches of the 15th Earl of Derby*, 1894, vol. i. pp. 16, 18.

but if you have been pleased, that is enough. I shall love my name now, and shall feel that it is the greatest return that you can find satisfaction in hearing your child named, and in feeling that her work draws sympathies together—some return for what you have done for me. Life is sweet after all.”

The form taken by the memorial, inaugurated at the public meeting in Willis's Rooms, was the establishment of a “Nightingale Fund,” to enable her to establish and control an institute for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses, paid and unpaid. A copy of the resolution was sent to Miss Nightingale, who acknowledged it in a letter from Scutari (Jan. 6, 1856): “Dear Mr. Herbert—In answer to your letter (which followed me to the Crimea and back to Scutari) proposing to me the undertaking of a Training School for Nurses, I will first beg to say that it is impossible for me to express what I have felt in regard to the sympathy and the confidence shown to me by the originators and supporters of this scheme. 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 upon it,—it is indeed an abiding support to have such sympathy and such appreciation brought home to me in the midst of labour and difficulties all but overpowering. I must add, however, that my present work is such as I would never 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?”¹

Public meetings in support of the Fund were held throughout England and in the British Dominions.² Among the speeches made at these meetings, one of the most notable was Lord Stanley's at Manchester. “There is no part of England,” he said, “no city or county, scarcely a consider-

¹ *Report of the Nightingale Fund*, “Addenda,” pp. 1-2.

² Reports of some of the meetings are collected in the *Report of the Nightingale Fund*. At Manchester (Jan. 17, 1856), in addition to Lord Stanley, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Milnes spoke; at Oxford (Jan. 23), Mr. Herbert again spoke; at Brighton (Jan. 14), Mr. Milnes.

people. A few weeks after the Public Meeting the following letter was sent :—

WINDSOR CASTLE [November 1855].¹ DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE—You are, I know, well aware of the high sense I entertain of the Christian devotion which you have displayed during this great and bloody war, and I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the *privilege* of alleviating in so merciful a manner. I am, however, anxious of marking my feelings in a manner which I trust will be agreeable to you, and therefore send you with this letter a brooch, the form and emblems of which commemorate your great and blessed work, and which, I hope, you will wear as a mark of the high approbation of your Sovereign !

It will be a very great satisfaction to me, when you return at last to these shores, to make the acquaintance of one who has set so bright an example to our sex. And with every prayer for the preservation of your valuable health, believe me, always,
yours sincerely,
VICTORIA R.

The jewel, which was designed by the Prince Consort, resembles a badge rather than a brooch, bearing a St. George's Cross in red enamel, and the Royal cypher surmounted by a crown in diamonds. The inscription, "Blessed are the Merciful," encircles the badge, which also bears the word "Crimea." On the reverse is the inscription : "To Miss Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers.—From Victoria R., 1855."

"I hope," wrote Lady Verney (Dec. 27, 1855), "you will wear your Star to please the soldiers on Sundays and holidays ; because, judging from those at home, it will be such a pleasure to them to know that the Queen has done her best to do you honour." At home, Miss Nightingale never wore the decoration. She wore it in the East, on one occasion certainly (p. 296) ; and possibly on other occasions. If so, it would have been for the reason suggested by her sister.

¹ Wrongly dated "January 1856" in *Letters of Queen Victoria*, vol. iii. p. 215. The gift was announced in the *Morning Post* of December 20, 1855 ; the brooch reached Miss Nightingale in November, and her reply had been received by Dec. 21 (see below, p. 278). An illustrated account of the gift appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, Feb. 2, 1856. It may now be seen in the Museum of the United Service Institution.

ladies' monthly nurses, and nothing can be better than them; poor people, it must be so tiresome sitting up all night.'"¹ The existence of the Fund was notified in General Orders to the army in the East. "I hear," wrote Dr. Robertson at Scutari to Dr. Hall in the Crimea, "that you have not (any more than myself) subscribed your day's pay to the Nightingale Fund. I certainly said, the moment it appeared in Orders, I would not do so, and thereby countenance what I disapproved. Others may do as they please, but though Linton, Cruikshanks, and Lawson have all subscribed, I believe the subscriptions *in the hospital* are not many or large."² But this disgruntlement of the doctors was not shared by the troops, who subscribed nearly £9000 to the Fund. The Commander of the Forces, in sending to the Secretary of the Fund a first remittance of £4000 from "Headquarters, Crimea," wrote (February 5, 1856) that this amount, "the result of voluntary individual offerings, plainly indicates the universal feeling of gratitude which exists among the troops engaged in the Crimea for the care bestowed upon, and the relief administered to, themselves and their comrades, at the period of their greatest sufferings, by the skilful arrangements, and the unwearying, constant personal attention, of Miss Nightingale and the other ladies associated with her." The Navy and the Coastguard Service subscribed also. Nor was "society" all on the side of Lady Palmerston. A concert given by Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) brought in nearly £2000. The ultimate application of the Fund did not follow precisely the lines originally proposed, but it was the means of enabling Miss Nightingale to do one of the most useful pieces of her life's work.³

The sympathy and interest of the Royal Family in Miss Nightingale's work had been shown by the presence of the Duke of Cambridge in the chair at Willis's Rooms; but the Queen desired to associate herself in some more direct and signal measure with "the grateful recognition" by her

¹ Fitzmaurice, *Life of the Second Earl Granville*, vol. i. p. 136.

² *Hall*, p. 449.

³ See below, p. 456.

CHAPTER XI

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND

Human nature is a noble and beautiful thing ; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature ; as a folly which can be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain.—RUSKIN.

“ WHAT the horrors of war are,” wrote Miss Nightingale on her way to the Crimea in May 1855,¹ “ no one can imagine. They are not wounds, and blood, and fever, spotted and low, and dysentery, chronic and acute, and cold and heat and famine. They are intoxication, drunken brutality, demoralization and disorder on the part of the inferior ; jealousies, meanness, indifference, selfish brutality on the part of the superior.” Then she goes on to deplore the drunkenness she had witnessed at the Depot, and the seeming indifference of the staff to it. And yet, as her experience had shown, the men were quickly susceptible to better influences. “ We have established a reading-room for convalescents, which is well attended ; and the conduct of the soldiers is uniformly good. I believe that we have been the most efficient means of restoring discipline instead of destroying it, as I have been accused of. They are much more respectful to me than they are to their own officers. But it makes me cry to think that all these 6 months we might have had a trained schoolmaster, and that I was told it was quite impossible ; that in the Indian army effectual and successful measures are taken to prevent intoxication and disorganization, and that here the Convalescents are brought in emphatically *dead* drunk (for they die of it), and officers look on with

¹ In continuation of the letter quoted above, p. 255.

She loved the soldiers. Honours and reputation, so far as they were valued by her at all (and that was little), were valued only as a means to the end of further service. With what zeal, and to what good purpose, she was now devoting herself to serve the best interests of the common soldier, we shall learn in the next chapter.

to believe it, and she set herself, in her determined and resourceful way, to put measures of reform into practice.

II

Miss Nightingale, as I have already explained (p. 215), had the ear of the Court, and she took an opportunity of laying her views before the Queen. The immediate sequel is told in a letter from Lord Granville to Lord Canning :—

Dec. 21 [1855]. In the Cabinet an interesting letter was read from Miss Nightingale thanking the Queen for a handsome present, and discussing the causes and remedies for the drunkenness in the army. Pam thought it excellent. Clarendon said it was full of real stuff, but Mars said it only showed that she knew nothing of the British soldier.¹

But Lord Panmure, though a believer in the original sin of the soldier, was moved none the less by the forces thus set in motion to sanction some useful measures of reform. Miss Nightingale, however, had not waited for official action. That was never her way. When she wanted a thing done, she showed on such scale as was possible to her how to do it.

Her first endeavour was to help and encourage the soldiers in sending home a portion at least of their pay. She formed an extempore Money Order Office, in which, on four afternoons in each month, she received the money of any soldier who desired to send it home to his family. About £1000 was thus received monthly in small sums, which, by post-office orders obtained in England, were transmitted to their several recipients. Her uncle, Mr. Samuel Smith, undertook the English agency for her. After the Cabinet Council, just described, Lord Panmure wrote to the Commander of the Forces in the Crimea, adverting to Miss Nightingale's "cry," and remarking that if a soldier wanted to send money home he could do so through the Paymaster, but adding that it had been decided to increase the facilities. In the following month (January 1856) the Government accepted the hint of Miss Nightingale's private initiative and established offices for money orders at Constantinople,

¹ Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of the Second Earl Granville*, vol. i. p. 133.

composure and say to me, 'You are spoiling the brutes.' The men are so glad to read, so glad to give their money." This passage serves to introduce us to a side of Miss Nightingale's work which occupied much of her thoughts and activities during the latter portion of her sojourn in the East. Her work in tending the sick bodies of the soldiers is that which is best known, but her work in appealing to their moral and mental nature was not less admirable, and hardly less novel. A high authority, who had been through the war, said of her at the time, "She has taught officers and officials to treat the soldiers as Christian men." Not every officer needed thus to be lessoned, but Miss Nightingale's example, and the practical experiments which directly or indirectly she set on foot during the Crimean War, did much to humanize the British Army. She deserves to be remembered as the Soldiers' Friend no less than as the Ministering Angel.

Miss Nightingale, like all moral and social reformers, believed in the nobility of human nature. She had seen in the hospital wards at Scutari, and in the trenches before Sebastopol, the heroism of which the common soldier was capable. She refused to believe that the vices to which he was prone were inherent in his nature. "I have never been able to join," she wrote to Lady Verney from Scutari (March 1856), "in the popular cry about the recklessness, sensuality, and helplessness of the soldiers. On the contrary I should say (and perhaps few women have ever seen more of the manufacturing and agricultural classes of England than I have before I came out here) that I have never seen so teachable and helpful a class as the Army generally. Give them opportunity promptly and securely to send money home and they will use it. Give them schools and lectures and they will come to them. Give them books and games and amusements and they will leave off drinking. Give them suffering and they will bear it. Give them work and they will do it. I had rather have to do with the Army generally than with any other class I have ever attempted to serve." It was a common belief of the time that it was in the nature of the British soldier to be drunken. The same idea was entertained of the British nurse.¹ She utterly refused

¹ See above, p. 273.

am myself of this opinion. Independently of the fact that, at this moment, I could not possibly receive any more nurses, there are many reasons against bringing out more soldiers' wives here, which you will readily apprehend. With regard to the Regiment, I consider the 12th Lancers the most "respectable" Regiment we have. They send home more money and put it to better uses than all the other Regiments here put together. And I hope that Whybron will improve in it.

In January 1912 Lieutenant-Colonel Clifton Brown, commanding the 12th Royal Lancers, then quartered at Potchefstroom in the Transvaal, bought the original of this letter, "beautifully written, not a blot or a scratch in it," framed it with glass on both sides, and presented it to his regiment. Thus may an echo of Miss Nightingale's care for the British soldier and pride in his good name roll from soul to soul, and grow for ever and for ever.

III

Then Miss Nightingale set herself to establish and equip reading-rooms and class-rooms. She took measures to let her schemes be made known in England, and the popularity of the heroine led to a speedy and generous response from all classes—from the Royal Family to the humblest printer's boy. Miss Nightingale's relations at home received, and transmitted to her, the gifts. Her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, was especially useful. "Harry Carter," she wrote (Jan. 6, 1856), "must be a man of business; for I can assure you that the boxes he sent me are the only ones which have not lost me hours of unnecessary labour, because he has given me invoices of the contents of each box and bills of lading." Her sister was receiver-general, and from Lady Verney's letters we obtain a lively account of the work:—

(*To Miss Ellen Tollet.*) [Nov. 1855.] I don't know whether Mrs. Milnes told you how hard we worked to send off boxes for F.'s education of the army! let me tell you, Ma'am, to instruct 50,000 men is no joke. Seriously tho', my love, it is small things any one can do amid such a mass, which made one the more anxious to enable her to do what she could, and we have sent a dose of 1000 copybooks, writing materials in proportion, Diagrams,

Scutari, Balaclava, and "Headquarters, Crimea." "It will do no good," wrote "Mars," convinced against his will; "the soldier is not a remitting animal."¹ But in fact, during the following six months, a sum of £71,000 was sent home.² Miss Nightingale felt much satisfaction in having been the means of "rescuing this money from the canteen." She was instrumental also in establishing a rival house, named, after a soldiers' battle, the "Inkerman Café." This was pleasantly situated close to the shore of the Bosphorus, midway between the main hospitals at Scutari. Miss Nightingale devoted much attention to the details of this coffee-house, and framed the list of prices. In all such work for the good of the soldiers, she found a cordial supporter in Sir Henry Storks, who had succeeded Lord William Paulet in the command at Scutari in the latter part of 1855. Sir Henry agreed with her, as he wrote, "that drunkenness can be made the exception, not the rule, in the Army"; and in later years he referred in grateful recollection to the time when "we served together at Scutari."

Her personal influence with the men was great. "I promised *Her* I would not drink," or "I promised *Her* to send my money home," they would say, "in such a tone," as Mr. Stafford recorded, "as if it were ingrained in the very stuff of them." A curious and, as I think the reader will agree with me, a pretty illustration of this side of Miss Nightingale's work, was brought under my notice during the preparation of this Memoir. On January 23, 1856, Miss Nightingale wrote the following letter from Scutari to the Rev. R. Glover, then Chaplain to the Forces at Maidstone:—

In reply to yours of Jan. 10—I have the pleasure to inform you that I have just seen Thomas Whybron, 12th Lancers, and that he has promised me that he will not only write to his wife, but transmit money to her through me after 1st of next month, when he will receive his pay. I trust he will keep his word. She had better also write to him herself, and send her letter through me. He tells me that he has had *one* letter from her. However he is well, but he has been in debt. However he sends his wife a kind message of love, which he begs me to give her through you, and to beg that she will not come out here. I

¹ *Panmure*, vol. ii. p. 28.

² *Statement*, p. v.

lished reading-huts in the Barrack Hospital, furnishing them with books, newspapers, writing materials, prints, and games. In all the reading-huts the men attended numerously and constantly, their behaviour when there being, Miss Nightingale added, uniformly quiet and well-bred. The good manners, no less than the uncomplaining heroism of the common soldier, made an indelible impression upon the Lady-in-Chief.

It was out of her experiences in the Crimean War that grew her love for the British soldier, to whose health, care, and comfort, at home and in India, she was to devote many years of her long life. In extreme old age, when failing powers were not equally alert to every call, she would sometimes, I have been told, show listlessness if her companion talked of nurses or nursing, but the old light would ever come into her eye, and the faltering mind would instantly stand at attention, upon the slightest reference to the British soldier.

Maps, books illustrated and other. *Macbeth* (6) to read 6 at a time, and the music in the interludes, which Mr. Best (a pattern man whom I love more even than the Dean of H.) recommended as having been successful in his village. Chess, Footballs, other games, a magic Lantern for Dissolving views, a Stereoscope (very fine!), plays for acting, music, &c. &c. Finally I thought a little art would be advisable, and had a number of prints stretched and varnished which are to be my subscription towards the improvement of the British army!

But, my dear, you can't conceive how pretty the sort of help is that everybody poured in; the P. & O. says, nothing is to be paid, Miss N.'s things all go free.

(*To Florence Nightingale.*) [Nov. 16, 1855.] Please, my dear, acknowledge a print which the Queen sends you for the soldiers. She heard thro' Lady Augusta Bruce that you had asked for one of her for the "Inkerman Café"; and she accordingly sends you the one of the Duke of Wellington presenting May flowers to the little Prince Arthur his godson; which is very pretty of her, for it combines so many things. It is sent to you to do what you like with, so I have said you most likely will wish to have it at Balaclava for your Reading Room plans. We have been racking our brains to get together amusing things for your men. . . . To mitigate the science I have slipped in the Madonna of the Sedia; which, my love, is domestic, if you please, not Popish. The Duchess of Kent sends a capital lot of books; she has been so pleased to be of use.

Both in the Crimea and at Scutari Miss Nightingale carried on, as opportunity offered, what her sister laughingly called "the education of the British Army." But it was at Scutari, where she principally stayed, that the effort took the largest scope. Outside the Barrack Hospital a building was bought by Sir Henry Storks, on behalf of the Government, to provide a reading-room and a school-room. The reading-room, opened in January 1856, was supplied by Miss Nightingale with books, prints, maps, games, and newspapers. The other room was used as a garrison school; two schoolmasters were sent out; and evening lectures and classes were given. A second school was conducted in a hut between the two large hospitals at Scutari.¹ For the convalescents, Miss Nightingale had at an earlier date estab-

¹ I take these particulars from a Memorandum, found among Miss Nightingale's papers, by the Rev. J. E. Sabin, Senior Chaplain at Scutari.

by many. I can vouch for the fact, having frequently accompanied her to the [Castle] Hospital as well as to the Monastery. The return from these places at night was a very dangerous experience, as the road led across a very uneven country. It was still more perilous when snow was upon the ground. I have seen her stand for hours at the top of a bleak rocky mountain near the Hospital, giving her instructions while the snow was falling heavily." She had for some years been somewhat subject to rheumatism, and in the Crimea she was at times tortured by sciatica. But she was "acclimatised," she said, and was strong to endure. Sometimes she spent long days in the saddle. At other times she drove in a rough cart. Her first conveyance was a cart—drawn by a mule and driven, adds the lively Soyer, by a donkey; and she suffered a nasty upset in it. Colonel McMurdo, Commandant of the Land Transport Corps,¹ then kindly gave her the best vehicle procurable. It has been dignified by the name of "Miss Nightingale's Carriage," but was, in fact, a hooded baggage-car without springs.² Some time later M. Soyer identified the vehicle among other "Crimean effects" which were on sale at Southampton. It was shown at the Victorian Era Exhibition forty years later,³ and is still preserved at Lea Hurst.

In this hooded vehicle, or on horseback, or if the roads were very bad on foot, Miss Nightingale made her rounds in all weathers, her headquarters being sometimes at the General and sometimes at the Castle Hospital. She never presumed on her sex to save herself trouble or fatigue at the expense of others. She was now without Mr. Bracebridge's assistance, but she found that the absence of a civilian go-between was no disadvantage. "A woman," she said, "obtains from military courtesy (if she does not shock either their habits of business or their caste prejudices) what a man who pitted the civilian against the military effectually

¹ Sir William Montagu Scott McMurdo (1819-94); K.C.B. 1881. Miss Nightingale had a very high opinion of his services in the Crimea, and Sidney Herbert appointed him Inspector-General of the Volunteers (see Miss Nightingale's Letter on the Volunteers, 1861).

² A woodcut of it appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, August 30, 1856.

³ See Vol. II. p. 409.

CHAPTER XII

TO THE CRIMEA AGAIN

(September 1855—July 1856)

I am ready to stand out the War with any man.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (Nov. 4, 1855).

ON September 8, 1855, Sebastopol fell, after assaults, as every one remembers, which had filled the British cemeteries and hospitals. Miss Nightingale's time from this date to the end of the war was divided between the Crimea and Scutari. On October 9, 1855, she left Scutari for Balaclava, and she remained in the Crimea till the end of November, when she hurried back to Scutari on hearing of a serious outbreak of cholera in the Barrack Hospital at that place. On Good Friday, 1856 (March 21), she again left Scutari for Balaclava, in consequence of an urgent appeal from the hospitals of the Land Transport Corps, and she remained there till the beginning of July. She left Scutari for England on July 28.

Miss Nightingale's work during her second and third visits to the Crimea (of two months in 1855, and of three in 1856) was the most arduous, and in some respects the most worrying, of all her labours in the East. The distances between the several Crimean hospitals, enumerated in an earlier chapter (p. 254), were great; how bad were the roads is known to every one who has read anything about the Crimean War; and Miss Nightingale experienced much of the rigour of a Crimean winter. "The extraordinary exertions she imposed upon herself would have been perfectly incredible," wrote M. Soyer, "if they had not been witnessed

Hospital (Nov. 17, 1855), " I undertook this Hospital, and from that time to this we cooked all the Extra Diet for 500 to 600 patients, and the *whole* diet for all the wounded officers by ourselves in a shed ; and though I sent up a French cook in July to whom I gave £100 a year, I could not get an Extra Diet Kitchen built, promised me in May, till I came up this time to do it myself in October. During the whole of this time, every egg, every bit of butter, jelly, ale, and Eau de Cologne which the sick officers have had has been provided out of Mrs. Samuel Smith's or my private pocket. On Nov. 4 I opened my Extra Diet Kitchen."

II

Miss Nightingale's work in the Crimea was attended by ceaseless worry. She had to fight her way into full authority. She knew that she would win, but her enemies were active, and were for the moment in possession of the field. " There is not an official," she said, " who would not burn me like Joan of Arc if he could, but they know that the War Office cannot turn me out because the country is with me." She was beset with jealousies in the Crimea, both in military and in medical quarters ; and to make matters worse, religious, and even racial animosities mixed themselves up in the disputes. Lord Raglan, who believed in her and always supported her, was now dead ; and by some strange omission, the instructions which had been sent to him from London at the time of her original appointment were unknown to his successors in the command. The words in the *published* instructions—" in Turkey "—gave a sort of technical excuse (as already mentioned) to jealous officials for regarding Miss Nightingale as an interloper in the Crimea. The point, however, had no substance ; for there was a female nursing establishment already in the Crimea, which had received no separate or independent instructions, and which was yet supported by Government. By what authority could it be there, except as delegated from the Lady Superintendent in Chief ? But the intrusion of Miss Nightingale was, I suppose, resented by some military officers the more at Balaclava than at Scutari, in proportion

hindered." She superintended the nursing in all the hospitals under her orders. Of the hospital huts on the Genoese Heights, there is a vivid picture in Lady Hornby's *Travels*. "The first day of our arrival," she wrote, May 1856, "we took a long ramble on the heights of Balaclava, by the old Genoese castle. On one side is a solitary and magnificent view of sea and cliffs; but pass a sharp and lofty turning, and the crowded port beneath, and all the active military movements, are instantly before your eyes. Higher up we came to Miss Nightingale's hospital huts, built of long planks, and adorned with neatly bordering flowers. The sea was glistening before us, and as we lingered to admire the fine view, one of the nurses, a kind, motherly-looking woman, came into the little porch, and invited us to enter and rest. A wooden stool was kindly offered to us by another and younger Sister. On the large deal table was a simple pot of wild flowers, so beautifully arranged, they instantly struck my eye. How charming the little deal house appeared to me, with its perfect cleanliness, its glorious view, and the health, contentment, and usefulness of its inmates! How respectable their few wants seemed; how suited their simple dress to the stern realities, as well as to the charities of life, and how fearlessly they reposed on the care and love of God in that lonely place, far away from all their friends; how earnestly they admired and tended the few spring flowers of a strange land,¹ these brave, quiet women, who had witnessed and helped to relieve so much suffering! This was the pleasantest visit I ever made. Miss Nightingale had been there but a few days before, and this deal room and stool were hers."² Miss Nightingale established reading-rooms, bored for water to improve the supply near the hospitals, had the huts covered with felt for protection against the winter, and brought her extra-diet kitchens, with M. Soyer's good help, into full efficiency. In her absence the work had met with many difficulties from the supineness or hostility of officials towards what some regarded as her fads, and others as her interference. "In April," she wrote to Mrs. Herbert from the Castle

¹ For another reference to the Crimean flowers, see below, p. 450.

² *Hornby*, pp. 306-7.

quarters against Miss Nightingale ; but there were other and deeper causes at work. Dr. Hall, the Principal Medical Officer in the Crimea, was, in some sort, the person most responsible, individually, for the state of things which had stirred so much outcry in England ; and Mr. Sidney Herbert at a very early stage had put his finger on Dr. Hall's touchy spot. " I cannot help feeling," he had written to Lord Raglan in December 1854, " that Dr. Hall resents offers of assistance as being slurs on his preparations."¹ Dr. Hall wrote fiercely about " a system of detraction against our establishments kept up by interested parties under the garb of philanthropy." Some became detractors, he went on, " to make their mission of importance, and they wish the world to believe that all the ameliorations in our institutions are entirely owing to their own exertions or those of a few nurses ; and I am sorry to say some of our own department have pandered to this, and have been rewarded for it." Miss Nightingale's remark upon this tirade was characteristic : " One is tempted to ask, have no others been rewarded who have nothing to show for the result of this same boasted hospital system, but the wreck of an Army, which they did not advise even the most ordinary precautions (as to diet and clothing) to prevent, and the graves at Scutari."² To me, after much reading of the documents, it seems that Dr. Hall was the victim of a false position. He had been appointed Medical Inspector-General in the Crimea when he was still in India, and he did not arrive on the scene in time to think out the preparations properly. Miss Nightingale never allowed personal feeling to affect the impartiality of her judgments. Dr. Hall disputed her authority and resented her interference. She fought him, and in the end she beat him ; but there are passages in her letters which bear testimony to his good services and high capacity in many respects. Nor were their personal relations unfriendly ; but she saw in him throughout an antagonist influence. The Deputy Purveyor-in-Chief, Mr. David Fitz-Gerald, regarded her coming

¹ *Stanmore*, vol. i. p. 369.

² *Notes*, vol. i. sec. i. pp. xxiv.-v. In a private letter Miss Nightingale's irony was more bitter. " K.C.B." meant, she supposed, " Knight of the Crimean Burial-grounds."

as the scene was nearer to the front ; how keen the resentment was, we have heard from Colonel Sterling. And as Headquarters were unsympathetic also, Miss Nightingale had an uphill task. " We get things done all the same," she wrote to Mrs. Herbert, " only a little more slowly. When we have support at Headquarters matters advance faster, that is all. The real grievance against us is that, though subordinate to the Medical Chiefs in Office, we are superior to them in influence and in the chance of being heard at home. It is an anomaly, but so is war in England." There had been in England no due provision for all the needs of the war. Miss Nightingale, seeing things that needed to be done, preferred to get them done by anomalous means rather than that by rule they should not be done at all.

That her analysis of the situation correctly explains the jealousy and opposition of the Medical Chiefs in Office may be gathered from their correspondence. The personal situation in the Crimea had not been eased by the statements of Mr. Bracebridge, already mentioned (p. 213). On his return home, he had not only extolled Miss Nightingale, but had made severe strictures upon the whole medical service in the East. His speech, delivered at a public meeting, was reported very fully in the *Times* (Oct. 16, 1855). Miss Nightingale was doubtless suspected of complicity in this attack ; but in fact she was innocent, and she was quite as angry as were the doctors when she saw the report. Mr. Bracebridge was her friend, but truth and expediency were greater friends ; and she proceeded to give Mr. Bracebridge a trenchant piece of her mind (Nov. 4). She objected to his speech : " *First*, because it is not our business, and I have expressly denied being a medical officer, and rejected all applications both of medical men and quacks to have their systems examined ¹ ; *secondly*, because it justifies all the attacks made against us for unwarrantable interference and criticism ; and, *thirdly*, because I believe it to be utterly unfair." And she proceeded in much detail to defend the doctors against Mr. Bracebridge's aspersions. His indiscretion doubtless raised prejudice in medical

¹ There are applications of the kind among Miss Nightingale's papers.

III

All this controversy raised Miss Nightingale's vexation to white heat. On January 7, 1856, she wrote an official letter to the War Office, complaining of the encroachment on her department by the Medical Officer. In semi-private letters to Mr. Sidney Herbert (Feb. 20, 21, 1856) she formulated her grievances. Dr. Hall was "attempting to root her out of the Crimea." Other officials were traducing her behind her back. The War Office was not adequately supporting her. "It is profuse," she said, "in tinsel and empty praise which I do not want, and does not give me the real business-like efficient standing which I do want." She begged Mr. Herbert to move in the House of Commons for the production of correspondence, so that the public might be able to judge between her and those who were traducing her, and striving to thwart her work. Mr. Herbert, in a reply¹ marked alike by good sense and good feeling, ventured "to criticize and to scold" his friend. "You have been overdone," he said, "with your long, anxious, harassing work. You see jealousies and meannesses all round you. You hear of one-sided, unfair, and unjust reports made of your proceedings and of those under you. But you over-rate their importance, you attribute too much motive to them, and you write upon them with an irritation and vehemence which detracts very much from the weight which would attach to what you say." There are letters to show that this was the opinion also of the more sagacious among Miss Nightingale's nearest friends. To move for papers would, Mr. Herbert added, be very injudicious. There was no public attack, and the publication of papers would call needless attention to disputes. The answers to her critics, which she had sent home, appeared to Mr. Herbert to be complete, and he understood that the War Office so considered them. Moreover the Secretary of State was about to issue orders which would clear up Miss Nightingale's position once and for all. And her own letters, though conclusive as to the facts, had in their tone done herself "less than justice."

¹ Printed *in extenso* in *Stanmore*, vol. i. pp. 416-420.

to the Crimea with equal, or greater, suspicion and dislike, and he sent home to the War Office a Confidential Report, criticizing the female nursing establishment, and making out an argumentative case against the desirability of sanctioning Miss Nightingale's claim to be the Lady Superior of the Crimean nurses. Miss Nightingale had been shown these reports by a friend, and she was angry at what she considered a campaign of secret hostility against her.

To add to the mischief, the professional difficulty (as I may call it) became entangled with the religious difficulty. Some of the nuns who had previously been assigned to the hospitals at Koulali, proceeded in October 1855, at Dr. Hall's instance, to the General Hospital at Balaclava. This was naturally regarded by Miss Nightingale as an act of usurpation upon her authority; it gave an undue proportion of Roman Catholics to a particular hospital; and, moreover, she did not consider these particular ladies, or their Reverend Mother, Mrs. Bridgeman, wholly efficient. They were most devoted and self-sacrificing, and their spiritual ministrations were admirable, but as nurses and administrators she thought less highly of them. Mr. Fitz-Gerald, on the other hand, was strongly prepossessed, as independent observers thought, in their favour. As ill-luck would have it, these ladies were for the most part Irish, and the matter was made to assume the aspect of a racial-religious feud. People who could not understand Miss Nightingale's single-minded devotion to efficient and business-like administration supposed that she was actuated by prejudice. Dr. Hall was not moved by any such suspicion; but the ladies, whom Miss Nightingale regarded as not among the more efficient of her staff of nurses, were his nominees, and he strongly backed them. There was a somewhat similar dispute about another transference of nurses in the Crimea made without Miss Nightingale's sanction; and some of the women, taking their cue from their superiors, were inclined to question and flout her authority. "I don't know what she wants here," said one, when the Lady Superintendent appeared on the scene.¹

¹ *The Autobiography of a Balaclava Nurse*, vol. ii. p. 163.

never faded from Miss Nightingale's mind. A reference to it will be found in a much later chapter,¹ and she often mentioned it in her notes and letters. But, though she fought the officials hard, she never showed temper in public, and she did not allow either the obstruction itself or her vexation at it to impede her work. She had come to the Crimea prepared, and her private stores sufficed to feed her staff till official obstruction was removed; whilst as for her vexation, she was careful not to show it lest her work should suffer.

Meanwhile a dispatch was already on its way from the War Department, which gave to Miss Nightingale the full support for which she had asked. The dispatch was not settled, however, without a stiff fight against it by subordinates at the War Office, who sided with Sir John Hall and Mr. Fitz-Gerald. The curious in such matters may consult the minutes and counter-minutes upon Miss Nightingale's letter of protest preserved in the archives of the War Office. Lord Panmure, however, took her view. Even when the lines of the dispatch were settled in accordance with his instructions, protests were still made against a policy which, in supporting Miss Nightingale, would censure Dr. Hall, but the Minister was not moved. He had already, on November 5, 1855, written to Miss Nightingale herself, stating that Mrs. Bridgeman was not justified in acting as she had done.² He now, on February 25, 1856, wrote to the Commander of the Forces directing that Dr. Hall's attention should be called to the irregularity of his proceeding in introducing nurses into a Hospital without previous communication with Miss Nightingale, and that the following statement should be issued:—

The Secretary of State for War has addressed the following dispatch to the Commander of the Forces, with a desire that it should be promulgated in General Orders: "It appears to me that the Medical Authorities of the Army do not correctly comprehend Miss Nightingale's position as it has been officially recognized by me. I therefore think it right to state to you briefly for their guidance, as well as for the information of the Army, what the position of that excellent lady is. Miss Night-

¹ Vol. II. p. 195.

² See *Hall*, p. 438.

All this was excellent advice, and Miss Nightingale took it in good part, but not, in a phrase now sanctioned in high politics, "lying down." She replied at great length and with full vigour. The gist of her letter was that it was easy to be calm and "statesmanlike" at a distance, but difficult not to be angry and downright when you were on the spot finding your work for the sick and wounded hampered at every turn. She had been criticized, among other things, for interference in the Purveyor's sphere. Her reply to Mr. Herbert on this point is decidedly effective, and incidentally throws light on the hardness of her life in the Crimea. Happily, she said, she had brought with her adequate supplies for herself and her staff. If she had not, they would have been in danger of starvation:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Sidney Herbert.*) CRIMEA, April 4 [1856]. I arrived here March 24 with Nurses for the two Land Transport Hospitals required by Dr. Hall in writing on March 10.¹ We have now been ten days without rations. Lord Cardigan was surprised to find his horses die at the end of a fortnight because they were without rations, and said that they "chose" to do it, obstinate brutes! The Inspector-General and Purveyors wish to see whether women can live as long as horses without rations. I thank God my charge has felt neither cold nor hunger (and is in efficient working order, having cooked and administered in both Hospitals the whole of the extras for 260 bad cases ever since the first day of their arrival). I have, however, felt both. I do not wish to make a martyr of myself; within sight of the graves of the Crimean Army of last winter (too soon forgotten in England), it would be difficult to do so. I am glad to have had the experience. For cold and hunger wonderfully sharpen the wits. . . . During these ten days I have fed and warmed these women at my own private expense by my own private exertions. I have never been off my horse till 9 or 10 at night, except when it was too dark to walk home over these crags even with a lantern, when I have gone on foot. During the greater part of the day I have been without food necessarily, except a little brandy and water (you see I am taking to drinking like my comrades of the Army). But the object of my coming has been attained, and my women have neither starved nor suffered.

The memory of the petty persecution to which she was subjected by hostile and jealous officials in the Crimea

¹ The letter is printed in *Hall*, p. 451.

others of the staff. In her retrospect of the whole campaign, she regarded the spring of 1856 in the Crimea as one of the three periods when her nurses gave the greatest proof of their utility.¹ There was then great sickness among the Land Transport Corps. The other two periods were on the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman at Scutari (p. 181), and "during the heavy summer work of nursing the wounded at Balaclava in 1855." There is, I think, no memorial of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea. But on the heights above Balaclava, visible from a great distance at sea, is a tall marble cross, erected to the memory of the heroic dead, "and to those Sisters of Charity who had fallen in their service." The words engraved upon it are, "Lord, have mercy upon us."²

Miss Nightingale was much exhausted by her labours in the Crimea, and, a few weeks before she left it for the last time, she wrote some testamentary dispositions which, in the event of her death, were to be handed to General Storke, in command at Scutari: "As you," she wrote to him (Balaclava, May 3, 1856), "are of all those in office, whether at home or abroad, the officer who has given the most steady and consistent support to the work entrusted to me by Her Majesty's Government, I venture to appeal to you to continue that support after my death, and to carry out as far as possible my last requests." She expressed an "earnest desire" that Mrs. Shaw Stewart should be appointed to succeed her. She left messages of commendation and pecuniary gifts to the Reverend Mother of the Bermondsey Nuns, Sister Bertha Turnbull, and Mrs. Roberts: "To the Queen I beg humbly to restore the 'Order' with which Her Majesty was pleased to decorate me. If she sees fit to return it to my family, it will be prized the more by them. I cannot express the support which the approbation of my Sovereign has been to me in all my trials. But I would assure Her that neither by word or thought or deed have I ever for one moment been unworthy of Her service or of the

¹ *Notes*, p. 158.

² It has often been stated that the cross was erected by Miss Nightingale, but this is not the case. The inscription was suggested by Miss Shaw Stewart. In 1863 a Maternity Charity was established at Constantinople "in honour of Florence Nightingale."

ingale is recognized by Her Majesty's Government as the General Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment of the military hospitals of the Army. No lady, or sister, or nurse is to be transferred from one hospital to another, or introduced into any hospital, without consultation with her. Her instructions, however, require to have the approval of the Principal Medical Officer in the exercise of the responsibility thus vested in her. The Principal Medical Officer will communicate with Miss Nightingale upon all subjects connected with the Female Nursing Establishment, and will give his directions through that lady." ¹

Miss Nightingale's strong feeling in this matter was not caused, as a hasty, prejudiced, or uncharitable judgment might suggest, by wounded *amour propre*. It was based on the conviction which experience had given her, that only by the strictest discipline exercised through properly constituted authority, could the experiment of female nursing in military hospitals be made successful. In the Confidential Reports which were sent to the War Office criticizing the experiment, advantage was taken of mistakes and misdeeds which Miss Nightingale felt that she might have prevented had she been armed earlier with explicit and plenary authority.²

Armed with this full authority, Miss Nightingale proceeded to make such transferences among the nurses as she deemed necessary in the cause of efficiency. She had no desire to remove Mrs. Bridgeman and the nuns; she was anxious only to make some reforms in their administration, as she would now have express authority to do; and she begged Mrs. Bridgeman to remain. Sir John Hall and the Deputy Purveyor-in-Chief, smarting under the War Office's edict, seem to have laid their heads together, and advised Mrs. Bridgeman to resign.³ "It must rest with you to decide," wrote Sir John, "whether you wish to remain subservient to the control of Miss Nightingale or not." She and her Sisterhood, resigning forthwith (March 28), returned to England, and Miss Nightingale filled their places by

¹ Hall, p. 450. The text of the General Order as issued on March 16 was printed in the *Times* of April 1, 1856.

² See on this subject her Report to the Secretary of State, *Subsidiary Notes*, pp. 1, 2.

³ See the letters printed in Hall, p. 457.

extremely quick and clear too, as you know, in her work. This I suppose has increased upon her, and she can turn from one thing or one person to another, when in the midst of business, in a most extraordinary manner. She has attained a most wonderful calm and presence of mind. She is, I think, often deeply impressed, and depressed, though she does not show it outwardly, but no irritation of temper, no hurry or confusion of manner, ever appears for a moment." Mrs. Smith's work was not only copying. Mrs. Bracebridge had called herself "Boots," because she did all Florence's odd jobs, and to this part Mrs. Smith had succeeded. "Aunt Mai," who had helped so greatly in Florence's struggle for independence, must have felt rewarded for her self-sacrifice in leaving husband, home, and children, by being able to stand at her niece's side through some part of the life of action.

For Christmas Day (1855) Miss Nightingale accepted an invitation to the British Embassy, and another guest has drawn a picture of her on this occasion :—

By the side of the Ambassadors was a tall, fashionable, haughty beauty. But the next instant my eye wandered to a lady modestly standing on the other side of Lady Stratford. At first I thought she was a nun, from her black dress and close cap. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other at the same moment to whisper *Miss Nightingale*. Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honour among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure and the short brown hair combed over her forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from a fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enamelled brooch, which looked to me like the colours of a regiment surmounted with a wreath of laurel, no doubt some graceful offering from our men. To hide the close white cap a little, she had tied a white crape handkerchief over the back of it, only allowing the border of lace to be seen ; and this gave the nun-like appearance which first struck me on her entering the room ; otherwise Miss Nightingale is by no means striking in appearance. Only her plain black dress, quiet manner and great renown told so powerfully altogether in that assembly of brilliant dress and uniforms. She is very slight, rather above the middle height ; her face is long and thin, but this may be from recent illness and

charge entrusted to me by Her. I would wish the Commander of the Forces in the East, in restoring to Her this jewel, to assure Her of this." There were other requests, but her last thought was of the Army: "I would wish that I could have done something more to prove to the noble Army, whom I have so cared for, my respect and esteem. If the Commander of the Forces would put into General Orders a message of farewell from me, of remembrance of the time when we lived and suffered and worked together, I should be grateful to him." She was to be spared to render services to the British Army greater than any she had been able to render in the Crimea.

IV

At Scutari, during the last months of Miss Nightingale's sojourn (Nov. 1855-March 1856, and July 1856), her work was as continuous as in the Crimea. Her companions, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, had returned to England in August 1855, and their place was taken by Mrs. Samuel Smith. From her letters we get a glimpse of Florence's daily toil at Scutari. "Mine," wrote the aunt (Dec. 31, 1855), "is mere copying; hers is perplexing brain-work. I go to bed at 11; she habitually writes till 1 or 2, sometimes till 3 or 4; has in the last pressure given up 3 whole nights to it. We seldom get through even our little dinner (after it has been put off one, two, or three hours on account of her visitors), without her being called away from it. I never saw a greater picture of exhaustion than Flo last night at ten (Jan. 7). 'Oh, do go to bed,' I said. 'How can I; I have all those letters to write,' pointing to the divan covered with papers. 'Write them to-morrow.' 'To-morrow will bring its own work.' And she sat up the greater part of the night." But with all this pressure, there was no flurry. "Such questions as food, rest, temperature," wrote her aunt in another letter (Jan. 25, 1856), "never interfere with her during her work; I suppose she has gained some advantage over other people in her entire absence of thought about these things; that is, her mind overtaken with great things has not these little questions to entertain. She is

the soldiers. Colonel Lefroy's services to the army, both in scientific matters and in philanthropic directions, were long and distinguished. Miss Nightingale had detractors and opponents in the service; but the more progressive an officer was, the more probably may he be included among her admirers and supporters.

great fatigue. She has a very prominent nose, slightly Roman ; and small dark eyes, kind, yet penetrating ; but her face does not give you at all the idea of great talent. She looks a quiet, persevering, orderly, lady-like woman. . . . She was still very weak, and could not join in the games, but she sat on a sofa, and looked on, laughing until the tears came into her eyes.¹

It was during this latter portion of Miss Nightingale's sojourn at Scutari that she made a new friendship, which was of some importance to her work. In October 1855 Colonel Lefroy,² confidential adviser on scientific matters to the Secretary for War, was sent out by Lord Panmure to report privately on the state of the hospitals. He formed a high opinion of Miss Nightingale's work and abilities, and a friendship with her then began which continued to the end of his life. Lord Panmure's confidence in her, and the full authority with which, as already related (p. 292), he invested her, were partly due to Colonel Lefroy's reports.³ At the time when the matter was under discussion, he had returned to his post at the War Office, and the papers were sent to him. His view of the case was the same as Miss Nightingale's, and he expressed it with a force inspired by his personal observation, alike of her services and of her difficulties. The medical men, he wrote in one minute, are jealous of her mission. "Dr. Hall would gladly upset it to-morrow." "A General Order," he wrote in another minute, "recognizing and defining her position would save her much annoyance and harassing correspondence. It is due, I think, to all she has done and has sacrificed. Among other reasons for it, it will put a stop to any spirit of growing independence among these ladies and nurses who are still under her, a spirit encouraged with no friendly intention in more than one quarter." For many years Colonel Lefroy was one of Miss Nightingale's most constant correspondents on subjects connected with military hospitals and nurses, and they often co-operated in schemes for the welfare of

¹ Letter from Lady Hornby to her sister Mrs. Vaillant, Jan. 5, 1856 ; *Hornby*, pp. 150, 152. The enamelled brooch was the Queen's jewel.

² John Henry Lefroy (1817-90), Lieut. R.A., 1837 ; engaged in a magnetical survey, 1839-42 ; F.R.S., 1848 ; at the War Office, 1854-57 ; inspector-general of army schools, 1857 ; afterwards governor successively of the Bermudas and Tasmania ; K.C.M.G., 1877.

³ See a letter of Sidney Herbert printed in *Stannore*, vol. i. p. 417.

fault." Another of those whom Miss Nightingale described as her mainstays was Miss Shaw Stewart, who served in the Crimea as Superintendent of the nurses, successively in the "General" and in the "Castle" Hospital, and of her Miss Nightingale wrote in terms of similarly grateful fervour. I quote a few of these appreciations (and many more might be added), because it has been supposed, on the strength of isolated expressions penned in moments of vexation or despondency, that Miss Nightingale was ungenerous in recognition of the work of others.¹ Nothing could be further from the fact. She was, it is true, unsparing in blame wherever she saw, or thought she saw, incompetence, or unfaithfulness, or a lack of single-mindedness; she was also impatient of opposition; and hers was not one of those soft natures which readily forget and forgive. But wherever efficiency and faithful zeal were to be found, she was quick to recognize them, and she was as unstinted in praise as in blame. Of Mrs. Shaw Stewart, she wrote to Lady Cranworth (who had succeeded Lady Canning in good offices towards the nurses): "Without her our Crimean work would have come to grief—without her judgment, her devotion, her unselfish, consistent looking to the one great end, viz. the carrying out the work as a whole—without her untiring zeal, her watchful care of the nurses, her accuracy in all trusts and accounts, her truth, her faithfulness. Her praise and her reward are in higher hands than mine." Of the same "noble, brave" lady, Miss Nightingale had written to Mrs. Bracebridge (Nov. 4, 1855): "Faithfulness is so eminently *her*, that I hear her Master saying, Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." I could multiply Miss Nightingale's praises of her fellow-workers, for of every one of them she sent home to Lady Cranworth a terse character-sketch. This was done mainly for the sake of the professional nurses, in order that they might be helped to find suitable situations on their return. The sketches show how close a touch the Lady-in-Chief kept upon her staff, and they reveal no reluctance either to criticize or to praise. It would be invidious to particularize further than

¹ *Stanmore*, vol. i. pp. 404-5.

CHAPTER XIII

END OF THE WAR—RETURN HOME

(July—August 1856)

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement.

SHAKESPEARE.

PEACE was signed at Paris on March 30, 1856; but there was still work to be done in the Crimean hospitals, and Miss Nightingale remained at Balaklava, as we have seen, till the beginning of July. On her return to Scutari she was occupied in winding up the affairs of her mission. Meanwhile the nurses were already beginning to go home. The Reverend Mother (Moore), who had come out from Bermondsey with the first party, left the East at the end of April. She had been throughout one of the mainstays of Miss Nightingale, who wrote to her thus from Balaklava (April 29): "God's blessing and my love and gratitude with you, as you well know. You know well too that I shall do everything I can for the Sisters whom you have left me. But it will not be like you. Your wishes will be our law. And I shall try and remain in the Crimea for their sakes as long as we are any of us there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Revd. Mother, because it would look as if I thought you had done the work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the General Superintendency, both in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior. My being placed over you in an unenviable reign in the East was my misfortune and not my

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

The gratitude of the British soldier was very dear to Miss Nightingale, and the disposition which she ultimately made of her Crimean decorations was characteristic. Before she left the East, the Sultan had presented her with a diamond bracelet and a sum of money for the nurses and hospitals, both of which presents the Queen permitted her to accept.¹ The bracelet, with the badge given by the Queen, may be seen to-day in the Museum of the United Service Institution, placed there in accordance with her desire that they should be deposited “where the soldiers could see them.”

At length it was time for Miss Nightingale, having seen off the last of her nurses, and filed the last of her inventories and accounts, to leave also. The Government had offered her a British man-of-war for the voyage home. The view she was likely to take of such a proposal had been correctly surmised in the House of Lords some weeks before. On May 5 Lord Ellesmere moved the Address on the conclusion of peace. He was something of a poet, as well as a statesman, and this was his last appearance in the House. In a speech, which was much admired at the time, and which may still be read with pleasure as a specimen of the more ornate kind of parliamentary eloquence, he paid a tribute to the memory of Lord Raglan, and then passed by a happy transition to the heroine of the war: “My Lords, the agony

¹ *Pannure*, vol. i. p. 278.

to cite Miss Nightingale's appreciation of her third mainstay, Mrs. Roberts, who came out as a paid nurse with her in October 1854, and served throughout the war: "Having been 23 years Sister in St. Thomas's Hospital, her qualifications as a *nurse* were, of course, infinitely superior to any other of those with me. She is indeed a surgical nurse of the first order. Her valuable services have been recognized even and most of all by the surgeons (of Scutari, where she has principally been and where, after Inkerman, her exertions were unremitting). Her total superiority to all the vices of a Hospital Nurse, her faithfulness to the work, her disinterested love of duty and vigilant care of her patients, her power of work equal to that of *ten*, have made her one of the most important persons of the expedition."

II

On June 3 the Secretary of State wrote to Miss Nightingale, "as the period is now fast approaching when your generous and disinterested labours will cease, with the occasion which called them forth," to inquire what arrangements should be made for her return. "In thus contemplating," he continued, "the close of those anxious and trying duties, which you imposed upon yourself solely with a view to alleviate the sufferings of Her Majesty's Army in the East, and which you have accomplished with a singleness of purpose beyond all praise, it is not necessary for me to inform you how highly Her Majesty appreciates the services you have rendered to Her Army; as Her Majesty has already conveyed to you a signal proof of Her gracious approbation. But I desire now, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, to offer you our most cordial thanks for your humane and generous exertions. In doing so, I feel confident that I simply express the unanimous feelings of the people of this country."

There were things which Miss Nightingale valued more highly than the approbation of the people. One of them was correctly surmised by Sir Henry Storks. Writing to her from Headquarters at Scutari, on July 25, he said:—

even of her soldiers was eluded. She lay lost for a night in London, and at eight o'clock next morning she presented herself, according to a promise given to the Bermondsey Nuns, at their Convent door. It was the first day of their annual Retreat, and she rested with them for a few hours. Then, taking the train, she reached her home on August 7, 1856, after nearly two years' absence in the East, arriving at an unexpected hour, having walked up from the little country station. "A little tinkle of the small church bell on the hills, and a thanksgiving prayer at the little chapel next day, were," wrote her sister, "all the innocent greeting."

Florence's spoils of war, as Lady Verney wrote to Mrs. Gaskell, arrived in advance, and were characteristic. There was, first, William, a one-legged sailor boy, who was ten months in her hospitals. Occupation was found for him. Next there was Peter,¹ a little Russian prisoner who came into hospital, and of whom, as he was an orphan, she took charge. "One of the Lady Nurses was his theological instructor, and asked him where he would go when he died if he were a good boy? He answered, 'To Miss Nightingale.' Thirdly, there was a big Crimean puppy, given her by the soldiers. He was found in a hole in the rocks near Balaclava, and was called 'Rousch,' which is supposed to be 'soldier' in Russian. A little Russian cat, a similar gift, died on the road; but the three remaining are the happiest things I have seen for some time, careering about in the intervals of school, where they are made much of, and 'glory' is more agreeable to them than to their mistress!" But Florence had another Crimean spoil, unknown, perhaps, to her sister, which she accounted one of the most sacred of her possessions. It was a bunch of grass which she had "picked out of the ground watered by our men's blood at Inkerman."

IV

"If ever I live to see England again," she had written in November 1855, "the western breezes of my hill-top home will be my first longing, though Olympus with its

¹ Peter Grillage afterwards became man-servant at Embley. See Vol. II. p. 302.

of that time has become matter of history. The vegetation of two successive springs has obscured the vestiges of Balacava and 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 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."

III

The offer of the man-of-war was declined ; and Miss Nightingale, with her aunt, sailed in the *Danube* for Athens, Messina, and Marseilles. A Queen's messenger was in attendance to help the travellers with passports. They stayed a night in a humble hotel in Paris (August 4), and travelling thence, as Miss Smith, she reached London next day. The "return of Florence Nightingale is on every one's lips," said a letter of the time, and all the newspaper-world was alert to discover her movements. "Weary and worn as she is," wrote her aunt, "I cannot tell you the dread she has of the receptions with which she is threatened." It became known that on her arrival in England she would proceed at once to her country-home. Triumphal arches, addresses from mayors and corporations, and a carriage drawn by her neighbours were at once suggested ; but Miss Nightingale had prudently withheld information of her time-table even from her family, and the public reception was avoided. It had been proposed, too, that the reception should be military. "The whole regiments" of the Coldstreams, the Grenadiers, and the Fusiliers "would like to come, but as that was impossible, they desired to send down their three Bands to meet her at the station and play her home, whenever she might arrive, whether by day or by night, if only they could find out when." But the attention

and bear witness, is one which must be listened to, and cannot be easily refused." Lord Stanley was mistaken in supposing that Miss Nightingale thought little of the effect of her mission upon the position of women; for, though she had misgivings about "woman's missionaries," yet to make "a better life for woman"¹ was an object very near her heart. When she was in the Crimea, working as hard as any of the men, confronting disease and death with the bravest of them, administering, reforming, counselling as energetically as the best of them, this resolute woman felt that she and her companions had raised their sex to the height of a great occasion. "War," she wrote to her friend, Mr. Bracebridge (Nov. 4, 1855), "makes Deborahs and Absaloms and Achitophels; and when, if ever the Magnificat has been true, has it been more true than now, every word of it? My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden." The words, which had often been in her mouth in moments of despondency and thwarted yearning,² came to her with the sense of happy fulfilment when she had been able to act as the handmaiden of God in the service of the sick and wounded soldiers. Her sister, understanding her better in the years of attainment than in those of aspiration, wrote to her (Nov. 15, 1855): "What anxious work you have upon you, my Greatheart, and yet in spite of it all have you not found your true home—the home of your spirit?"

All this was true. Yet Miss Nightingale's Crimean mission was, in the scheme of her life as she had planned it, and in the facts of her life so far as failing health permitted, not so much a climax, as an episode. It was an episode remarkable in itself, and it had given her a world-wide reputation; but in reputation she saw nothing except an opportunity for further work. "The abilities which she has displayed," said Mr. Sidney Herbert in Willis's Rooms, "cannot be allowed to slumber. So long as she lives, her labours are marked out for her. The diamond has shown itself, and it must not be allowed to return to the mine."

¹ See below, p. 385, and above, p. 102.

² Above, p. 94.

snowy cap looks fair over our blue Eastern sea." It was to Lea Hurst, then, that she went on her return. It was there, ten years before, that she had found a fortnight's happiness in the humble work of parish nursing and visiting, and had thought to herself that with a continuation of such life she would be content.¹ The aspirations of her youth were to receive, as this second Part of the volume has shown, a larger, a fuller, and a more conspicuous attainment. Yet it would be a mistake to regard Miss Nightingale's mission in the Crimean War either as the summit of her attainment or the fulfilment of her life. Rather was it a starting-point.

Her work in the East did, it is true, attain some great ends, and satisfy in some measure the aspiration of her mind and heart. "She has done a great deed," wrote a friend in December 1854, "not less than that of those who stood at Inkerman or advanced at the Alma; and she has made the first move towards wiping away a reproach from this country—that our women could not do what others do, irreproachably, and with advantage to their fellow-creatures." She had proved that there was room for nurses in British military hospitals. She had shown the way to a new and high calling for women. "What Florence has done," wrote Lady Verney to a friend (April 1856), "towards raising the standard of women's capabilities and work is most important. It is quite curious every day how questions arise regarding them which are answered quite differently, even when she is not alluded to, from what they would have been 18 months ago." Lord Stanley, in the speech at Manchester already mentioned, had made the same point. "Mark," he said, "what, by breaking through customs and prejudices, Miss Nightingale has effected for her sex. She has opened to them a new profession, a new sphere of usefulness. I do not suppose that, in undertaking her mission, she thought much of the effect which it might have on the social position of women. Yet probably no one of those who made that question a special study has done half as much as she towards its settlement. A claim for more extended freedom of action, based on proved public usefulness in the highest sense of the word, with the whole nation to look on

¹ Above, pp. 53. 64.

of any that are recorded to have been spoken by our Saviour." Her period of rest was to be very short, as we shall learn; but let us leave her communing silently in her chamber with such thoughts, till another Part opens a new chapter of activity in her life.

Her friend well knew that he was only expressing the feelings of her own mind. What she sought on her return to England was to utilize her reputation and her experience for the furtherance of her ideals. Her experiences during the Crimean War had enlarged the scope of her work. She had gained an insight into military administration, and had shown a grasp of the subject, which had caused the Queen and Prince to "wish we had her at the War Office." Her first duty, then, was to use her experience, so far as opportunity offered, to improve the medical administration of the Army. But the main desire of her life had been to raise nursing to the rank of a trained calling. Her mission to the East had not accomplished this object. It had only advertised it, and for the rest had shown how urgently the thing needed to be done. The world praised her achievement. She was rather conscious of its shortcoming, and of the obstacles and difficulties with which it had been attended. She came back from the East more resolved than ever to be a pioneer in the reform of nursing.

But first she needed rest and seclusion. Rest, in which to recuperate from the long strain of labours, hardships, and anxieties. Seclusion, in which to hide herself from publicity and applause. The world praised her self-sacrifice. She felt that she had made none. Rather had she been privileged to attain that harmony between the soul of a human being and its appointed work, in which, according to her philosophy, lay the union of man with the Divine Spirit. She shrank from glory in dread of vain-glory. "'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe Me?' God might question." "I believe," she had written to her father in 1854, shortly before her Call to the Crimea came, "that there is, within and without human nature, a revelation of eternal existence, eternal progress for human nature. At the same time I believe that to do that part of this world's work which harmonizes, accords with the idiosyncrasy of each of us, is the means by which we may at once render this world the habitation of the Divine Spirit in Man, and prepare for other such work in other of the worlds which surround us. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us. Those words seem to me the most of a revelation, of a New Testament, of a Gospel—

PART III
FOR THE HEALTH OF THE SOLDIERS
(1856-1861)

We can do no more for those who have suffered and died in their country's service ; they need our help no longer ; their spirits are with God who gave them. It remains for us to strive that their sufferings may not have been endured in vain—to endeavour so to learn from experience as to lessen such sufferings in future by forethought and wise management.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (Reply to Address from the Parishioners of East Wellow, Dec. 1856).

That effective use was thus made of the spasm of repentance which followed the Crimean War was due primarily and mainly to the zealous co-operation of two individuals, the same two whose alliance formed a principal subject of the preceding Part of this Memoir—Sidney Herbert and Florence Nightingale. When her friend died in 1861, worn out prematurely by unceasing labours for the British Army, Miss Nightingale devoted to his memory an account of his work during the years 1856–1861. In that pamphlet¹—a model of lucidity and concision—while yet informed with comprehensive insight, and not untouched by emotion—she made no reference of any kind to her own share in the work. She described the reforms, and said that in all that was done “Sidney Herbert was head and centre.” And so in many respects he was. He was the Chairman of the Royal Commission and the Sub-Commissions. He was afterwards Minister for War. He was from first to last the official head of the reform movement. And he was much more than the official head. He worked with unflinching zeal, and threw his heart and soul into the work. Yet if Sidney Herbert had written the account, he might have said that Florence Nightingale was the head and centre of it all. If she could have done little without him, so also might he have done little without her. He was in the foreground, she in the background. His was the public voice; the words which he spoke or wrote were often the words of Florence Nightingale. He was the practical politician who carried out their common schemes. The initiating, the inspiring, the impelling force was hers. And she did much more than give general impetus. Her mastery of detail was ever at Mr. Herbert’s elbow. “I never intend to tell you,” he wrote to her when the first of the Royal Commissions in which they co-operated was nearing its end (August 7, 1857), “how much I owe you for all your help during the last three months, for I should never be able to make you understand how helpless my ignorance would have been among the Medical Philistines. God bless you!” But between two such loyal allies and understanding friends, it were needless

¹ An expansion, issued in 1862, of a memorandum, privately printed in 1861. See below, p. 408.

CHAPTER I

THE QUEEN, MISS NIGHTINGALE, AND LORD PANMURE

(August–November 1856)

To shape the whisper of a throne.—TENNYSON.

WHENEVER the British people have muddled through a war, there is a time of repentance and heart-searching. England the Unready turns round uneasily and thinks that she must now mend her ways. The lessons of the war must be learnt. The word "efficiency" is blessed in every mouth. Radical reforms, with a view to ensuring a better state of preparedness next time, are canvassed, and a few of them are sometimes carried out. And then to the hot fit, a cold fit succeeds. War and its lessons fade into the past. Economy displaces efficiency as the favourite word. Peace seems to be more likely than another war, and, if war should unhappily come, it is cheerily hoped that England will again "muddle through somehow." The spasm of reform is over, leaving the permanent *vis inertiae* of ministers and departments once more in undisturbed possession. Reformers, familiar with this succession of flow and ebb, know that they must seize the favourable moment, and more or less is done, according as they are more or less prompt and energetic. In the field of the Army Medical Service, where the Crimean War had exposed deficiencies both glaring and terrible, large and far-reaching reforms were set in motion during the years immediately following the Crimean peace. Indeed it may be said that from this period dates the first serious and sustained movement for the application of sanitary science to the British Army.

heard, "with the heroic dead," and she knew that many of her "children," as she called them, had died, not of necessity, but from neglect. "No one," she wrote,¹ "can feel for the Army as I do. These people who talk to us have all fed their children on the fat of the land and dressed them in velvet and silk, while we have been away. I have had to see my children dressed in a dirty blanket and an old pair of regimental trousers, and to see them fed on raw salt meat, and nine thousand of my children are lying, from causes which might have been prevented, in their forgotten graves. But I can never forget. People must have seen that long, long dreadful winter to know what it was." Others might know the facts, but she *felt* them. The strength of her character and powers lay, however, in the combination of intense feeling with intellectual grasp. She not only felt the neglect which had sacrificed her children's lives, but she tabulated the causes. The facts which had come under her eye, the figures in which she summarized and analysed them, filled her with a passion of resentment. During her residence in the Eastern hospitals she had seen 4600 soldiers die. And as she studied the figures, the conclusion was irresistibly borne in upon her that the greater number need not have died at all. Many of the diseases to which they had succumbed were induced, and others were aggravated, in the hospitals themselves. Her personal observation told her that it was so; statistical inquiry proved it. "We had," she pointed out, "during the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, a mortality among the troops at the rate of 60 per cent per annum from *disease* alone, a rate of mortality which exceeds that of the Great Plague in London, and a higher ratio than the mortality in cholera to the attacks." By a series of reforms, largely the result of Miss Nightingale's own untiring efforts and vehement expostulations, this terrible rate of mortality was reduced. "We had, during the last six months of the war, a mortality among our *sick* not much more than among our *healthy* guards at home, and a mortality among our troops, in the last five months, two-thirds only of what it is among

¹ In a letter, dated Feb. 9, 1857, of which she kept a copy. To whom addressed does not appear.

to apportion the relative shares. They spoke and wrote of their working together as "our Cabinet," "our Cabal," or "our Mess." It is the story of this comradeship, rich in human interest, and fraught with lasting benefit to the British Army, that is to form the main subject of this and the following four chapters.

II

What Miss Nightingale needed on her return from the East, and what, had she thought only of herself, she would have taken, was a long spell of rest. She had been through a campaign of labour and anxiety, under conditions of strain and distress, such as might have undermined the strongest constitution. Mr. Herbert, who was in Ireland when she returned to England, surmised from her letters that she was overwrought, and sent her the prescription of his Carlsbad doctor—*ni lire, ni écrire, ni réfléchir*. After such severe tension of mind and body, a reaction was inevitable. He sent the prescription, but he did not expect her entirely to adopt it. "I should doubt," he wrote to her uncle, "with a mind constituted as hers is, whether *entire* rest, with a total cessation from all active business, would not be a greater trial and less effective for her restoration to health than a life of some, though very limited and moderate, occupation." He seems to have hoped that she might be persuaded to take up comparatively quiet nursing work in a London hospital. Presently they met (Sept.) in the country-house of their mutual friends, the Bracebridges, and Mr. Bracebridge thought that Mr. Herbert was "lukewarm" on the subject of Army Reform. Perhaps it was that he wished to consider Miss Nightingale's health and keep her free from exciting activity. But nothing was further from her thoughts than neutrality or passive spectatorship. She was burning for the fray, and flung all consideration of health aside in order to devote herself to rousing the lukewarm and organizing the resolute.

To understand the passionate devotion, the self-sacrificing ardour, with which Miss Nightingale set to work immediately upon her return, we must remember what she had seen in the East. She had "identified herself," as we have

with the death-rate in British barracks. She found that in the Army, from the age of twenty to thirty-five, the mortality was nearly double that which it was in civil life. This was the case even in the Guards, who yet were select lives, the pick of the recruits. "With our present amount of sanitary knowledge," she wrote to Sir John McNeill (March 1, 1857), "it is as criminal to have a mortality of 17, 19, and 20 per 1000 in the Line, Artillery, and Guards in England, when that of Civil life is only 11 per 1000, as it would be to take 1100 men per annum out upon Salisbury Plain and shoot them—no body of men being so much under control, none so dependent upon their employers for health, life, and morality as the Army." And again (March 28): "This disgraceful state of our Chatham Hospitals, which I have been visiting lately,¹ is only one more symptom of a system which, in the Crimea, put to death 16,000 men—the finest experiment modern history has seen upon a large scale, viz. as to what given number may be put to death at will by the sole agency of bad food and bad air." She saw the facts and figures with piercing clearness, and personal recollections gave intensity to her convictions. She had deep pity for the victims of preventable disease, and still deeper admiration for the uncomplaining heroism with which such sufferings were borne. Nothing ever effaced from her mind what she had witnessed in this sort at Scutari and in the Crimea. "We hear with horror," she wrote, "of the loss of 400 men on board the *Birkenhead* by carelessness at sea; but what should we feel if we were told that 1100 men are annually doomed to death in our Army at home by causes which might be prevented? The men in the *Birkenhead* went down with a cheer. So will our men fight for us to the last with a cheer. The more reason why all the means of health which Sanitary Science has put at our command, all the means of morality which Educational Science has given us, should be given them." Then she turned to the Crimea, described in the words of Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch² the sufferings and the endurance of the

¹ See below, p. 349.

² *Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Supplies of the British Army*, pp. 2, 3.

our troops at home." It was obvious from this comparison that the mortality during the first period was largely preventable. Here was "a complete example—history does not afford its equal—of an army, after a great disaster arising from neglects, having been brought into the highest state of health and efficiency." It was the most complete experiment ever made in army hygiene. And Miss Nightingale was filled with a passionate desire that the lessons of the experiment should be taken to heart by the nation; that such radical reforms should be made as would render a repetition of the disaster and the neglects impossible in the future. She knew that nothing short of radical reform would suffice. "There is nothing," she wrote in summarizing the neglect of sanitary precautions at Scutari, "in the education of the Medical Officer—nothing in the organization or powers of the Army Medical Department—nothing in the whole Hospital procedure—nothing in the Army Regulations which would have met the case of these Hospitals. And were a similar necessity to arise again, especially after the lapse of a few years of peace, the whole thing would occur over again. This is the frightful consideration which ought to make us recall over and over again this experience—otherwise, let bygones be bygones."¹

But this was not the whole case. Miss Nightingale carried further the principle, which in these days is perhaps at last coming to be understood, that success in war depends upon preparation in peace. "You cannot improvise an Army," says Lord Roberts. "You cannot improvise the sanitary care of an Army in the field," said Miss Nightingale. If the medical service in the field were deficient, if the lessons of sanitary science were neglected in war hospitals, it was probable, she perceived, that there were like defects at home. She put her thesis to the test of figures, and was appalled at the verification which they supplied. The idea had first occurred to her on meeting Dr. Farr, the statistician in the Registrar-General's office, at dinner with her friends Colonel and Mrs. Tulloch. Dr. Farr had talked of mortality tables in civil life, and Miss Nightingale resolved to compare them

¹ *Notes*, sec. iii. p. viii.

men she had the ear and the respect. Her popular fame added to the authority with which her experience and her services invested her. There were others who knew, or might have known, the facts as well as she. There were few who could exercise the same influence, and perhaps there was not one who could judge the facts with the same disinterestedness. She was not a politician. She had no party to defend, no officials to shield, no susceptibilities to consider. She had nothing to gain, nothing to lose, nothing to fear. She stood only for a cause; and, come what might, she was resolved to fling every power of mind and body into it. Among her private notes of 1856 I find this: "I stand at the altar of the murdered men, and, while I live, I fight their cause."

III

The opportunity was not long in coming. For a week or two at Lea Hurst she was engaged in such laborious, but unexciting, tasks as settling accounts and claims with the nurses; distributing the Sultan's gift among them; answering congratulatory addresses and the like; escaping from public appearances;¹ and dealing with hailstorms, as her sister called them, of miscellaneous letters. She was besieged by Vegetarians, Spiritualists, Sectaries, and other birds of the feather that swoop down upon conspicuous personages. With distressed gentlewomen she was a favourite prey. "Can you find soldiers' orphans for me to educate," wrote one, "because I don't like leaving my sisters?" "Please find a place for me," wrote another, "where there will be something to do not derogatory. I am an Irish lady of family." The begging-letters were innumerable, and the answering of these was taken over by her sister. "I think I can now repeat the formula to perfection," she said, "and I could write a begging-letter at the shortest notice in the

¹ Her sister used to describe the disappointment of herself and her mother when Florence refused to accompany them to a garden-party at Chatsworth. The Duke of Devonshire was a great admirer of Miss Nightingale's work, and formed a collection of newspaper cuttings about it, which he presented to the Derby Free Library. He presented Miss Nightingale with a silver owl, in recognition of her wisdom, and in memory of her pet (see above, p. 160).

troops, and drew her moral: "Upon those who watched, week after week and month after month, this enduring courage, this unalterable patience, simplicity, and good strength, this voiceless strength to suffer and be still, it has made an impression never to be forgotten. The Anglo-Saxon on the Crimean heights has won for himself a greater name than the Spartan at Thermopylae, as the six months' struggle to endure was a greater proof of what man can do than the six hours' struggle to fight. The traces of the name and sacrifice of Iphigeneia may still be seen in Taurus; but a greater sacrifice has been there accomplished by a 'handful' of brave men who defended that fatal position, even to the death. And if Inkerman now bears a name like that of Thermopylae, so is the story of those terrible trenches, through which these men patiently and deliberately, and week after week, went, till they returned no more, greater than that of Inkerman. Truly were the Sebastopol trenches, to our men, like the gate of the Infernal Regions—*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate*. And yet these men would refuse to report themselves sick, lest they should throw more labour on their comrades. They would draw their blankets over their heads and die without a word. Well may it be said that there is hardly an example in history to compare with this long and silent fortitude. But surely the blood of such men is calling to us from the ground, not to avenge them, but to have mercy on their survivors!"¹ To that cry, Florence Nightingale, at least, responded through every fibre of her being. She was resolved to be "a saviour," and to press home every lesson of the Crimean campaign.

The strength of her resolve was heightened by a sense of the responsibility which her opportunities laid upon her. She had enjoyed peculiar facilities for observing the whole medical history of the campaign. She had been able to take the measure of many of the military and medical officials; she knew which were the men from whom help might be expected in the work of reform, and of most of such

¹ *Notes on the Army*. pp. 249-50, 507-8. The latter passage continues with some words which Miss Nightingale had previously written, and which I have quoted as a motto for the present Part (p. 309).

holiday at home in August 1856, there is a pleasant account in a letter from her sister ¹ :—

She is better, I think, but I quite hate the sight of the post with its long official envelopes. She will go on as long as she has strength doing everything which cannot be left without detriment to the work to which she has devoted her life. I cannot conceive anything more beautiful than her frame of mind. It is so calm, so cheerful, so simple. The physical hardships one does not wonder at her forgetting to speak of; but the marvel to me is how the mental ones,—the indifference, the ignorance, the cruelty, the falsehood she has had to encounter—never seem to ruffle her for an instant (and never have done, Aunt Mai says). It is as if she dwelt in another atmosphere of peace and trust in Him which nothing wicked can dim. She speaks of these things sadly and quietly as some one from another world might do, seeing so plainly the excuses for the wrong-doers, while the personal part never seems to come in, and there is such a charm about her perfect simplicity. There is not the smallest particle of the martyr about her; she is as merry about little things as ever, in the intervals of her great thought, and with as much interest about the little things of home as if she had not been wielding the management and organization of the material and spiritual comfort of the 50,000 men passing through hospital and out. If you heard all the evidence we have had lately from doctors, chaplains and officers, you would not think I am exaggerating in saying that these depended mainly upon her during the whole of these 21 months. As to her indifference to praise, it is most extraordinary; she just passes on and does not heed it, as it comes in every morning in its flood—papers, music, poetry, friends, letters, addresses.

The addresses and presentations which she most valued came from working-men. A case of Sheffield cutlery, presented by artisans in that city, was always treasured, and was the subject of a specific bequest in her will. She was much touched by an address from 1800 working-men at Newcastle-on-Tyne. "My dear friends," she wrote in the course of her reply (August 1856), "the things that are deepest in our hearts are perhaps what it is most difficult 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."

¹ To Miss Ellen Tollet from Lea Hurst.

character of every individual, from a staff-officer to a costermonger, and a widow with six children." But here Lady Verney's lively pen suggests some little injustice. Officers did occasionally write to Miss Nightingale, I find, to beg her "vote and interest," as it were; but of begging-letters proper, she told Mr. Kinglake that there had never come one to her from a soldier.¹ Mr. Kinglake, I may here say, made her acquaintance in the spring of 1857, when her mind was full of the McNeill-Tulloch *affaire*. She failed to make him take her view of that controversy,² and her first impression of the historian-to-be of the Crimean War was that he would write a book more brilliant than judicial. "Though I have no doubt he is a good counsel," she wrote,³ "he strikes me as a very bad historian." Three years later, she wrote in a similar strain:—

I had two hours' good conversation with Mr. Kinglake. I found him exceedingly courteous and agreeable; looking upon the whole idea as a work of art and emotion, and upon me as one of the colours in the picture; upon the Chelsea Board as a safe (or rather an infallible) authority; upon McNeill and Tulloch as interlopers; upon figures (arithmetical) as worthless; upon assertion as proof. He was utterly and *self-sufficiently* in the dark as to all the real causes of the Crimean Mortality. And you might as well try to enlighten Sir G. Brown himself. For Lord Raglan he has an enthusiasm which *I fully share* but which entirely blinds Mr. Kinglake, who besides came home long before the real distress, to the causes of that distress. I put him in possession of some of the materials. But I do not hope that he will, I am quite sure that he will not, make use of them.⁴

Miss Nightingale here was wrong. Mr. Kinglake made considerable use of her materials, and drew from them and from his personal impressions an excellent picture of the Lady-in-Chief; though on the point about which she was concerned, the McNeill-Tulloch *affaire*, he remained of the same opinion still.

Of Miss Nightingale's demeanour during her short

¹ *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. vi. p. 426 n.

² See below, p. 336.

³ In a letter to Sir John McNeill, May 3, 1857.

⁴ Letter to Edwin Chadwick, Oct. 17, 1860. He had urged her to see Mr. Kinglake with a view to indoctrinating him with the true moral of the Crimean muddles.

facts and details. They explain best. Men and women require picture-books, just as much as children, when they are to learn something of which they know nothing previously." She armed herself, by study of statistics, by collection of her notes and memoranda, by inquiries on all sides, for every occasion which the sympathetic interest of the Queen or the Prince might give her. She felt, and others felt, that great things might turn on her use of such occasions. The fullest and most suggestive letter which she received was from Colonel Lefroy. He was employed at the War Office. He knew the weaknesses of his Chief. He knew also the strength of the Department to resist. He had been employed, as we have heard already,¹ on a confidential mission to the Crimea, and had formed the highest opinion of "the glorious fidelity, the self-sacrifice, the heroic courage, and single-minded devotion" with which Miss Nightingale had performed her duties in the East. He looked for great results from her visit to Scotland:—

(Colonel Lefroy to Miss Nightingale.) August 28. . . . I never had the good fortune to have an interview with the Queen, but I have had several with Prince Albert. The Prince exhibited such a remarkable knowledge of the subjects he was enquiring about, so strong and clear and business-like a capacity that you will, I think, find it both expedient and necessary, or rather unavoidable, to enter into a full and unreserved communication of your observations, and be tempted irresistibly to let fall such suggestions as are most likely to germinate in that high latitude. If I am correct in this impression, a similar frankness with Lord Panmure follows. I was once amused by the Prince remarking on a point of military education, "I have urged it over and over again; they do not mind what I say," showing that even he cannot always overcome the *vis inertiae* of Departmental indifference or prevail on people to move. It may be so in any question of medical reform. Lord Panmure hates detail, and does not appreciate system. He can reform but not organise. It is organisation we want, but which arouses every instinct of resistance in the British bosom, and it is this which can be least influenced by H.M.'s personal interest in it. Like a rickety clumsy machine, with a pin loose here and a tooth broken there, and a makeshift somewhere else, in which the force of Hercules may be exhausted in a needless friction and obscure hitches before

¹ See above, p. 297.

Presently there came to Lea Hurst a letter of much importance in Miss Nightingale's life. Her friend, Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, wrote from Osborne (August 23, 1856) begging her to stay during the following month at his home, Birk Hall, near Ballater. The air of Scotland would be beneficial, he said, to her health; and there were other reasons. The Court would shortly be moved to Balmoral. The Queen would doubtless invite Miss Nightingale there. Meanwhile Her Majesty knew of the present invitation; and there would be opportunity at Birk Hall for quiet and informal talk in addition to any "command" visit at Balmoral. Miss Nightingale heard in this letter a call hardly less important than that to the Crimea, two years before. She had served with the Queen's army in the East. Her services had received sympathetic support and approbation from the Queen and the Prince. She was now to have full opportunities for bringing to their knowledge, in personal intercourse, what she had seen of the soldiers' sufferings, and for enlisting their support, if she could, in what she knew to be necessary for the prevention of such sufferings in the future. She succeeded, as will presently appear; and she deserved her success by the thoroughness with which she prepared herself to make the best use of her opportunity.

The two men who had thrown light most searchingly on the defects of the campaign, in the matter of supply and transport, were Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch. Miss Nightingale arranged to see and confer with the former at Edinburgh on her way to Ballater. Colonel Tulloch, though he was far distant at the time, agreed to join the conclave, and, meanwhile, he wrote (from Killin, Sept. 6): "If H.M. should afford you an opportunity of telling the whole truth, as I think it likely she wishes to do from her desire to see you under another roof, without her enquiries being noticed, perhaps you might bring to her knowledge," etc., etc. [various points which he deemed of special importance]. Mr. Herbert's advice was more general. "I hope," he wrote (Sept. 9), "that your Highland foray will do you good. I am sure it will, if you find help and encouragement for your plans. I hope you will talk fully, and illustrate by

IV

Thus armed, and thus resolved, Miss Nightingale set out for Scotland, under her father's escort. Between father and daughter there was genuine affection ; but Mr. Nightingale was in indifferent health, and was constitutionally of a retiring disposition. After a few days he beat a retreat. It had been supposed that the "foray" would be short. In fact it lasted for a month. Miss Nightingale reached Edinburgh on September 15, and, staying there a few days, took occasion to inspect the barracks and hospitals. She left for Birk Hall on September 19, and two days later she was introduced to the Queen and the Prince at Balmoral by Sir James Clark. "She put before us," wrote the Prince in his diary, "all the defects of our present military hospital system, and the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her ; she is extremely modest."¹ A few days later (Sept. 26) the Queen drove over from Balmoral to Birk Hall, and Miss Nightingale had "tea and a great talk" with Her Majesty. The impression made on the Queen has been already recorded in her letter to the Duke of Cambridge : "I wish we had her at the War Office." The Duke, who was not exactly a red-hot reformer, must have been thankful that the wish of his August Relative for a new broom did not extend to the Horse Guards. "My hopes were somewhat raised," wrote Miss Nightingale to Sir John McNeill (Sept. 27), "by the great willingness of the Queen, Prince Albert, and Sir George Grey, all of whom I have seen together and separately, to listen and to ask questions." "I have had most satisfactory interviews," she wrote to her Uncle Sam (Sept. 25), "with the Queen, the Prince, and Sir George Grey. Satisfactory, that is, as far as their *will*, not as their *power* is concerned." Miss Nightingale is not the only impatient reformer who has been tempted to wish that knots of red tape could be cut by a direct exercise of the Royal Prerogative. The Prince knew "in what limits" he and the Queen moved. Nothing could be done except through Ministers, and the Minister for War would shortly be

¹ *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iii. p. 593.

the hands are got to move, so is our Executive, with the Treasury, the Horse Guards, the War Department, the Medical Department all out of gear, but all required to move together before a result can be attained. He will be stronger than Hercules, who gets out of it the movement we require. I think I would recommend . . . [a long statement of suggested reforms, including "a Commission to enquire into the existing Regulations for Hospital Administration"]. In some form or other we have almost a right to ask at your hands an account of the trials you have gone through, the difficulties you have encountered, and the evils you have observed—not only because no other person ever was or can be in such a position to give it, but because, permit me to say, no one else is so gifted. It will be no ordinary task; and no ordinary powers of reasoning, illustrating, grouping facts will be requisite. Another might repeat what you told him, but the burning conviction, the *vis viva* of the soul cannot be imparted. . . . It appears to me that either a confidential report addressed to Lord Panmure *upon a formal request*, or evidence before such a Commission as I have proposed above would be suitable means—the latter the most so, as I fear that more publicity than attends confidential reports will be necessary. I earnestly hope that your interviews with the Queen and Lord Panmure may be the means of leading both to interest themselves effectually in the vital reforms required. The axe has to be laid to the root of the tree yet.

Various friends tendered advice as to what Miss Nightingale should say if she were to be asked what the Queen could "do for her." She might petition to be placed in charge of the new hospital about to be built at Netley, or to be appointed Lady Superintendent of Nurses in all military hospitals, and so forth. Her own ideas were on the lines of Colonel Lefroy's letter. She would, first, tell the whole truth of the campaign, so far as it had come under her personal observation. If given any encouragement to proceed, she would explain in general terms the kind of remedies which she deemed essential. She would offer, if the conversation took a suitable turn, to embody her observations and suggestions in a written report. If further honoured by any suggestion of Royal favour, she would ask—for herself, nothing; but for the sake of the soldiers, a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole condition of barracks, hospitals, and the Army Medical Department.

name in every newspaper, and probably has no very accurate, or perhaps a very inaccurate notion, of what sort of person Miss Florence Nightingale is. He may perhaps think that a lady whose name is so frequently mentioned can hardly be indifferent to popular applause and that with so strong a hold upon the feelings of the nation, she is not unlikely to use it for the gratification of personal ambition. If he has such notions, he will be undeceived. He will find that influenced by higher motives you have no desire to employ your influence for any other purpose than to do all the good you can in the work which you have chosen, and that the absence of personal motive it is which gives you the courage and the right to speak fearlessly the whole truth, and to persevere in the direct line of duty whatever may be the difficulties or the obstacles. He will see that you have no desire to become in any sense a rival, and that it rests with him to make you a co-adjutor or an opponent, as he may be willing or unwilling to promote the good which you consider it your plain duty as far as in you lies to carry out."

Sir John's attitude to Miss Nightingale was always a little paternal, and I think that we may perhaps read between the lines of his well-turned sentences a hint and a caution, under the guise of an encomium. The hint was not needed. She was entirely free from any temptation to use her popularity for purposes of personal ambition; but she was to show considerable skill in the use of it, as a weapon in reserve, for furthering her public objects. Mr. Herbert and Sir John McNeill were both right. The personal factor prevailed, as Sir John hoped; and Miss Nightingale won the Minister, even as she had won the Court—or seemed to win him. He promised all she asked; but it was also as Mr. Herbert feared, and the force of passive resistance was long maintained.

When Lord Panmure reached Balmoral, Miss Nightingale was commanded thither. The Court Circular (Oct. 6) chronicled her attendance at church with the Queen, and at the ball given to the gillies it was noticed that she was seated with the Royal Family. She had an opportunity to "tell the Prince the whole story" of her experiences in the East. Another side of her interests also came into play on this occasion. She had talks with Prince Albert "on metaphysics and religion." Then Lord Panmure, following in the steps of his Sovereign, went to see Miss Nightingale at

in attendance at Balmoral. "The Queen," continued Miss Nightingale, "wished me to remain to see Lord Panmure here rather than in London, because she thinks it more likely that something might be done with him here with her to back me. I don't. But I am obliged to succumb." So she stayed on at Birk Hall, her "command" visit to Balmoral being postponed till Lord Panmure should arrive. The Queen sent a good character of Miss Nightingale to the Minister in advance. "Lord Panmure," she wrote, "will be much gratified and struck with Miss Nightingale—her powerful, clear head, and simple, modest manner."¹ The Queen had "accepted with great grace" the suggestion that any letter of recommendations sent by Miss Nightingale to Lord Panmure should be sent also to Her Majesty direct.

v

The point of interest among Miss Nightingale's Reform "Cabinet" now shifted from the Queen to her Ministers. The Court had been won. "Lord Auckland says," wrote Lady Verney to her sister, "that he hears from Lord Clarendon that the Queen was enchanted with you." But what impression would she make upon the less susceptible "Bison" (for so the burly Scot, Lord Panmure, was called by Miss Nightingale and her friends)? She had reported herself to him immediately on her return from the East, and he had replied politely, but postponed the pleasure of an interview. Mr. Herbert was not sure that much would come of it even in the sympathetic air of Balmoral. "I gather," he wrote (Oct. 3), "that upon the whole you are pleased with the result of your conversations with the Queen and Prince Albert. I hope you will do equally well with Panmure, tho' I am not sanguine; for, tho' he has plenty of shrewd sense, there is a *vis inertiae* in his resistance which is very difficult to overcome." Sir John McNeill was more hopeful. He attached great importance to the personal factor in Miss Nightingale's favour:—

"I anticipate considerable advantage," he wrote (Sept. 29), "from your interview with Lord Panmure. He has seen your

¹ *Panmure*, vol. ii. p. 306.

“ Cabinet ” of reformers, their hopes ran high, and arrangements were promptly made for meetings and consultations. The Lady-in-Chief broke her journey southwards at Edinburgh, in order to confer again with Sir John McNeill. On October 15 she was back at Lea Hurst, and entered into correspondence with other of the confederates. On November 2, she came to London, making her headquarters at the Burlington in Old Burlington Street, the favourite hostelry at this time of her family: a house which came to be known among those behind the scenes as “ The Little War Office.” She drew up lists of an ideal Royal Commission, and circulated it among her allies for their suggestions, and, in the case of those whom she proposed to nominate, for their consent. One of these latter was her friend and physician at Scutari, Dr. Sutherland. “ I have just received your letter,” he wrote (Nov. 12), “ and am led to believe that there must be a foundation of truth under the old myth about the Amazon women somewhere to the East of Scutari. All I can say is that if you had been queen of that respectable body in old days, Alexander the Great would have had rather a bad chance. Your project has developed itself far better than I expected, and I think I see a way of doing good and therefore I shall serve on the Commission. *Get Alexander.* Nobody else if you cannot. He is our man. I am to meet you to-night at Sir James Clark’s to dinner, and shall be very glad to talk over the subject further.” Dr. Sutherland assumed, it will be seen, that the Amazon would carry him in; and she did. Over Dr. Alexander there was a stiff fight. Miss Nightingale had been greatly impressed in the Crimea by his skill, fearlessness, and activity. He had now received an appointment in Canada, and Lord Panmure objected to recalling him; but Mr. Herbert made his own acceptance of the Chairmanship conditional on the appointment of Dr. Alexander, “ the ablest and most effective man with our Army.”¹ Sir James Clark’s consent to serve was doubtless secured at the dinner just mentioned. Sir James Ranald Martin was also willing, and he had a candidate of his own. “ Farr,” he wrote to Colonel Tulloch (Nov. 11), “ ought to be a member. I wish

¹ *Stanmore*, vol. ii. p. 121.

Birk Hall, and they had long conversations. "You may like to know," wrote Mr. John Clark¹ (Oct. 13), "that you fairly overcame Pan. We found him with his mane absolutely silky, and a loving sadness pervading his whole being." "I forget whether I told you," wrote Sidney Herbert (Nov. 2), "that the Bison wrote to me very much pleased with his interview with you. He says that he was very much surprised at your physical appearance, as I think you must have been with his. God bless you!" Lord Panmure, I suspect, was one of those men who presume that any strong-minded woman will be physically ill-favoured. At any rate Miss Nightingale greatly impressed the Minister, even as the Queen had predicted. In general terms, Lord Panmure seemed very favourable to Miss Nightingale's suggestions. It was agreed that she should presently write out her experiences with notes on necessary reforms for the information of the Government, and in this request the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, associated himself with Lord Panmure. The Minister for War seemed well disposed towards a scheme to which she attached great importance—the establishment of an Army Medical School. He agreed in principle to the appointment of a Royal Commission. So she had gained, it seemed, all she wanted, and the Minister threw in an additional point of his own.² The plans for the hospital at Netley—the first General Military Hospital—were at this time far advanced. Lord Panmure would send the plans to Miss Nightingale, and would be much obliged for her remarks upon them. Conversation on this and all the other subjects just mentioned was to be resumed when they would both be in London in November.

VI

When news of the spoils, which Miss Nightingale had brought back from her Highland "foray," reached her little

¹ Son of Sir James, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy; married to Charlotte Coltman. There was afterwards a family connection with the Nightingales, as Lady Clark's nephew, Mr. William Coltman, married Miss Nightingale's cousin, Bertha Smith.

² Which, however, may not improbably have been suggested to him by the Queen. For Her Majesty's initiative and keen interest in the matter of the Netley Hospital, see *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iii. pp. 227, 491.

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

Won't bring back Alexander from Canada. Will have three Army Doctors. So, like a sensible General in retreat, I named [Dr. Joseph] Brown, Surgeon Major, Grenadier Guards, therefore not wedded to Dr. Smith, an old Peninsular and Reformer. Left Lord P. his McLachlan, who will do less harm than a better man. He has generously struck out Milton.¹ Seeing him in such a "coming on disposition," I was so good as to leave him Dr. Smith, the more so as I could not help it.

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

Failed in one point. Unfairly. Pan told Sir J. Clark he was to be on. Won't have him now. Sir J. Clark has become interested. Agreeable to the Queen to have him—just as well to have Her on our side. . . .

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

Pan has four Army Doctors really, ∴ according to his principle I have *a right* to four Civilians.

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

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

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

(1) Col. Lefroy to be instructed by Lord P. to draw up scheme and estimate for Army Medical School, appendix to his own Military Education.—*I won.*

¹ Mr. Milton had been sent out to Scutari by the War Office to assist the Purveyor-in-Chief, and Miss Nightingale considered that he had dealt only in official "whitewash."

you would take an early opportunity of bringing the question before Miss Nightingale with all the force of which you are capable." She was already in correspondence with Dr. William Farr; they had a link in their common passion for statistics. She did not succeed in carrying him on to the Commission, but they collaborated in the preparation of statistical evidence for it. Then she approached Sir Henry Storks, who was willing to serve. She hoped to be able to include her friend Colonel Lefroy also, but there she failed. That Sidney Herbert was the Chairman of her choice goes without saying. The other appointment to which she naturally attached vital importance was that of a secretary, and her choice fell upon Dr. Graham Balfour.¹ Having settled the Commissioners, Miss Nightingale proceeded to draft their Instructions, and this draft also she circulated for criticism and advice.

She was now ready for the promised interview with Lord Panmure. On the morning of the fateful day, Sir James Clark wrote to her: "I think it would be well when you see Lord Panmure to make him understand that the enquiry is intended as, and must comprehend, an investigation into the whole Medical Department of the Army, and everything regarding the health of the Army." A needless reminder to her who had everything cut and dried in that sense long before! "I long to hear," wrote Mr. Herbert, "what results you obtain from the Bison." Miss Nightingale preserved her note of the results written at the time, and it is so characteristic of her humour that I print it very nearly *in extenso* :—

[Nov. 16.] My "Pan" here for three hours. Wrote down—

<i>President</i> —Mr. Herbert	}	Jury.
General Storks		
Colonel Lefroy	}	Army Doctors.
Dr. A. Smith		
Dr. McLachlan		
Dr. Brown		
Dr. Sutherland		
Dr. Martin	}	Civil Doctors.
Dr. Farr		
<i>Secretary</i> —Dr. Balfour . . .		Army Doctor.

¹ Thomas Graham Balfour (1813–1891), M.D.; F.R.S., 1859; Surgeon-General, 1873; President of the Royal Statistical Society, 1889–90; in 1857 Surgeon to the Duke of York's School.

Commission, as ultimately appointed, consisted of Mr. Herbert (*Chairman*), Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., General Storks, Dr. A. Smith, Dr. T. Alexander, Sir T. Phillips, Sir J. Ranald Martin, Sir James Clark, and Dr. J. Sutherland, with Dr. Graham Balfour as Secretary. If the reader will compare the ten names resulting from Miss Nightingale's bargaining with Lord Panmure, it will be seen that there were four changes. She lost one friend, Colonel Lefroy, but gained another, Mr. Stafford. She gained Dr. Alexander in place of Dr. McLachlan, and Sir James Clark in place of Dr. Brown. Dr. Farr was struck off in favour of Mr. Herbert's "good examining lawyer," Sir T. Phillips. He was the one dark horse; and, before the Commission sat, Miss Nightingale was asked to meet him. "We propose an irregular *mess*," wrote Mrs. Herbert to her (May 12, '57), "as Sidney thinks Sir T. Phillips wants cramming." There was on the Commission only one upholder of the old régime, Dr. Andrew Smith.

Had the facts recited in this chapter been known at the time, Miss Nightingale's opponents might have found some warrant for a suggestion that she had packed the Commission. But she and Mr. Herbert packed it only in the public interest. In discussions about women's rights it is sometimes said that women need no other opportunities for influence than such as have always been within their reach. Miss Nightingale, who was in favour of Female Suffrage, would hardly have gained more influence by the possession of a vote. But then very few women, and not many men, have the opportunities, the industry, the mental grasp, and the strength of will which in combination were the secret of "the Nightingale power."

Lord Panmure delayed his formal reply to Mr. Herbert's letter of conditions, but sent a short note meanwhile of a friendly character. Mr. Herbert at once forwarded it to Miss Nightingale (Nov. 30, '56), and said: "I hope the note augurs well. . . . All I can promise is to do my best, and to postpone all other business to this one object till it is achieved. I shall require great assistance from and thro' you. I shall like to see all that you are writing as it goes on, if you see no objection. It would probably tell me much, and

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

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

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

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

(6) Colonel Tulloch to be knighted.—*I lost* (unless I can make Col. T. accept an agreement, which I shan't).¹

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

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

A good three hours' work! But many months were to elapse before Lord Panmure's promise to appoint a Commission was fulfilled. It will be convenient, however, to anticipate the course of events in one respect, and to finish here the story of the *personnel* of the Commission. Lord Panmure at once wrote to Mr. Herbert, asking him to accept the Chairmanship: “I wrote to Panmure,” he sent word to Miss Nightingale from Wilton (Nov. 25), “as agreed between us, as *suaviter* as I could as to the *modo*, but *in re* trying to name the Commission and define the Instructions. I hope I shall hear to-morrow from him, and I will let you know how the land lies the moment I get any sign from him. Supposing that he yields, it will be a task of great labour and difficulty, but one well worth undertaking with a fair prospect of attaining an immense good, even if we do not get all we want. If he stands out, we must hold another Council for which I will run up.” The text of Mr. Herbert's letter to Lord Panmure has been printed elsewhere.² On the matter of *personnel*, he suggested General Storks and Colonel Lefroy; two army doctors, one of whom he insisted should be Dr. Alexander; two civil doctors, one of whom should be Sir James Clark; a sanitary authority, Dr. Sutherland; and, lastly, a good examining lawyer. The

¹ On this subject, see below, p. 338.

² *Stanmore*, vol. ii. pp. 119-122.

CHAPTER II

SOWING THE SEED

(Nov. 1856–Aug. 1857)

You have sown the seed, and the harvest will come. God will give the increase.—SIR JOHN MCNEILL (*Letter to Florence Nightingale, on her "Notes affecting the Health of the British Army"*).

THE power of passive resistance wielded by a Department, and the reluctance or the inability of an easy-going Minister to withstand it, are unintelligible to those who are not themselves part of an administrative machine, and they are exasperating to those who are possessed of an impetuous temper and a resolute will. The Royal Commission on the health of the Army had been settled "in principle" between Lord Panmure and Miss Nightingale at their interview on Nov. 16, 1856, and a week later the Minister had received Mr. Herbert's conditional acceptance of the chairmanship. It was not till May 5, 1857, that the Royal Warrant actually setting up the Commission was issued. Throughout the six months of delay, Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale were busily employed in endeavours to persuade or coerce the Secretary of State into granting the Commission effective powers; the War Office and the Army Medical Department were as busily counter-working in the hope of so restricting its scope that any recommendations it might make would be of a "harmless" character.¹ There is no reason, I think, to suspect Lord Panmure of insincerity, but he was not the man to force the pace.

There were moments during the months of delay when Miss Nightingale's patience was exhausted, and there was one

¹ See *Stanmore*, vol. ii. p. 124.

lead me to question, and so learn more." Thus, then, three months after her return from the Crimean War, broken in bodily health, was this indomitable woman thrown into the maelstrom of work which will be described in the next chapter. But it was work for the salvation of the British Army. She "stood at the altar of the murdered men"; and she shrank from no self-sacrifice.

This was her weapon for "bullying the Bison." In a note of self-communing, written during some moment of disappointment, she reproaches herself with having been "a bad mother" to the heroic dead, but pledges herself to continue the fight to the end. She had "begun at the highest, my Sovereign," and had proceeded to work through the politicians. If all else failed, she would make a last appeal, "like Cobden with the Corn Law," to the country. "Three months from this day," she wrote in one of her letters of incitement to Mr. Herbert, "I publish my experience of the Crimean Campaign, and my suggestions for improvement, unless there has been a fair and tangible pledge by that time for reform."

II

Miss Nightingale's exasperation was increased by the attitude of the Government towards the report of the "Chelsea Board." The McNeill-Tulloch *affaire*, which filled a large space in public attention at the time, requires only a brief notice here; the dramatic aspect of the now forgotten scene at Chelsea is admirably presented by Kinglake who, however, is not to be accepted as an unbiased authority on the merits of the dispute.¹ Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch, it will be remembered,² had been sent out to the East in 1855 to inquire into the transport and commissariat arrangements of the campaign. Their Report, issued in January 1856, was the one official document among the pile produced by the Crimean War which brought responsibility directly home to specified individuals. Every one remembers the story of Lord Melbourne's protest when he had accidentally heard a rousing evangelical sermon with a direct "application": "Things have come to a pretty pass," he said, "when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." Something of the same indignant remonstrance was rife when a Report on the Crimean muddle presumed to invade the sphere of personal responsibility.

¹ In chap. ix. of vol. vi. Kinglake accepts the finding of the Chelsea Board as the last word on the dispute. For the other side, see Sir Alexander Tulloch's *Crimean Commission and the Chelsea Board*, 2nd ed., with preface by Sir John McNeill (1880).

² See above, p. 257.

moment when her spirit for the fight quailed and she thought of taking service in a civil hospital. Lord Panmure from time to time was afflicted by the gout—"in the hands," Mr. Herbert said to Miss Nightingale, "and this explains his not writing." "His gout is always *handy*," she retorted. Then there was the call of the birds to be shot and the stags to be stalked. "But the Bison himself is bullyable, remember that." This was the word which she constantly passed round among her allies. At one time she pressed Mr. Herbert to issue an ultimatum. Let him renounce the chairmanship forthwith, unless Lord Panmure put an end peremptorily to the delays and gave a pledge that the recommendations of the Commission should be acted upon. Mr. Herbert and her other friends were for a more cautious policy, and she was overborne. "If you can get us out of the old, miry rut," wrote Sir John McNeill (Dec. 19, 1856), "and put us fairly on the rail, though the plant may be defective and the speed small, we shall go on improving. Do not allow yourself to be discouraged by delays." She was not in the end discouraged, but she was not the woman to sit still under the delays. She remembered her own *mot d'ordre*; and if she did not "bully the Bison," I imagine that she sometimes administered a feline stroke or two. In December Lord Panmure asked leave to come to her quiet room in Burlington Street for a talk. And the talk was quiet, too, I doubt not, for Miss Nightingale, sometimes biting in private letters, was never vehement in conversation. But she could be quietly emphatic. She was fully conscious of the strength of a weapon which she held in reserve. That weapon was her popularity, and the command, which she could use, if she chose, of the ear of the press and the public. Lord Panmure must have been conscious of this factor in the case also. It had been settled at Balmoral, again "in principle," that Miss Nightingale was to prepare a Report embodying the results of her experience and thought. If she and the Minister remained on good terms, if she felt assured that the Army in medical and sanitary matters would be reformed from within, her Report would remain confidential. But if she were not so persuaded, there was nothing to prevent her from heading a popular agitation for reform from without.

each of you the sum of £1000." This pecuniary estimate of their services was promptly refused by each of them. "To accept it," wrote Mrs. Tulloch, "is almost the only thing I could not pardon in my husband, but, thank God, he feels as I do on the subject." Miss Nightingale was equally indignant, but her political instinct was not at fault. "I am glad," she wrote in reply to Mrs. Tulloch (Feb. 20), "that they have been such fools! I am sure the British Lion will sympathise in this insult, and if it does not, then it is a degraded beast." She proceeded to rouse the beast. She told Mr. Herbert about the Government's offer, and he concurred in her view. It was decided to raise the whole subject in the House of Commons. On March 12, 1857, Mr. Herbert moved a Humble Address to the Crown praying that Her Majesty might be pleased to confer some signal mark of favour upon Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch. The Prime Minister, noting the course of the debate, accepted the motion, which was agreed to without a division. "Victory!" wrote Miss Nightingale in her diary; "Milnes came in to tell us." She thought she had lost in her round with Lord Panmure about Colonel Tulloch (above, p. 331); but she won after all. He was created K.C.B., and Sir John, who was already G.C.B., was sworn of the Privy Council. This episode, which in its initial stages exasperated Miss Nightingale so much that she was half inclined to throw up the fight, ended by giving her fresh spirit and encouragement. Her *mot d'ordre* had come true: the "Bison" had proved bullyable—by parliamentary pressure. "I direct my letter," she wrote to the now Right Honourable Sir John McNeill (May 12), "with a great deal of pleasure. I consider that you and Sir Alexander Tulloch have been borne on the arms of the people—a much higher triumph than a mere gift of honours by the Crown. The poor Crown has been worsted. I am sorry for it. But it was not our fault."¹

¹ Twenty years later another reparation was made. Sir Theodore Martin, in his *Life of the Prince Consort*, had taken an unfavourable view of the McNeill-Tulloch report. In the fifth edition he revised the passage. "It is almost more than we could have hoped," wrote Lady Tulloch, in telling Miss Nightingale of the revision; "I say *we*, knowing how much interest you took in the matter." "I give you joy," replied Miss Nightingale (Feb. 23, 1878); "I give you both joy, for this crowning recognition of one of the noblest labours ever done on earth. You yourself cannot

The impugned officers raised an outcry, and the Government appointed an examining Board of other officers to report on the Report which had reported them. This Board—called after the “Chelsea” Hospital where it sat—removed all blame from individuals, and found in July 1856 that the true cause of the Crimean muddle was the failure of the Treasury to send out, at the proper moment, a particular consignment of pressed hay. Miss Nightingale had many a gibe at this ridiculous mouse ; and, many years later, Sir John McNeill rebuked “the levity” which referred “the fatal privations so heroically endured by the troops to so ludicrously inadequate a cause.”¹ Some months were next occupied in the drafting, by the Treasury officials, of an explanation of the regrettable incident of the hay. The Government acquiesced, and the affair seemed to be over. And so it would have been, but for two factors—the press and public opinion. The *Times* led a spirited attack upon the Chelsea Board, and public opinion espoused the cause of Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch. Their Report had been set aside, and Lord Panmure had omitted even to thank them for their labours. Sir John remained contemptuously silent, but Colonel Tulloch, who was of a warmer temper, was vigorous in self-defence and rejoinder. In several large towns sympathy was expressed with the slighted Commissioners—a movement which Miss Nightingale and her family, through friends in various places, did something to advance. Complimentary addresses were sent to the Commissioners from the Mayor and Citizens of Bath, of Birmingham, of Liverpool, of Manchester and of Preston, as also from the Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh.² Noting this movement of public opinion, which was beginning to be reflected in the House of Commons, Lord Panmure bethought himself of doing something. His expedient was signally ill-judged. He had “the honour to acquaint” the Commissioners “that Her Majesty’s Government have decided to mark the services rendered by you in the discharge of your duties in the Crimea, by tendering to

¹ Preface to Tulloch’s *Crimean Commission*, etc., 1880, p. xiii.

² For these addresses, see a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh in 1857, entitled *Addresses Presented to Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., and Colonel Tulloch, with their Answers*.

several ends. In the spring of 1857, an expeditionary force was being dispatched to China, and she was very anxious that the health of her "children," the British troops, should be better cared for than it was, at sea or on land, in the Crimean Campaign. Her ally, Sir James Clark, was on friendly terms with her opponent, Dr. Andrew Smith. So she used her ally to coax her enemy. "I had a very satisfactory conversation with Dr. Smith," reported Sir James. "I find he has attended to almost everything I suggested—the ventilation of the ships, the diet of the troops; and they are to have fresh meat and vegetables during the whole voyage and while on the station when it is possible. Nothing seems to be forgotten or neglected on Smith's part, and the Duke of Cambridge backed our recommendations. So that the disasters of the Crimea are already telling for the benefit of the soldiers."

In the fight over the Netley Hospital, Miss Nightingale was defeated by Lord Panmure on the main issue; but she had some success in minor matters; and, though on the main issue she lost in the particular case, she won the day for the future. She was a pioneer in this country in advocating the "pavilion" system of hospital construction, which she had studied in France. Well-known examples of it are the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, and St. Thomas's at Westminster. The plans for the Netley Hospital, which Lord Panmure sent her, were laid on the old "corridor" lines, and she instantly condemned the plans on that and other grounds. Into this cause, as into everything that she took up, she flung herself with full energy. She consulted all the best authorities, she collected information at home and abroad, she drew up memoranda, she prepared alternative plans. Lord Panmure did not dispute that her alternative might, in the abstract, be better, but pleaded that in this case the cost of alteration, now that the foundations were already laid, would be too great. Besides, there were susceptibilities—his own and other people's—to be considered. Miss Nightingale thereupon appealed to the Prime Minister. "If Miss Nightingale's suggestions are good," he wrote to Lord Panmure (Nov. 30, 1856), "it will be worth while to alter our intended arrangement of the building rather than have an

III

It was her friend Mr. Milnes who had suggested that Miss Nightingale should go a little outside her "Cabinet" and increase her influence by extending the range of her parliamentary acquaintances. "Before the Estimates come on," he had written (Feb. 1857), "you should surely have some people in the House who know what you want." And again: "You should know Lord Stanley; he is the best man you could get in the House in whatever you wish to be done. Come and dine with him here on Sunday." Mr. Milnes was right about Lord Stanley.¹ His public appreciation of Miss Nightingale has been mentioned already. He was not enthusiastic about many persons or things, but Miss Nightingale and her work were among the number. On now making her personal acquaintance, he sat, as it were, at her feet; he told her that he lived in hopes of being allowed to receive "future instructions" from her; he sent her early copies of papers and bills likely to interest her, and asked questions in the House of Commons which she suggested. When presently he became a Secretary for State they were to be associated in important work.

Miss Nightingale, for all her impetuosity of spirit, had plenty of tact, and knew how to adjust the means to her

cling to it more than I do: hardly so much in one sense, for I saw how Sir John McNeill and Sir A. Tulloch's reporting was the salvation of the Army in the Crimea. Without them everything that happened would have been considered 'all right.' . . . I look back upon those twenty years as if they were yesterday, but also as if they were a thousand years. Success be with us and the noble dead." A copy of this letter was sent to Sir John McNeill, who replied (March 25): "It was kind of you to copy it for me. There is no one, dead or alive, whose testimony I could value so highly with regard to the matters in question as I do Miss Florence Nightingale's. Her favourable opinion is very precious to me, not only because she knew more, and was intellectually more capable of forming a correct judgment than any one else who visited that strange scene, but because my regard and affection for her is such as would make it very painful to me to find that she had reason to think in any degree less favourably of our services than she did formerly. Her letter is very characteristic, and therefore to me very precious."

¹ Better known to the world as the 15th Earl of Derby; Secretary of State for India (1858-9); Foreign Secretary (1867-8); Foreign Secretary under Disraeli (1874-8); Colonial Secretary under Gladstone (1882-5).

she had fired her last shot, Miss Nightingale knew when she was finally beaten on one ground and she then made a stand on another. Foiled in her attempt to improve the Hospital root and branch, she used in good part the opportunities which Lord Panmure gave her of patching up "the patient," as she called it, so far as was still possible. The corridor was thrown more open; more window-space was given to the wards; borrowed lights and odd corners were abolished; the appurtenances were separated; and the ventilation was improved.¹ With regard to the future, Miss Nightingale in her private Report, and in almost identical words the Royal Commission in its public Report, recommended "that all plans for the original construction of Hospitals be submitted to competent sanitary authorities before such plans are finally approved," and "that all new Hospitals be constructed in separate pavilions, in order to prevent a large number of sick from being agglomerated under one roof." This recommendation was stoutly opposed by medical officers of the old school. "Poor Andrew Smith," wrote Mr. Herbert during a sitting of the Royal Commission, "swallowed some bitter pills to-day, including Pavilions." The bitter pill, administered by Miss Nightingale, is now the recognized prescription in the building of Hospitals.

IV

This fight for the pavilion was only an incident in Miss Nightingale's work during the latter part of 1856 and earlier part of 1857. Her main work was preparation for the Royal Commission. This involved heavy correspondence, many travels, and close application. Until August 1857, she resided principally in London, at the Burlington Hotel; but in the spring she had spent some weeks, within easy distance of London, at Combe Hurst, the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith; and in April, a fortnight in Edinburgh, in order to confer with Sir John McNeill. She prepared for the Royal Commission by writing her own Report. The suggestion had been made at Balmoral in October 1856; but Lord Panmure, who seldom did to-day

¹ *Panmure Papers*, vol. ii. pp. 401, 405.

imperfect Hospital.”¹ Determining to press her advantage, Miss Nightingale went down to Embley in the Christmas vacation, and dined and slept at Broadlands. How great was the impression she made upon Lord Palmerston is shown by the peremptory letter which he next addressed to Lord Panmure (Jan. 17). It has been printed *in extenso* elsewhere²; and a sentence or two will here suffice. “I am bound to say she has left on my mind at present a conviction that the plan is fundamentally wrong, and that it would be better to pull down and rebuild all that has been built. She brought hither the ground-plan and elevation of the proposed Netley Hospital, and the ground-plan of the last new Military Hospital at Paris, which she says has been adopted as the model for the Hospital at Aldershot.” (The reader will note, I doubt not, Miss Nightingale’s diplomatic touch; she only asked Lord Panmure to do at Netley what he himself was doing at Aldershot.) “It seems to me,” continued Lord Palmerston most characteristically, “that at Netley all consideration of what would best tend to the comfort and recovery of the patients has been sacrificed to the vanity of the architect, whose sole object has been to make a building which should cut a dash when looked at from the Southampton River. . . . Pray, therefore, for the present, stop all further progress in the work till the matter can be duly considered.” But even the most peremptory of Prime Ministers are not all-powerful. Lord Panmure immediately replied that the step ordered by his Chief “would involve us in great difficulties, as it would entail a rupture of all our extensive contracts, not to mention the reflections which it must cast on all concerned in the planning of those designs on which we have worked. . . . Many of Miss Nightingale’s suggestions in the Report signed by herself and Dr. Sutherland can be carried out by alterations, but the total abandonment of the plan will be a most serious affair.”³ It appears from Miss Nightingale’s papers that the War Office’s estimate of the cost was £70,000; and these 70,000 reasons, combined with the argument from *amour propre*, caused Lord Panmure to win. Though ever reluctant to acknowledge defeat, will

¹ *Panmure Papers*, vol. ii. p. 321.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 332-4.

³ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 338.

passed through the press, was impressed equally with the vigour of the style and the cogency of the reasoning. "Be assured," he wrote, "that the Report will detract nothing from your reputation but, on the contrary, that it will greatly add to it, and make it very plain why you have been placed where you stand in the estimation of the country. No other person could have written it." Of another batch of the proofs, he said: "It flows on so naturally, it gives so clearly the impression of being the genuine expression of earnest conviction, it has so much the character of good, sincere enlightened conversation on a subject which is thoroughly understood and appreciated, and so little the appearance of having been 'got up' or of pretension of any kind, literary or artistic, that you ought to be very cautious how you alter it in any respect that would at all detract from the unambitious and perfectly natural, but, at the same time, clear and vigorous, enunciation of important truths and wise propositions." And again: "It does not signify much what Lord Panmure thinks or proposes or objects to. You have set up a Landmark which neither he nor any other man or body of men can remove. Permanent progress has been made, though but small, and your ideas and plans will be pirated and claimed as their own by men who now disparage them." When the book was finally printed, and a copy of the volume sent to him, Sir John McNeill thought the same. "A few days ago," he wrote (Nov. 18, 1858), "I read a passage to one of the most admired essayists of our time¹ without telling him what I was reading from. When I had done he said, 'That is perfect, whose is that?' I bade him guess. He said, 'There are not many men in England who could have done it. I think I know them all, but I cannot quite bring it home with confidence to any of them. It may be some new writer.' I said it was, and then I told him who it was. So much for the manner of the thing, which you care little about. But for the matter: after a very careful study of the whole, I am fully satisfied that it is a mine of facts and inferences which will furnish materials

¹ Perhaps Abraham Hayward; see his opinion of Miss Nightingale's writing, quoted below, p. 408. The passage read out by Sir J. McNeill may have been that cited above, p. 242; or perhaps that cited on p. 317.

what could be put off till to-morrow, did not write his official instructions until February 1857. In asking her "further assistance and advice," he said: "Your personal experience and observation, during the late War, must have furnished you with much important information relating not only to the medical care and treatment of the sick and wounded, but also to the sanatory requirements of the Army generally." She had, it will be observed, carried her point, that the Report was to be of general scope. "I now have the honour to ask you," continued the letter, "to favour me with the results of that experience, on matters of so much importance to Her Majesty's Army. I need hardly add that, should you do so, they will meet with the most attentive consideration, and that I shall endeavour to further, so far as it lies in my power, the large and generous views which you entertain on this important subject."

The Report which Miss Nightingale wrote in response to this request—entitled *Notes affecting the Health, Efficiency, and Hospital Administration of the British Army*—is, I suppose, the least known, but it is the most remarkable, of her works. It is little known because it was never published. As in the end she extracted a Royal Commission from Lord Panmure, and as the Commission was followed by practical measures, she did not feel the necessity of appealing to the public. The War Office itself did not print her Report, and thus it never became generally known how much of the Report of the subsequent Royal Commission, and how many of the administrative reforms consequent upon it, were in fact the work of Miss Nightingale. But at her own expense she printed the *Notes* for private circulation among influential people, and upon all who read it the work created, as well it might, a profound impression. Kinglake describes it as "a treasury of authentic statement and wise disquisition, affording a complete elucidation of the causes which had brought about failure, whilst also showing the means by which, in the wars of the future, our country might best hope to compass the truly sacred task of providing for the health of its troops."¹ Sir John McNeill, who read the proofs of the *Notes* as they

¹ Vol. vi. p. 367.

branches of her subject. There is an Introductory Chapter giving the history of the health of the British armies in previous campaigns, and the book then contains twenty sections. The first six of these deal under different heads with the medical history of the Crimean War. Then come three sections dealing with the organization of Regimental and General Hospitals. The remainder of the book takes wider scope, discussing, in succession, the Need of Sanitary Officials in connection with the Army; the Necessity of a Statistical Department; the Education, Employment and Promotion of Medical Officers; Soldiers' Pay and Stoppages; the Dieting and Cooking of the Army; the Commissariat; Washing and Canteens; Soldiers' Wives; the Construction of Army Hospitals; and the Mortality of Armies in Peace and War. A twentieth section gives, after the manner of Royal Commissions, a summary of Defects and Suggestions. There are also various Appendices, Supplementary Notes, Diagrams and Illustrations. The first volume of the book consists of 830 octavo pages, some numbered in Roman numerals. The pages thus numbered were an after-thought. The main body of the book was ready for press in August 1857, but it was not desirable that the Nightingale Report should forestall, even in private circulation, the publication of the Royal Commission's Report. A final appendix to the latter Report contained a mass of official correspondence on the care of the sick and wounded during the Crimean War. Miss Nightingale pounced upon this, and prefixed to several of her sections a classified abstract of the principal documents. "A masterly analysis," wrote Sir John McNeill, when she sent him the proofs; "it is conclusive, because it is quite fair, and nothing could be more fatal to false pretension." Sometimes Miss Nightingale could not deny herself an ironical comment¹; but the mere collocation of facts and utterances, as she arranged them, in deadly parallel, is more effective even than her sarcasm.

Lord Panmure's instructions to Miss Nightingale of February 1857 were afterwards supplemented by a request that she would submit a Confidential Report on "The Introduction of Female Nursing into Military Hospitals

¹ See the passage quoted above, p. 288.

for every scheme that is likely to be built up on that ground for several generations. No man or woman can henceforth pretend to deal with the subject without mastering these volumes and, if honest, without referring to them. . . . Regarded as a whole, I think it contains a body of information and instruction, such as no one else so far as I know has ever brought to bear upon any similar subject. I regard it as a gift to the Army, and to the country altogether priceless."

These estimates, given respectively by the literary historian of the Crimean War and by the man of affairs who had probed most deeply into the Crimean muddle, will be confirmed, I am confident, by any competent reader of Miss Nightingale's *Notes*.¹ The wide range of the book, and its mastery of detail on a great variety of subjects, are as remarkable as its firm and consistent grasp of general principles. The key-note is struck in the Preface. The question of Army Hospitals is shown to be part of wider questions involving the health and efficiency of the Army at large. Defects, similar to those which occasioned so high a rate of mortality among the sick in Hospital during the war, were the cause why so many healthy men came into Hospital at all. Those who fell before Sebastopol by disease were above seven times the number of those who fell by the enemy. A large number fell from preventable causes; but the causes could only be prevented in the future by the adoption of new systems. The bad health of the British Army in peace was shown to be hardly less appalling than was the mortality during the Crimean War. The only way to prevent a recurrence of such disasters was to improve the sanitary conditions of the soldier's life during peace, and during peace to organize and maintain General Hospitals in practical efficiency. The necessity of reorganization, and the application of sanitary science to the Army generally, are the two principles of which Miss Nightingale never loses sight in any of the

¹ This opinion is supported by an estimate of the *Notes* in a paper which came into my hands as this book was going to press. "This work (the *Notes*) constitutes in my opinion one of the most valuable contributions ever made to hospital organization and administration in time of war. Had the conclusions which she reached been heeded in the Civil War in America or in the Boer War in South Africa, or in the Spanish-American War, hundreds of thousands of lives might have been saved" (*Hurd*, as cited in Bibliography B, No. 47, p. 76).

plished it. She had no staff of secretaries. Mr. Arthur Hugh Clough, then employed in the Education Office, gave her some help, out of office hours, with the proofs; and her faithful Aunt Mai did some copying and correspondence. But for the most part everything was written in her own hand, and not for one moment did she allow herself any relaxation. Nor were the *Notes* the only work of the same months. She prepared also (with some assistance from Mr. Bracebridge), and issued, in 1857, the masterly *Statement to Subscribers* which has been quoted frequently in the foregoing Part of this Memoir. "Why do you do all this," wrote Mr. Herbert (Jan. 16), "with your own hands? I wish you could be turned into a cross-country squire like me for a few weeks."

V

One peculiar advantage Miss Nightingale enjoyed in the preparation of her *Notes*, which, however, added as greatly to her labour as to their effectiveness and authority. Experts of many kinds were willing and eager to help her. There were in all branches of the public service broad-minded men who knew alike the needs and the difficulties of reform, and who recognized in her an invaluable ally. Just as in the East, reformers in difficulty "went to Miss Nightingale," so now officials and officers—some openly, others with careful secrecy—approached her with hints and offers of assistance, or sometimes with petition that she would come and help them. Thus Sir John Liddell, Director-General of the Navy Medical Department, hearing what was on foot, begged her "to take up the sailors," and to "introduce female nurses into naval hospitals." She inspected Haslar Hospital at his request (Jan. 1857), and he consulted her on the plans for a Naval Hospital at Woolwich. "I return with many thanks," he wrote (Feb. 17), "your very clever Report on the Construction of Hospitals [a section of her *Notes*], from which I mean to profit largely in both our new and old buildings; but as you have only allowed me the privilege of reading your Report privately, I trust that when you see your notions carried out in our Hospitals you will not reproach me with being a plagiarist without conscience." Sir John in

in Peace and in War." The request had an amusing sequel. "You directed me last week," she wrote to Lord Panmure (May 3), "to make suggestions to yourself as to the organization of Female Nursing in Army Hospitals. The Director-General, Army Medical Department, directed, last week, the expulsion of all female nurses but two from the Woolwich Artillery Hospitals. . . . I have a little pencil composition, to be 'dedicated, with permission, to your Lordship,' exhibiting the order emanating from the Secretary of State to introduce nurses, and a simultaneous order from the Army Medical Board to turn them out. I enclose a memorandum (merely tentative and experimental) as to the duties of nurses. I cannot expect the Secretary of State to enter into the details. Perhaps I may ask to hear his decision as to the ultimate steps to be taken."¹ The tentative memorandum was afterwards expanded into a treatise, forming the second volume (pp. 184) of the *Notes*. Its title—*Subsidiary Notes as to the Introduction of Female Nursing into Military Hospitals in Peace and War*—hardly describes the scope of the volume, which is, in fact almost a treatise on Nursing at large. "I read the *Subsidiary Notes* first," wrote Mrs. Gaskell (Dec. 31, 1858). "It was so interesting I could not leave it. I finished it at one long morning sitting—hardly stirring between breakfast and dinner. I cannot tell you how much I like it, and for such numbers of reasons. First, because you know of a varnish which is as good or better than black-lead for grates² (only I wonder what it is). Next because of the little sentences of real deep wisdom which from their depth and true foundation may be real helps in every direction and to every person; and for the quiet continual devout references to God which make the book a holy one."

As the work of a single hand, and that the hand of a woman in delicate health, the writing of Miss Nightingale's *Notes on the British Army*, in the space of six months, is an astonishing *tour de force*. Only the most intense application, assisted by great power of brain and will, could have accom-

¹ *Panmure*, vol. ii. p. 381, where, in following pages, the Memorandum is also printed.

² "Even black-lead is unnecessary, as a varnish now obtainable looks better," *Subsidiary Notes*, p. 22.

woman's touch that had tended them at Scutari or in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale, during these months, inspected also the leading Civil Hospitals in London. Many of them had appointed her an Honorary Life Governor in recognition of her services during the war.

Military officers also tendered their assistance. "Ask questions," says a letter from Wellington Barracks addressed to a friend of Miss Nightingale, "until you arrive at what you want. It is a pleasure to assist that excellent lady in her noble work": "I was quite charmed," wrote an officer from Aldershot, "with the opportunity of again communicating with Miss Nightingale. She is the most single-minded and benevolent person I ever met, and is truly the wonder of her sex. Do, pray, convey to her my desire to place my humble services and experience at her disposal whenever and however she may desire." Within the War Office itself, she had influential friends. Sir Henry Storks was in frequent correspondence with her, and sent for her criticism drafts of new Regulations. Colonel Lefroy had, in accordance with her suggestion,¹ been instructed by Lord Panmure to draft a Scheme for a School of Military Medicine and Surgery. Miss Nightingale's notes on this Draft (Nov. 1856) include suggestions which might have come from some Royal Commission of our own day. She urges that the Board of Examiners should consist of the teachers. She suggests that the teachers in hospitals should not be doctors of eminence; "a man with an eminent practice rarely becomes an eminent teacher; many good men may be found to take the position of teachers at a moderate salary." She forestalled the idea of Imperial inter-change, of which the War Office of to-day says much. "A most important part of this School," she writes, would be to afford opportunities for study and comparison to Medical Officers from the Colonies. Like Dr. McLachlan at Chelsea, Colonel Lefroy at the War Office sometimes "came to Miss Nightingale." He told her of a certain military hospital which was very much overcrowded. The Principal Medical Officer had represented the case to Headquarters and demanded extra accommodation, but in vain: "a letter from Miss Night-

¹ See above, p. 330.

return supplied her with facts which she needed about naval stores, dietaries, and statistics. He also escorted her on a visit of inspection to Chatham, a military, as well as a naval, station. She was received on all sides with the utmost consideration, and a Military Medical Officer gave her free access to everything. Dr. Andrew Smith was exceeding wrath when he learnt that she had been prying into his domain there. The Medical Officer wrote to her explaining that he had misunderstood the case, imagining that her visit had official sanction on the military, as well as on the naval side, and begging her, in fear and trembling, to treat everything he had said and shown as strictly secret. The main object of her inspection of Barracks and Hospitals was to collect data for her Report, but sometimes she was able to effect a stroke of reform by the way and at once. She was invited to inspect Chelsea Military Hospital by Dr. McLachlan, the Principal Medical Officer. She went, marked many defects, and wrote to him on the subject. He concurred in what she said, explained that "reform moves slowly in old establishments, obstruction coming from sources least expected," and hoped that she might be able to exercise "a little pressure from without." The chairman of the Board was Mr. Robert Lowe, at that time Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General. She sought an introduction to Mr. Lowe, who "had much pleasure in calling upon her." The sequel is told in a letter from Dr. McLachlan: "If you have not already been made acquainted with it, I am sure you will be glad to learn that all the really important points mentioned in your letter to me some time ago have been conceded. Mr. Lowe's perseverance carried the Treasury. The men are to have flannel vests and drawers, knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c., &c." And Mr. Lowe himself, who could be soft sometimes, wrote to her with regard to "the improvements which you were good enough to suggest," that he was "happy to believe that the flannel is a very great comfort to the poor old men." Many Crimean veterans were afterwards Chelsea pensioners, and I have given some of their recollections of Miss Nightingale in an earlier chapter. They probably did not know that they owed their hospital comforts at home to the same

publicity or praise. She loved to do good by stealth, and most of her influence was exerted behind the scenes.

Statisticians, sanitary engineers, architects, and other experts were all in correspondence or personal communication with Miss Nightingale during the preparation of her Report. Dr. William Farr, the first authority on the former subject, was at work with her in January and February 1857 upon comparisons of the mortality in the army and in civil life. "It will always give me the greatest pleasure," he wrote, "to render you any assistance I can in promoting the health of the Army. We shall ask your assistance in return in the attempts that are now being made to improve the health of the civil population. It is in the House and the Home that sound principles will work most salutarily." Later chapters will show how readily Miss Nightingale lent assistance in that field. When she had finished the statistical section of her Report, she sent the proofs with her illustrative diagrams for Dr. Farr's revision. He found nothing to alter. "This *speech*," he wrote, "is the best that ever was written on Diagrams or on the Army. I can only express my Opinion briefly in 'Demosthenes himself with the facts before him could not have written or thundered better.' The details appear to me to be quite correct." He specially commended her diagrams for the clearness with which they explained themselves. She was something of a pioneer in the graphic method of statistical presentation. In every branch of her inquiry she was equally thorough; consulting the best authorities, collecting the essential facts. She was in communication with Sir Robert Rawlinson and Sir Edwin Chadwick, and with Sir Joshua Jebb R.E., the architect of model prisons. She collected plans of all the best hospitals and infirmaries in Great Britain and on the Continent. She consulted Professor Christison on dietetics, and procured dietaries from foreign hospitals. She corresponded with Army Surgeons whom she had met in the East, and with Army chaplains and missionaries. The feeling which fellow-workers had for Miss Nightingale appears characteristically in a note from Sir Robert Rawlinson to her aunt (1858). "To have earned the good word of Miss N. is most gratifying. I trust I may deserve a continuance of it. I learn with sorrow

ingale might lead to better things." Colonel Lefroy was helpful in another matter. Miss Nightingale was a pioneer, as we have heard during the account of her work in the East, in devising means for encouraging the better employment of the private soldier's leisure, and for promoting his intelligent recreation. And this effort, commenced by her among the soldiers on service during the Crimean War, was continued upon her return to England. To the initiative and generosity of Florence Nightingale, the establishment of soldiers' reading-rooms is due. Her friend, Mr. Sabin, who had been the principal chaplain at Scutari, was now stationed at Aldershot, and Miss Nightingale concerted measures with him for continuing there the experiment which they had made in the East.¹ After much negotiation, permission was obtained from the military authorities to use one of the canteens as a reading-room, and on June 17, 1857, "Divisional Reading-Room, H Canteen, Aldershot Camp" was opened. The funds were provided by Miss Nightingale. The experiment was so much appreciated by the soldiers that she determined to enlarge it. She invoked the good offices of Colonel Lefroy, who wrote to her on August 19 as follows: "A propitious moment offered itself yesterday, and I asked the Chief whether I was at liberty to accept the offer of 'a private person' to contribute the amusement of the Soldiers, and the improvement of their Reading-rooms. He laughed, having probably a shrewd suspicion of the identity of the unknown, and gave leave. I am now therefore quite at your service. . . . There will be no difficulty in finding means of applying any funds you will supply, and I have but one regret in the matter, viz. that a duty so essential to the moral improvement of the soldier should be left to private benevolence. I should like to print Milton's IXth Sonnet² on everything you give us." Miss Nightingale herself had no taste for

¹ See above, p. 281.

² *To a Virtuous Young Lady* :—

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen
 That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast, etc. etc.

welcome intimation that Lord Panmure would call at the Burlington Hotel on the following day with the Official Draft of the Instructions for the Commission. She suggested a few alterations, and these were accepted, and the documents were sent for the Royal approval. Miss Nightingale kept a copy of the manuscript, and sent it to her friend, Dr. Graham Balfour, the secretary of the Commission. "Every one of the members of the Commission," she explained to him (April 27), "was carried by force of will against Dr. Andrew Smith, and poor Pan has been the shuttlecock"; and with regard to the Instructions, "You will see curious traces of the struggle to exclude and to include all reform in the progress of the MS. I think I am not without merit for labouring at bullying Pan—a petty kind of warfare, very unpleasant."

It throws an interesting side-light on the relation of Ministers to their subordinates to know, as appears from Miss Nightingale's papers, that Lord Panmure was careful to have the documents initialled by the Queen before submitting them to Dr. Smith. To those who have delved into the history of the Crimean muddle, few things are more curious at first sight than the long ascendancy of Dr. Smith. Perhaps no one was to blame, but only the system; but if any individuals were to blame for the medical defects, then surely the Medical Director-General must have been one. Lord Grey sent to Miss Nightingale a very long and elaborate Memorandum on her *Notes*. He admired the skill with which she marshalled the facts; but maintained that the true conclusion to be drawn from them was not that radical reform was needed, but that several persons (including Dr. Smith) should have been court-martialled. I doubt if Miss Nightingale differed from the latter proposition. But in fact Dr. Smith was decorated, and when the war was over he was allowed for many months to obstruct the course of reform. The explanation, however, is simple. The permanent head of a Department is a master of its detail, and if he be a man of any ability, this fact often gives him an ascendancy over his political chief. If the Minister be indolent, or incapable of detail, or for any other reason disposed to the line of least resistance, he becomes as clay

that her health is so doubtful, but I have a full and abiding faith in the providence of God. She has sown seed that will give a full harvest, and mankind will be better for her practical labours to the end of time. Hospitals will be constructed according to her wise arrangements, and they will be managed in conformity with her humane rules. One man in the army will be more useful than two formerly, and reason will preside over comfort and health. So far as my weak means extend I will strive to work in the same field, and do that which in me lies to embody the lessons I have received." "It is very pretty," wrote her sister to Madame Mohl (May 2, '57), "to see these wise old men so profoundly convinced of her knowledge as well as of her disinterestedness, and looking up at her with such a mixture of reverence and tenderness, of desire that she should not overwork herself, and of desire that she should do the work which she alone can do so well." "You cannot think what it is," wrote her sister to another friend, "to watch a great mind like hers fully at work and fully equal to that great work. To see each emergency as it arises met and conquered, to see in her great plans for reform and improvement, how even each hindrance only seems to give a fresh impetus of power to overcome (if my heart was not in each move of the game it would be like watching a gigantic game of chess, whereof the pawns were men and the result the lives of thousands); how she collects the honey out of each man's information and binds it up into the whole that is to carry on the work." Miss Nightingale's *Notes* were her own work in a peculiar degree and, as Sir John McNeill said, no one else could have done it. But it is also true that the book collects from many quarters the best that was known and thought at the time on the subjects with which it deals.

VI

Miss Nightingale's own Report was more than half finished when the long-promised and long-delayed Royal Commission on the same subject was appointed. The importunity of Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale had at last "brought the Bison to bay." On April 26 she received the

insisted on his inclusion. He sometimes exasperated her, as we shall hear in later chapters, but they worked together in constant comradeship. He was, as it were, her Chief-of-the-Staff; and also in large measure her Private Secretary for official matters. Upon Dr. Sutherland and Miss Nightingale the Chairman of the Royal Commission mainly relied. I have already quoted Mr. Herbert's general tribute to her assistance (p. 312). It is fully borne out by the evidence contained in her papers.

Throughout the proceedings of the Commission, Miss Nightingale was in daily communication—personal, or by letter—with Mr. Herbert or Dr. Sutherland, or with both. I have before me, of this date, fifty letters from each of them to her. She was an unremitting task-master. "My dear Lady," wrote Dr. Sutherland one Friday (May 22), "do not be unreasonable. I fear your sex is much given to being so. I would have been with you yesterday, had I been able, but alas! my will was stronger than my legs. I have been at the Commission to-day, and as yet there is nothing to fear. I was too much fatigued and too stupid to see you afterwards, but I intend coming to-morrow about 12 o'clock, and we can then prepare for the campaign of the coming week. There won't be much to do, as the Commission is going to the Derby, except your humble servant and Alexander, who, for the sake of example, are going to see Portsmouth and Haslar to give evidence on both. We shall meet on Monday and Friday only. The Sanitary arguing goes on on both these days, and I hope to-morrow to be able to perform the coaching operation you desiderate, and as you don't go to church you can coach Mr. Herbert on Sunday. I have now sent you a Roland for your Oliver, and am ever yours faithfully." Of the letters from Mr. Herbert, written after the Commission was appointed, the first defines the position: "We must meet and agree our course." A few other brief extracts will fill in the sketch. "I am getting up the examinations; does anything occur to you?" "I send you Hall's correspondence. You know the matters treated with all the dates which I do not, and will see in them what I should not." He consults her about the order in which to call the witnesses, "or we shall seem to be always

in the hands of his permanent subordinate, whenever a matter comes down from generals to particulars. So Lord Panmure, at the final stage of this affair, took the precaution of barring out details. Dr. Smith, who was a pertinacious man, had, I dare say, many criticisms to offer when the Instructions for the Commission were shown to him. But, if so, Lord Panmure had a general and a conclusive answer. What the Queen had signed must not be altered.

The Royal Warrant, instructing the Commission, was in very wide and comprehensive terms, and Mr. Herbert and his colleagues set to work without a day's delay. Six months had elapsed between his acceptance of the Chairmanship and the issue of the Royal Warrant. The Report of the Commission was prepared in precisely three months. To appreciate fully the industry which such a result involved, one must have looked into the mountainous mass of detail which the Commission accumulated and sifted. No praise can be too high for the unremitting attention, the incessant hard work which Mr. Herbert, as Chairman, threw into the task. But even so, such speed in the preparation of the Commission's Report would have been impossible, but that much of the ground had been already explored, and most of it exhaustively covered, by Miss Nightingale. In all Royal Commissions, as also in more august bodies, there is an Inner Cabinet, and sometimes an Innermost Cabinet as well. In the present case there was an Innermost Cabinet of three, and one of the three was not a member of the Commission—Mr. Herbert, Dr. Sutherland, and Miss Nightingale. There was no man so closely associated with Miss Nightingale's work for so many years, and in so many different directions, as Dr. John Sutherland. He was recognized as one of the leading sanitarians of the day. He had been an Inspector under the first Board of Health (1848), and had been employed by the Government in many special inquiries. As head of the Sanitary Commission sent to the Crimea in 1855, he had, as already stated, made Miss Nightingale's acquaintance, and from that time forth they were close colleagues. He served on almost every Commission, Sub-Commission, and Committee with which she had anything to do. If he was not nominated in the first list, she always

examination, which would do us no good and him harm. But we want to make the best out of him for our case. Please help us. I understand that Dr. Smith says he was much afraid of 'the Commission' at first, and 'thought it would do harm.' But now 'thinks it is taking a good turn.' Is this for us or against us?" Sir John McNeill thought "for us," and advised that Dr. Hall should "not be put too much on the defensive," but should be led in examination "to slip quietly into the current of reform as Dr. A. Smith seems from what you say to have done." Still, if he proved obdurate he must of course "be put in a corner"; and so Sir John McNeill assisted the lady-solicitor to prepare posers for a possibly refractory witness. It was difficult, however, to be refractory with Mr. Herbert. "He was a man of the quickest and most accurate perception," she wrote of him in later years, "that I have ever known. Also he was the most sympathetic. His very manner engaged the most sulky and the most recalcitrant of witnesses. He never made an enemy or a quarrel in the Commission. He used to say, 'There takes two to be a quarrel, and I won't be one.'" Then, again, Miss Nightingale was always at Mr. Herbert's call to supply details, missing dates, and references. Every one familiar with the courts knows how even the ablest counsel will sometimes stumble over a date or fumble among his papers for a particular document, till a junior behind him or the solicitor in front of him comes to his rescue. That was another rôle played by Miss Nightingale, though behind the scenes. "Sidney is again in despair for you," wrote Mrs. Herbert; "can you come? You will say, *Bless* that man, why can't he leave me in peace? But I am only obeying orders in begging for you."

A difficulty arose upon the question whether Miss Nightingale should or should not give evidence herself. She was averse from doing so, and Sir John McNeill strongly supported her. In his paternal way he did not like the idea of her exposing herself to such a strain, and indeed her physical weakness at the time was great. In the present day she would of course, in like circumstances, have been made a member of the Royal Commission. In those days the idea of

examining one another." He asks her to look into a comparison of the mortality among marines and sailors respectively. She secured on another subject some damning documents. "I return your stolen goods," he writes. "Pray keep them carefully. If ever we have to besiege the Army Medical Department, no Lancaster gun could be more formidable than this document; it is really almost unbelievable." "I should very much like to have a Cabinet Council with you to-day. Shall I come to you at 5 o'clock, or would you come here?" And so forth, and so forth, almost daily. But I can perhaps best convey an idea of the co-operation in terms of legal procedure. Miss Nightingale was the solicitor who gave instructions in the case to Mr. Herbert. As each branch of the inquiry came up, she sent him a memorandum upon it; often, no doubt, a copy of her own Report on the same subject. She suggested the witnesses, and often saw them before they gave their evidence, in order, as it were, to take their proof. In the case of some important witnesses, she prepared the briefs for cross-examination, as well as examination. In June, Sir John Hall, whom the reader will remember as Principal Medical Officer in the Crimea, was to be in the box. "I have been asked," she wrote to Sir John McNeill (June 12), "to request you to give us some hints as to his examination, founded upon what you saw of him when in your hands. My own belief is that Hall is a much cleverer fellow than they take him for, almost as clever as Airey,¹ and that he will consult his reputation in like manner, and perhaps give us very useful evidence, no thanks to him. . . . I would only recall to your memory the long series of proofs of his incredible apathy, beginning with the fatal letter approving of Scutari, Oct. '54,² continuing with all the negative errors of non-obtaining of Lime Juice, Fresh Bread, Quinine, etc., up to his *not* denouncing the effects of salt meat before you. . . . We do not want to badger the old man in his

¹ Richard, Lord Airey, Quartermaster-General to Crimean Army, 1854-5, one of the officers vindicated by the Chelsea Board; Quartermaster-General, 1855-65.

² Dr. Hall had reported to Dr. Smith from Scutari (Oct. 20, 1854), with "much satisfaction," that "the whole Hospital establishment has now been put on a very creditable footing," etc. See *Notes*, p. 52.

straight hitting is the best mode of attack. Miss Nightingale shows that she not only knows her subject, but feels it thoroughly. There is, in all that she says, a clearness, a logical coherence, a pungency and abruptness, a ring as of true metal, that is altogether admirable." ¹ "I have perused with the greatest interest," wrote a member of the Commission (Sir J. R. Martin) to her, "your most conclusive evidence now in circulation for the perusal of the Commissioners. It contains an assemblage of facts and circumstances which, taken throughout their entire extent, must prove of the most vital importance to the British soldier for ages to come."

VII

The Report of the Commission was written by Mr. Herbert in August 1857, with much assistance from Miss Nightingale. "A thousand thanks," he wrote to her (Aug. 5). "The list of recommendations and defects is very clear and good. I have noted one or two additions." A comparison of the Recommendations at the end of Miss Nightingale's Report with those at the end of the Royal Commission's Report shows how closely the latter document followed the earlier. The Report was not issued to the public until January 1858. The reason for the delay is intimately connected with the story of Miss Nightingale's life during the latter half of 1857. The salient feature of the Report was its adoption and confirmation of the appalling figures which she had first tabulated many months before. "It is of infinite importance to the success of all you have still to accomplish," wrote Sir John McNeill (Nov. 9) when she sent him a proof of Mr. Herbert's Report, "that the accuracy of your statements as to the condition of the Barracks has been established beyond question. It deprives interested cavillers of all right to be listened to when they desire to question your other propositions." It was shown conclusively by the Royal Commission that, as Miss Nightingale had said, the rate of mortality in the Army at home

¹ *The Army in its Medico-Sanitary Relations*, p. 26. Edinburgh, 1859. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*. The writer was Dr. Combe, R.A.

calling a woman as a witness caused some qualms. Her own objection was founded rather on regard for Mr. Herbert's susceptibilities. She could not tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth without going into the past, and such evidence might seem to cast reflections on the conduct of her friend as Minister during the earlier part of the war. Mr. Herbert, however, brushed this point aside, and urged her to come and tell the whole truth. Her friend Mr. Stafford was yet more emphatic. "Let me entreat you," he wrote (June 11), "to reconsider your determination. You have done so much, you ought to do all. This is our last effort for the soldier. No one can aid us so well as you, and you can aid us so well in no other manner; even if your opinions should offend some few individuals, the fault is theirs, not yours. The absence of your name from our list of witnesses will diminish the weight of our Report, and will give rise to unfounded rumours; it will be said either that we were afraid of your evidence, and did not invite you to tender it, or that you made suggestions, the responsibility of which you were reluctant to incur in public." There was obvious force in Mr. Stafford's arguments, and it was decided that Miss Nightingale should give evidence in the form of written answers to written questions. Her evidence, which occupies thirty-three pages of the Blue-book, is in effect a condensed summary of her confidential Report. None of the evidence given to the Commission was more direct and cogent. "It may surprise many persons," wrote an army doctor at the time, "to find, from Miss Nightingale's evidence that, added to feminine graces, she possesses, not only the gift of acute perception, but that, on all the points submitted to her, she reasons with a strong, acute, most logical, and, if we may say so, masculine intellect, that may well shame some of the other witnesses. They mander through their subjects as if they had by no means made up their minds on any one point—they would and they would not; and they seem almost to think that two parallel roads may sometimes be made to meet, by dint of courtesy and good feeling, amiable motives that should never be trusted to in matters of duty. When you have to encounter uncouth, hydra-headed monsters of officialism and ineptitude,

CHAPTER III

ENFORCING A REPORT

(August-December 1857)

The Nation is grateful to you for what you did at Scutari, but all that it was possible for you to do there was a trifle compared with the good you are doing now.—SIR JOHN MCNEILL (*Letter to Florence Nightingale*, Dec. 1857).

REFORMERS, who are familiar with the ways of the political world, more often sigh than rejoice when they hear that a subject in which they are interested has been "referred to a Royal Commission." They know that the chances are many to one that the subject, like the Report, will be placed on a shelf and stay there. Sometimes the reference is a well-understood euphemism for such an intention; and even when it is not, there are many things which may bring about the same result. The Commission will perhaps produce a litter of Reports from whose discordant voices no definite conclusion can be drawn. In any case the Report, or Reports, will have to "engage the earnest attention" of His or Her Majesty's Government, and the attention, earnest or otherwise, is sure to be prolonged. Before the process has come to an end, many things may have happened to overlay the subject in question. Every generation of reformers sees a certain number of subjects on which its heart has been set deeply interred under a pile of Blue-books.

This was the danger with which Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale were confronted in August 1857 in the case of their Royal Commission on the sanitary condition of the British Army. Against the risk of an equivocal Report they had, indeed, guarded themselves in advance; but the danger of a definite Report leading to no immediate action had still to be met. Mr. Herbert was no less anxious than

in time of peace was double that of the civil population. A comparison of the civil and military mortality in certain London parishes was yet more startling. In St. Pancras the civil rate was 2·2; the rate in the barracks of the 2nd Life Guards was 10·4. In Kensington the civil rate was 3·3; the rate in the Knightsbridge barracks was 17·5. Every one who knew the contents of the Report perceived that this was the point which would cause a sensation. The Crimean War and its muddles were beginning to fade into the past, especially in view of the Indian Mutiny; and reorganization of a department of the Army would never be likely to arrest popular attention. But the case was different with facts and figures showing that the health of the Army, even when at home and in peace, was shamefully sacrificed by official neglect. There was to be a sitting of Parliament in December, and nasty questions would assuredly be asked unless something were done. There was a masterful and importunate woman behind the scenes who was firmly resolved that something should be done. Without a moment's rest, without thought of recess or relaxation, Miss Nightingale flung herself into a new campaign.

“The Wiping Commission.” Mr. Herbert sent these proposals to Lord Panmure on August 7,¹ and two days later he wrote to Miss Nightingale: “Panmure writes fairly enough, but he has gone to shoot grouse. I have asked Alexander to meet me at the Burlington on Wednesday at 3, to discuss and settle things. So I have disposed of your time and rooms.” The grouse, however, were not quite ready, and on the 14th Mr. Herbert caught Lord Panmure on the wing. Mr. Herbert seemed to carry his point, the four Sub-Commissions were agreed to in general terms, and, as he sent word to Miss Nightingale on the same day, he was “able to leave for Ireland with a lighter heart after seeing Pan. But I am not easy about you. Here am I going to lead an animal life for a month, get up early, pursue your animal, catch him, eat him, and go to sleep. Why can’t you, who do men’s work, take man’s exercise in some shape? . . . This is my parting sermon. I use, for the purpose of scolding you, a liberty which nothing gives me but my hearty regard and affection for you.”

Mr. Herbert had well earned his month’s fishing. But as Dr. Sutherland presently wrote to her, “one thing is quite clear, that women can do what men would not do, and that women will dare suffering knowingly where men would shrink.” Miss Nightingale would not, and could not, take man’s rest because she felt her cause too intensely; she could not be of so light a heart as her friend, because she knew “her Pan” a little better than he did. Dr. Andrew Smith, she heard, was putting up a stiff fight against reform. Lord Panmure stayed on in the Highlands late into the autumn, paying only a flying visit or two to London. His subordinates were as laborious as ever in piling up objections. He became frightened at his own acts, and at one time revoked (but afterwards, under pressure, reinstated) the authority he had given for the Wiping Sub-Commission. Mr. Herbert returned to England in September, and came up to London to see Miss Nightingale before the first meeting of the first Sub-Commission. Many weeks elapsed before all of them were set on foot. She meanwhile was incessantly at work, and Dr. Sutherland, who lived at Highgate, was

¹ The letter is printed in *Stammore*, vol. ii. p. 133.

Miss Nightingale to meet it. He had devoted unsparing toil to the Commission ; his toil would be reduced to futility if the Report were merely to be pigeon-holed. They laid their plans on the consideration mentioned at the end of the last chapter—namely, the effect which the disclosures of the Royal Commission was likely to have on public opinion. Mr. Herbert communicated the gist of the Report privately to Lord Panmure. It could be officially presented and published sooner or later as the negotiations with Ministers might go. Mr. Herbert pointed out to Lord Panmure that the Report was “likely to arrest a good deal of general attention” ; that there was time to take measures towards reform before the Report became known to the public ; that the simultaneous publication both of its recommendations and of orders and regulations founded upon them would “give the prestige which promptitude always carries with it.” Mr. Herbert would gladly give every assistance in his power towards that end. He put the case with his usual suavity. But there was iron within the velvet. The publication of the Report could properly be postponed for a while, but not indefinitely. Lord Panmure had to choose between committing himself to instant reform, so as to whitewash the Government beforehand, and postponing reform, in which case he would have to reckon with a public opinion inflamed by the disclosures of the Report. And meanwhile Miss Nightingale still held *her* Report in reserve, for use in an appeal to public opinion, should the negotiations fail to secure any guarantee for prompt reform.

The plan of active reform agreed upon between her and Mr. Herbert was that four Sub-Commissions should be appointed, with Mr. Herbert himself as Chairman of each, to settle the details of reform, and in some measure to execute it, in accordance with the general recommendations of the Report. These Sub-Commissions were severally (1) To put the Barracks in sanitary order, (2) To organize a Statistical Department, (3) To institute a Medical School, and (4) To reconstruct the Army Medical Department, to revise the Hospital Regulations, and draw up a Warrant for the Promotion of Medical Officers. This last, from its comprehensive and cleansing scope, was called by Miss Nightingale

to town [from Malvern] on Thursday week and met Mr. Herbert for this purpose. Panmure had not done a thing. It was extracted from him then and there that the four Sub-Commissions . . . should be issued *immediately*. The Instructions had been approved by P. seven weeks ago. A week, however, has elapsed, and we have heard nothing. I shall not, however, leave P. alone till this is done. Mr. Herbert's honour is at stake, which gives us a hold upon him. Without him, of course, I could do nothing.

Nov. 9 (Sir J. McNeill to Miss Nightingale). We may now reckon on something being done to rescue the country from the sin and shame of having so culpably neglected our soldiers. I rejoice that you are to see the fruits of your labours in their behalf.

Nov. 15 (Miss Nightingale to Sir J. McNeill). Here I come again. Panmure has granted the *wiping* "Commission" with such ample instructions for "preparing draft Instructions and Regulations," defining the duties of etc., etc., and revising the "Queen's Q.M.G's., Barracks', Purveyor's and Hospital Regulations," as you may guess them to be, when I tell you they were written by me. . . . Mr. Herbert is, besides, to send Panmure a "Constitution" for the Army Medical Board, and a Warrant for "Promotion" himself. All that is necessary now is to keep Mr. Herbert up to the point. The strength of his character is its simplicity and candour, with extreme quickness of perception; its fault is its excessive eclecticism. Ten years have I been endeavouring to obtain an expression of opinion from him and have never succeeded yet. . . . This new Sub-Commission entails upon me a labour I most gladly undertake of putting together Draft Regulations to be submitted to Mr. Herbert, as suggestions for the Draft he will propose to the Sub-Commission. These Regulations must, of course, *rhyme* with the Report. I think you would recommend, etc., etc.

Dec. 1 (Miss Nightingale to Sir J. McNeill). This is the first rough proof of the Regulations chiefly written by myself, which Mr. Herbert will submit to the Regulations Committee on Monday. I send them to you with his sanction, begging you to cut them up severely, and to send them back as soon as possible. I, in my own name, direct your particular attention to criticize the Regulations for Nurses. You will of course understand that my name does not appear. We are so sorry to give you this trouble, but feel the necessity of having your advice.

Dec. 14 (Mrs. Herbert to Miss Nightingale). DEAREST—Sidney wishes me to send you these, if you will be so kind as to look over them. I know it's wrong.

constantly with her. She wrote reminders to Lord Panmure, "although I hear you saying, There is that bothering woman again," and she begged Mr. Herbert to do the like. She drafted instructions and schemes for each of the Sub-Commissions. As each of them set to work, there were meetings in her rooms to settle the procedure. There were periods, as Miss Nightingale afterwards recalled, "when Sidney Herbert would meet the Cabal, as he used to call it, which consists of 'you and me and Alexander and Sutherland, and sometimes Martin and Farr,' every day either at Burlington Street, or at Belgrave Square, and sometimes as often as twice or even three times a day." A few extracts from her correspondence will show the extent of her work and the eagerness of her temper :—

August 7 (Miss Nightingale to Sir J. McNeill). The reconstitution of the Army Medical Department as to its government has been carried by the commission almost in the form which you recommended. I have been requested by Mr. Herbert, who went out of town last night for a few days, to draw up a scheme as to what these new men are to do. And I now venture to enclose it to you, earnestly begging you to consider it and send it me back with your remarks in as short a time as you possibly can. We have carried the Barracks Sub-Commission with Panmure, Dr. Sutherland to be the Sanitary Head.

Sept. 29 (Mr. Herbert to Miss Nightingale). Pan is still shooting. It is to me unconscionable. In future you must defend the Bison, for I won't.

Oct. 10 (Miss Nightingale to Sir J. McNeill). I will not say a word about India. You know so much more about it than anybody here. We have seen terrible things in the last 3 years, but nothing to my mind so terrible as Panmure's unmanly and stupid indifference on this occasion! I have been three years "serving in" the War Department. When I began, there was incapacity, but not indifference. Now there is incapacity and indifference. . . . Panmure's coming up to town last Thursday week was the consequence of reiterated remonstrance. . . . And he is going away again after the next Indian mail. That India will have to be occupied by British troops for several years, I suppose there is no question. And so far from the all-absorbing interest of this Indian subject diminishing the necessity of immediately carrying out the reforms suggested by our Commission, I am sure you will agree that they are now the more vitally important to the very existence of an army. I came up

heart was heavy within her. She was sore that her friend should understand her so little. She surmised that he had been prompted by her sister. She was morbidly anxious at this time that no member of the family except Aunt Mai should know how ill she was. She had attained her freedom for the life of independent work, at a great price, as the first Part of this Memoir has shown. Perhaps in her present over-wrought condition she was haunted by a dread lest the galling solicitude of her family might lure her back into the cage. Dr. Sutherland had written two letters at the end of August begging her to put all work aside. She was thinking of everybody's "sanitary improvement," he said, except her own. "Pray leave us all to ourselves, soldiers and all, for a while. We shall all be the better for a rest. Even your 'divine Pan' will be more musical for not being beaten quite so much. As for Mr. Sidney Herbert, he must be in the seventh heaven. Please don't gull Dr. Gully, but do eat and drink and don't think. We'll make such a precious row when you come back. The day you left town it appeared as if all your blood wanted renewing, and that cannot be done in a week. You must have new blood, or you can't work, and new blood can't be made out of tea, at least so far as I know. There is a paper of Dr. Christison's about 28 ounces of solid food per diem. You know where *that* is, and depend on it the Dr. is right. . . . And now I have done my duty as confessor, and hope I shall find you an obedient penitent." To this letter she replied as follows:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Dr. Sutherland.*) And what shall I say in answer to your letter? Some one said once, He that would save his life shall lose it; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? He meant, I suppose, that "life" is a means and not an end, and that "soul," or the object of life, is the end. Perhaps he was right. Now in what one respect could I have done other than I have done? or what exertion have I made that I could have left unmade? . . . Had I "lost" the Report, what would the health I should have saved have "profited" me? or what would ten years of life have advantaged me, exchanged for the ten weeks this summer? Yes, but, you say, you might have walked or driven or eaten meat. Well, since we must come to *sentir della spezieria*, let me tell you, O Doctor, that after any walk or drive I sat up all night with palpitation. And the sight of animal

II

A later letter from Sir John McNeill is quoted at the head of this chapter. He considered that compared with the work which she was doing now, what she had done at Scutari was "a trifle"—"mere child's play" was the phrase which she herself used in making the comparison. Preceding pages will, I think, have inclined the reader to the same conclusion, or, at any rate, have enabled him to understand what Miss Nightingale and Sir John meant. And this large and difficult work was being done by a woman who had already taxed her physical strength dangerously in the East, and who was now threatened, in the opinion of competent observers, by a complete breakdown. Of the members of what was called her "Cabinet," Sir John McNeill was the one for whose intellectual power and judgment she had the highest respect, to Mr. Herbert she was personally the most attached, but to Dr. Sutherland also she sometimes opened her inner thoughts and feelings. He was of a somewhat wayward disposition, which alternately pleased and vexed the business-like Lady-in-Chief, but he was an indispensable helper, whilst in his wife Miss Nightingale inspired deep affection, and the two women interchanged intimate religious experiences. All Miss Nightingale's friends, and Dr. Sutherland as a medical man more especially, saw that she was over-working. Change of air and seclusion she herself felt compelled to seek; and she found them at Malvern, in the establishment of Dr. Johnson, who had moved thither from Umberslade¹; but rest from work she would not, and could not, take. She was at Malvern in August and September, and again in December. Her faithful Aunt Mai—her "true mother," as the niece at this time called her—kept watch over her alike at Malvern and in London. The society of her own mother and sister, with their many and lively interests, she found distracting. Whether at the Burlington or at Malvern, she desired to use every hour of strength for her work and for nothing else. And when Dr. Sutherland joined the others in begging her to desist, her

¹ See above, p. 118.

What can I say, my dear friend, to your long scold of a letter? . . . You are decidedly wrong in passing yourself off for a dead owl, and in thinking that I have joined with other equally charitable people in pecking at you. It is *I* that have got all the pecking, altho' I hope that I am neither an owl, nor dead; and your little beak is one of the sharpest. But like a good, live hero, I bear it all joyfully because it is got in doing my duty to you. I want you to live, I want you to work. You want to work and die, and that is not at all fair. I admire your heroism and self-devotion with all my heart, but alas! I cannot forget that it is all within the compass of a weak, perishing body; and am I to encourage you to wear yourself in the vain attempt to beat not only men, but *time*? You little know what daily anxiety it has cost me to see you dying by inches in doing work fit only for the strongest constitution. . . .

Dr. Sutherland urged her to take at any rate a week's complete rest. But she would not. Her cause was her life, and she could not for the sake of life lose what alone made life worth living. While they were delaying, the soldiers were dying. Her work would not wait. She begged him to come down to Malvern and work with her in order that they might have everything ready to put before Mr. Herbert in London by the time he returned from his fishing. Dr. Sutherland wrote pretty excuses. Mrs. Sutherland made counter-suggestions. Why should not Miss Nightingale stay on at Malvern altogether? "Would not Mr. Herbert," she wrote (Sept. 11), "go to you for a few days, settle all the points, and then communicate daily by letter? You have so much tact that you would be able to maintain your influence. Do think if this be possible. It is quite against my own interest to desire it, for if you come to London, I may get a glimpse of your dear face." But Miss Nightingale persisted, and Dr. Sutherland surrendered. He went down to Malvern, was himself ill there, and Miss Nightingale reported progress of "the sick baby" to his wife. But the two invalids, we may be sure, talked of other things than their ailments.

III

So little was Miss Nightingale in a mood to succumb to her physical weakness, that she had offered to go out to

food increased the sickness. The man here put me, as soon as I arrived, on a sofa and told me not to move and to take no solid food at all till my pulse came down. I remind myself of a little dog, a friend of mine, who barked himself out of an apoplectic fit, when the Dog-Doctor did something he had always manifested an objection to. Now I have written myself into a palpitation. Do you think me one of Byron's young ladies? He, it was, I think, who made a small appetite the fashion. Or do you think me an Ascetic? Asceticism is the trifling of an enthusiast with his power, a puerile coquetting with his selfishness or his vanity, in the absence of any sufficiently great object to employ the first or overcome the last. Or, since I am speaking to an artist and must illustrate and not define, the "Cristo della Moneta" of Titian at Dresden is an ascetic. The "Er ist vollbracht" of Albert Dürer at Nuremberg is a Christ—he whom we call an example, though little we make of it. For our Church has daubed that tender, beautiful image with coarse bloody colours till it looks like the sign of a road-side inn. And another has mysticized him out of all human reach till he is the God and God is the Devil. But are we not really to do as Christ did? And when he said the "Son of Man," did he not mean the sons of men? He was no ascetic.

But shall I tell you what made you write to me? I have no second sight, I do not see visions nor dream dreams. It was my sister. Or rather I will tell you that I have second sight. I have been greatly harassed by seeing my poor owl¹ lately, without her head, without her life, without her talons, lying in the cage of your canary (like the statue of Rameses II. in the pool at Memphis²), and the little villain pecking at her. Now, that's me. I am lying without my head, without my claws, and you all peck at me. It is *de rigueur*, *d'obligation*, like the saying something to one's hat, when one goes into church, to say to me all that has been said to me 110 times a day during the last three months. It is the *obligato* on the violin, and the twelve violins all practise it together, like the clocks striking 12 o'clock at night all over London, till I say like Xavier de Maistre, *Assez, je le sais, je ne le sais que trop*. I am not a penitent; but you are like the R.C. Confessor, who says what is *de rigueur*, what is in his Formulary to say, and never comes to the life of the thing,—the root of the matter.

(Dr. Sutherland to Miss Nightingale.) HIGHGATE, Sept. 7.

¹ For this pet owl, see above, pp. 89, 160.

² "In a grassy hollow, by the side of a bright pool of water, lies a statue of the great Rameses, the most beautiful sculpture we have yet seen. There he lies upon his face, as if he had just laid down weary," etc. Florence Nightingale's *Letters from Egypt*, 1854, p. 258.

restore her—rest for much longer than she will give herself, I fear. She has two “packs” a day; this is all the water-curing; it seems to bring down the pulse, and she lies at that open window the chief part of the day, not reading or writing, only just still. She cannot be better anywhere, no one can get at her; Aunt Mai is a dragon, and the Commissioner is the only person who has seen her. Aunt M. says, “I cannot disguise to myself that she is in a very precarious state.”

(*Lady Verney to M. Mohl.*) [Dec. 5, 1857.] Aunt Mai's bulletin is generally the same: “Mr. Herbert for 3 hours in the morning, Dr. Sutherland for 4 hours in the afternoon, Dr. Balfour, Dr. Farr, Dr. Alexander interspersed.” They are drawing up the new Regulations (but this you must not tell. F. is as nervous of being known to have anything to do with it as other people are of getting honour). . . . Dr. Sutherland burst out to Aunt Mai the other day that F.'s “clearness and strength of mind, her extraordinary powers, her grasp of intellect and benevolence of heart struck him more and more as he worked with her—that no one who did not see her proved and tried as he did could conceive the extent of both.” “The most gifted of God's creatures,” he called her. And the determined way in which she will not let any one know what she is about is so curious. She will not even tell *us*; we only hear it from these men. She is killing herself with work (which they all say no one else can do, no one else has the threads of it, or the perseverance for it), and yet no one will ever know it. Others will have all the credit of the very things she suggested and introduced, at the cost one may say of life and comfort of all kinds, for it is an intolerable life she is leading—lying down between whiles to enable her just to go on, not seeing her nearest and dearest, because, with her breath so hurried, all talking must be spared except what is necessary, and all excitement, that she may devote every energy to the work. . . . Aunt Mai says again to-day how Mr. Herbert is in sometimes twice a day and Dr. Sutherland the whole day (but please don't tell any one), because she alone can give facts which no one else hardly possesses, because she knows the bearings of the whole which no one else has followed, has both the smallest details at her fingers' ends and the great general views of the whole—what is to be gained and what avoided.

While Miss Nightingale was lying ill at Malvern, she was being courted in counterfeit at Manchester. Her parents and sister were visiting Manchester to see the “Art Treasures Exhibition,” and the newspapers had included Florence in the party. The sightseers, wrote Lady Verney, took Lady Newport, “a very sweet-

India, where her friend Lady Canning was at the Viceroy's side during the Mutiny. "Miss Nightingale has written to me," wrote Lady Canning to her mother (Nov. 14); "she is out of health and at Malvern, but says she would come at twenty-four hours' notice if I think there is anything for her to do in her 'line of business.' I think there is not anything here, for there are few wounded men in want of actual nursing, and there are plenty of native servants and assistants who can do the dressings. Only one man, who was very ill of dysentery, has died since we went to the hospital a fortnight ago. The up-country hospitals are too scattered for a nursing establishment, and one could hardly yet send women up."¹ Miss Nightingale was very serious in the offer, for she had made it twice; first through Mr. Herbert, and then in a personal letter, carried by her cousin, Major Nicholson, who had been ordered to India at this time. She thought of herself as a soldier in the ranks; and absorbed intently though she was in her work for the Army at home, she would have considered active service in the field a superior call. Had the Viceroy felt the need of accepting Miss Nightingale's offer, it is possible that her power of will and the excitement of activity might have carried her through the ordeal; but she had barely strength for the work on which she was already engaged.

Of her daily life during this period, at Malvern and in London successively, her sister's letters give a vivid description:—

(*Lady Verney to Madame Mohl.*) [September 1857.] The accounts of F. have been very anxious. Aunt Mai says she does not sleep above two hours in the night, and continues most feverish and feeble, and cannot eat. She never left that room where you saw her, was scarcely off her sofa for a month. Now she goes down for half an hour into a parlour, to do business with a Commissioner who has been there to see her. Aunt Mai says it throws her back more to put off work for "the cause" she lives for than to do a little every day—so we reconcile ourselves. Tuesday, she says, was a very uneasy day, and F. said she felt as she had done when recovering from the fever at Balaclava. Still both doctors say there is no disease, that it is only entire exhaustion of every organ from overwork, and that rest will alone

¹ Augustus Hare's *Story of Two Noble Lives*, vol. ii. p. 350.

Believe me ever, while I can say God bless you, yours gratefully,
F. NIGHTINGALE.

Then she asked her uncle to assist her in making a will. She was anxious about the Nightingale Fund, to the management of which she had not as yet been able to devote attention. She proposed to leave it to St. Thomas's Hospital. The property to which she would ultimately be entitled upon the death of her father and mother she proposed to apply to the building of a model Barrack according to her ideas; "that is, with day-rooms for the men, separate places to sleep in (like Jebb's Asylum at Fulham), lavatories, gymnastic-places, reading-rooms, etc., not forgetting the wives, but having a kind of Model Lodging-House for the married men." In a letter of instructions to her uncle, she named Sir John McNeill, Mr. Herbert, and Dr. Sutherland as the men who would best carry out such a plan. She included a few family bequests; but what was nearest to her heart at this time was to leave personal keepsakes to Mrs. Herbert and other friends who had "worked for her long and faithfully." For this purpose, in order that there might be no question about possession, she begged her sister to send up to London from Embley various goods and chattels which had personal association with herself. And she had one other wish; it related to her "children." "The associations with our men," she wrote to her sister (Dec. 11), "amount to me to what I never should have expected to feel—a superstition, which makes me wish to be buried in the Crimea, absurd as I know it to be. *For they are not there.*"

looking woman in black," for Florence and "treated her like a saint of the Middle Ages. 'Let me touch your shawl only,' they said as they crowded round, or 'Let me stroke your arm.' Mrs. Gaskell told me we could have no idea how deep the feeling is for you in the hearts of the people."

The feeling would perhaps have been yet deeper if the people had known the work which Miss Nightingale was still doing, and the delicate health from which she was suffering. At the end of 1857 she thought that death might overtake her in the middle of her work with Sidney Herbert, and she wrote this letter to him "to be sent when I am dead":—

30 OLD BURLINGTON STREET, *November 26, 1857.* DEAR MR. HERBERT—(1) I hope you will not regret the manner of my death. I know that you will be kind enough to regret the fact of it. You have sometimes said that you were sorry you had employed me. I assure you that it has kept me alive. I am sorry not to stay alive to do the "Nurses." But I can't help it. "Lord, here I am, send me" has always been religion to me. I must be willing to go now as I was to go to the East. You know I always thought it the greatest of your kindnesses sending me there. Perhaps He wants a "Sanitary Officer" now for my Crimeans in some other world where they are gone.—(2) I have no fears for the Army now. You have always been our "Cid"—the true chivalrous sort—which is to be the defender of what is weak and ugly and dirty and undefended, rather than of what is beautiful and artistic. You are so now more than ever for us. "Us" means in my language the troops and me.—(3) I hope you will have no chivalrous ideas about what is "due" to my "memory." The only thing that can be "due" to me is what is good for the troops. I always thought thus while I was alive. And I am not likely to think otherwise now that I am dead. Whatever your own judgment has accepted from me will come with far greater force from yourself. Whatever your own judgment has rejected would come with no force at all.—(4) What remains to be done has, however, already been sanctioned by your judgment:—(i.) as to Army Medical Council, Army Medical School, General Hospital scheme, Gymnastics; (ii.) as to what Dr. Sutherland must needs do for the Sanitary branch; (iii.) as to Colonial Barracks,—Canadian, Mediterranean, W. and E. Indian.—(5) I am very sorry about the Nursing scheme. It seems like leaving it in the lurch. Miss Shaw Stewart is the only woman I know who will do for Superintendent of Army Nurses.—

special stress upon the figures, due to Miss Nightingale's insight and industry, comparing the mortality in the Army and in civil life respectively; he called attention to the horrible state of the Barracks, and his Resolutions concluded thus: "That in the opinion of this House, improvements are imperatively called for not less by good policy and true economy, than by justice and humanity." The Government accepted the Resolutions, and Miss Nightingale's campaign had thus obtained the unanimous approval of the House of Commons.

She had worked indefatigably, and through many channels, and she continued so to work, in order to focus and stimulate public opinion in the sense of Lord Ebrington's Resolutions. By the end of 1857 the Sub-Commissions on Army Medical Reform were making good progress, and the Report of the Royal Commission was about to be published. She devised an effective means of forcing its salient feature upon the attention of every person most concerned in the evils or most influential towards securing the necessary remedies. I have referred already (p. 352) to her diagrams illustrative of the mortality in the British Army. As finally prepared with Dr. Farr's assistance, they showed most effectively at a glance, by means of shaded or coloured squares, circles and wedges, (1) the deaths due to preventable causes in the Hospitals during the Crimean War, and (2) the rate of mortality in the British Army at home: "our soldiers enlist," as she put it, "to Death in the Barracks." She now wrote a memorandum, explaining the diagrams and pointing their moral, and had 2000 copies printed. This anonymous publication—entitled *Mortality of the British Army*—is called in her correspondence *Coxcombs*, primarily from the shape and colours of her diagrams. She had proposed, and Mr. Herbert agreed, that the memorandum and diagrams should be included as an appendix in his Report, in order that her pamphlet might appear as "Reprinted from the Report of the Royal Commission," and thus be given the greater authority. So soon as the Report was issued, she distributed her *Coxcombs* to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, to Ministers,

CHAPTER IV

REAPING THE FRUIT

(1858-1860)

With aching hands, and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"You must now feel," wrote Sir John McNeill to Miss Nightingale (May 13, 1858), when her work for the health of the British soldier at home was beginning to bear fruit, "that you have not laboured in vain, that you have made your talent ten talents, and that to you more than to any other man or woman alive, will henceforth be due the welfare and efficiency of the British Army. Napoleon said that in military affairs the moral are to the physical forces as four to one, but you have shown that he greatly underrated their value. The rapidity with which you have obtained unanimous consent to your principles much exceeds my expectations. I never dared to doubt that truth and justice and mercy would prevail, but I did not hope to live long enough to see their triumph when we first communed here of such things.¹ I thank God that I have lived to see your success." Sir John's thanksgiving was caused by the tone and the result of a debate which had taken place in the House of Commons upon May 11, 1858. Lord Ebrington, prompted by Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale, had moved a series of Resolutions with regard to the Health of the Army, founded upon the Report of the Royal Commission. He had laid

¹ At Edinburgh in the autumn of 1856; see above, pp. 321, 328.

was an old friend of Miss Nightingale, and he accepted her nominee, though he displeased her by mangling the article in the Ministerial interest. However, in the dailies, the monthlies and the quarterlies, the Report had, on the whole, "a good press," and, what is no less important for influencing public opinion, a prompt press.

II

These things had hardly been arranged when there was a political crisis, and this involved Miss Nightingale and her allies in additional work. Lord Palmerston's Government was defeated on the Conspiracy Bill, and resigned. Lord Derby came in (Feb. 25), with General Peel as Secretary for War. Here, then, we say good-bye, for the present, to "the Bison." He had been dilatory to the last. Mr. Herbert had hoped to see the Army Medical School established in January, and had written to Miss Nightingale to nominate suitable men for the various chairs—"not," he added despairingly, "that Panmure would appoint any one even if the Angel Gabriel had offered himself, St. Michael and all angels to fill the different chairs. He is very slow to move." Miss Nightingale took formal leave of Lord Panmure later in the year, in sending him a copy of one of her books. "You shock me," he replied from the Highlands (Nov.), "by telling me I once called you 'a turbulent fellow.' Had any one else said so, I should have denied it, but I must have been vilely rude. Accept my apology now; and to bribe you to do so, I send you a box of grouse." Mr. Herbert at first cherished high hopes of Lord Panmure's successor. Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert were particularly anxious upon a personal point. The Army Medical Department had not yet been reformed, and it was known that Sir Andrew Smith would shortly retire. By seniority Sir John Hall would have claims to the post, and his appointment would, the allies considered, be disastrous to the cause of reform; it would be useless, they felt, to frame new regulations without an infusion of new blood. This, therefore, was the first point on which representations were made to Lord Panmure's successor. "I have seen General Peel," wrote Mr. Herbert to Miss Nightin-

to leading members of both Houses of Parliament, and to Medical and Commanding Officers throughout the country, in India and in the colonies. She had a few copies of the diagrams glazed and framed, and three of these she sent to the War Office, the Horse Guards, and the Army Medical Department. I do not know whether these Departments hung up the present. "It is our flank march upon the enemy," she wrote in sending an early copy to Sir John McNeill, "and we might give it the old name of *God's Revenge upon Murder*."

The Report of the Royal Commission appeared at the beginning of February (1858), and the Secretary sent one of the earliest copies to Miss Nightingale. "I like him very much," she replied (Feb. 5); "I think he looks very handsome. Lady Tulloch says I make my pillow of Blue-books. It certainly has been the case with this." She did not sleep over it, however. She was immediately up and doing. Among her papers there is a curious collection of letters and memoranda, partly in her handwriting, partly in that of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, showing how industriously they set to work to pull wires in the press. The monthly and quarterly Reviews were in those days deemed of great importance in influencing public opinion, and Miss Nightingale drew up and sent for Mr. Herbert's criticism a list of the principal among them, entering against each magazine or review the name of the writer whom she designated as the ideal contributor of an article upon the Report. They had as much trouble in adjusting the parts as a theatrical manager finds in settling his cast. Lord Stanley, for example, promised to write, but he was particular about his place of appearance. It must be the *Westminster Review* or nowhere, and Miss Nightingale had already allotted that place to the principal star, Mr. Herbert himself.¹ And, moreover, the managers in this instance were drawing up a cast for other people's houses, and the editors did not in all cases prove amenable. Mr. Elwin, the editor of the *Quarterly*, rejected the article submitted to him. But Mr. Reeve, of the *Edinburgh*,

¹ His article appeared in the *Westminster* for January 1859, and long extracts are given in *Stanmore*, vol. ii. pp. 141-8. Miss Nightingale read it in manuscript and contributed much material.

began to appear that at the War Office the cobwebs were beyond the power of the new broom to sweep away. Some reforms were carried out, but the permanent officials were as obstructive under General Peel as under Lord Panmure. "These War Office Subs.," wrote Mr. Herbert to Miss Nightingale (June 29), "are intolerable—half a dozen fellows sitting down to compose Minutes just for the fun of the thing on a subject which they cannot possibly know anything about! Peel ought not to let these Subs. interfere, spoil and delay as they do. That office wants a thorough recasting, but I doubt whether Peel is the man to do it. He has a clear head and good sense, but I think he is overpowered by the amount of work which Panmure by the simple process of never attempting to do it found so easy."

But alike amid hope and care, amid fear and anger, Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale worked away at their reforms unceasingly. Throughout the year 1858 she was in a very weak state of health. She divided her time, as before, between Malvern and Old Burlington Street, travelling backwards and forwards in an invalid carriage, and escorted by Mr. Clough, now sworn to her service. Her aunt, Mrs. Smith, was still in frequent attendance upon her. Her father was with her for a while at Malvern, and, like every one else, enjoined the desirability of rest. "Well, my dear child," he wrote afterwards from Lea Hurst (Sept. 25), "it's no small matter to see your handwriting again, and to make believe that you are a good deal more than half alive. But the worst of it is, that there's no depending upon you for any persistence in curing yourself, while you have so many others to cure. I often wonder how it is that you who care so little for your own life should have such wonderful love for the lives of others." She seldom saw her mother and sister. In June 1858 her sister married. "Thank you very much," wrote Miss Nightingale to Lady McNeill (July 17), "for your congratulations on my sister's marriage, which took place last month. *She* likes it, which is the main thing. And my father is very fond of Sir Harry Verney, which is the next best thing. He is old and rich, which is a disadvantage. He is active, has a will of his own and four children ready-made, which is an advantage. Unmarried life, at least in

gale (Feb. 27), "and he promised to make no appointment nor to take any step in regard to the Medical Department or sanitary measures till he has conferred with me. I think Peel may do well if we can put him well in possession of the case." General Peel duly did what they wanted on this personal issue. "I hope we may assume," wrote Mr. Herbert to Miss Nightingale (May 25), "that Smith is really gone. It is no use trying to realize the enormous importance of such a fact." They must now, he continued, "fix the appointment of Alexander." Three days later he wrote to Dr. Sutherland: "Please tell Miss N. that I warned Peel against the expected recommendation of Sir J. Hall, and he will, I think, be prepared to turn a deaf ear to it. I wrote yesterday to him on another subject and threw in some praise of Alexander." Such is the gentle art of influencing Ministers. On June 11 Dr. T. Alexander was appointed to succeed Sir Andrew Smith. Dr. Alexander unhappily died suddenly at the beginning of 1860, but it was a great thing for the Reformers, at a time when the Army Medical Department was being recast, to have one of themselves at the head of it, instead of a supporter of the *ancien régime*. "I cannot say," wrote Mr. Herbert to Miss Nightingale (Sept. 16, 1858), "how glad I am to have your account of Alexander. Everything *in futuro* must depend on him. You cannot maintain a commission sitting permanently *in terrorem* over the Director-General, and Alexander seems able and willing to be his own commission." So the allies had done at least one good stroke of business with General Peel. Another of the new ministers—Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary—was also helpful. "He will send the *Coxcombs* out to the Colonial Governors," wrote Mr. Herbert (March 16); "he offered any service his position can enable him to give to assist our cause, and suggests that a Commission should inspect Colonial barracks, and he proposes to discuss the matter with you." Presently, however, Lord Stanley was moved from the Colonial to the India Office; where Miss Nightingale enlisted his interest in another sanitary campaign, which was thenceforward to fill a large space in her working life, as will appear in a later Part. So, then, the new Government seemed promising; but it soon

ment of the kitchens in hand. The work was only just begun when Mr. Soyer died suddenly. "His death," she wrote to Captain Galton (Aug. 28), "is a great disaster. Others have studied cookery for the purposes of gormandizing, some for show, but none but he for the purpose of cooking large quantities of food in the most nutritious manner for great numbers of men. He has no successor. My only comfort is that you were imbued before his death with his doctrines, and that the Barracks Commission will now take up the matter for itself." In the work of the other three Sub-Commissions Miss Nightingale had a large share. Mr. Herbert, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Farr (Statistics) were in constant consultation with her, personally or by correspondence. There are hundreds of letters to her at this period, full of technical detail, "I give in," writes Mr. Herbert; "your arguments are not to be answered." "I want your help very much." "I send a disagreeable letter I have received from Sir J. Hall. I will call on you to-morrow and talk it over." "I send you a copy of the Instructions." "I want help and advice." At every stage of each transaction the allies were in close co-operation. The correspondence with Dr. Sutherland is sometimes in a lighter vein, and Mrs. Sutherland's letters to Miss Nightingale are deeply affectionate. But the doctor, who was not always very business-like, sometimes tried the patience of the exacting Lady-in-Chief. Her aunt records a day when a tiff with Dr. Sutherland caused her niece a serious attack of palpitation of the heart. Mr. Herbert was ill at the time and was waiting for a draft, which Dr. Sutherland was to prepare, for submission to the Secretary of State. Miss Nightingale was requested to put pressure upon the doctor. At last the draft came, and Mr. Herbert did not like it. He begged Miss Nightingale to use her influence in obtaining some revisions. Dr. Sutherland did not take this move kindly, and declined to call upon her. The quarrel, however, was speedily composed. At a later date, Miss Nightingale spent some weeks in the house of William and Mary Howitt at Highgate. "It is not a mere phrase," wrote Mary Howitt, "when I say that we shall feel as if she had left a blessing behind." I suspect that this visit was in order to enable

our class, takes everything and gives nothing back to this poor earth. It runs no risk, it gives no pledge to life. So, on the whole, I think these reflections tend to approbation." For herself she "thinks," wrote her aunt, "that each day may be the last on which she will have power to work."

And her ally, Mr. Herbert, was also feeling the strain. He had all the four Sub-Commissions at work, and from time to time during this year (1858) he broke down—on one occasion under a sharp attack of pleurisy. It was now Miss Nightingale's turn to lecture him. She wrote to Mrs. Herbert, begging her not to let Sidney call. "I really am not ill," he wrote (March 18), "only washy and weak, while I always recover wonderfully, and paying you a visit to-morrow will do me no harm but the contrary." She wrote to Mr. Herbert himself, suggesting a cure at Malvern. "I should like to come," he said (Sept. 16), "and look at the Place which I have a notion I shall some day go to, and see you episodically, unless you had rather not be seen." But I do not think that either of the allies expected, or desired, the other to take the advice which they interchanged. Well or ill, each of them worked unrestingly.

III

Upon the matter of Barracks, Mr. Herbert did the harder work.¹ He inspected barracks and hospitals throughout the Kingdom; he wrote or revised each report upon them. But he or Dr. Sutherland, or Captain Galton, or all of them, reported the results of each inspection to their "Chief," as they sometimes called her, and she was unfailing in suggestions and criticisms. When the London barracks were being overhauled (for General Peel had obtained a substantial grant from the Treasury for immediate improvements), the "woman's touch" came into play. She called into counsel her Crimean colleague, Mr. Soyer, and took the improve-

¹ The original members of the Barracks and Hospitals Commission were Mr. Herbert, Dr. Sutherland (Miss Nightingale's constant colleague), and Captain Galton (married to her cousin). It was appointed October 1857. Its General Report (presented to Parliament, 1861) was dated April 1861 (see below, p. 388). It had previously issued many interim reports. Reconstituted, it ultimately became a permanent body (vol. ii. p. 64).

IV

On the main issue of Army Medical Reform, Miss Nightingale sought to influence public opinion by the distribution among carefully selected persons of her *Notes on Matters affecting the Health, Efficiency and Hospital Administration of the British Army*. The *Notes* were written, and for the most part printed, in the preceding year, and I have already described them. The distribution of them at this time brought her letters of encouragement from many of the most illustrious and influential personages in the land. The Prince Consort, in an autograph letter of thanks, took occasion to assure her once more of "the Queen's high appreciation of her services." The Princess Royal, then Princess Frederick William of Prussia, begged for a copy; and Miss Nightingale, in reply (Nov. 9), asked Sir James Clark to express for her how "very gratifying the Princess Royal's kind message was. I cannot tell you the deep interest I feel in that young heart so full of all that is true and good, or with what pleasure I anticipate the benefit to her country and ours from her being what she is." These two women, between whom there were many points of sympathy, were often to correspond and to meet in later years. The Duke of Cambridge, in a particularly cordial letter, assured Miss Nightingale "that the whole Army is most sensible of the devotion with which you may be said to have sacrificed yourself to its work on a recent memorable occasion, and I cannot but add my personal admiration of your noble conduct on that as on all other occasions." The Duke added the hope that from time to time he might have it in his power to carry out her "valuable suggestions for the comfort and welfare of the troops." Miss Nightingale often trounced the Commander-in-Chief in her correspondence. He had so little sympathy with any radical reform that she could not consider his popular title of "The Soldier's Friend" to be really well deserved. Yet she had a certain fondness for him, and was alive to his better qualities. She had seen him first during the Crimean War, and she recalled a characteristic incident "What makes 'George' popular," she wrote, "is this kind

Miss Nightingale to keep a firmer touch upon the "Big Baby," as she and Mrs. Sutherland sometimes called the doctor. "This is the first day of grouse shooting, Caratina," wrote he, when the Barracks Commissioners were in the north; "but as you will allow none of your 'wives' to go to the moors, the festival has passed off without observance."

Thus, then, the Reformers worked during 1858. Their main labours were interrupted in the middle of the year by a last fight over the Netley Hospital. Lord Panmure had gone ahead with the building in spite of Miss Nightingale's objections and of her conversion of Lord Palmerston to her views (p. 341). But since then, the Report of the Royal Commission had appeared, the Hospitals and Barracks Sub-Commission had presented an *interim* report against Netley, and there was a new Secretary of State. Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale made a hard fight, and she wrote a series of newspaper articles¹ in the hope of stirring up public opinion. But General Peel was actuated by the same motives that governed Lord Panmure. He appointed another Committee to report on the adverse Report, and proceeded with the building. "Unhappily, the country which has led the van in sanitary science," says an impartial authority, "has as its chief military hospital a building far from satisfactory."²

Miss Nightingale's final defeat on this particular issue suggested to her the importance of instructing public opinion upon the whole question of Hospital Construction. She accordingly contributed two Papers on the subject to the Social Science Congress at Liverpool in October 1858. Her friend, Dr. Farr, who was present, reported the marked attention which the reading of the Papers attracted, and at the request of Lord Shaftesbury, the President of the Congress, Miss Nightingale presented her manuscript to the city of Liverpool as a memento of the occasion. These Papers were the germ of her famous *Notes on Hospitals*, to which we shall come in the next Part of this Memoir.

¹ See Bibliography A, No. 10.

² Professor F. de Chaumont in the 9th ed. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Netley is, however, no longer the chief military hospital.

thought and useful information, a blue book? that most repulsive, unapproached, unapproachable place of sepulture? Surely you have not lived and laboured your life of devotion, your labour of love, to leave public opinion untouched and unenlightened but by what may creep out, as the general result of your views, or what may be adopted by Government, perhaps imperfectly and parsimoniously? Are the many, who alone by the expression of their judgment and feelings can keep the few up to their work, and encourage them by their approval and co-operation, to remain ignorant of what is of such vital import to the army, to the country, to mankind?" A series of articles by Miss Martineau in *The Daily News*, and afterwards a popular volume,¹ carried Miss Nightingale's suggestions, at second-hand, into a large circle. Between these two women there was a marked attraction. The correspondence about the illness and death of Miss Martineau's niece, and her reliance upon Miss Nightingale's sympathy, are particularly touching. Each of them had sorrows, each was seriously ill, and each alike at once turned to her public work.

At the end of 1858 Miss Nightingale put out one of the most effective of her controversial pieces. Her facts and figures about the mortality of the Army in the East, as printed in her *Notes* and in the Royal Commission's Report, had not passed unchallenged, and a pamphlet had appeared calling them in question. Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale suspected in it the hand of Sir John Hall, and she immediately prepared a reply. This is entitled *A Contribution to the Sanitary History of the British Army during the late War with Russia*. It was published, early in 1859, anonymously, but all her friends detected her "Roman hand." The pamphlet which provoked it is dismissed in a contemptuous footnote: "An obscure pamphlet, circulated without a printer's name, reproduces nearly every possible statistical blunder on this and other points. It purports to be a defence of the defunct Army Medical Department, 'By a Non-Commissioner,' but it is more like a *jeu d'esprit*." The

¹ *England and her Soldiers*, by Harriet Martineau, 1859. Miss Nightingale's "coxcomb" diagrams were reproduced in this volume. She revised Miss Martineau's MS., supplemented the publisher's fee to the author, and bought £20 worth of the book for presentation to reading-rooms.

of thing. In going round the Scutari Hospitals at their worst time with me, he recognized a sergeant of the Guards (he has a royal memory, always a great passport to popularity) who had had at least one-third of his body shot away, and said to him with a great oath, calling him by his Christian and surname, 'Aren't you dead yet?' The man said to me afterwards, 'Sa feelin' o' Is Royal Ighness, wasn't it, m'm?' with tears in his eyes. George's manner is very popular, his oaths are popular, with the army. And he is certainly the best man, both of business and of nature, at the Horse Guards: that, even I admit. And there is no man I should like to see in his place."¹

Miss Nightingale was careful to send copies of her *Notes* to those who, by their pens, could influence public opinion. Among these was Harriet Martineau, to whom Miss Nightingale wrote (Nov. 30): "The Report is in no sense public property. And I have a great horror of its being made use of after my death by *Women's Missionaries* and those kinds of people. I am brutally indifferent to the wrongs or the rights of my sex. And I should have been equally so to any controversy as to whether women ought or ought not to do what I have done for the Army; though a woman, having the opportunity and *not* doing it, ought, I think, to be burnt alive." Miss Martineau, promising to be discreet, asked if she might make use of Miss Nightingale's facts and suggestions. The offer was promptly accepted, and Miss Martineau was supplied with copious powder and shot. Miss Nightingale was probably the more attracted by Miss Martineau's offer to popularise her *Notes* owing to a very earnest letter from Dean Milman. He had read the *Notes* "with serious attention and profound interest," and asked (Dec. 18): "Is all this important knowledge, this strong practical good sense, this result of much toil, thought, experience to be confined to half-averted official ears, to be forced only on the reluctant attention of a few, and most of these too busy and perhaps too opinionated to profit by it? Is it to be buried in that most undisturbed grave of wise

¹ Letter to Harriet Martineau, October 8, 1861. Large as were Miss Nightingale's schemes for army reorganization, she never dared to suggest the abolition of the Horse Guards and the retirement of its chief.

friend. Much of Mr. Herbert's strength was exhausted in disputes with the Chancellor of the Exchequer over the question of the national defences. Mrs. Herbert sent to Miss Nightingale the current riddle: "Why is Gladstone like a lobster?" "Because he is so good, but he disagrees with everybody." Mr. Herbert could by no means always count upon the Treasury for consent in all his schemes for improving the sanitary and moral condition of the Army. Still he was able, as Secretary of State, to accomplish a great deal; and it will be convenient here,—with some slight anticipation, in certain cases, of chronological order—to summarize shortly the fruits of the long collaboration between Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale for the health of the British soldier. She herself wrote such a summary in 1861, in a Paper to which reference has been made already (p. 312), and I often use her own words.

The Barracks and Hospitals Improvement Commission had already done a good deal when he came into office, and he continued the work. Buildings were ventilated and warmed. Drainage was introduced or improved. The water-supply was extended. The kitchens were remodelled. Gas was introduced in place of the couple of "dips," by the light of which it was impossible for the men to read or pursue any occupation except smoking. Structural improvements were made in many cases, and Mr. Herbert, so far as he could extract money from the Treasury, reconstructed buildings which had been condemned by his Commission. This policy was abandoned for many years after his death, and later generations heard in consequence of sanitary scandals in barracks at Windsor and Dublin and elsewhere. The General Report of the Barracks and Hospitals Commission, dated April 1861, was presented to Parliament in that year, and many of Miss Nightingale's friends, on reading it, referred to it as "her book." They were not far wrong, for much of the Report, and especially the long section dealing with the proper principles of Hospital and Barrack Construction, was in large measure her work.

Miss Nightingale, in order to ensure that such principles should be better understood and carried out in the future, induced Mr. Herbert to appoint a special Barracks Works

answer contained in the body of Miss Nightingale's brochure is conclusive, and the "coxcombs" were repeated in a yet more telling and attractive form than before. It is the most concise, the most scathing, and the most eloquent of all her accounts of the preventable mortality which she had witnessed in the East. "In a few truthful words," wrote Sir John McNeill, in acknowledging an early copy (Dec. 26), "you have told the whole dreadful story, and I do not think that we shall hear any more of controversial medical statistics. 'Facts are chiefs that winna ding and daurna be disputed.' So sang Burns, and he was seldom mistaken in his opinions. I have read every word of the *Contribution*, and pondered every column and diagram, and I come to the conclusion that it is complete and unanswerable, but that it would be disparaging to such a work to regard it as controversial. I wish with all my heart that every young officer in the British Army had a copy of it. The old I have little hope of." Miss Nightingale's mastery of the art of marshalling facts to logical conclusions was recognized by her election in 1858 as a member of the Statistical Society.

v

The new year (1859) brought an event of great importance to the cause of Army Reform. In March, Lord Derby's stop-gap government was defeated on Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, and after a general election Lord Palmerston returned to power. Mr. Sidney Herbert, who for some years had been working at army reform as an outsider, now became Secretary for War. "I must send you a line," he wrote to Miss Nightingale (June 13), "to tell you that I have undertaken the Ministry of War. I have undertaken it because in certain branches of administration I believe that I can be of use, but I do not disguise from myself the severity of the task nor the probability of my proving unequal to it. But I know that you will be pleased to hear of my being there. . . . I will try to ride down to you to-morrow afternoon. God bless you!" Mr. Herbert's task was not rendered less severe by the appointment of Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. They were close and affectionate friends, but public economy was with Mr. Gladstone the greater

Miss Nightingale's favourite ideas : the establishment of an Army Medical School. There were here the most wearisome delays and obstructions,¹ and it was not until Mr. Herbert himself became Secretary of State that he was able to give effect to his Sub-Commission's Report. And even then, as soon as the Minister's personal oversight was averted, the War Office "Subs." set to work to defeat their chief. Mr. Herbert had appointed the staff in 1859, but it was not till September 1860 that the first students arrived at Fort Pitt, Chatham. They promptly came to the conclusion "that the School was a hoax." As well they might, for the School was without fittings or instruments of any kind! The explanation, which may be read elsewhere,² is remarkable even in the annals of departmental muddles. There was, apparently, no method known to the red-tape of the routine-men whereby the School could be fitted, and it might have remained empty indefinitely, but that a trenchant letter from Miss Nightingale secured the personal intervention of the Secretary of State. "There! At last!" wrote Mr. Herbert to her, in forwarding the official order at the end of its long travels through departments and sub-departments. The Army Medical School was peculiarly Miss Nightingale's child, and she watched over its early stages with constant solicitude. Mr. Herbert had commissioned her, in consultation with Sir James Clark, to make the Regulations. She had the nomination of the professors. For the chair of Hygiene she nominated Dr. E. A. Parkes, whose acquaintance she had made during the Crimean War. It would be difficult to exaggerate the services which the stimulating teaching of this great sanitarian rendered to the cause of military hygiene. He had much correspondence with Miss Nightingale in connection with the syllabus of his first course of lectures. In every administrative difficulty the professors went to her for help. The correspondence between her and Dr. Aitken³ is especially voluminous.

¹ The story of them may be read in *Stanmore*, vol. ii. pp. 364-8.

² *Stanmore*, vol. ii. p. 367.

³ Sir William Aitken (1825-1892), M.D. of Edinburgh; assistant-pathologist to a medical commission during the Crimean War; F.R.S. 1873; knighted, 1887. He held the professorship from 1860 till the year of his death.

Committee, "to report as to measures to simplify and improve the system under which all works and buildings, other than fortifications, are constructed, repaired, and maintained, in order to give a more direct responsibility to the persons employed in those duties." Of this committee Captain Galton was a member, and the Draft Report was submitted to Miss Nightingale for criticism and suggestion.¹ There are many causes to which the improved health of the Army in our own time may be attributed, but the chief of them has probably been the improvement of barrack accommodation, and for this the name of Florence Nightingale deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the Army and by the nation.

As a supplement to the improvements in barrack kitchens, Mr. Herbert introduced a reform in a direction which Miss Nightingale had pressed upon Lord Panmure's attention²; he established a School of Practical Cookery at Aldershot, for the training of regimental and hospital cooks in the art of giving men a wholesome meal. Miss Nightingale had been painfully impressed in the Crimea by the importance of this reform.

The second Sub-Commission was charged with the duty of reorganizing the Army medical statistics. This was one of the requirements of rational reform which had most forcibly struck Miss Nightingale in the East. The emphasis which she laid upon this side of her experience, the persistence with which she pressed the matter, the statistical skill with which she showed the way to a better system, are amongst the most valuable of her services to the cause of Army Reform. When the suggestions of the Sub-Commission were carried out, the British Army Statistics became the best and most useful then obtainable in Europe.³

The third Sub-Commission was to carry out another of

¹ For its appointment, see below, p. 405; and for the successive Committees, etc., in connection with barracks, see the Index, Vol. II. (*under Barrack*).

² See above, p. 331. The School of Cookery at Aldershot is mentioned in the *General Report* of the Barracks Commission, 1861, p. 114 n.

³ The Committee on Army Medical Statistics (Mr. Herbert, Sir A. Tulloch, and Dr. Farr) reported in June 1858, and its Report was printed in 1861. In the same year the *First Annual Statistical Report on the Health of the Army* (issued in March) was printed; it was compiled by Dr. T. Graham Balfour, who was appointed head of the statistical branch of the Army Medical Department.

thing, and medical treatment often little or nothing." Miss Nightingale's services as the true founder of the School were publicly acknowledged at the time. Dr. Longmore, the Professor of Military Surgery, told the students that it was she "whose opinion, derived from large experience and remarkable sagacity in observation, exerted an especial influence in originating and establishing this School."¹ "In the Army Medical School just instituted," wrote Sir James Clark, "hygiene will form the most important branch of the young medical officer's instruction. For originating this School we have to thank Miss Nightingale, who, had her long and persevering efforts effected no other improvement in the Army, would have conferred by this alone an inestimable boon upon the British soldier."²

The School was afterwards moved to Netley. It is now in London, is one of the Medical Schools in the University, and is placed in convenient proximity to a military hospital. The Tate Gallery, on the Embankment at Millbank, stands between two buildings which are of peculiar interest to any one concerned in the life and work of Florence Nightingale. To the east of the Gallery is the Royal Alexandra Hospital, a general military hospital for the London district. It is built, of course, on the "pavilion" plan, and in every other respect conforms to Miss Nightingale's ideas of what a hospital should be—with many additions to its resources, which the progress of science has suggested since her day. A complete apparatus for X-ray treatment, capable of being packed into five cases for service in the field, is likely to attract the special attention of a visitor. But in connection with Miss Nightingale there was something else which struck me more. As I went through the surgical wards with the Commandant, the smart "orderlies" (old style, now the trained men of the Army Medical Corps) stood at attention. The Colonel entered into conversation with the Sergeant of a ward. He was awaiting promotion until he had qualified in the hospital, under the Matron, Sisters, and Staff Nurses. Promotion in the Corps is now dependent on an examination

¹ *Introductory Address at Fort Pitt, Chatham, October 2, 1860*, by Deputy-Inspector-General T. Longmore, p. 7.

² Introduction, p. 20, to a new edition (1860) of Andrew Combe's *Management of Infancy*.

She had made a successful fight, against much opposition, to have pathology included in the professoriate, and Dr. Aitken was ultimately appointed to the chair. He it was who set Miss Nightingale in motion about the fittings of the School. He often asked her to "give us another push." "Kind thanks," he wrote (March 1861) when a further hitch had arisen, "for placing our train on the proper line." Her intervention at headquarters was necessary even to extract pay for the professors. "I have just received an intimation from the War Office," Dr. Aitken wrote to her (Aug. 7, 1860), "that Sir John Kirkland has been authorised to issue my pay; so I presume the numerous officials concerned have been able to satisfy each other that I am in existence. The 'at once' in this instance is equal to six days—an activity I am inclined to believe is due to your exertions on Sunday." Sunday was the day of the week on which, if on no other, she always saw Mr. Herbert. Dr. Aitken was sarcastic, and not without cause, about the Circumlocution Office; but it is possible that the fault was not always only on one side. Professors are said to be sometimes "children" in matters of business; and on one tale of woe addressed to Miss Nightingale, the docket (in Dr. Sutherland's handwriting, but doubtless at her dictation) is this: "I hope the present difficulty has been got over, but it will be well to bear in mind that the School is so nearly connected with the administrative part of the War Office, that all your future proceedings, whether by minute or otherwise, should be concise and practical." The School survived the perils of its infancy, and introduced a most beneficent reform by affording means of instruction in military hygiene and practice to candidates for the Army Medical Service. "Formerly," as Miss Nightingale wrote, "young men were sent to attend sick and wounded soldiers, who *perhaps* had never dressed a serious wound, or never attended a bedside, except in the midst of a crowd of students, following in the wake of some eminent lecturer, who *certainly* had never been instructed in the most ordinary sanitary knowledge, although one of their most important functions was hereafter to be the prevention of disease in climates and under circumstances where *prevention* is every-

transformation-scene in a pantomime. The Fairy God-mother of the College would have rejoiced to see it. Only one thing seemed to me to be wanting. There are portraits or other memorials of many of the men whose acquaintance we have made in these pages. In the entrance lobby there is a bust of Dr. Thomas Alexander, whose appointment as Director-General Miss Nightingale procured. In the smoking-room there are portraits of the first professors whom she nominated. I noticed no memorial of the two founders to whom the original institution of the College was due—Sidney Herbert and Florence Nightingale.

The last of the four Sub-Commissions—the “wiping” Sub-Commission—had very varied duties assigned to it, and there was no branch of the reform bill which encountered more stubborn opposition from the permanent officials. One of Mr. Herbert’s many letters to Miss Nightingale on the subject speaks of the “gross ignorance, and darkness beyond all hope” of the principal obstructive, who maintained that the idea of a sanitary official was all fudge. Some of the work of this Sub-Commission need not be detailed here. It framed a new Army Medical Officers’ Warrant (issued by General Peel in 1858), and reorganized the Army Medical Department (1859). These were useful steps at the time, but there have been so many new warrants and so many War Office reorganizations since then that this part of the reforms of Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale belongs in any detail only to ancient history. The case is different with the general work of the Wiping Sub-Commission. Here also there have been new developments, and some of the forms have been changed; but in substance, these have all been built upon the foundations laid in the years 1859–60. To Miss Nightingale primarily, and to her more than to any other individual, is due the recognition of a principle which may seem self-evident at the present time, but which was entirely novel in her day—the principle that the Army Medical Department should care for the soldier’s *health* as well as for his *sickness*. The Sub-Commission—or to go behind the form to the reality, Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert—drew up a Code for introducing the sanitary element in the Army, defining the

plus a certificate from the nursing authorities. Into how great a thing has the introduction of female nursing for the Army, due to Miss Nightingale, grown, and how ironical are some of time's revenges which the development has brought with it! Originally the female nurses occupied the lowest place; sometimes they were little more than superior domestics, often they were amateurs, and their position was always a little nondescript. Now they represent the most highly-trained and professional element, and without a certificate from them no male hospital attendant can win full promotion! And there was another thing that struck me. After a tour of the surgical wards, I inquired about the medical wards; but time was pressing, "and you would find little to see there," said the Colonel, "for the Army is so healthy in these days that there are few medical cases."¹

On the west of the Tate Gallery stands another, and a larger, pile of buildings. These are occupied by the Royal Army Medical College, through which every Army Medical Officer has now to pass both a preliminary and a post-graduate course. Shortly before I visited the College, I had been reading the large mass of Miss Nightingale's papers which contain her first suggestions for the foundation of the school, with her drafts for its rules and regulations; and which describe the struggles and difficulties of its humble infancy. And then I was taken through the noble institution into which it has developed; equipped with large laboratories which are, I believe, among the best in the country, with smaller laboratories for private research; with a department for those "cultures" which are said to have done so much to preserve the health of the Army in India²; with a spacious lecture-theatre, a fine library, a large museum; and with handsome mess-rooms for the comfort and convenience of studious youth. The transition was like a

¹ It should perhaps be explained that venereal cases are treated in a separate hospital.

² This is a department of the College which would not have appealed to Miss Nightingale. She loathed and mocked at inoculation. "Oh, yes, I know," she once said; "they will give you small-pox or diphtheria or plague or anything you like. You pays your money, and you takes your choice."



Florence Nightingale
about 1858
from a photograph by Goodman

Henry Walter Dr. 11

Mr. Herbert also appointed a Committee to reorganize the Army Hospital Corps (1860). "In former times there were no proper attendants on the sick. For regimental hospitals a steady man was appointed hospital sergeant, and two or three soldiers, fit for nothing else, were sent into the hospital to be under the orders of the medical officer, who, if he were fortunate enough to find one man fit to nurse a patient, was sure to lose him by his being recalled 'to duty'; sometimes, indeed, men were nominated in rotation over the sick in hospital as they would mount guard over a store. No special training was considered necessary; no one, except the medical officer, who was helpless, had the least idea that attendance on the sick is as much a special business as medical treatment. Unsuccessful attempts had been made to organize a corps of orderlies, unconnected with regiments; the result was most unsatisfactory. Mr. Herbert's Committee proposed to constitute a corps—the members of which, for regimental purposes, were to be carefully selected by the commanding and medical officers—specially trained for their duties, and then attached permanently to the regimental hospital." This reform, which owed much to Miss Nightingale's suggestions, was carried into effect shortly after Mr. Herbert's death.

Mr. Herbert also took up those questions of the soldier's moral health in which Miss Nightingale had been a pioneer.¹ In 1861 he appointed a Committee² to consider how best to provide soldiers' day-rooms and institutes, in order to counteract the moral evils supposed to be inseparable from garrisons and camps. The Committee, of which Miss Nightingale's friends, Colonel Lefroy, Captain Galton, and Dr. Sutherland were members, showed that "the men's barracks can be made more of a home, can be better provided with libraries and reading-rooms; that separate rooms can be attached to barracks, where men can meet their comrades, sit with them, talk with them, have their newspaper and their coffee, if they want it, play innocent games, and write letters; that every barrack, in short, may easily

¹ See above, p. 281.

² This Committee received its instructions on Feb. 17, and reported on Aug. 24, 1861. The Report (1861) is No. 2867 in the Parliamentary Papers.

positions of Commanding and Medical Officers and their relative duties regarding the soldier's health, and constituting the regimental surgeon the sanitary adviser of his commanding officer. The same code contained regulations for organizing General Hospitals, and for improving the administration of Regimental Hospitals, both in peace and during war. Formerly, general hospitals in the field had to be improvised, on no defined principles and on no defined personal responsibility. The wonder is, not that they broke down, as they did in all our wars, but that they could be made to stand at all. In all our wars, again, the general hospitals had been signal failures—examples, as during the earlier months at Scutari, of how to kill, not to cure. The general hospital system, devised in the Code—including its governor, principal medical officer, captain of orderlies, female nurses, and their Superintendent (Miss Shaw Stewart)—was realized in 1861 in the hospital at Woolwich.

There were some other reforms introduced by Mr. Herbert, as Secretary of State, which owed their origin to Miss Nightingale's experiences, observation, and suggestions. In January 1861 Mr. Herbert issued a new Purveyor's Warrant and Regulations. Hitherto "the Purveying Department, like many others, had no well-defined position, duties, or responsibilities. It was efficient or inefficient almost by chance. Like other departments, it broke down when tried by war; and all its defects were visited on the sick and wounded men, for whose special benefit it professed to exist." The new Code "defined with precision the duties of each class of purveying officers, together with their relation to the Army Medical Department. They provided all necessaries and comforts for men in hospital (both in the field and at home) on fixed scales, instead of requiring sick and wounded men (even in the field) to bring with them into hospital articles for their own use, which they had lost before reaching it." The reader will remember how largely purveying defects entered into Miss Nightingale's difficulties in the East, and a reference to her letters from Scutari will show that Mr. Herbert's Code was based on the broad lines of her suggestions. As is hardly surprising, since she drafted the Code in consultation with Sir John McNeill.

field were equally striking. The China expedition put the reforms to the test. "An expeditionary force was sent to the opposite side of the world, into a hostile country, notorious for its epidemic diseases. Every required arrangement for the preservation of health was made, with the result that the mortality of this force, including wounded, was little more than 3 per cent per annum, while the 'constantly sick' in hospital were about the same as at home. During the first months of the Crimean War the mortality was at the rate of 60 per cent, and the 'constantly sick' in the hospitals were sevenfold those in the war hospitals in China." The improvement in the health of the Army has, in peace at any rate, been progressive. In 1857 the annual rate of mortality in the Army at home was 17·5 per 1000. Forty years later it had fallen to 3·42. In 1911 it was 2·47.

Besides all this, Mr. Herbert undertook in 1859 the chairmanship of the Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Indian Army. Other work of his in connection with the Army is well known; and some of it—such as his Fortification Scheme—did not endure, but these matters do not concern us here. His measures for the health and well-being of the soldiers were what Miss Nightingale was interested in; and this joint work of theirs has been of lasting benefit. After Sidney Herbert's death there was an arrest in reform; but the main lines laid down by him have been followed to our own day. In 1896 a friend in the War Office went through Miss Nightingale's Memoir of Sidney Herbert for her, and noted the present state of things in relation to it. The Army Sanitary Committee was still in existence. The School of Cookery at Aldershot was in the Queen's Regulations. The General Military Hospitals were maintained. The Army Medical School had been moved to Netley. The Army Medical Statistics were still published annually. The position of Army Medical Officers had been further improved. There was a regularly organized Medical Staff Corps. The recommendations of the Barracks Works Committee of 1861 had been carried out, with the result that the engineer officers had more individual responsibility, and were better acquainted than formerly with the details of healthy barrack and hospital construction. Soldiers'

be provided with a kind of soldiers' club, to which the men can resort when off duty, instead of to the everlasting barrack-room or the demoralizing dram-shop; and that in large camps or garrisons, such as Aldershot and Portsmouth, the men may easily have a club of their own out of barracks. The Committee also recommended increased means of occupation, in the way of soldiers' workshops, out-door games and amusements, and rational recreation by lectures and other means. The plan was tried with great success at Gibraltar, Chatham, and Montreal. Mr. Herbert's latest act was to direct an inquiry at Aldershot as to the best means of introducing the system there." Miss Nightingale, in thus summarizing the case, did not state, what her correspondence shows to have been the fact, that she had been the prime mover in the appointment of the Committee; that, as already related (p. 351), she had worked hard to obtain a reading-room, etc., at Aldershot; and that, in the case of Gibraltar, the equipment of the room owed much to gifts from her own private purse and to the contributions of personal friends (Mrs. Gaskell among them) whom she had interested in the scheme. Here, as in so many other directions, Miss Nightingale's work as a pioneer has been greatly developed; and no modern barrack is deemed complete without its regimental institute, with recreation room, reading-room, coffee-room, and lecture-room, while means of out-door recreation and shops for various trades are also provided.

VI

In recounting Mr. Herbert's reforms, Miss Nightingale brought the results of them, after her usual manner, to the statistical test. She prefixed to her Memoir some coloured diagrams showing how Mr. Herbert found the Army and how he left it. In the three years 1859-60-61, just one-half of the Englishmen who entered the Army died (at home stations) per annum as formerly died. The total mortality at home stations from *all diseases* had become less than was formerly the mortality from consumption and chest diseases *alone*. The results of comparisons of British armies in the

the sphere of sanitary reform was made by the Minister for War until he had taken her opinion. Every draft was submitted to her criticism and suggestion. When Mr. Herbert took office, his wife wrote (June 16, 1859) to thank Miss Nightingale for her "dear note of congratulations," adding, "He entirely agrees with your suggestions of this morning, and I am copying your Circular Note for the four pundits." In the following month (July 26), he sends her the proposed Sanitary Regulations: "I shall be very much obliged if you will go over the papers with Sutherland." "Sidney is coming to see you to-day (Aug. 13) to talk about the Regulations." Four days later: "Can Miss Nightingale give me the names of some Governors for our new General Hospitals?" In later months, the scheme for the Medical School and the new Regulations for Purveyors were discussed between them. On one occasion a dispatch from Miss Nightingale, enclosed under cover to Mrs. Herbert, followed the Minister to Windsor: "I gave your letter to your 'Sovereign'; it's lucky the real one did not see your cover." The correspondence of 1860 is to like effect. "Here is a dispute which is Hebrew to me; would you look it over with Sutherland?" "I have written in our joint sense," and so forth. Miss Nightingale supplied, however, more than detail—for one thing, persistent stimulus. At the end it was stimulus to a dying man.

Institutes had been put up on War Office land at several stations. Recreation and reading-rooms were to be found in most barracks, and no new barrack was erected without them. Such changes as have taken place since 1896 have been for the better, as I have indicated in preceding pages ; for the better, and more in line with Miss Nightingale's ideas. Her great work, *Notes on the Army*, contained, as events were to prove, not only the scheme of all Sidney Herbert's reforms (except those relating to defence), but the germ, and often the details, of further reforms (within the same sphere) which have continued to our own day. During the years of her co-operation with Mr. Herbert, Miss Nightingale chafed at obstruction and delay, and after his death she cried out bitterly at the cessation of further progress. But in the end it was as her wise mentor, Sir John McNeill, wrote (March 26, 1859) :—" It vexes me greatly to find that you are thwarted and annoyed by such things as you tell me of, but I am not in the least surprised. I did not expect you to accomplish so much in so short a time. Be assured that the progress from a worse to a better system is in almost every department of human affairs a progress slow and interrupted. Do not then be discouraged. If you have not done all that you desired—and who ever did?—you have done more than any one else ever did or could have done, and the good you have done will live after you, growing from generation to generation. I do not remember any instance in which new ideas have made more rapid progress."

The bearing of the new ideas in relation to the Army was pointed out in Miss Nightingale's summary of Mr. Herbert's services. " He will be remembered chiefly," she wrote, " as the first War Minister who ever seriously set himself to the task of saving life, who ever took the trouble to master a difficult subject so wisely and so well as to be able to husband the resources of this country, in which human life is more expensive than in any other, more expensive than anything else, and to preserve the efficiency of its defenders." In this work, during Mr. Herbert's term of office, as in the preceding years, Miss Nightingale was his constant assistant, and often the originator. They conferred personally or by letter almost every day. No move in

choose. He might retire from public life altogether. He might retire from office, retaining his seat in the House of Commons. Or he might retain his office, and leave the House of Commons for the House of Lords. The first alternative, though it might seem to promise the best hope of recovery, was soon put away : it offered small temptation to a man of Herbert's buoyancy of spirit and high sense of public duty. The second alternative was that to which he at first inclined. He was essentially a politician, and a "House of Commons man." He had sat for twenty-eight years in that House, where his fine appearance, his personal charm, and his considerable gift of eloquence made him a commanding and popular figure. To go to the House of Lords was, as he thought and said, to be "shelved."¹ Miss Nightingale urged him with all her formidable powers of persuasion, to make the sacrifice for the sake of their unfinished work. And so it was agreed ; at the cost of many a pang on his part, as he confessed, but to the relief of his wife. "A thousand thanks," she wrote to Miss Nightingale, "for all you have said and done," and "God bless you for all your love and sympathy." Mr. Herbert retained office, resigned his seat in the Commons, and was created Lord Herbert of Lea.

Miss Nightingale did not fully realize how ill Lord Herbert was. She did not remember that a life entirely laid out, as hers was, for work, and freed from all distraction, involves less strain than one in which social ties, general conversation, family responsibilities and journeyings to and fro fill up the time between hours of work. And she was passionately set upon the accomplishment of the work in which they were engaged ; she longed to see it crowned and made secure. Every step already taken by Mr. Herbert in the War Office had been an administrative improvement. "The great principle involved in his reforms" was, she wrote, "to simplify procedure, to abolish divided responsibility, to define clearly the duties of each head of a department, and of each class of office ; to hold heads responsible for their

¹ It was Lord Herbert, who, on sitting down after his first speech in the House of Lords, and on being asked by a friend beside him whether he had found it difficult, replied, "Difficult ! It was like addressing sheeted tombstones by torchlight."

CHAPTER V

THE DEATH OF SIDNEY HERBERT

(1861)

Cavour's last words: *La cosa va.* That is the life I should like to have lived. That is the death I should like to die.—SIDNEY HERBERT (*as recorded by Florence Nightingale*).

THE progress of the reforms, sketched in the foregoing chapter, was somewhat impeded, and an extension of them to a further point was altogether arrested, by a cause against which neither Mr. Herbert's courageous spirit nor Miss Nightingale's resolute will could avail. The Minister's health broke down under the long strain; he was stricken by disease; and, with failing health, his grasp of affairs was necessarily relaxed.

The beginning of the end came early in December 1860. "A sad change," wrote Miss Nightingale from Hampstead (Dec. 6) to her uncle, "has come over the spirit of my (not dreams, but) too strong realities. Mr. Herbert is said to have a fatal disease. You know I don't believe in fatal diseases, but fatal to his work I believe this *will be*. He came over himself to tell me and to discuss what part of the work had better be given up. I shall always respect the man for having seen him so. He was not low, but awe-struck. It was settled that he should give up the House of Commons, but keep on office at least till some of the things are done which want doing. It is another reason for my wishing to go to town soon, as he is particularly forbidden damp, and to see him here always entails a night-ride." To their meeting on this occasion, early in December, Miss Nightingale often referred in letters of a later date. Mr. Herbert had put before her the three alternatives between which he had to

scheme of reorganization," she wrote to Sir John McNeill (Jan. 17, 1861), "is at last launched at the War Office; but I feel that Hawes may make it fail: there is no strong hand over him." Lord Herbert struggled on manfully with his many tasks (including, it should be remembered, constant dispute with Mr. Gladstone over the Army Estimates), but his strength grew constantly less. At last he had to confess that, on the matter which Miss Nightingale had urged him to carry through, he was beaten:—

(*Lord Herbert to Miss Nightingale.*) June 7 [1861]. . . .
 As to the organization I am at my wits' end. The real truth is that I do not understand it. I have not the bump of system in me. I believe more in good men than in good systems. De Grey understands it much better. . . . [He then describes certain minor reforms in personnel, including a definite sphere of responsibility for Captain Galton.] This I should like to do before I go. And now comes the question, when is that to be and what had I best do and what leave to be done by others. I feel that I am not now doing justice to the War Office or myself. On days when the morning is spent on a sofa drinking gulps of brandy till I am fit to crawl down to the Office, I am not very energetic when I get there. I have still two or three matters which I should like to settle and finish, but I am by no means clear that the organization of the Office is one of them. . . . [Further official details.] I cannot end even this long letter without a word on a subject of which my mind is full and yours will be too—Cavour. What a life! what a life! and what a death! I know of no fifty lives which could be put in competition with his. It casts a shade over all Europe. While he lived, one felt so confident for Italy, that he could hold his own against Austria, against the *wild* Italians, against the Pope, and above all against L. Napoleon. But what a glorious career! and what a work done in one life! I don't know where to look for anything to compare with it.

Cavour had died the day before, and his last recorded words were of his Cause: *la cosa va*. The pathos with which the events of the next few weeks were to invest this letter from Sidney Herbert made a deep impression upon Miss Nightingale. Among some pencilled jottings of hers, written thirty or forty years after, she recalled phrases in the letter and in conversations of the same date. But, at the immediate moment, Lord Herbert's confession of failure filled her

respective departments, with direct communication with the Secretary of State." ¹ The cause of Army Reform would not be completed, the permanence of the improvements already made would not be secured, unless every department of the War Office was similarly reorganized under a general and coherent scheme. So Miss Nightingale urged her friend forward to "one fight more, the best and the last." The War Office, she had written to him (Nov. 18, 1859), "is a very slow office, an enormously expensive office, and one in which the Minister's intentions can be entirely negatived by all his sub-departments and those of each of the sub-departments by every other." Mr. Herbert had agreed. A departmental committee had been appointed to report upon reorganization, and Lord de Grey² (who was Under-Secretary until Mr. Herbert went to the Lords) had drafted a scheme. This was the scheme which in substance Miss Nightingale now urged Lord Herbert to carry through. But the Horse Guards was on the alert to mark the least infringement of its privileges, and Sir Benjamin Hawes, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office, was copious with objections. There are amongst Miss Nightingale's papers many drafts in which she and Dr. Sutherland reorganized the War Office from top to bottom. Sir Benjamin might have smiled rather grimly, and then set himself with the greater determination to keep things as they were, had he seen how near the bottom was the place into which Miss Nightingale proposed to reorganize *him*. She was quite frank about it. "The scheme will probably result in Hawes's resignation," she wrote; "that is another of its advantages." To reorganize the War Office on paper is an occupation which, during fifty following years, was to beguile the leisure of amateurs, and to fill with disappointed hopes the laborious days of many a Minister. To carry out any such scheme into practice is a task which only a Minister, in full fighting force, could hope to accomplish. It was beyond the power of a dying man.

Miss Nightingale had her fears from the first. "Our

¹ *Army Reform under Lord Herbert*, pp. 4-5.

² Better known as the Marquis of Ripon, to which rank he was promoted in 1871.

By the end of June, Lord Herbert's health had become worse, and he was ordered abroad to Spa. On July 9 he called at the Burlington Hotel to say good-bye to Miss Nightingale. They never met again. A week later, he wrote to her from Spa :—

I enclose a letter from Miss Shaw Stewart. To cut matters short and start the thing, I have begged her to select the nurses on their own terms. I mean as to qualifications, as the Regulations define salary, etc. So I hope we shall at any rate start the thing now. I have written an undated letter of resignation to Palmerston to be used whenever convenient to him. I have not written it without a pang, but I believe it to be the right and best course. I believe Lewis, with de Grey for under-secretary, is to be my successor. I can fancy no fish more out of water than Lewis amidst Armstrong guns and General Officers, but he is a gentleman, an honest man, and de Grey will be invaluable for the office and for many of the especial interests to which I specially looked. I have a letter from Codrington proposing another site for the new branch Institute. I have sent it to Galton. I wish I had any confidence that you are as much better as I am.

Lord Herbert's buoyancy of spirit remained to him when physical strength was quickly ebbing. He became worse, and, on July 25, left Spa for home. He died at Wilton on August 2. "To the last," wrote his sister to Miss Nightingale, "he had the same charm, that dear winning smile, that almost playful, pretty way of saying everything." But among his last articulate words were these : "Poor Florence ! Poor Florence ! Our joint work unfinished."

II

The death of Sidney Herbert was a heavy blow to Miss Nightingale—the heaviest, perhaps, which she ever had to suffer. It meant not only the loss of an old friend and companion, in whose society she had constantly lived and moved for five years. It meant also the interruption of their joint work, which was more to her than life itself. She felt in the severance of their alliance the true bitterness of death :—

(*Miss Nightingale to her Father.*) HAMPSTEAD, Aug. 21
[1861]. DEAR PAPA—Indeed your sympathy is very dear to me.

with despairing vexation. Sir John McNeill, to whom she poured out her soul, took the truer view of the case. It was sad, he admitted (June 18), that Lord Herbert should have been "beaten on his own chosen ground by Ben Hawes. But," he added, "the truth, I suspect, is that he has been beaten by disease, and not by Ben." "What strikes me in this great defeat," she replied (June 21), "more painfully even than the loss to the Army is the triumph of the bureaucracy over the leaders—the political aristocracy who at least advocate higher principles. A Sidney Herbert beaten by a Ben Hawes is a greater humiliation really (as a matter of principle) than the disaster of Scutari."

Disease held Lord Herbert in its grasp, but with indomitable spirit he worked on at matters, other than reorganization, in which he and Miss Nightingale were specially interested. One of these matters was the establishment of a General Military Hospital at Woolwich. "Among the few practical things," wrote Miss Nightingale to Sir John McNeill (June 21), "which I hope to succeed in saving from the general wreck of the War Office is the organization of one General Hospital on your plan. Colonel Wilbraham has consented to be Governor. Last week we made a list of the staff, and the names were approved by Lord Herbert. There has been an immense uproar, perhaps no more than you anticipated, from the Army Medical Department and the Horse Guards." Lord Herbert was to send her the draft of the Governor's Commission, and she asked Sir John McNeill's assistance in revising it. Then she was requested to name a Superintendent of nurses. Her choice fell upon one of her Crimean colleagues, Miss Shaw Stewart, an admirable, though a somewhat "difficult" lady, who had now quarrelled with Miss Nightingale, but whose efficiency marked her out for the post. Two other of Lord Herbert's last official acts referred also to the health of the British soldier, and each was suggested by Miss Nightingale. One was the appointment of the Barracks Works Committee (June 6) already mentioned (p. 389); the other, the appointment of Captain Galton and Dr. Sutherland as Commissioners, with Mr. J. J. Frederick as Secretary, to improve the Barracks and Hospitals on the Mediterranean Station.

The newspapers had at first been somewhat grudging in their obituary notices of him. He had been thought of in connection more with the defects of the War Office during the early months of the Crimean War, than with his services as a reformer. His family and his friends were pained, and on their behalf Mr. Gladstone applied to Miss Nightingale. She did not feel well enough to see him, and, on August 6, he wrote explaining the case, "taking the liberty of intruding upon her for aid and counsel," and asking "the assistance of her superior knowledge and judgment in a matter which so much interests our feelings." Miss Nightingale instantly set to work and wrote a Memorandum on Sidney Herbert's work as an Army Reformer. She wrote quickly, but with her usual care in giving chapter and verse for every statement. The Memorandum was anonymous, and was marked "Private and Confidential"; but she had it printed, and circulated it among Lord Herbert's friends and various publicists. Among those who saw it was Abraham Hayward who, when a memorial to Lord Herbert was being mooted a few weeks later, strongly urged that she should be asked to publish the Paper. "No one," he wrote, "could or would misconstrue her motives. Nothing has been more remarkable in her beneficent and self-sacrificing career than its unobtrusiveness. It has only become famous because its results were too great and good to be shrouded in silence and retirement. Admirably as she writes, she is obviously never thinking about her style; which, for that very reason, is most impressive; and I feel quite sure that the Paper in question would suggest no thought or feeling beyond conviction and sympathy."¹

The Memorandum, in so far as it relates to what Sidney Herbert did, has been described and quoted above; but at the end of it, Miss Nightingale was careful to touch upon what he had meant to do and what remained for others to do. "He died before his work was done." The work on which his heart was set was the preservation of the health, physical and moral, of the British soldiers. "This is the work of his which ought to bear fruit in all future time, and which his death has committed to the guardianship of his country."

¹ Letter (Nov. 20) to Count Strzelecki, for whom see below, p. 410.

So few people know in the least what I have lost in my dear master. Indeed I know no one but myself who had it to lose. For no two people pursue together the same object, as I did with him. And when they lose their companion by death, they have in fact lost no companionship. Now he takes my life with him. My work, the object of my life, the means to do it, all in one, depart with him. "Grief fills the room up of my absent" master. I cannot say it "walks up and down" with me. For I don't walk up and down. But it "eats" and sleeps and wakes with me. Yet I can truly say that I see it is better that God should not work a miracle to save Sidney Herbert, altho' his death involves the misfortune, moral and physical, of five hundred thousand men, and altho' it would have been but to set aside a few trifling physical laws to save him. . . . "The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart." The Scripture goes on to say "none considering that he is taken away from the evil to come." I say "none considering that he is taken away from the good he might have done." Now not one man remains (that I can call a man) of all those whom I began work with, five years ago. And I alone, of all men "most deject and wretched," survive them all. I am sure I meant to have died. . . . Ever, dear Papa, your loving child, F.

Her grief was accompanied and intensified by some remorse :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Harriet Martineau.*) HAMPSTEAD, Sept. 24 [1861]. . . . And I, too, was hard upon him. I told him that Cavour's death was a blow to European liberty, but that a greater blow was that Sidney Herbert should be beaten on his own ground by a bureaucracy. I told him that no man in my day had thrown away so noble a game with all the winning cards in his hands. And his angelic temper with me, at the same time that he felt what I said was true, I shall never forget. I wish people to know that what was done was done by a man struggling with death—to know that he thought so much more of what he had not done than of what he had done—to know that all his latter suffering years were filled not by a selfish desire for his own salvation—far less for his own ambition (he hated office, his was the purest ambition I have ever known), but by the struggle of exertion for our benefit.

Happily for her peace of mind there came to her an almost immediate call to be up and doing in the service of her "dear master," as in her letters of this time she constantly named Sidney Herbert.

the same place where, in the same month six years before, Mr. Herbert had spoken in support of a memorial to Miss Nightingale's honour, a public meeting was held to promote a memorial to him. "I think you would have been satisfied," wrote Mr. Gladstone to her on the same evening, "even if a fastidious judge, with the tone and feeling of the meeting to-day. I mean as regards Herbert. As respects yourself, you might have cared little, but could not have been otherwise than pleased. I made no allusion to you in connection with the paper you kindly sent me, although I made some use of the materials. I acted thus after conference with Count Strzelecki,¹ and with his approval. I thought that if I mentioned you along with that paper, I should seem guilty of the assumption to constitute myself your organ." Miss Nightingale's Paper, summarizing Lord Herbert's services to the health and comfort of the British Army, formed, indeed, the staple of more than one of the speeches,² and the long alliance between them in that cause, which has been the subject of preceding chapters in this Memoir, was frequently referred to at the meeting. General Sir John Burgoyne said breezily that Lord Herbert's "hobby was to promote the health and comfort of the soldier, and his pet was Miss Nightingale, who had for many years devoted herself to the same pursuit." Mr. Gladstone mentioned as Lord Herbert's "fellow-labourer" the "name of Miss Nightingale, a name that had become a talisman to all her fellow-countrymen." And Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, in associating the Commander-in-Chief with the late Minister for War, added that "they did not labour alone. They were not the only two; there was a third engaged in those honourable exertions, and Miss Nightingale, though a volunteer in the service, acted with all the zeal of a volunteer, and was greatly assistant, as I am sure your Royal Highness will bear witness, to the labours of your Royal Highness and Lord Herbert."

¹ Sir Paul Edmund de Strzelecki, K.C.M.G., C.B., known as Count Strzelecki, Australian explorer, of Polish descent, though a naturalized Englishman, was a great friend of Lord and Lady Herbert, whom he had accompanied on their last journey abroad. He took a prominent part in organizing the Herbert Memorial.

² They are collected in a pamphlet (August 1867) entitled *Memorial to the Late Lord Herbert*.

Having finished her Memorandum, Miss Nightingale sent it to Mr. Gladstone. She knew how warm had been the friendship between him and Sidney Herbert. She thought that in the friend who remained the saying might perchance come true: *uno avulso non deficit alter*. At any rate it was her duty to throw out the hint. So she underlined, as it were, the closing words of her Paper by offering to talk with Mr Gladstone about the unfinished work which, as she knew, was nearest to Sidney Herbert's heart. To this overture, Mr. Gladstone replied in a letter, giving account of his friend's funeral:—

(*W. E. Gladstone to Florence Nightingale.*) II CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, Aug. 10 [1861]. The funeral was very sad but very soothing. Simplicity itself in point of form, it was most remarkable from the number of people gathered together, and especially from their demeanour. Many *men* were weeping: not one unconcerned face among several thousands could be seen. But it all brings home more and more the immense void that he has left for all who loved, that is for all who knew, him. . . . I read last night with profound interest your important paper. I see at once that the matter is too high for me to handle. Like you I know that too much would distress him, too little would not. I am in truth ignorant of military administration: and my impressions are distant and vague. It is your knowledge and authority more than that of any living creature that can do him justice, at the proper time, whenever that may be—do him justice, as he would like it, without exaggeration, without defrauding others. I shall return the paper to you: but of it I venture to keep a copy. . . .

With respect to your making known to me the "three subjects" I will beg you to exercise your own discretion after simply saying this much; my duty is to watch and control on the part of the Treasury rather than to promote officially departmental reforms. To him I could personally suggest: I am not sure that I should be justified in taking the same liberty with Sir G. Lewis, especially new to his work. On the other hand, my desire to promote Herbert's wishes, as his wishes, was not stronger than my confidence in his judgment as an administrator. (If I now seem reluctant to touch that subject it is for fear I should spoil it.) In the conduct of a department he seemed to me very nearly if not quite the first of his generation.—I remain, dear Miss Nightingale, Very sincerely yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

On the afternoon of November 28, in Willis's Rooms—in

once told me," Miss Nightingale said to an old friend, "that my character would be more sympathized with by men than by women. In one sense I don't choose to have that said. Sidney Herbert and I were together exactly like two men—exactly like him and Gladstone."¹

The secret of this rare friendship between Sidney Herbert and Miss Nightingale is to be found, first, in the fact that the character and gifts of the one were precisely complementary to those of the other. Though of a sanguine temperament, Sidney Herbert had the politician's caution. Miss Nightingale, though of an eminently practical genius, was eager and full of impelling force. She supplied inspiration which he had the means of translating into political action. Sidney Herbert had the political mind; Miss Nightingale, the administrative. Not indeed that he was deficient in some of the administrative gifts, or she in political instinct. But what was peculiarly characteristic of her was the combination of a firm grasp of general principles with a complete command of detail; and in the particular work in which they were engaged, her experience supplied what he lacked. "I supplied the detail," she said herself; "the knowledge of the actual working of an army, in which official men are so deficient; he supplied the political weight."² Each was thus indispensable to the other. And they were united by perfect sympathy in the service of high ideals. "He," wrote Miss Nightingale of Sidney Herbert, "with every possession which God could bestow to make him idly enjoy life, yet ran like a race-horse his noble course, till he fell—and up to the very day fortnight of his death struggled on doing good, not for the love of power or place (he did not care for it), but for the love of mankind and of God."³ He was, "in the best sense," she wrote elsewhere, "a saver of men."⁴ In that honourable record Miss Nightingale deserves an equal place with her friend.

¹ Letter to Madame Mohl, Dec. 13, 1861.

² Letter to Harriet Martineau, Sept. 24, 1861.

³ *Dublin* (Bibliography A., No. 28), p. 8.

⁴ *Herbert* (Bibliography A., No. 29), p. 3.

III

The alliance which was dissolved by Lord Herbert's death is probably unique in the history of politics and of friendship. "As for his friendship and mine," said Miss Nightingale, "I doubt whether the same could ever occur again."¹ For five years the politician in the public eye, and this woman behind the scenes, were in active co-operation; often seeing each other daily, at all times in uninterrupted communication. There have been other instances in which the same thing has happened, but happened with many differences. There have been statesmen who have made confidantes of their wives, and who have found in them wise counsellors and helpful supporters. Sidney Herbert himself received much help in his public work from his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. In some pencilled jottings about her friends, Miss Nightingale records a beautiful trait; Sidney Herbert made it a rule, she says, to mark each anniversary of his wedding-day by beginning some new work of kindness towards others. Yet there was room in the ordering of his life, during the five years following the Crimean War, for taking constant counsel from another woman—so constant as, perhaps, in the days of his illness and over-work to cause his wife some anxiety. Yet Miss Nightingale was as dear to the wife as she was helpful to the husband, and affectionate friendship between her and Mrs. Herbert was not impaired. There have been many statesmen, again, and many other eminent men, who have found inspiration or support, no less than solace or pleasure, in the friendship of women. But Sidney Herbert's attraction to Miss Nightingale, and hers to him, were on a plane by themselves. She, indeed, was susceptible, as was every man and every woman who knew him, to Sidney Herbert's singular charm and courtesy; she admired the brilliance of his conversation; she felt pleasure in his presence. And he, with his quick perception, must have enjoyed the ready humour which played around Miss Nightingale's wisdom. But they were also comrades or colleagues even as men are. "A woman

¹ Letter to Harriet Martineau, September 24, 1861.

PART IV
HOSPITALS AND NURSING
(1858-1861)

The everyday management of a large ward, let alone of a hospital, the knowing what are the laws of life and death for men, and what the laws of health for wards (and wards are healthy or unhealthy mainly according to the knowledge or ignorance of the nurse), are not these matters of sufficient importance and difficulty to require learning by experience and careful inquiry, just as much as any other art?—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: *Notes on Nursing*.

ness that the health of the Army was only part of a larger question ; namely, the health of the whole population from which the soldiers are drawn. She had made her reputation by work in military hospitals, and her first effort was to improve them, but she saw that the condition of civil hospitals was the larger and the more important matter. And she saw further still that hospitals are at best only a necessary evil ; a necessity, as some one has said, in an intermediate stage of civilization. The secret of national health is to be found in the homes of the people. If in a particular town or quarter, for instance, there was excessive infant mortality, the remedy, as she said, was not to be found in building more children's hospitals there. She was famous throughout the world as a war-nurse ; but she knew that the difficulties which she had encountered in that sphere were due to the fact that the art of nursing was so ill understood at home. Her vision took wider scope, and her efforts to improve the well-being of the people embraced, as we shall hear, both India and the Colonies. Mr. Disraeli, in a famous speech¹ delivered the saying *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia Sanitas*, but that was in 1864 ; it was Miss Nightingale's motto many years before. When the extent of her range and the depth of her influence are considered, the claim made for her by an American writer will not seem exaggerated : she was " the foremost sanitarian of her age." ² Our immediate concern is with her life and work, first, as a Hospital Reformer (Chaps. I., II.), and then as the founder of Modern Nursing (Chaps. III., IV.).

Miss Nightingale's authority on the subject of Hospitals ruled paramount in the years following the Crimean War—as the reference of the Netley plans to her has already indicated. Popularity and prestige were confirmed by a practical experience which at the time was probably unique. " Have you," she was asked by the Royal Commission of 1857, " devoted attention to the organization of civil and military hospitals ? " " Yes," she replied, " for thirteen years. I have visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, many county hospitals, some of the naval

¹ At Aylesbury, Sept. 21, 1864.

² *Nutting*, vol. ii. pp. 207-8.

CHAPTER I

THE HOSPITAL REFORMER

(1858-1861)

It may seem a strange principle to enunciate as the very first requirement in a Hospital that it should do the sick no harm. It is quite necessary, nevertheless, to lay down such a principle, because the actual mortality *in* hospitals, especially in those of large crowded cities, is very much higher than any calculation founded on the mortality of the same class of diseases among patients treated *out of* hospitals would lead us to expect.—FLOR-
ENCE NIGHTINGALE (1863).

THE work for the health of the soldiers, which has been described in the preceding Part, filled the larger part of Miss Nightingale's life during the five years after her return from the Crimean War; and in 1856, 1857, 1858 it occupied nearly the whole of her time. The work lasted for almost exactly five years, from the day of her return from Scutari (August 1856) to the day of Lord Herbert's death (August 1861). But into those strenuous years Miss Nightingale had crowded much other work besides. It has been necessary, for the sake of clearness and coherence, to treat the subject of Army sanitary reform consecutively in a single Part. In the present Part the other main occupations of Miss Nightingale's life during the same period, and more especially during the years 1859, 1860, and 1861, will be described.

The story of her life and work may be divided for convenience into separate Parts; but in her own mind each of the branches of effort into which successively she threw herself were connected parts of a larger whole. Her experiences in the Crimean War, and the emotions which grew out of them, had caused her to throw her first efforts into the cause of reform in the interest of her "children," the British soldiers. But all the time she saw with entire clear-

adding to the statement of each defect precise suggestions of a remedy. She added a series of equally detailed hints on hospital construction, illustrating them by careful plans, exterior and interior, of some of the best modern hospitals and of the worst old ones. Some of my readers may be acquainted only with modern hospitals, and it will be well perhaps to describe the defects in the old style of hospital. Many of the hospitals and infirmaries, as they existed when Miss Nightingale started her crusade, had been built with no consideration for the sub-soil, and the drainage of them was very imperfect. The wards were sadly overcrowded, often as much as three or four times over, tried by the present standard of the number of cubic feet desirable per bed. Ventilation was defective. The wards were often low. There were frequently more than two beds between the windows. Little attention had been given to the supreme importance of having floors, walls, and ceilings which were non-absorbent. The furniture of the wards, and the utensils, were such as would be condemned to-day as hopelessly insanitary. Miss Nightingale found it necessary to enter in some detail upon the desirability of *iron* bedsteads, *hair* mattresses, and *glass* or *earthenware* cups, etc. (instead of tin); as also upon that of sanitary forethought in the construction of sinks and other places. Hospital kitchens and laundries at home were not quite so bad as at Scutari; but many of the kitchens were still very primitive, and many of the laundries inspected by Miss Nightingale were "small, dark, wet, unventilated, overcrowded, so full of steam loaded with organic matter that it is hardly possible to see across the room." All this is now, for the most part, a thing of the past; and the passing of it is due, in large measure, to Miss Nightingale. Coinciding, as her book did, with a movement for increased hospital accommodation, and coming with the prestige of a popular heroine, her *Notes on Hospitals* opened a new era in hospital reform. There had, it is true, been improvement before her time; and she was not the one and only discoverer of the simple principles which she enunciated, and which are now the A B C of the subject. But the general level of thought or practice does not always rise to the height of the better

and military hospitals in England ; all the hospitals in Paris, and studied with the 'sœurs de charité' ; the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where I was twice in training as a nurse ; the hospitals at Berlin, and many others in Germany, at Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, Brussels ; also the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians." Her authority on the subject was strengthened yet more when her Papers, already mentioned,¹ which were read at Liverpool in October 1858, were, early in the following year, published, with additional matter, as a book. "It appears to me," wrote Sir James Paget, in acknowledging a copy of the book, *Notes on Hospitals*, "to be the most valuable contribution to sanitary science in application to medical institutions that I have ever read." The book has not been reprinted since 1863, and is now, perhaps, forgotten ; but, if so, that is the necessary fate of many a notable book. The pioneers of one generation are forgotten when their work has passed into the accepted doctrine and practice of another. In its day Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Hospitals* revolutionized many ideas, and gave a new direction to hospital construction.

Sir James Paget's words accurately suggest the nature of Miss Nightingale's work in this field. Before she wrote, there was sad need of the application of sanitary science to many of our hospitals. The rate of mortality in them was terribly high. Hospitals created almost as many diseases as they cured ; there was hospital gangrene, hospital pyæmia, hospital erysipelas, hospital fever, and so forth. It was even questioned whether great hospitals were not, and must not necessarily be, producers of disease. Miss Nightingale showed that there was no such necessity. By the light of sanitary science, she traced back the excessive mortality in hospitals to its true causes, in original defects in the site, in the agglomeration of a large number of sick under the same roof, in deficiency of space, deficiency of ventilation, deficiency of light. In a second section of her book, going more into detail, she enumerated "Sixteen Sanitary Defects in the Construction of Hospital Wards,"

¹ Above, p. 383.

hints ; while at the same time she commanded in a singular degree the ear of the general public, including town councillors, guardians, and benevolent persons. It was in this way that her book did so much to improve the level of hospital construction and hospital arrangement in this country.

Upon the construction of military hospitals—whether general or attached to particular barracks—Miss Nightingale was consulted constantly and as a matter of course. In 1859, it will be remembered, Mr. Herbert became Secretary for War ; and in 1860 Captain Galton was appointed temporary assistant inspector-general of “ Fortifications ”—a department which included works for barracks and hospitals. She respected Captain Galton’s abilities, and liked him personally very much. He and Mr. Herbert took her advice upon all works within her province, and the plans of the new General Hospital at Woolwich in particular owed much to her suggestive ingenuity. She even drew up the heads of the specifications for it. Even where she was not directly consulted or concerned, her influence and the standard she had set up in her book had an effect. Medical officers and military governors sought leave to be able to quote her approval of hospitals under their charge. It would, as one naïvely wrote to her, improve their chances of promotion.

A more direct result of the publication of *Notes on Hospitals* was to bring in upon Miss Nightingale copious requests for advice from the committees or officials of civic hospitals and infirmaries throughout the country. To all such requests she readily responded. Writing was with her a means to action ; and when she was given any chance of translating “ Notes ” into deeds, no trouble was too great for her. She had decided views of her own, but in particular cases she often consulted other experts. Dr. Sutherland, one of the leading authorities in such matters, was, as we have seen, constantly with her. To her kinsman by marriage, Captain Galton, she frequently referred ; and she sometimes engaged Sir Robert Rawlinson professionally to prepare plans and specifications for her to submit to those who asked her advice. He on his part often consulted her

opinion ; it depends too often upon the average opinion of the day. Moreover, in some matters, there was, at the time when she wrote, a conflict of principles, in which the victory was generally given to the wrong side. The beneficial effect of fresh air was not always denied ; but the advantage of securing warmth by shutting the windows, and relying upon artificial methods of ventilation, was in practice considered paramount. Miss Nightingale was a pioneer in the consistent emphasis which she gave to the supreme necessity of fresh air, and to the importance of "direct sunlight, not only daylight, except perhaps in certain ophthalmic and a small number of other cases." She based her contention in these matters on scientific principles ; she supported it from her experience and observation in the Crimean War and in foreign hospitals. In many quarters her ideas were new and revolutionary. We have heard already what "a bitter pill" it was to one eminent medical official of her day to swallow the idea of "pavilions" in hospital construction.¹ Lord Palmerston explained in the House of Commons in 1858 that, "strange as it might appear, considering the progress of science in every department, it was only within a few years that mankind has found out that oxygen and pure air were conducive to the well-being of the body."² And in the matter of the curative effect of light, Miss Nightingale cited from an official publication the case of a well-known London physician, who "whenever he enters a sick-room, takes care that the bed shall be turned away from the light." "An acquaintance of ours," she added, "passing a barrack one day, saw the windows on the sunny side boarded up in a fashion peculiar to prisons and penitentiaries. He said to a friend who accompanied him, 'I was not aware that you had a penitentiary in this neighbourhood.' 'Oh,' said he, 'it is not a penitentiary, it is a military hospital.'"³ Miss Nightingale's general principles commanded the hearty support of the better medical opinion, and to many medical men her details, drawn from observation in the best foreign hospitals, afforded new and useful

¹ Above, p. 342.

² Speech on Lord Ebrington's Resolutions, May 11, 1858.

³ *Notes on Hospitals*, 1859, pp. 100, 108.

Dom Pedro V., taking an easier view, did not see that it mattered. A hospital, constructed for adults, but intended for children, would, His Majesty pleasantly suggested, "only give the children more room and more air." The King had to be given a lesson in the niceties of hospital construction. The architect and Miss Nightingale set to work again on amended plans. Her suggestions were warmly approved, on the Prince Consort's behalf, by Sir James Clark, and Dom Pedro sent her a cordial letter of thanks.

At home she took similar pains with plans for the Bucks County Infirmary at Aylesbury; but here it was easier sailing, for the chairman of the Committee was her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, and it was promptly decided (1860) to rebuild the Infirmary "in accordance with the requirements specified in Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Hospitals*." In another county hospital, that at Winchester, she took the more interest, because one of her father's properties (Embley) was in the county. There is a specially voluminous correspondence on the subject, largely with Sir William Heathcote (chairman of the Governors),¹ extending over several years. The old hospital was admittedly bad, but the first idea was to patch it up. Miss Nightingale took infinite pains in working up the case against this course. She studied the report which Sir Robert Rawlinson, the sanitary engineer, had sent in; and she tabulated the statistics of mortality, comparing them with those of well-appointed hospitals on healthy sites. Thus armed, she told the Committee roundly that they were proposing to sink money in patching up a "pest-house, where a number of people are exposed to the risk of fatal illness from a special hospital disease." Was Hampshire eager, she asked, to emulate the evil fame of Scutari? Then she tackled the financial problem. She compared the estimated cost of "adaptation" with that of building a new hospital on a better site. She submitted plans and details of her estimate. She promised the advice of Dr. Sutherland in the choice of a new site. "I understand," she wrote, "that Lord Ashburton will give £1000 towards a new hospital, if built upon a new site; if not, nothing." As Lady Ashburton was one

¹ Mr. Nightingale bought Embley from the Heathcote family.

in regard to hospitals and infirmaries on which he had been called in to advise. Her advice was sought both by those who were actually projecting new hospital buildings and by those who were leading crusades for the reconstruction of their local institutions. Among her papers there is a mass of correspondence, specifications, plans, memoranda of all sorts, referring to such matters. Technical details are often relieved by touches of Miss Nightingale's humour. Here are two examples from her letters to Captain Galton—(March 24, 1861): "I understand that Baring¹ won't ventilate the Barracks in summer because the grates are not hot enough in winter. Why are the men to die of foul air in August because they are too cold at Christmas? I think Baring must be an army doctor." (June 20, 1861): "Is the Architect's ideal the profile of a revolver pistol? If you look at the block plan in this point of view, it is very good. But as he asks my opinion, it is that I would much rather be shot outside than in. As Hospital principles are beginning to be well known, it would be quite enough to engrave this plan on the card of solicitation to stop all subscriptions. No patient will ever get well there. And as I don't approve of the principle of Lock Hospitals, I had much better let it go on." The correspondence about hospital plans ranges in place and scale from Glasgow, from which city she was asked to advise upon cement for the walls of the Infirmary wards, to Lisbon, where a new institution was to be built according to her ideas. In 1859 the King of Portugal asked Miss Nightingale through the Prince Consort to advise and report upon the plans for a hospital which he desired to build in memory of his wife, the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern. This affair occupied some of her attention during two years, and caused her not a little impatience. With Dr. Sutherland's help, she went laboriously through the plans submitted by the King's architect on the assumption that the hospital was intended for adults. It then appeared that what the King wanted was a Children's Hospital. The Prince Consort, through Colonel Phipps, was deeply grieved at "the waste of Miss Nightingale's time and of her strength, so precious."

¹ Under-Secretary for War, when Mr. Herbert was made a Peer.

which throws interesting side-lights on her own character too :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Samuel Smith.*) BURLINGTON, Feb. 25, [1861]. DEAR UNCLE SAM—Adshead of Manchester is dead—my best pupil. . . . How often I have called him my “dear old Addle-head,” and now he is dead. He was a man who could hardly write or speak the Queen’s English ; I believe he raised himself, and was now a kind of manufacturer’s agent in Manchester. He was a man of very ordinary abilities and commonplace appearance—vulgar, but never unbusiness-like, which is, I think, the worst kind of vulgarity. Having made “a competency,” he did not give up business, but devoted himself to good works for Manchester. And there is scarcely a good thing in Manchester, of which he has not been the main-stay or the source—schools, infirmary, paving and draining, water-supply, etc., etc. At 60, he takes up an entirely new subject, Hospital Construction, fired by my book, and determines to master it. This is what I think is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. He writes to me whether I will teach him (this is about 18 months ago), and composes some plans for a Convalescent Hospital *out of* Manchester, to become their main Hospital if the wind is favourable. He comes up to London to see me about these. The working plans passed eight times thro’ my hands and gave me more trouble than anything I ever did. Because Adshead would not employ a proper builder, but would do them himself—which is part of the same character, I believe. The plans are now quite ready, but nothing more. He meant to *beg in person* all over Lancashire, and had already some promises of large sums. He had been asking for about a year, but never intermitted anything. I don’t know whether you remember that I had a three-months’ correspondence with him (and oh ! the immense trouble he took) about the transplantation of the Spitalfields and Coventry weavers to Manchester, Preston, Burnley, etc.¹ . . . It never came to anything. . . . He was 61 when he died. This is the character which I believe is quite peculiar to our race—a man, a common tradesman, who—instead of “retiring from the world” to “make his salvation,” or giving himself up to science or to his family in his old age, or founding an Order, or building a house—

¹ Miss Sellon had called her attention to the sad plight through unemployment of the Spitalfields weavers, as had Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge to that of those at Coventry. Miss Nightingale, with help from Mr. Bracebridge, enlisted Mr. Adshead in a scheme for migrating them to Lancashire. He and she took infinite pains in the matter, but the scheme came to little. When it reached the point, Miss Sellon’s friends were not ready to go.

of her dearest friends, this condition was probably not unprompted. On the same condition, she promised contributions from herself and her father. She collected and sent in the opinions of eminent experts—civil engineers and medical officers—on the question. She prodded friends possessing local influence: "Would you please," she wrote to Captain Galton (Feb. 10, 1861), "devote the first day of every week until further notice in driving nails into Jack Bonham Carter,¹ M.P., about the Winchester Infirmary?" In the end she carried her point, and a new hospital was built by Mr. Butterfield on a higher and healthier site. "It is the greatest pleasure," the architect wrote to her (Dec. 1863), "to try and work out the views of one who is ably and earnestly endeavouring to make a reformation." Among other institutions upon which she advised, in this (1860) or immediately ensuing years, were the Birkenhead Hospital, the Chorlton Union Infirmary, the Coventry Hospital, the Guildford (Surrey County) Hospital, the Leeds Infirmary, the Malta (Incurables) Hospital, the Putney Royal Hospital for Incurables, the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and the Swansea Infirmary. Correspondence from foreign countries, and a collection of tracts upon Hospital Construction (1863) sent to her from France and Belgium, show that the "reformation" was widespread. In India also her book was found useful. "It arrived in the nick of time," wrote Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Governor of Madras (Aug. 10, 1859), "as you will see by the accompanying note from Major Horsley, the engineer entrusted with the preparation of the plan of the addition to our General Hospital"

II

Like other reformers, Miss Nightingale encountered an occasional defeat. One was at Manchester in a cause wherein she was enlisted by a friend of Cobden, Mr. Joseph Adshead. He saw something of Miss Nightingale during these years, and corresponded voluminously with her. He is the subject of one of her clever and vivid character-sketches—a sketch

¹ Eldest son of the John Bonham Carter mentioned above (p. 29); M.P. for Winchester; first cousin of Miss Nightingale and of Mrs. Galton.

let it be known, among his colleagues on the Board of Governors, what his opinion was upon the best policy for the Hospital to pursue, in the event of Parliament leaving it any option. "Your intervention with Prince Albert," wrote Mr. Whitfield presently to Miss Nightingale, "has wrought wonders." But there were still two opinions. There was a strong party which attached more importance to retaining the Hospital on its old site, "in the midst of the people whom it served," than to removing it to one which might be more salubrious, but must be more distant. This is a controversy which continually recurs. Miss Nightingale took immense pains in working up the case for removal. She resorted, as usual, to a statistical method. She analysed the place of origin of all the cases received; tabulated the percentages in various radii; and showed that the removal of the hospital to such and such distances would affect a far smaller percentage of patients than was commonly supposed. Then she made out sums in proportion, setting, on the one side, so much inconvenience and conceivable danger in making a smaller number of patients take a little longer time in reaching the Hospital; and, on the other, the greater convenience and larger chance of recovery which all the patients alike would have in better surroundings. At the end of 1860 the critical moment arrived. The Railway Company had served the Hospital with notice to decide within twenty-one days. Mr. Whitfield wrote to Miss Nightingale in a state of considerable flurry. He was by no means certain how the voting would go; every vote and every influence were important; could she not whisper once more in the Prince Consort's ear? She wrote to the Palace forthwith; and the Prince communicated his views to the Court of Governors on her side. And not only on her side. "You will find in the Prince's letter," she was told by one of those behind the scenes, "your own arguments and sometimes even your own words embodied." Ultimately the Governors decided as Miss Nightingale wished. The Railway Company was required to take all or none of the Hospital's land. It took all and, as usually happens in railway cases, the price was not suffered to err on the side of moderation. St. Thomas's Hospital was removed to temporary buildings on the old

will patiently (at 60) learn new dodges and new-fangled ideas in order to benefit his native city. . . . How I do feel that it is the strength of our country and worth all the R. Catholic "Orders" put together. I hate an "Order," and am so glad I was never "let in" to form one. . . .

Mr. Adshead had taken a prominent part in a movement to get the Manchester Royal Infirmary condemned as insanitary, and to rebuild it in better air outside the city boundaries. Miss Nightingale, though she did not join publicly in the controversy, plied Mr. Adshead with powder and shot. But they were defeated. Manchester decided to patch and not to rebuild.

In the case of St. Thomas's Hospital in London, which was confronted from a different cause with the same choice, she was successful. Hospital officials, when in difficulty, not infrequently "went to Miss Nightingale." This was the case with Mr. Whitfield, the Resident Medical Officer of St. Thomas's (then on its ancient site in the Borough), when the future of the Hospital was threatened by the projected extension of the South-Eastern Railway from London Bridge to Charing Cross. The Railway Company sought powers to take some of the Hospital's land, and the opinion of the Governors was likely to be divided on the policy to be pursued. Mr. Whitfield was from the first in favour of the course which ultimately prevailed; the Railway Company should be compelled to buy all the Hospital's land or none, and in the former event the Hospital should be rebuilt on a healthier site and on an improved plan. But there were others who were disposed to take the line of least resistance, and to be content with rebuilding on the old or an adjacent site so much as the railway works made necessary. Mr. Whitfield opened the case to Miss Nightingale in February 1859, and besought her aid; she entirely agreed with him, and threw herself whole-heartedly into the matter. Among the Governors of the Hospital was the Prince Consort, to whom she sent a careful memorandum. The Prince went into the case with his usual thoroughness, and ultimately concurred in Miss Nightingale's views. He was scrupulous, as the correspondence shows, to avoid any interference with the parliamentary side of the case, but he

CHAPTER II

THE PASSIONATE STATISTICIAN

(1859-1861)

Full and minute statistical details are to the lawgiver, as the chart, the compass, and the lead to the navigator.—LORD BROUGHAM.

I REMEMBER hearing the first Lord Goschen make a speech in Whitechapel many years ago, in which he avowed that for his part he was "a passionate statistician." "Go with me," he said, "into the study of statistics, and I will make you all enthusiasts in statistics." Mr. *Punch* parodied Marlowe thereupon, and invited his readers to "all the pleasures prove That facts and figures can supply Unto the Statist's ravished eye." I do not know whether any large response to the invitation was forthcoming from Lord Goschen's hearers or Mr. *Punch's* readers; though, since the day when Lord Goschen spoke, social reformers have more and more guided their schemes by the chart and compass of statistics. If Miss Nightingale saw the speech, it fell upon eyes long ago opened. A fondness for statistical method, a belief in its almost illimitable efficacy, was one of her marked characteristics.

Few books made a greater impression on Miss Nightingale than those of Adolphe Quetelet, the Belgian astronomer, meteorologist, and statistician; and she had few friends whom she valued more highly than Dr. William Farr, the leading statistician of her day in this country. From his meteorological studies, Quetelet deduced a law of the flowering of plants. One of his cases was the lilac. The common

Surrey Gardens, and there remained till the present Hospital was completed in 1871.

A fair American visitor, taking tea upon the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, and looking across the river to the sevenfold splendours opposite, is said to have inquired, "Are those the mansions of your aristocracy?" They are only instances of the reform which Miss Nightingale introduced in Hospital construction, being the "pavilions" of St. Thomas's. But Miss Nightingale was never consulted, I feel sure, upon the architectural ornament of the parapets. Her sense of humour would have made short work of the urns which, as some one has suggested, seem waiting for the ashes of the patients inside.

were kept on no uniform plan. Each hospital followed its own nomenclature and classification of diseases. There had been no reduction on any uniform model of the vast amount of observations which had been made. "So far as relates," she said, "either to medical or to sanitary science, these observations in their present state bear exactly the same relation as an indefinite number of astronomical observations made without concert, and reduced to no common standard, would bear to the progress of astronomy."¹

Miss Nightingale set herself to remedy this defect. With assistance from friendly doctors on the medical side, and of Dr. Farr, of the Registrar-General's Office, on the statistical, she prepared (1) a standard list, under various Classes and Orders, of diseases, and (2) model Hospital Statistical Forms. The general adoption of her Forms would, as she wrote, "enable us to ascertain the relative mortality in different hospitals, as well as of different diseases and injuries at the same and at different ages, the relative frequency of different diseases and injuries among the classes which enter hospitals in different countries, and in different districts of the same countries." Then, again, the relation of the duration of cases to the general utility of a hospital had never been shown. Miss Nightingale's proposed forms "would enable the mortality in hospitals, and also the mortality from particular diseases, injuries, and operations, to be ascertained with accuracy; and these facts, together with the duration of cases, would enable the value of particular methods of treatment and of special operations to be brought to statistical proof. The sanitary state of the hospital itself could likewise be ascertained."² Having formed her plan, Miss Nightingale proceeded with her usual resourcefulness to action. She had her Model Forms printed (1859), and she persuaded some of the London hospitals to adopt them experimentally. Sir James Paget at St. Bartholomew's was particularly helpful; St. Mary's, St. Thomas's, and University College also agreed to use the Forms. She and

¹ *Hospital Statistics* (Bibliography A, No. 28).

² *Hospital Statistics*. Of course the statistics would have to be interpreted.

lilac flowers, according to Quetelet's law, when the sum of the squares of the mean daily temperatures, counted from the end of the frosts, equals 4264° centigrade. Miss Nightingale was greatly interested in such calculations, and the lilac had a special place in her year. Lady Verney's birthday was April 19, and a branch of flowering lilac was Florence's regular birthday present to her sister. Miss Nightingale used to talk of Quetelet's law with great delight, and commended it to gardening friends for verification in their Naturalist's Diaries. But this is a lighter example of Quetelet's researches. What fascinated Miss Nightingale most was his *Essai de physique sociale* (first published in 1835), in which he showed the possibility of applying the statistical method to social dynamics, and deduced from such method various conclusions with regard to the physical and intellectual qualities of man. In regard to sanitation, we have heard already of the reforms which Miss Nightingale was instrumental in carrying out in Army Medical Statistics. She turned next to the question of Hospital Statistics, where improvement seemed desirable both for the surer advance of medical knowledge and in the interests of good administration.

Miss Nightingale had been painfully impressed during the Crimean War with the statistical carelessness which prevailed in the military hospitals. Even the number of deaths was not accurately recorded. "At Scutari," she said, "three separate registers were kept. First, the Adjutant's daily Head-roll of soldiers' burials, on which it may be presumed no one was entered who was not buried, although it is possible that some may have been buried who were not entered. Second, the Medical Officers' Return, in regard to which it is quite certain that hundreds of men were buried who never appeared upon it. Third, the return made in the Orderly Room, which is only remarkable as giving a totally different account of the deaths from either of the others."¹ When Miss Nightingale came home, and began examining Hospital Statistics in London, she found, not indeed such glaring carelessness as this, but a complete lack of scientific co-ordination. The statistics of hospitals

¹ *A Contribution*, p. 3 (Bibliography A, No. 14).

an omission, and was half inclined to sulk in his tents. Miss Nightingale's letter on the subject is characteristic :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Dr. T. Graham Balfour.*) 30 OLD BURLINGTON ST., July 12 [1860]. You are quite right in what you say. We are all of us in the same boat. And, if it were not that England *would not be* the mercantile nation she *is*, if she had not business habits somewhere, I should wonder from my experience where they are. Certain of us, who were asked to do business for the Statistical Congress, had it all ready since December last—and were not able to get it out of the Registrar-General's Office till this week. Certain of us were asked to do business this morning, and to have it ready by to-night, which, if *not* done, would arrest the proceedings of the Congress, and, *if* done, must be the fruit of only five hours' consideration, when five months might just as well have been granted for it. I don't say that this is so bad as the treatment of you who are Secretary. But still it is provoking to see a great International business worked in this way.

What I want now is to put a good face upon it before the foreigners. Let *them* not see our short-comings and disunions. Many countries, far behind us in political business, are far before us in organization-power. If any one has ever been behind the scenes, living in the interior, of the Maison Mère of the "Sisters of Charity" at Paris, as I have—and seen their Counting House and Office, all worked by women,—an Office which has twelve thousand Officials (all women) scattered all over the known world—an office to compare with which, in business habits, I have never seen any, either Government or private, in England—they will think, like me, that it is this mere business-power which keeps these enormous religious "orders" going.

I hope that you will try to impress these foreign Delegates, then, with a sense of *our* "enormous business-power" (in which I don't believe one bit), and to keep the Congress going. Many thanks for all your papers. I trust you will settle some sectional business with the Delegates here to-morrow morning. And I trust I shall be able to see you, if not to-morrow morning, soon.

Mind, I don't mean anything against *your* Office by this tirade. On the contrary, I believe it is one of the few efficient ones now in existence.

Having received the *imprimatur* of an International Congress, Miss Nightingale circulated her paper on Hospital Statistics widely among medical men and hospital officials. Thereby she produced immediate effect. She printed large

Dr. Farr studied the results, which were sufficient to show how large a field for statistical analysis and inquiry would be opened by the general adoption of her Forms.

The case was now ready for a further move. Dr. Farr was one of the General Secretaries of the International Statistical Congress which was to meet in London in the summer of 1860. He and Miss Nightingale drew up the programme for the Second Section of the Congress (Sanitary Statistics), and her scheme for Uniform Hospital Statistics was the principal subject of discussion. Her Model Forms were printed, with an explanatory memorandum; the Section discussed and approved them, and a resolution was passed that her proposals should be communicated to all the Governments represented at the Congress. She took a keen interest in all the proceedings, and gave a series of breakfast-parties, presided over by her cousin Hilary, to the delegates, some of whom were afterwards admitted to the presence of their hostess upstairs. The foreign delegates much appreciated this courtesy, as their spokesman said at the closing meeting of the Congress; "all the world knows the name of Miss Nightingale," and it was an honour to be received by "the illustrious invalid, the Providence of the English Army." The written instructions sent by "the Providence" to her cousin for the entertainment of the guests show her care for little things and her knowledge of the weaknesses of great men: "Take care that the cream for breakfast is not turned." "Put back Dr. X.'s big book where he can see it when drinking his tea." Miss Nightingale also induced her friend Mrs. Herbert to invite the statisticians to an evening party. The feast of statistics acted upon her as a tonic. "She has been more than usually ill for the last four or five weeks," wrote her cousin Hilary (July 12); "now I cannot help thinking that her strength is rallying a little; she is much interested in the Statistical Congress." Congresses, like wars, are sometimes "muddled through" by our country, and Miss Nightingale was able here and there to smooth ruffled plumes. A distinguished friend of hers, though his name had been printed as one of the secretaries of a Section, had not received so much as an intimation of the place of meeting; he was disgusted at so unbusiness-like

substituted "statistics" for "expert witnesses" in the well-known saying about classes of false statements. Miss Nightingale's scheme for Uniform Hospital Statistics seems to require for its realization a more diffused passion for statistics and a greater delicacy of statistical conscience than a voluntary and competitive system of hospitals is likely to create.

At the time she was full of hope, and, having obtained a start with medical statistics, she next pursued the subject in relation to surgical operations. Sir James Paget had been in communication with her on this point. "We want," he had written (Feb. 18, 1861), "a much more exact account and a more particular record of each case. Thus in some returns we have about 40 per cent of the deaths ascribed to 'exhaustion,' in others, referring to the same [kind of] operations, about 3 per cent or less; the truth being that in nearly all cases of 'exhaustion' there was some cause of death which more accurate inquiry would have ascertained." Miss Nightingale (May 1, 1861) congratulated him on "St. Bartholomew's having the credit of the first Statistical Report worth having," but the table of operations was still, she thought, most unsatisfactory. "It would be most desirable that an uniform Table should be adopted in all Hospitals, including all the elements of age, sex, accident, habit of body, nature of operation, after-accidents, etc., etc. Could you come in to-morrow between 2 and 4, and bring your list of the causes of death after operations? It would be invaluable, coming from such an authority, for constructing a Form." She consulted other surgeons, civil and military, and wrote a paper, with Model Forms, for the International Statistical Congress held at Berlin in September 1863. These also were included in a revised edition of *Notes on Hospitals*. The Royal College of Surgeons referred the subject to a Committee, which, however, reported adversely upon Miss Nightingale's Forms.

II

Before the International Congress at London in 1860 separated, Miss Nightingale addressed a letter to Lord

quantities of her Model Forms, and supplied them, on request, to hospitals in various parts of the country. Through the good offices of M. Mohl, she also worked upon public opinion in France. "Some months ago," she wrote to Dr. Farr (Oct. 20, 1860), "I got inserted into the leading medical journals of Paris an article on the proposed Hospital Registers; and you see they are at work." The London Hospitals took the matter up. Guy's printed a statistical analysis of its cases from 1854 to 1861; St. Thomas's, of its from 1857 to 1860; St. Bartholomew's, a table of its cases for 1860. With regard to the future, a meeting was held at Guy's Hospital on June 21, 1861, and it was unanimously agreed—by delegates from Guy's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, the London, St. George's, King's College, the Middlesex, and St. Mary's—that the Metropolitan Hospitals should adopt one uniform system of Registration of Patients; that each hospital should publish its Statistics annually, and that Miss Nightingale's Model Forms should as far as possible be adopted. She called further attention to her scheme in a paper sent to the Social Science Congress at Dublin in August 1861,¹ and incorporated it in a later edition of her *Notes on Hospitals*. The statistics of the various hospitals which had accepted her Forms were published in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for September 1862, but I do not find that the experiment has been continued. So far from there being any uniform hospital statistics, of the kind contemplated by Miss Nightingale, even in London some of the hospitals do not keep, or at any rate do not publish, any at all. The laboriousness, and therefore the costliness, of the work of compilation, the difficulty of securing actual, as well as apparent, uniformity, and a consequent doubt as to the value of conclusions deduced from the figures are presumably among the causes which have defeated Miss Nightingale's scheme. Some limited portion of her object is perhaps attained by the statistical data which the administration of the King's Hospital Fund demands, but even here there are possibilities of misleading comparison. There is probably no department of human inquiry in which the art of cooking statistics is unknown, and there are sceptics who have

¹ See Bibliography A, No. 28.

One was to enumerate the numbers of sick and infirm on the Census day. For sanitary purposes it would be extremely useful to determine the proportion of sick in the different parts of the country. To those who said that it could not be done, because the people would not give the information, the answer was that it had been done in Ireland. The other point was to obtain full information about house accommodation; facts which, as would now be considered obvious, have a vital bearing on the sanitary and social conditions of the people. This point also had been covered in the Irish Census. Dr. Farr entirely agreed with Miss Nightingale, but he could not persuade Sir George Lewis, the Home Secretary, to include these provisions in the Census Bill (1860). Miss Nightingale thereupon drew up a memorandum on the subject, and, through Mr. Lowe (Vice-President of the Council), submitted it to the Home Secretary. Mr. Lowe may have agreed with her, but he failed to persuade his colleague. "Whenever I have power," wrote Mr. Lowe (May 9), "you can always command me, but official omnipotence is circumscribed in the narrow limits of its own department." Sir George Lewis replied that "both of Miss Nightingale's points had been duly considered before the Census Bill was introduced. It was thought that the question of health or sickness was too indeterminate." "With regard to an enumeration of houses, it was thought that this is not a proper subject to be included in a Census of population." A very official answer! But Sir George added that he did not see how the result of such enumeration could be "peculiarly instructive"—an avowal which he also made in the House of Commons. The cleverest of men are sometimes dense; and this remark of Sir George Lewis, added to his subsequent conduct of the War Office, earned for him, in Miss Nightingale's familiar correspondence, the sobriquet of "The Muff." In communicating the result of her first attempt to Dr. Farr, she said, "If you think that anything more can be done, pray say so. I'm your man." But she had not waited to be spurred on. She had already bethought herself of a second string in the House of Lords. Lord Shaftesbury, to whom she had appealed, promised to do all he could. Lord Grey did the same, and asked her

Shaftesbury (President of the Second Section), which was read to the whole Congress, and adopted by it as a resolution. The point of it was to impress upon Governments the importance of publishing more numerous abstracts of the large amount of statistical information in their possession. She gave various instances in which useful lessons might thus be enforced upon the public mind, and cited Guizot's words: "Valuable reports, replete with facts and suggestions drawn up by committees, inspectors, directors, and prefects, remain unknown to the public. Government ought to take care to make itself acquainted with, and promote the diffusion of all good methods, to watch all endeavours, to encourage every improvement. With our habits and institutions, there is but one instrument endowed with energy and power sufficient to secure this salutary influence—that instrument is the press." With Miss Nightingale statistics were a passion and not merely a hobby. They did, indeed, please her, as congenial to the nature of her mind. Her correspondence with Dr. Balfour and Dr. Farr shows how she revelled in them. "I have a New Year's Gift for you," wrote Dr. Farr (Jan. 1860); "it is in the shape of Tables, as you will conjecture." "I am exceedingly anxious," she replied, "as you may suppose, to see your charming Gift, especially those Returns showing the deaths, admissions, diseases," etc., etc. But she loved statistics, not for their own sake, but for their practical uses. It was by the statistical method that she had driven home the lessons of the Crimean hospitals. It was the study of statistics that had opened her eyes to the preventable mortality among the Army at home, and that had thus enabled her to work for the health of the British soldier. She was already engaged on similar studies in relation to India. She was in very serious, and even in bitter, earnest a "passionate statistician:" And the passion, as will appear in a later chapter,¹ was even a religious passion.

Miss Nightingale made a valiant attempt to extend the scope of the Census of 1861 in the interest of collecting statistical data for sanitary improvements. There were two directions in which she desired to extend the questions.

¹ See below, p. 480.

session, and I do not find that either Lord Grey or Lord Shaftesbury said a word upon the subject. The only critical contribution made to the debate proceeded from Lord Ellenborough, who, so far from wanting the Census Bill to include provision for more statistical data, proposed to exclude most of those that were already in. He could not for the life of him see what was the use of asking people so many questions.¹ Here, then, Miss Nightingale was in advance of the time; in one case, by a generation, in the other, by two generations. Recent Censuses have included more particulars of the housing of the people, though still not so many as she wanted. Official statistics of the local distribution of sickness will presently be obtained, I suppose, in a different way, through the machinery of the National Health Insurance Act.

Deprived by the recalcitrance of the Home Secretary and Parliament of a fuller feast of statistics at home, Miss Nightingale turned to the Colonies and Dependencies. The Secretary for the Colonies gave her facilities for collecting much curious and instructive information; and the Secretary for India accepted her aid in collecting and tabulating facts and figures which were the foundation of some of the most notable and beneficent of her labours. But, though she was already (1860-1) engaged in these inquiries, they belong in the main to a later period; and we must now turn to another side of Miss Nightingale's work for the improvement of the National Health.

¹ Lords' debate, July 24; principal Commons' debate, July 12, 1860.

to send Dr. Farr to coach him. She began to "thank God we have a House of Lords"—

(*Miss Nightingale to Robert Lowe.*) OLD BURLINGTON St., May 10 [1860]. I cannot forbear thanking you for your letter and for your exertions in our favour. Sir George Lewis's letter, *being interpreted*, means: "Mr. Waddington does not choose to take the trouble." It is a letter such as I have scores of in my possession, from Airey, Filder, and alas! from Lord Raglan, from Sir John Hall (the doctor) and from Andrew Smith. It is a true "Horse Guards" letter.

They are the very same arguments that Lord John used against the feasibility of registering the "cause of death" in '37—which has now been the law of the land for 23 years. He was beaten in the Lords. And we are now going to fight Sir George Lewis in the Lords. And we hope to beat him too. It is mere child's play to tell us that what every man of the millions who belong to Friendly Societies does every day of his life, as to registering himself sick or well, cannot be done in the Census. It is mere childishness to tell us that it is not important to know what houses the people live in. The French Census does it. The Irish Census tells us of the great diminution of mud cabins between '41 and '51. The connection between the *health* and the *dwelling*s of the population is one of the most important that exists. The "diseases" can be obtained approximately also. In all the more important—such as small-pox, fevers, measles, heart-disease, etc.—all those which affect the *national* health, there will be very little error. (About ladies' nervous diseases there will be a great deal.) Where there is error in these things, the error is uniform, as is proved by the Friendly Societies; and corrects itself. . . .

The passionate statisticians were, however, hopelessly out-voted in the House of Commons. Mr. Caird moved in her sense on the subject of fuller detail about house-accommodation, and in sending her the printed notice of his amendment, said that "his position would be greatly strengthened with the House if he could obtain Miss Nightingale's permission to quote her name in favour of the usefulness of such an inquiry." I do not know whether she gave permission; the debate is reported very briefly in Hansard. But in any case Mr. Caird's amendment was promptly negatived. As for the House of Lords, Miss Nightingale's reliance upon a better love of statistics in that assembly was cruelly falsified. The Census Bill came up late in the

I know that many wealthy persons cannot overcome the repugnance caused by such works of charity. I do not judge them ; but, if I had a hundred tongues and a clarion voice, I could not enumerate the number of patients for whom she provided solace and care." This passage, which is not unlike some of the panegyrics showered upon Florence Nightingale's work during the Crimean War, was written, nearly fifteen centuries earlier, by St. Jerome in describing the work of Fabiola, a lady of patrician rank, who in 390 A.D. built a hospital at Rome, where she devoted herself to the care of the sick. Female nursing is as old as Christianity, and for centuries the religious Orders had sent cultivated women into the hospitals. The very name of "Sister," now applied to a rank in the nursing profession in general, recalls its historical origin in religious enthusiasm. Nor was there anything novel in the mere fact, though there was much that was novel in the method, of Miss Nightingale's service as a war-nurse. It was novel in the case of the British Army, but in that of other countries Sisters had already accompanied armies to the field. And, again, it was not an original conception on Miss Nightingale's part that nurses should be trained for their work. Her master, Theodor Fliedner, had shown the way in Germany ; and in our own country Mrs. Fry's Institute of Nursing was established in 1840, and the St. John's House in 1848, Miss Nightingale's, at St. Thomas's, not till 1860.

Nevertheless, though not the founder of nursing, Florence Nightingale was the founder of modern nursing. It is not always realized how modern is the institution of nursing, on any large scale as a distinct and trained calling. I have indicated above the three lines of influence—religion, war, and science—along which the development of sick-nursing has proceeded. Miss Nightingale came at the psychological moment to give it a vast impetus upon each of those lines. Religion was tending to become less abstract, and more closely allied to the service of man. Miss Nightingale was the St. Clara or the St. Teresa of the new order, for whom Southey had called. She was prepared, by her experience, by the character of her mind, by the drift of her philosophical speculations, not to imitate old forms, but to create a new

CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN NURSING

(1860)

Where is the woman who shall be the Clara or the Teresa of Protestant England, labouring for the certain benefit of her sex with their ardour, but without their delusion?—SOUTHEY'S *Colloquies* (1829).

THE nineteenth century produced three famous persons in this country who contributed more than any of their contemporaries to the relief of human suffering in disease: Simpson, the introducer of chloroform; Lister, the inventor of antiseptic surgery; and Florence Nightingale, the founder of modern nursing. The second of the great discoveries completed the beneficent work of the first. The third development—the creation of nursing as a trained profession—has co-operated powerfully with the other two, and would have been beneficent even if the use of anæsthetics and antiseptics had not been discovered. The contribution of Florence Nightingale to the healing art was less original than that of either Simpson or Lister; but perhaps, from its wider range, it has saved as many lives, and relieved as much, if not so acute, suffering as either of the other two.

The profession of nursing is at once very old and very new; and the place of Miss Nightingale in the history of it has not always been rightly understood. Nursing—and even nursing by educated women—is very old. “She herself nursed the unhappy, emaciated victims of hunger and disease. How often have I seen her wash wounds whose fetid odour prevented every one else from even looking at them! She fed the sick with her own hands, and revived the dying with small and frequent portions of nourishment.

claiming for their sex a place in the 'sun of the world's work. Miss Nightingale was not wholly sympathetic to what she called "woman's missionariness." But the circumstances of her own life, as the First Part of this Memoir has shown, made her intensely interested in claiming that a woman should not be debarred from entering a walk of life to which she is fitted simply because she is a woman; and of such walks of life, nursing is obviously one. Controversy is perennial between those who ascribe the course of political or social history mainly to great men, and those who ascribe it rather to streams of tendency. It is less open to controversy to say that the great men who leave the more permanent mark upon history are those whose genius conforms to the spirit of their time, but who are yet a little in advance of their age. Among such "great men" the founder of modern nursing is to be reckoned.

II

In what precise respect, it may be asked, did Florence Nightingale "found" modern nursing? The answer to this question may, I think, be disentangled without much difficulty from a good deal of conflicting statement. I have referred already, in connection with the fettering scruples of Miss Nightingale's parents,¹ to a conflict of evidence upon the morals of hospitals and hospital nurses in the middle of the nineteenth century. Her own opinion at that time (and she did not express it without much inquiry and observation) is given in the pamphlet, above mentioned, where she says that hospitals were "a school, it may almost be said, for immorality and impropriety—inevitable where women of bad character are admitted as nurses, to become worse by their contact with male patients and young surgeons. . . . We see the nurses drinking, we see the neglect at night owing to their falling asleep."² Such statements were indignantly denied by other authorities, equally well qualified to form a correct judgment. Controversy broke out upon the subject a few years later in connection with the Nightingale Memorial Fund. A correspondent of the

¹ Above, p. 60.

² *Kaiserswerth*, p. 15.

order, an order of nurses who should, indeed, be devoted to their calling, but should be organized on a secular basis. The deeply religious bent of Miss Nightingale's character, the single-mindedness of her purpose, and her constant appeal to high ideals, enabled her to give to (or at any rate to require from) the Seculars of the new order something of the devotion possessed by the religious Regulars. The Crimean War, in which Miss Nightingale was one of the central figures, gave further force to a movement for increasing the number and improving the qualification of nurses. It enlisted sentiment in the cause. The American Civil War (in which, as we shall hear presently, Miss Nightingale's example played a great part) extended the movement to the United States, and the Red Cross organization may also be considered as an outcome of her work in the Crimea. The progress of science was tending in a like direction. Medicine and surgery were on the eve of receiving great developments. Sanitary science was already making advance. At the time when Florence Nightingale was in training at Kaiserswerth, Joseph Lister was a medical student at University College. Cohn, the founder of bacteriology, was only eight years her junior. Parkes, one of the founders of modern hygiene, was almost exactly her contemporary. It was inevitable that nursing also should be developed in a scientific spirit, and no one was better qualified than Miss Nightingale to take the lead in such a movement. Her experience in the East had filled her with a passionate conviction of the importance of sanitary science. She was the centre of a circle of earnest and devoted men who were devoting themselves to it. She was personally acquainted with many of the leading physicians and surgeons of the day. And there was yet a fourth line upon which Miss Nightingale might seem to be predestined for this special work. What is called the "woman's movement" was beginning. "There is an old legend," wrote Miss Nightingale, at the beginning of her pamphlet on Kaiserswerth, "that the nineteenth century is to be the 'century of women.'" At the time when she wrote (1851), the century, she added, had not yet been theirs. But there was a spirit stirring the waters. Other notable women were at work,

reply, " about the character of the nurses, and he says they always engage them without any character, as no respectable person would undertake so disagreeable an office. He says the duties they have to perform are most unpleasant, and that it is little wonder that many of them drink, as they require something to keep up the stimulus." The ordinary wages were £14 to £16 a year. It should be remembered, further, that hospital nurses had, as a rule, in the middle of the last century no uniform dress, and cooked their own food (which they bought for themselves), eating their meals in the ward kitchens or scullery: " If the sister happened to be partial to red herrings for breakfast, or onion-stew for dinner, or toasted cheese for supper, the consequent state of the ward may be imagined. The assistant nurses had to do all the scrubbing and cleaning of the wards, and to cook for the other nurses and themselves." ¹ A side-light is thrown on the slovenliness of the arrangements by the account of what happened at King's College Hospital when the nursing was taken over in 1856 by trained nurses from St. John's House under Miss Mary Jones. " By the end of the day the new-comers, who had arrived in clean and dainty uniforms, were like a set of sweeps or charwomen, in such an appalling state of disorder had they found their wards." ² There were some excellent nurses under the old régime (apart from those trained at St. John's House), as Sir James Paget testified ³; though it may be noted that even amongst his model Sisters, one was " not seldom rather tipsy." But " the greater part of them," he says, " were rough, dull, unobservant, untaught." The stoutest defender of the old system, the most stubborn opponent of Miss Nightingale's reforms, gives unconsciously equal support to Sir James Paget's statement that " in the department of nursing there is the greatest and happiest contrast of all." Mr. South was of opinion that all was for the best, before Miss Nightingale began to interfere, in the best of all possible

¹ " Report on the Nursing Arrangements of the London Hospitals " (at the time and twenty years before) in the *British Medical Journal*, Feb. 28, 1874.

² *St. John's House: a Record*, p. 10.

³ See his Address to the Abernethian Society in 1885 given in his *Memoir and Letters*, 1901, p. 351.

Times, who signed himself "One who has walked a good many Hospitals," gave in 1857¹ the same kind of account that Miss Nightingale had given in 1851. He was answered, and his statements were hotly denied.² Obviously there were hospitals and hospitals, and still more there were nurses and nurses, and no *general* indictment was just on the point of morals. Upon the question of drinking among nurses, both in hospitals and in private service, there is less room for doubt. Dickens was a caricaturist, but he was an effective caricaturist; and no caricature is effective in its day unless it bears considerable resemblance to the truth. In his preface he spoke of Mrs. Gamp as a fair representation, at the time *Martin Chuzzlewit* was published, of the hired attendant on the poor; and he might have added, says his biographer, that the rich were no better off, for the original of Mrs. Gamp "was in reality a person hired by a most distinguished friend of his own a lady, to take charge of an invalid very dear to her."³ This one can the more readily understand in the light of a remark by Lady Palmerston quoted above.⁴ "'Mrs. Gamp,' said Mrs. Harris, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentlefolks, you are that inwallable person.'" Great ladies clearly thought that such persons existed only, and could only be expected to exist, in the world of imagination and of Mrs. Harris. In 1854, Miss Mary Stanley, or a friend of hers, sent out a circular, very possibly with the knowledge of Miss Nightingale, to various persons connected with hospitals and infirmaries, of which the object was to suggest that nurses should be instructed, on the Kaiserswerth plan, in the art of administering religious comfort to patients. The replies which were subsequently printed⁵ throw much light upon the position of nurses at the time. "If I can but obtain a sober set," wrote a doctor in the North, "it is as much as I can hope for." "I enquired for Dr. X.," said another

¹ *Times*, April 15, 1857.

² In a pamphlet by Mr. J. F. South, referred to below, p. 445.

³ Forster's *Life of Dickens*, vol. ii. p. 30.

⁴ Above, pp. 272-3.

⁵ *Hospitals and Sisterhoods*. London, John Murray, 1854 (2nd ed. 1855). Anonymous, but known to be the work of Miss Mary Stanley.

was the essence of the matter. Other things, such as the opening of nursing to higher social strata, the better payment of nurses, etc., though important and interesting, were only results.

III

The means by which Miss Nightingale achieved this great work were three. She brought to bear upon it the force, successively, of her Example, her Precept, and her Practice. The first two of these aspects of her work will be considered in the remainder of the present chapter; the third is the subject of the next chapter.

No woman, I suppose, who was not canonized or who had not worn (or been deprived of) a crown, has ever excited among her sex so much passionate and affectionate admiration, and set to so many an example, as Florence Nightingale. I have tried in an earlier chapter, entitled "The Popular Heroine," to describe the effect which her work in the Crimean War produced upon the minds of her contemporaries. To get first-hand impressions, the younger readers of to-day must go to their grandmothers or great-aunts. It is they who can help us best to some imagination of the thrill which the stories of her nursing in the Crimea excited throughout the land, of the intensity of sympathetic admiration which went out towards her, of the impulse towards a fuller and worthier life which proceeded from her example. But old letters are of some assistance too. From a packet of family letters here is one, from an aunt to a niece: "April 15, 1857. I fear from a line in one of the newspapers that Florence Nightingale's life is approaching an end. I have been deeply impressed by her life these last few days, which in respect of mine forms but a fragment in regard of time, and what she has accomplished! A high mission has been given her which has cost her her life to fulfil."¹ In how many other minds, young and old alike, must Florence Nightingale's example have stirred similar thoughts! A lady who had attained high distinction as a Nightingale nurse was asked after Miss Nightingale's death to record her recollections: "My first thoughts of Miss Nightingale

¹ *A Century of Family Letters*, vol. ii. p. 174.

nursing worlds. But his conception of the ideal nurse is this: "As regards the nurses or ward-maids, these are in much the same position as housemaids, and require little teaching beyond that of poultice-making."¹

From all this, facts emerge which will clearly explain wherein Miss Nightingale's work as the founder of modern nursing consisted. She was not entirely alone, nor was she in point of time the first, in the field; and there were exceptional cases to which the following statements do not apply. But she was able to do on a larger scale, and on a scale and in a form which attracted general imitation, what others had attempted. And speaking generally, we may say that before Miss Nightingale appeared on the scene, nursing was, and was regarded as, a menial occupation which did not attract women of character; that it was ill-paid and little respected; that no high standard of efficiency was expected; and that no training was organized: the women picked up their knowledge in the wards. They were, as the correspondent of the *Times* said, "meek, pious, saucy, careless, drunken, or unchaste, according to circumstances or temperament, mostly attentive, and rarely unkind"; but, with very few exceptions, they were untrained. "A poor woman is left a widow with two or three children. What is she to do? She would starve on needlework; she is unfit for domestic service; she knows nobody to give her charring, and has no money to buy a mangle. So she gets a recommendation from a clergyman, and is engaged as a Hospital Nurse." The change which has come about since Miss Nightingale's work took effect is strikingly illustrated in the Census. In 1861 there were 27,618 nurses "in hospitals, or nurses not apparently domestic servants," and they were enumerated, in the tables of Occupations of the People, under the head of "Domestic." In 1901 there were 64,214 nurses, and they were enumerated under the head of "Medicine." Miss Nightingale was the founder of modern nursing because she made public opinion perceive, and act upon the perception, that nursing was an art, and must be raised to the status of a trained profession. That

¹ *Facts relating to Hospital Nurses. . . . Also Observations on Training Establishments for Hospitals, 1857, pp. 11, 16.*

King's College Hospital, addressed her as "My beloved Friend and Mistress." "I value your nosegay too much to part with any one flower even." "I look on a visit to you as my one indulgence and greatest pleasure." But those who never saw Miss Nightingale, nor even heard from her, felt the force of her example. In what was publicly known of her career, there was, as it were, a call and a challenge to women. Here was a woman, of high ability and of social standing, who had forsaken all to be a nurse. She sought to raise nursing to the rank of a High Art. She had already in some measure done it by her example.

IV

In every walk of life, however, there are those who seek the palm without the dust. Miss Nightingale had seen already in the Crimea many women who had followed her example, indeed, in desiring to nurse the sick, but into whose heads it had never entered that nursing required special gifts and careful training. Example had to be supplemented by precept. Miss Nightingale's precepts upon the Art of Nursing were first given to the world in 1859-60. Her *Notes on Nursing*—the best known, and in some ways the best, of her books—was published in December 1859. It was instantly recognized by the leaders in medical and sanitary science as a work of first-rate importance; as one of those rare books to which, within their range, the term epoch-making may rightly be applied. "I am ashamed to find," wrote Sir James Paget, "how much I have learnt from the *Notes*, more, I think, than from any other book of the same size that I have ever read." "I am delighted with them," wrote Sir James Clark. "They will do more to call attention to Household Hygiene than anything that has ever been written." "This," wrote Harriet Martineau, "is a work of genius if ever I saw one; and it will operate accordingly. It is so real and so intense, that it will, I doubt not, create an Order of Nurses before it has finished its work." This was a true prediction. Miss Nightingale was the founder of a New Model, and the *Notes on Nursing* was its gospel.

date back to that winter of frozen rivers, when children, catching up the rumours of the street, ran about shouting *Sebastopol's taken*; or danced, listening around the old weaver's wife who had come to the door of her cottage to catch the last light, and read aloud to her husband what 'Lord Raiglan' was doing and saying; or later, in the hour before bed-time, sat at their father's feet while he told of the frozen trenches, of the 'dreary corridors of pain,' and of that 'ministering angel,' whose devotion was lightening a nation's distress; or perhaps later still in sleep, dreamed children's dreams of creeping amid sleeping Russians, stealing the golden crown from the Czar's head, and escaping with it to Florence Nightingale! Such experiences left indelibly impressed on the minds of the children of my generation the gentle and heroic figure of Miss Nightingale." Often, no doubt, the impulse was fleeting, and the broken purpose wasted in air. And often, too, the impulse was vague, and resulted in no definite action; yet not on that account, perhaps, to be cast aside as valueless. "I have a belief of my own," says one of George Eliot's characters, "and it comforts me—That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil." But often the force of Florence Nightingale's example was direct and practical. Among those whom it influenced in this way was Luise, the Grand Duchess of Baden, who in 1859 founded a Ladies' Society in Baden for the training of nurses. She had never seen Miss Nightingale, but a letter filled the Grand Duchess with enthusiastic gratitude. "I felt," she wrote (Sept. 1861), "that both joy and strength had come to me from your dear letter. I may try indeed to thank you for it, but I shall never succeed in expressing how deeply and how highly I felt your kindness. If there is any progress in the work I have so much at heart, it is greatly to your encouraging support I owe it." Those who saw Miss Nightingale, and who were sympathetic, felt thrilled in her presence. "She is so far more delightful in herself," wrote Clara Novello, "than in one's imagination." To nurses already engaged in work, Miss Nightingale's personal influence was an inspiration. Miss Mary Jones, of

bright-coloured flowers." She was thinking again of the Crimea. The wild flowers there are many and brilliant; and the nurses used to gather them in the early morning walk which each took in turn.¹

The book was not cheap at first; the price was 5s. But 15,000 copies were sold in a month, and a cheaper edition at 2s. quickly followed. It was read, sooner or later, by all sorts and conditions of people; in palaces, in cottages, in factories. Queen Victoria "thanked Miss Nightingale *very much* for the book," and sent in return a print of herself and the Prince Consort. From the Grand Duchess of Baden the book called forth an overflowing tribute. "I will not attempt to describe to you," she wrote (Oct. 9, 1860), "with how much interest and admiration I read these pages, so beautiful in their simplicity, so admirable in their true Christian spirit. Rarely has a book made so deep an impression on me. I cannot refrain from expressing the real admiration I feel for the noble English lady who has devoted so much of her life to suffering mankind, and who has given to all her sisters an example never to be forgotten." With further expressions of personal admiration, the Grand Duchess added a very just characterization of the book: "The gentle feelings of the woman are joined to experience, reflexion, and science." Miss Nightingale was urged to prepare a popular sevenpenny edition, and this appeared early in 1861 with the title *Notes on Nursing for the Labouring Classes*, and with a new chapter called "Minding Baby." "And now, girls," this chapter begins, "I have a word for you. You and I have all had a great deal to do with 'minding baby,' though 'baby' was not our own baby.² And we would all of us do a great deal for baby, which we would not do for ourselves." "Did I tell you," wrote Miss Nightingale to Madame Mohl (May 7, 1861), "what prompted my little chapter on *Minding Baby*? A Peckham schoolmaster asked me, saying he could always make the school-girls mind my book by telling them it was 'for baby's sake.' And several opened their parents' windows at night (greatly

¹ *Hornby*, p. 306.

² "The chapter on Minding the Baby," wrote Mr. Jowett (Aug. 24, 1868), "is excellent. I particularly like the parenthesis ('though he's not our baby') in which a world of morality is contained."

The anticipations of her friends that the *Notes* would be popular were abundantly fulfilled. Here was a book by Florence Nightingale on the very subject to which her fame was attached. The effect produced upon many minds by *Notes upon Nursing* was the greater because it came, as it were, as a kind of resurrection of the popular heroine. The years which had passed since Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea were, as we now know, years of ceaseless activity; years during which she had done some of her greatest work. But it must be remembered that all this was entirely unknown to most people at the time. The common belief was that Miss Nightingale had retired into private life upon her return from the Crimea; but now after a long interval she came before the public again. And, though, as in all that she wrote for the public eye, there was a conspicuous absence of self-advertisement, there was enough in the book to connect many of its pages with scenes and episodes of the Crimean War. An enthusiastic review in a paper not generally given to enthusiasm pointed out the connection: "Hundreds of brave men attested with their dying breath how nobly Miss Nightingale's self-imposed task was fulfilled, and this little book would be almost enough to explain her success. Its tone seems to tell of the solemn scenes from which experience in such matters has to be gained. Its language is grave, earnest, and impetuous, like that of a person who has lived among sad realities, and has been face to face with almost every form of human suffering."¹ Nor was it only the general tone of the book that was suggestive of the heroine of the Crimean War. Here and there little touches of personal experience were introduced, in which every one could read the occasion between the lines. When the author talked of her "sadly large experience of death-beds," the reader thought of the Lady with the Lamp at Scutari; and when in her chapter on "Variety" she recalled "the acute suffering produced from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of window," the reader's mind went back to the pictures of Miss Nightingale at Balaclava. "I shall never forget," she wrote, "the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of

¹ *Saturday Review*, Jan. 21, 1860.

then, while the antecedent process was going on, determined? If we are asked, Is such or such a disease a reparative process? Can such an illness be unaccompanied by suffering? Will any care prevent such a patient from suffering this or that?—I humbly say, I do not know. But when you have done away with all that pain and suffering, which in patients are the symptoms, not of their disease, but of the absence of one or all of the essentials to the success of Nature's reparative processes, we shall then know what are the symptoms of, and the sufferings inseparable from, the disease." This is, surely, sound philosophy; not overthrown by any later discoveries about germs and microbes. It is the philosophy of eliminating the known as a preliminary to investigating the unknown. It leads Miss Nightingale to insist on the importance, as she calls it, of "nursing the well" before they become the sick; or in other words, to the principles of domestic hygiene—ventilation, warming, drains, light, cleanliness. In all this her book had more originality than the younger readers of to-day will realize without some effort of retrospective imagination. The homes of the poor were in her day those that were not very much caricatured by Dickens and Cruickshank. The schools of the poor, which have taught some of the principles of hygiene directly, and have had a yet wider influence indirectly by setting an example of airy rooms and cleanliness, were still in the future. Working people in those days could, moreover, hardly be reached by writings. It was the popular fame of Florence Nightingale that won for her *Notes on Nursing* an audience from "the Labouring Classes." Nor is it only among those classes that great changes in current ideas and practice about domestic hygiene have been effected. At the time when Miss Nightingale wrote, stuffiness characterized the most genteel interiors. She was a pioneer in establishing the principles of modern hygiene; and perhaps even to-day there is still room for a wider acceptance of her doctrine that "nursing the well" is even more important than nursing the sick—preventive hygiene, than curative medicine.

A characteristic of Miss Nightingale's mind, and of her methods in action is, as has been noticed already her com-

to the indignation of the parents, I am thinking), and removed dung-hills before the doors in consequence." In its cheap form, the book had a very large circulation. Mr. Chadwick interested himself in getting it recommended for school-reading. Benevolent persons distributed it gratuitously in villages and cities. Edition after edition was rapidly called for. Among Miss Nightingale's papers I find letters from correspondents reporting cases in which office clerks and factory hands, after reading the book, voted the windows open.

The book was read, not only by all sorts and conditions of people at home, but also in many countries and in many tongues abroad. It had instantly been reprinted in America. It was translated into German, into French (with a preface by Miss Nightingale's old acquaintance, M. Guizot),¹ and into most of the other European languages. If the book be out of print, it ought to be included in one of the cheaper series of the day. It can never be out of date, and no one who has read it has ever found it dull.

V

Miss Nightingale was essentially a "man of action," not a writer. Yet her writings are very characteristic of her work, and none is more pleasantly so than *Notes on Nursing*. Not the whole of her nature "breaks through language and escapes" into it, but this little book alone would be enough to explain to an understanding reader several characteristics of her mind and work. It is an incomparable treatise on the art of nursing; but, as Sir James Paget indicated, it is more than that: it is an alphabet of Household Hygiene. Miss Nightingale's treatment of the subject reveals at the outset her philosophical grasp. "Shall we begin," she says, "by taking it as a general principle that all disease, at some period or other of its course, is more or less a reparative process, not necessarily accompanied with suffering: an effort of nature to remedy a process of poisoning or decay, which has taken place weeks, months, sometimes years beforehand, unnoticed, the termination of the disease being

¹ Bibliography A, No. 32.

doctor, ever gives any other definition of what a nurse should be than this—'devoted and obedient.' This definition would do just as well for a porter. It might even do for a horse. It would not do for a policeman." "Some 'obedient' nurses know no medium between 'Now no fire,' 'Now fire,' as if they were volunteer riflemen." "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, or incapacity in other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'" There is lively humour, too, in many of the personal descriptions. Miss Nightingale quotes Lord Melbourne's saying: "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires very strong health to put up with women."¹ "I am quite of his opinion," she adds, and she gives some little word-pictures of the female nurse (old style). "Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles—only a man can cross the floor of a sick room without shaking it." She was writing in the days of crinolines, and draws a picture of "respectable elderly women stooping forward," when invested therein. Another picture is of the nurse who is supposed, "like port-wine," to improve with age. We are not told the circumstances, but we are assured that it was a "fact" that a nurse, when ordered to administer brandy-and-water to a fainting patient, supplied the last week's *Punch*. Then there is a description of the mincing nurse, with "an affectedly sympathizing voice, like an undertaker's at a funeral." All Miss Nightingale's pictures were drawn from life. "I wonder," wrote one of her friends, "if the originals will recognise themselves."

No one, then, could read the *Notes on Nursing* without perceiving that the author was a woman of marked ability, of wisdom, and of true goodness. The book does not of itself prove Miss Nightingale's power of administration or

¹ The saying is recorded in C. R. Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections*, vol. i. p. 169, as made to Lady Holland. "Oh!" said the lady, tapping him with her fan, "you have lived among such a rantipole set." "I happen to know," wrote Monckton Milnes to Miss Nightingale, "who Lord Melbourne's nurse was."

bination of general grasp with minute attention to detail, and this is particularly remarkable in her *Notes on Nursing*. In the chapter dealing with nursing, in the more common acceptance of the term, one is struck on almost every page with this rare combination of gifts. Nothing is too minute for her touch, but everything is referred to a general principle. Her philosophy of "Noises," with the detailed injunctions which she bases upon it, is alone enough to entitle her to the eternal gratitude of invalids.

The book is no less remarkable for delicacy of observation and fineness of sympathy. "Apprehension, uncertainty, waiting, expectation, fear of surprise, do a patient more harm than any exertion. Remember, he is face to face with his enemy all the time, internally wrestling with him, having long imaginary conversations with him. You are thinking of something else. Rid him of his adversary quickly is a first rule with the sick." "People who think outside their heads, who tell everything that led them towards this conclusion and away from that, ought never to be with the sick." "A sick person intensely enjoys hearing of any *material* good, any positive or practical success of the right. Do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically—it is like a day's health to him. You have no idea what the craving of the sick, with undiminished power of thinking but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it." The whole chapter, entitled "Chattering Hopes and Advices," from which this last extract is taken, is full of wit and wisdom. It could only have been written as the expression of an understanding mind and a sympathetic heart; just as the following chapter, "Observation of the Sick," with its directions in the finer technique of nursing, could only have come from one of long and varied experience in the practice of it.

Another of Miss Nightingale's characteristics—her taste for epigrammatic and often pungent expression—is conspicuous in *Notes on Nursing*. "Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever; in nine cases out of ten, it is a symptom of bedding." "No *man*, not even a

CHAPTER IV

THE NIGHTINGALE NURSES

(1860-1861)

Life is short and the art of healing is long.—HIPPOCRATES.

“THE value of Hospitals as schools of surgery and medicine is hardly greater than is their usefulness as a training for nurses, and the field is no less large. It is an employment suited to women. There has been an astonishing change in this matter since Miss Nightingale volunteered. This change is perhaps the best fruit the past half century has to show.”¹ So writes one who has devoted laborious years to the “Condition of England question.” If it be as Mr. Charles Booth says, then June 24, 1860, is a memorable day in the history of the nineteenth century²; for it is the day on which the Nightingale Training School for Nurses was opened at St. Thomas’s Hospital.

This School was a direct outcome of Miss Nightingale’s services in the Crimean War. The Nightingale Fund, amounting to £44,000, was a tribute from the British Empire to the Popular Heroine. The capital sum, after defrayment of some expenses, was invested in the name of trustees, and a Council³ was nominated by Miss Nightingale for the administration of the Trusts to enable her to establish “an Institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of Nurses and Hospital attendants.” She intended, as we

¹ *Life and Labour of the People in London*. Final volume, 1903, p. 154.

² The 50th anniversary of the event, not noticed, I think, in England, was celebrated in America: see Vol. II. p. 421.

³ The Council consisted of Mr. Herbert, Mr. Bracebridge, Lord Ellesmere, Sir Joshua Jebb, Sir James Clark, Dr. Bowman, the Dean of Hereford, Sir John McNeill, and Dr. Bence Jones.

resolute will ; for a woman, or a man, may be decisive of speech without being masterful in action ; but with this exception the reviewer was right who said that the book was "enough to explain the success" which Miss Nightingale had attained. The book points even more clearly to one of the main lines on which she was to work in the future. No one could read it without perceiving that nursing, as explained and taught by Miss Nightingale, must be a very delicate, and a very difficult, art. It required a sound mastery of the laws of household hygiene, some knowledge of medicine or surgery, and, above all, an acute and sympathetic faculty of observation. "Merely looking at the sick is not observing." It was obvious that if Miss Nightingale's ideal of nursing was to be realized, the nurse required both training and inspiration. Nursing was an art, and like any other art, "from a shoemaker's to a sculptor's, needed in its votaries the sense of a 'calling,' and then a diligent apprenticeship." The way in which Miss Nightingale translated her precepts into practice is the subject of the next chapter. In *Notes on Nursing*, as in nearly everything that came from her pen, what she wrote had direct reference to action.

In a characteristic appendix to her *Notes on Nursing*, Miss Nightingale discusses "Some Errors in Novels," pointing out, among other things, the untruth of death-bed scenes in works of fiction. "Shakespeare," she says, "is the only author who has ever touched the subject with truth, and his truth is only on the side of art." "The best definition of a Nurse," she wrote elsewhere,¹ "can be found, as always, in Shakespeare." It is in *Cymbeline* that the ideal of a Nightingale nurse was prefigured :—

So kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like.

¹ Reprint from Quain's *Dictionary*, p. 12.

that settled her choice of the place at which to found her Training School. She had naturally been besieged by suggestions from officials of this hospital and of that, of this charity and the other, each urging that his or hers was the one pre-eminently suited to benefactions from the Nightingale Fund. Her choice fell, for the main application of the Fund, upon St. Thomas's Hospital. The Resident Medical Officer, Mr. R. G. Whitfield, was sympathetic. The Hospital was large, rich, and well managed. But, above all, the Matron was a woman after Miss Nightingale's own heart, strong, devoted to her work, devoid of all self-seeking, full of decision and administrative ability. Of this remarkable woman, Mrs. Wardroper, who for twenty-seven years was superintendent of the Nightingale School, Miss Nightingale has left a character-sketch :—

I saw her first in October 1854, when the expedition of nurses was sent to the Crimean War. She had been then nine months matron of the great hospital in London, of which for 33 years she remained head and reformer of the nursing. Training was then unknown; the only nurse worthy of the name that could be given to that expedition, though several were supplied, was a "Sister" who had been pensioned some time before, and who proved invaluable.¹ I saw her next after the conclusion of the Crimean War. She had already made her mark; she had weeded out the inefficient, morally and technically; she had obtained better women as nurses; she had put her finger on some of the most flagrant blots, such as the night nursing, and where she laid her finger the blot was diminished as far as possible, but no training had yet been thought of. . . .

Her power of organization or administration, her courage, and discrimination in character, were alike remarkable. She was straight-forward, true, upright. She was decided. Her judgment of character came by intuition, at a flash, not the result of much weighing and consideration; yet she rarely made a mistake, and she would take the greatest pains in her written delineations of character required for record, writing them again and again in order to be perfectly just, not smart or clever, but they were in excellent language. She was free from self-consciousness; nothing artificial about her. She did nothing, and abstained from nothing, because she was being looked at. Her whole heart and mind, her whole life and strength were in the

¹ This was Mrs. Roberts: see above, pp. 185, 301.

have heard,¹ to found or conduct such an Institution on her own lines, and her first idea had been to become the Superintendent of it herself.

On returning from the East, however, Miss Nightingale was in weak health, and she became absorbed in the large and manifold labours for the British Army which have already been described. She saw no early prospect of strength or time available for the superintendence of a new Institution; she was unwilling that money subscribed for a public purpose should longer lie idle. In March 1858 she wrote in this sense to Mr. Sidney Herbert,² the Chairman of the Council, begging to be relieved from further responsibility in the matter, and asking that the Council should proceed to apply the Fund to such objects as it might deem best. The Council, however, pointed out that the Fund was well invested; that further delay would be partly compensated for by accumulation of resources, and that the contributors were anxious that Miss Nightingale's "mind and intention should animate the work." They, therefore, begged her to postpone a final decision, and to this suggestion she acceded. But Miss Nightingale's labours for the Army continued, and her health did not improve. Her life indeed seemed to her medical advisers to hang upon a slender thread; they thought that she could only live for a few months. She became apprehensive lest death should overtake her before she had impressed her mind and intention upon any application of the Nightingale Fund. In 1859 she set on foot preparations for doing something. A Sub-Committee of the Council was appointed, consisting of Mr. Herbert, Sir John McNeill, Sir James Clark, Dr. Bowman, and Sir Joshua Jebb, with Mr. A. H. Clough as Secretary.

It was obvious to Miss Nightingale that it would be impossible for her, in view of the state of her health, to found an entirely new Institution under her own superintendence. She saw that she must work through existing hospitals and the agency of other persons. It was this latter consideration

¹ Above, p. 269.

² "Your letter strikes me," wrote Mr. Herbert (March 22), "as a little too curt for the occasion." He suggested another form of words to her which she adopted.

II

The essential principles of the scheme were stated by Miss Nightingale to be two: "(1) That nurses should have their technical training in hospitals specially organized for the purpose; (2) That they should live in a home fit to form their moral life and discipline."¹ The scheme was carefully adjusted to these two ends. The pupils served as assistant nurses in the wards of the Hospital. They received instruction from the Sisters and the Resident Medical officer. Other members of the Medical Staff—namely, Dr. Bernays, Dr. Brinton, and Mr. Le Gros Clark—gave lectures. How seriously the pupils were expected to undertake their studies, how strictly their superiors would watch their progress, is shown by the formidable "Monthly Sheet of Personal Character and Acquirements of each Nurse" which Miss Nightingale drew up for the Matron to fill in. The Moral Record was under five heads: punctuality, quietness, trustworthiness, personal neatness and cleanliness, and ward management (or order). The Technical record was under fourteen main heads, some of them with as many as ten or twelve sub-heads: "observation of the sick" was especially detailed in this manner. Against each item of personal character or technical acquirement, the nurse's record was to be marked as Excellent, Good, Moderate, Imperfect, or O. Those who "passed the examiners," as it were, at the end of their year's course, were placed on the Hospital Register as Certificated Nurses. As rewards for good conduct and efficiency, the Council offered gratuities of £5 and £3, according to two classes of efficiency, to all their certificated nurses, on receiving evidence of their having served satisfactorily in a Hospital during one entire year succeeding that of their training. Decidedly Miss Nightingale emphasized the educational side of her new experiment. No public school, university, or other institution ever had so elaborate and exhaustive a system of marks. Equally thorough and scientific are the "General Directions" which the Resident Medical Officer presently drew

¹ *British Medical Journal*, Dec. 31, 1892.

work she had undertaken. She never went a-pleasuring, seldom into society. Yet she was one of the wittiest people one could hear on a summer's day, and had gone a great deal into society in her young unmarried life. She was left a widow at 42 with a young family. She had never had any training in hospital life, there was none to be had. Her force of character was extraordinary. Her word was law. For her thoughts, words and acts were all the same. She moved in one piece. She talked a great deal, but she never wasted herself in talking; she did what she said. Some people substitute words for acts: *she* never. She knew what she wanted, and she did it. She was a strict disciplinarian; very kind, often affectionate, rather than loving. She took such an intense interest in everything, even in things matrons do not generally consider their business, that she never tired. She had great taste and spent her own money for the hospital. She was a thorough gentlewoman, nothing mean or low about her; magnanimous and generous, rather than courteous. And all this was done quietly. . . . She had a hard life, but never proclaimed it. What she did was done silently.¹

Every artist, it has been said, in painting the portrait of a sitter, paints also something of his own portrait. Miss Nightingale's vigorous character-sketch of her "dear Matron" is, I think, a case in point.

After much consultation with Mrs. Wardroper and Mr. Whitfield of St. Thomas's Hospital, and with Sir John McNeill and others outside, Miss Nightingale formulated a scheme. The Committee of her Council met the Governors of the Hospital, and an agreement was arrived at for the foundation of the Nightingale School. The basis of the agreement was that the Hospital was to provide facilities for the training, and the Nightingale Fund to pay the cost, including the payment of the nurses themselves. In May 1860, advertisements were inserted in the public press inviting candidates for admission, and on June 24 fifteen probationers were admitted for a year's training. Thus on a modest scale, but with a vast amount of forethought, was launched the scheme which was destined to found the modern art and practice of nursing.

¹ *British Medical Journal*, Dec. 31, 1892. Mrs. Wardroper retired in 1887, and died in 1892.

III

Such, then, was the scheme which was started on June 24, 1860. Miss Nightingale, confined to her room, was unable to visit the Hospital; but every detail was thought out by her. She took constant counsel from her friend Miss Mary Jones, at King's College Hospital, who gave her valuable suggestions, and she had eyes and ears to serve her everywhere. Her friend Mrs. Bracebridge visited the dormitory, and pronounced it excellent. On the day after the opening, Mrs. Wardroper reported that Dr. Whitfield was as hearty in the cause as herself. They both felt it to be an honour that St. Thomas's had been selected for the experiment, though it was an honour which "would subject them to rather harsh criticism." Outside opinion, however, was favourable. "I must send a few lines," wrote Sir William Bowman (Aug. 25, 1860), "to say how much satisfied I was yesterday with all I saw of your nurses at St. Thomas's. As far as a cursory inspection could go, everything seemed perfect as to order, cleanliness, and propriety of demeanour. Your costume I particularly liked,—I suppose I must not say, admired. Two or three of your probationers whom I spoke to impressed me favourably. They seemed earnest and simple-minded, intelligent and nice-mannered. Altogether the experiment seemed to be working well, considering the difficulties it is being tried under. The 'sisters' I could judge nothing about. Mrs. Wardroper I was much pleased with, and wish she had sole charge without 'mediums.' The dormitory I liked much." A writer in a popular magazine gave a glowing account of the Nightingale School. "The nurses wore a brown dress, and their snowy caps and aprons looked like bits of extra light as they moved cheerfully and noiselessly from bed to bed."¹ Miss Nightingale sent books, prints, maps, and flowers for the nurses' quarters. "I do not for one moment think," wrote Mrs. Wardroper, "that you wish to spoil them by over indulgence, but I very much fear they will sadly miss your considerate kindness when

¹ *St. James's Magazine*, April 1861. The writer was Mrs. S. C. Hall.

up at Miss Nightingale's earnest request, "For the Training of the Probationer Nurses in taking Notes of the Medical and Surgical Cases in Hospitals."

Equal care was taken to ensure Miss Nightingale's second principle. The Hospital was to be a home as well as a school. The upper floor of a new wing of St. Thomas's Hospital was fitted up for the accommodation of the pupils, so as to provide a separate bedroom for each, a common sitting-room, and two rooms for the Sister in charge of them. No pupil was admitted without a testimonial of good character. Their board, lodging, washing, and uniform were provided by the Fund. They were given £10 for their personal expenses. The chaplain addressed them twice a week. They were placed under the direct authority of the Matron, whose discipline (as will have been gathered from Miss Nightingale's character-sketch) was strict. The least flightiness was reprimanded, and any pronounced flirtation was visited with the last penalty. "Although," wrote the Matron to Miss Nightingale, with regard to one probationer, "I have not the smallest reason to doubt the correctness of her moral character, her manner, nevertheless, is objectionable, and she uses her eyes unpleasantly; as her years increase, this failing—an unfortunate one—may possibly decrease." A girl who was detected in daily correspondence, and in "walking out," with a medical student was dismissed. The nurses were only allowed to go out two together. "Of course we part as soon as we get to the corner," said one of them at a later time.

When the probationers had finished their training, they were expected to enter into service as hospital nurses, or in such other situations in public institutions as through the Council or otherwise might be offered to them. It was not intended that they should enter upon private nursing. This was an important point in Miss Nightingale's scheme. She had it in her mind from the first that her Training School should in its turn be the means of training elsewhere. She wanted to sow an acorn which might in course of time produce a forest.

Crimea, had been inclined to serve. The nursing at King's College Hospital was undertaken by nurses trained at the St. John's House—an institution which had furnished a contingent to Miss Nightingale's Crimean expedition. The nature of the experiment was explained by Miss Nightingale in a letter to Miss Harriet Martineau (Sept. 24, 1861):—

They are to be persons selected by country parishes between 26 and 35 years of age, of good health and good character, to follow a course of *not less* than 6 months' practical training, and to conform to all the rules of St. John's House which nurses at King's College Hospital. No further obligation is imposed upon them by us. They are supposed to return to their parishes and continue their avocation there. I am sorry that we shall be obliged to require a weekly sum for the board which will be merely the cost price—not less than 8s. or more than 9s. a week. Our funds do not permit us, at least at first, to do this cost free. For (the Hospital being very poor) we have had to furnish the Maternity Ward and are to maintain the Lying-in beds. In fact, we establish this branch of the Hospital which did not exist before. The women will be taught their business by the Physician-Accoucheurs themselves, who have most generously entered, heart and soul, into the plan, at the bed-side of the Lying-in patients in this ward, the entrance to which is forbidden to the men-students. And they will also deliver poor women at their own homes, out-patients of the Hospital. The Head Nurse of the Ward, who is paid by us, will be an experienced midwife, so that the pupil-Nurses will never be left to their own devices. They will be entirely under the Lady Superintendent—certainly the best moral trainer of women I know. They will be lodged *in* the Hospital, close to her. If I had a young sister, I should gladly send her to this school—so sure am I of its moral goodness; which I mention, because I know poor mothers are quite as particular as rich ones, not merely as to the morality but as to the prosperity of their daughters. In nearly every country but our own there is a Government School for Midwives. I trust that our School may lead the way towards supplying a want long felt in England. Here we experiment; and if we succeed, we are sure of getting candidates. I am not sure this is not the best way.

The quiet beginning and the principle that nothing second-best is good enough for the people are very characteristic.

they go from us." Already (Jan. 1861), the Matron was receiving applications from country hospitals for nurses to be sent after the year's training. Miss Nightingale's demand for detailed information was almost insatiable. Even the Monthly Report, with all its amplitude of heads and sub-heads, was not enough. Mrs. Wardroper supplemented it by private reports. Miss Nightingale suggested to her that she should encourage the nurses to keep diaries which might afterwards be inspected. "I am very pleased," wrote Mrs. Wardroper, after two or three years' trial (Jan. 11, 1863), "that you approve of the diaries, and I am sure your approbation will stimulate them to increased perseverance." When Miss Nightingale detected bad spelling, a probationer was given dictation lessons. Miss Terrot, a friend of Miss Nightingale, obtained admission to the Hospital as a supernumerary, and supplemented the Matron's reports. "I am sorry," she wrote in one of many letters, "that the Probationers have lately been disposed to quarrel among themselves; I suppose where women live together, there will be jealousies and dislikes." Are sets and cliques and dislikes unknown where men live together? The first year's working of the experiment augured well, however, for the success of the scheme. All the probationers who completed their course (13 out of the 15) expressed their gratitude for the benefits they had received. Six were admitted as full nurses in St. Thomas's Hospital. Two were appointed nurses in Poor Law Infirmarys, and applications were under consideration for the placing of others.¹ The seed had been sown on good ground.

IV

A little later, Miss Nightingale applied a portion of the Fund to another purpose, which she had much at heart. This was the training of midwives for service among the poor. Here, again, she worked through an existing institution, and by the agency of a woman already known to her. The Hospital selected for this experiment was that of King's College, where Miss Nightingale herself, before her call to the

¹ *Report of the Committee of the Council of the Nightingale Fund for the year ending June 24, 1861.*

ment.”¹ Nor was the influence of her scheme confined to the Anglo-Saxon world. In Germany, in France, in Austria, and in other countries, the training of nurses similarly followed Miss Nightingale’s lead. Thus did the seed which Florence Nightingale transplanted from Kaiserswerth grow up in other soil and with different development into a mighty tree with many branches.

In these days, when all our great hospitals have their training schools for nurses, when the tendency is towards increasing the requirements beyond the standard described in this chapter, and when nursing has become a highly organized profession, it requires some effort to realize how novel, and even how daring, was the work of the founder of modern nursing. Just as a Colonel of the old school helped us to understand the difficulties of Miss Nightingale’s experiment in the Crimean War, so a Surgeon of the old school wrote a little book which is invaluable in helping us to realize the novelty of her experiment in St. Thomas’s Hospital. This is the book by Mr. South, to which I have already referred. He was of the highest distinction in his profession; Hunterian orator and twice President of the College of Surgeons. He was also Senior Surgeon at St. Thomas’s Hospital, a fact which perhaps explains Mrs. Wardroper’s anticipation of “rather harsh criticism”; for Mr. South was strongly, and even bitterly, opposed to the whole idea of the Nightingale Fund, and of any new provision for the training of nurses. He was “not at all disposed to allow that the nursing establishments of our hospitals are inefficient, or that they are likely to be improved by any special institution for training.” He believed that the nursing at St. Thomas’s was good (as indeed in many respects it was), and he did not perceive that what the Nightingale Fund had in view was to raise the general level, and to send out from St. Thomas’s trained nurses, who in their turn would train other nurses elsewhere. Perhaps, if he had perceived this, he would have regarded it as superfluous. His point of view was that of the man who finds the world very well as it is. I have cited the pleasure with which certain army doctors in the East found in the fact that few

¹ *History of Nursing*, vol. ii. p. 184.

V

The experiment at King's College Hospital, which began in October 1861, had to be abandoned after six years' successful working owing to an epidemic of puerperal fever in the wards; but that at St. Thomas's flourishes to this day on an enlarged scale, and throughout Miss Nightingale's active years occupied a constant share of her thoughts and personal attention. From 1872 onwards she wrote, as we shall hear later, a New Year's Address, whenever health and time permitted, to the Nightingale Nurses, constantly inculcating high ideals, and giving personal inspiration to the order which bore her name. Every year as it passed carried into wider circles her scheme of affording to women desirous of working as hospital nurses the means of obtaining a practical and scientific training, and of raising by degrees the standard of education and character among nurses as a class. From year to year the other hospitals were assisted from the mother school with trained superintendents and staff, and new centres were formed with the same objects,¹ and it may well be said that the seed thus sown by Miss Nightingale through the means of the Fund has been mainly instrumental in raising the calling of nurses to the position it now holds. So said the Council of the Fund in their Report for the year in which Miss Nightingale died; and the facts collected in histories of modern nursing fully bear out their statement. In many cases Nightingale nurses were sent out in groups, as we shall hear in a later chapter, to initiate reform in other institutions. In the British Colonies and the United States the "Nightingale power" worked in a similar way. Colonial hospitals went to the Nightingale School for their superintendents. "Miss Alice Fisher, who regenerated Blockley Hospital (Philadelphia), was a Nightingale nurse, and Miss Linda Richards, the pioneer nurse of the United States, enjoyed the advantage of post-graduate work in St. Thomas's, and of Miss Nightingale's personal kindly interest and encourage-

¹ On April 11, 1861, Sir James Paget wrote to Miss Nightingale begging her to send him a scheme as "Bartholomew's is beginning to consider the training of nurses."

CHAPTER V

THE RELIGIOUS SANCTION: "SUGGESTIONS FOR THOUGHT"

(1860)

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. CLOUGH.

THE life and work of Miss Nightingale, as described in the foregoing chapters of this Memoir, were such as were unlikely to have proceeded from any one who was not possessed by some strong spiritual impulse. It was a life devoted to work, and in that work she sought and found herself. Yet from what is ordinarily called "self-seeking" her work was conspicuously free. The body was so weak that the wonder is how a woman in delicate health was able to perform so much of what Sidney Herbert called "a man's work" in the world. She was supported, sustained, inspired by great spiritual force and energy, which drove her to seek self-satisfaction in a dedicated life of work, and which in its turn found expression in a form of religion, independently attained and intensely held.

In a previous chapter I have traced the development of Miss Nightingale's religious views during her earlier years, and have shown how they broadened out into a tolerance which took more account of deeds than of creeds. But, as was there said, she was interested in creeds also.¹ Her nature was profoundly religious, and she had a mind as apt for speculative as for practical thought. Her critical spirit

¹ Above, p. 57.

of their colleagues had subscribed to the Nightingale Fund. Mr. South found similar satisfaction in scanning the subscription list at home. "That this proposed hospital nurse-training scheme has not met with the approbation or support of the medical profession is," he wrote, "beyond doubt. The very small number of medical men whose names appear in the enormous list of subscribers to the fund cannot have passed unnoticed. Only three physicians and one surgeon from one (London) hospital, and one physician from a second, are found among the supporters." Miss Nightingale's nursing work had the support of some leading doctors, but I suppose we must take Mr. South's word for it that the medical profession as a whole was unsympathetic or hostile towards reforms which in a later generation received general approbation. The doctors do not stand alone among the professions in a tendency to oppose reforms. The hostility of lawyers to legal reform is almost proverbial; and as for the politicians, one-half of them is professionally engaged in predicting dire results from reforms introduced by the other half. And so it continues until the paradoxes of one generation become the commonplaces of the next.

But if the course of political and social progress is strewn with the wrecks of predictions of ruin, neither is it free from the disillusionments of reformers. Fears may be liars, but hopes are sometimes dupes. Miss Nightingale, as the founder of modern nursing, achieved great and beneficent results, but she lived to experience some disappointments. Her standard was so high that she was more conscious of shortcoming than of achievement. We shall perhaps better understand her mind when we pass, in the next chapter, to consider the religious sanction and the ideal of human perfectibility which she had worked out for herself in the world of thought, and which inspired her efforts in the world of action.

be praying, perhaps that the money might be taken out of *his* pocket and put into *theirs*." She rewrote some of what had been written six or seven years before ; and she added a great deal more. Towards the end of 1859 she began printing it. In the following year the whole was in type, and a very few copies were struck off. This book, entitled *Suggestions for Thought*, is in three volumes, comprising in all 829 large octavo pages. It was never published by her. It has with conspicuous merits equally conspicuous defects. The merits are of the substance ; the defects are of form and arrangement ; but Miss Nightingale never found time or strength or inclination—I know not which or how many of the three were wanting—to remove the defects by recasting the book. Unpublished, therefore, it is likely, I suppose, to remain. But as it stands it is a remarkable work. No one, indeed, could read it without being impressed by the powerful mind, the spiritual force, and (with some qualifications) the literary ability of the writer. If she had not during her more active years been absorbed in practical affairs, or if at a later time her energy or inclination had not been impaired by ill-health, Miss Nightingale might have attained a place among the philosophical writers of the nineteenth century.

II

In 1860, at the time when Miss Nightingale put her *Suggestions for Thought* into type, she was half-inclined to publish the work. She consulted some of her intimate friends on the point. She also submitted the manuscript to two famous men, than whom none were better qualified to give a just opinion—John Stuart Mill and Benjamin Jowett. With Mr. Mill she was not personally acquainted, and she sought an introduction through her friend Mr. Chadwick. By way of breaking the ground, he sent to Mill a copy of *Notes on Nursing*. Mill promised to read the book immediately, though (he added) " I do not need it to enable me to share the admiration which is felt towards Miss Nightingale more universally I should imagine than towards any other living person." This expression must have pleased her, for she was a diligent reader and (with

had detected weak places, as she deemed them, in the creed alike of Protestants and of Catholics. The precise and practical bent of her mind could not be satisfied until she had found for the feelings of her heart some more logical basis. She was thus driven forward to that reconstruction of her religious creed, to which passing reference has already been made. At the beginning of her diary for 1853, on a page placed opposite January for "Memoranda from 1852," there is this entry: "The last day of the old year. I am so glad this year is over. Nevertheless it has not been wasted, I trust. I have remodelled my whole religious belief from beginning to end. I have learnt to know God. I have recast my social belief; have them both written for use, when my hour is come." This entry refers to the manuscripts called respectively "Religion" and "Novel" in a letter of 1852, already cited.¹ The manuscripts, after being read by one or two friends, remained for some years in Miss Nightingale's desk, though during that period of strenuous activity in the world of deeds the subject-matter, we may be sure, often occupied her thoughts. In 1858 and 1859 she took up the manuscripts again. The companionship of Arthur Hugh Clough, who at this time was much with her, was doubtless one of the causes which led to an active resumption of her theological speculations. She was rereading Mill's *Logic* and reading Edgar Quinet's *Histoire de mes idées*. Mr. Clough's notes of conversation with her show how much she was indebted in her speculations to Mill. "Quinet and J. S. Mill," wrote Mr. Clough (March 2, 1859), "seemed, she said, the two men who had the true belief about God's laws. She referred in particular to two chapters in Mill's *Logic* about Free Will and Necessity, which seemed to her to be the beginning of the true religious belief. The excellence of God, she said, is that He is inexorable. If He were to be changed by people's praying, we should be at the mercy of who prayed to Him. It reminded her, she said, of what old James Martin said some years ago when she saw him—that he didn't like having dissenters praying—he liked to have the prayers all set down and arranged: he didn't know what people mightn't

¹ Above, p. 119.

of the earlier letters of a long series (April 6, 1861), "for the 'Stuff,' to which I shall venture to add the epithet 'precious.'" He thought as highly of the book as did Mr. Mill, though in a different way. And he, too, in addition to long letters of general discussion suggested by the book, annotated it in detail. His annotations are most voluminous and careful. They are admirable in criticism, and from them alone a reader, not otherwise acquainted with Mr. Jowett's work, might form a tolerably accurate idea of his character and modes of thought. The proof copy of "The Stuff," with Mr. Jowett's annotations, was one of Miss Nightingale's most cherished possessions. I shall refer to some of the detailed criticisms later. "I have ventured," he said, "to put down the criticisms which occur to me quite baldly; they must not be supposed to be inconsistent with the greatest respect for the mind and genius of the writer." The criticisms were many, and often far-reaching; but no less frequent are expressions such as "Very good," "Very fine and noble."

On the immediate question, To publish or not to publish? Mr. Mill and Mr. Jowett gave what might at first sight appear to be very different advice. Mr. Mill, after reading the first instalment of the book, said: "If any part of your object in sending it was to know my opinion as to the desirableness of its being published, I have no difficulty in giving it strongly in the affirmative"; and in his next letter he said: "If when I had only read the first volume I was very desirous that it should be published, I am much more so after reading the second." Mr. Jowett, on the other hand, was against publication. It is presumptuous, I fear, to pose as a Court of Appeal between two such judges, but I will hazard the opinion that Mr. Jowett's was the better advice. And this is not quite so presumptuous as it may seem, for the fact is that, though Mr. Mill wanted to see the book published, he would also have been glad to see it recast. And, similarly, Mr. Jowett, though he urged that the book must be recast, was very anxious that it should ultimately be published. "I should be very sorry," he wrote at the end, "if the greater part of this book did not in some form see the light. I have been greatly struck by reading it, and I am sure it

some differences of opinion) a warm admirer of Mill's books. Being thus assured of his good will, and being further informed through Mr. Chadwick that no formal introduction was necessary if Miss Nightingale conceived that Mr. Mill could be of any service to her, she sent him a copy of the *Suggestions*, or rather, of a portion of them. He read it, and was greatly interested; so much so that, in addition to sending her a letter of general criticism, he was at the pains to annotate it in the margin. He hoped that he might be allowed to see the remainder. A perusal of this increased his high opinion. "I have seldom felt less inclined to criticize," he said, "than in reading this book." But one or two criticisms he did offer—"for your consideration," he said, "and not as pretending to lay down the law on the subject to any one, much less to you";¹ and he invited further correspondence. Miss Nightingale's essays remained in his mind, for in a famous book, published nine years later, he introduced an allusion to them.²

To Mr. Jowett, Miss Nightingale was introduced by Mr. Clough, who had asked him to read some of the *Suggestions*. "It seemed to me," he said to Mr. Clough, after reading it, "as if I had received the impress of a new mind."³ His interest in such philanthropic efforts as those connected with the name of Florence Nightingale is reflected in a passage in the famous "Essay on Interpretation,"⁴ and he must have been the more interested in the *Suggestions* when Mr. Clough told him that she was the author, and asked him to write to her about them. Her name for the book in familiar letters was the "Stuff," by which name also it is spoken of in her Will. "I write to thank you," said Mr. Jowett in one

¹ Mill's two letters on *Suggestions for Thought* are those printed, as "To a Correspondent," at vol. i. pp. 238-242 of the *Letters of John Stuart Mill* (1910).

² *The Subjection of Women*, chap. iii. p. 144: "A celebrated woman in a work which I hope will some day be published, remarks truly that everything a woman does is done at odd times." A good deal of Mill's treatment of this branch of his subject recalls Miss Nightingale's *Suggestions*.

³ *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, by Abbott and Campbell, vol. i. p. 270.

⁴ "And there may be some tender and delicate woman among us, who feels that she has a Divine vocation to fulfil the most repulsive offices towards the dying inmates of a hospital, or the soldier perishing in a foreign land" (*Essays and Reviews*, 1860).

her *Notes on the Army*. "I consider them deficient," wrote Sir John McNeill (Nov. 18, 1858), "in a certain form of artistical skill or art, and chargeable with frequent repetitions, but I confess that these deficiencies constitute to my mind some of their greatest charms. They give to the whole the most unmistakable stamp of earnestness and truth—such as no reader of ordinary perception can doubt. They must, I think, in every class of mind produce the conviction that you were exclusively occupied with the good you might do, and not at all with your reputation as an artist." This apology is perfectly valid in relation to the particular work in question, and Sir John might have added another. The *Notes on the Army* were a series of reports, of which indeed the whole should have been read consecutively by the Secretary of State, but each of which referred to a different branch of the War Department. But the case is different when we pass to a philosophic treatise which is addressed to thinkers. Some of the lack of sustained coherence in Miss Nightingale's *Suggestions for Thought*, and many of its repetitions, may be referred to the method of composition. Different chapters were written at different times. But when she thought of publishing it, she did not care to correct those defects. Why was this? The explanation is to be found, I think, partly in a view which she had come to hold of the literary art, and partly in a certain impetuosity of temper. She had put literary pursuits away from her as a vain temptation. She cared for writing only as a means to action, and she could not see that literary form is of the essence of the matter if writing is to influence current thought on difficult subjects. Infinitely laborious, again, when action was in sight, and capable of infinite patience when she saw the need, she was content to throw out her thoughts careless of the form. There is a complete and consistent scheme underlying her *Suggestions*; it was ever present in her own mind; and she could not be troubled to pare and prune, to revise and recast, in the interests of what she despised as mere artistry. *Non omnia possumus*. Those who are capable of completion in one field are often impatient of it in another. Ruskin, so careful of finish in his literary craftsmanship, was

would similarly affect others. Many sparks will blaze up in people's minds from it." "In point of arrangement, indeed," wrote Mr. Mill, "of condensation, and of giving, as it were, a keen edge to the argument, it would have much benefited by the recasting which you have been prevented from giving it by a cause on all other accounts so much to be lamented. This, however, applies more to the general mode of laying out the argument than to the details." Mr. Mill put admirably in these two sentences points which Mr. Jowett over and over again explained and illustrated, with the utmost care, in his detailed annotations, and they are points which must strike every reader of Miss Nightingale's book. The repetitions are tiresome, nay almost intolerable, to any one who reads a considerable portion of it consecutively, and Miss Nightingale, in a later letter to Madame Mohl, says that she could not read the book herself. The argument in isolated passages, and sometimes in particular chapters, is closely knit, but in the book taken as a whole it often loses itself in digressions, and there is a lack of any consistent *ordo concatenatioque rerum*. The book is as remarkable for literary felicities in detail as it is deficient in the art of literary arrangement.

Some consideration of this point will serve to illustrate an aspect of Miss Nightingale's character. The defect which Mr. Mill and Mr. Jowett saw in her *Suggestions for Thought* might seem to be among the last to be expected in her. Her mind was singularly methodical and orderly; this was one of the essential characteristics of her work as an administrator and a reformer. In this very book the characteristic appears, though in a somewhat superficial form. Each volume is prefaced by an elaborate "Digest," with many divisions and subdivisions. Yet the fact remains that the appearance of close method does not correspond with any similarly close arrangement of the material. It may be said that the subject-matter is less tractable by methodic heads and sub-heads than the organization of a department or the arrangement of a hospital. And that is true; but it is worth noting that something of the same criticism that was made by Mr. Mill and Mr. Jowett upon Miss Nightingale's *Suggestions for Thought* was made by another able man upon

religious thought if they were presented in too combative and revolutionary a form. One passage, though not among those to which Mr. Jowett more particularly objected, will serve to illustrate his point of view. I select it because it is characteristic of the writer's humour. It is from a section entitled "John Bull and his Church":—"John Bull will have plenty for his money. He will have his services long, till he is quite tired, that he may have his money's worth; like his concerts, plenty in them; no cheating; till he goes home yawning. So he has his confession, lumping all his sins together, and then his absolution, and then his praise, and then his Litany, asking for every imaginable thing, and ending with asking God for 'mercy on *all* men,' lest he should have left out anything, till there does not remain to God the smallest choice or judgment; and then his sermon—a long one—three services in one,—that he may not have put on his best clothes nor paid all his tithes for nothing." No person blessed with any sense of humour is likely to find this passage offensive; but Mr. Jowett objected to it because it is not historically true. "J. B. had a Church and Liturgy made for him by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and human nature in Churches is conservative." And generally Mr. Jowett asked Miss Nightingale "not to find fault with the times or with anybody, but to endeavour out of the elements that exist to reconstruct religion." Theology is a progressive science. Each age adds something to the idea of God. Let Miss Nightingale seek to win converts by leading them gently by the hand, not, as it were, by knocking them upon the head. She had peculiar advantages for doing this. Let her be very careful not to throw them away. So did Mr. Jowett reason with her. The point is put in innumerable forms; but this paragraph from a letter already mentioned (Nov. 17, 1861) will serve as a type: "I should not much care if only a comparatively small part of your work is finished. Its greatest value will be that it comes from you who worked in the Crimea. Shall I say one odd and perhaps rather impertinent thing? You have a great advantage in writing on these subjects as a Woman. Do not throw it away, but use the advantage to the utmost. In writing against the World ('Athanasia

asked why he so seldom finished his drawings "to the edges." "Oh," he replied, "I can't be bothered to do the tailoring." Mr. Jowett urged Miss Nightingale in one of his letters (Nov. 17, 1861) to devote time and trouble to improving the form of her *Suggestions*: "No one can get the form in which it is necessary to put forth new ideas without great labour and thought and tact. It takes years after ideas are clear in your own mind to mould them into a shape intelligible to others." Miss Nightingale's answer to Mr. Jowett is not in existence; but I imagine that it was to the effect that she had no time for the tailoring.

III

The difference in the advice given by Mr. Mill and Mr. Jowett respectively went deeper, however, than to the question of form. And here again a consideration of the point will throw light on Miss Nightingale's character. The book was ostensibly one of Reconstruction; it was in fact very largely one of Revolt. The First and the Third Volumes are a philosophical exposition of her creed—"Law, as the basis of a New Theology." The Second, devoted to "Practical Deductions," is a criticism of the religion and social life of her day. The criticism, under both heads, is scathing and full of touches of her characteristically caustic humour. This second volume includes a full discussion of the position of women, and a plea for their emancipation from many of the restrictions of the time. It is easy to see how much of this appealed strongly to Mr. Mill, and why he deemed its publication desirable. And it is equally easy to understand that much of it offended Mr. Jowett, and why he deemed revision essential. I shall not presume on this point to decide between her counsellors. As her biographer, I content myself with recording that the plea for moderation, for conciliation, for suavity which Mr. Jowett urged in scores of marginalia and in dozens of letters seems to have prevailed. The essence of the plea was that the new should as far as possible be grafted upon the old; it was a plea for accommodation. Miss Nightingale had ideas which were of real value, but they would not avail to modify and purify

was addressed, on the title-page and by a dedication, to "The Artizans of England." Mr. Jowett criticized this restricted appeal. "A book cannot be written," he said, "for the Artizans separated from the Educated classes; it must embrace them both. There is one intellectual world with common ideas, and the more permanent part of that is the world of the higher classes. Therefore I would urge you not to write for the Artizans, but to write for everybody." And Mr. Mill had written: "There is much in the work which is calculated to do great good to many persons besides the artizans to whom it is more especially addressed." There was some force too (especially in regard to the more abstract argument of the first and third volumes) in what M. Mohl said, "that she had set out to give the working classes a religion, and that she gave them a philosophy instead." The address of the book to Artizans became palpably untenable when Miss Nightingale passed in the second, and longest, volume to "Practical Deductions," and to a criticism of life as lived among "the upper ten." Her sense of humour perceived the incongruity, and the second and third volumes were addressed generally "To Searchers after Religious Truth." The address "to Artizans" is only significant as illustrating a phase of Miss Nightingale's interests. The essential significance of the book in the story of her life is the revelation which it gives of her own mind in its search after truth, and of the conclusions in which she ultimately found support.

I have been much struck in reading the book by the number of illustrations which Miss Nightingale draws from nursing, medicine, and administration. It may be said, I think, that the line of speculation followed in her *Suggestions for Thought* was the result of reflection upon those data by a mind which was at once intensely spiritual and severely logical. We come very near to the root of the thing in her mind in this passage of tender and yet humorous autobiography:—

When I was young, I could not understand what people meant by "their thoughts wandering in prayer." I asked for what I really wished, and really wished for what I asked. And my thoughts wandered no more than those of a mother would

contra mundum'), every feeling, every sympathy should be made an ally, so that with the clearest statement of the meaning there is the least friction and drawback possible." Whether it was Mr. Jowett's criticism that alone or mainly caused Miss Nightingale to abandon the idea of publishing her *Suggestions for Thought*, I do not know.¹ But two things may be said. Only once, so far as I have traced, did she take the world at all into her confidence on the subject of her religious beliefs. It was twelve years later, in some articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, to which we shall come in due course. In those articles the fundamental doctrines of the *Suggestions for Thought* are contained, but they are stated in a manner and a temper which show that she had given heed to the "mild wisdom" of Mr. Jowett. The other thing that may be said is that for Mr. Jowett personally Miss Nightingale felt from the first a high regard. At the time with which we are now concerned, they knew each other by correspondence only, though, of course, Mr. Clough would have had much to tell her of his friend. "I do so like Mr. Jowett," she wrote at this time to a friend. And at the same time Mr. Jowett wrote to her: "I reckon you (if I may do so) among unseen friends." Presently they met; the friendship ripened, and remained firm to the end.

IV

Miss Nightingale, then, in addition to her other activities, is to be reckoned among the strenuous Seekers after Truth in religion and philosophy. The *Suggestions* had their immediate origin, as I have explained already,² in a desire to meet by some positive reconstruction the negative "free-thinking" among the working-classes, and the first volume

¹ In some testamentary instructions, made early in 1862, she expressed a desire that the "stuff" should be "revised and arranged according to the hints of Mr. Jowett and Mr. Mill, but without altering the spirit according to their principles with which I entirely disagree. But he who would have done this is gone"—doubtless a reference to Mr. Clough. In 1865 she asked Mr. Jowett himself if he would edit the "stuff" for her. But he remained of his former opinion that it required to be recast entirely: it was, he said (April 24), "rather the preparation or materials of a book than a book itself."

² Above, p. 119.

Belief, and showed that any true explanation of the term throws us back on the nature of the object of belief. The supreme object of belief we call God. But in different ages men have meant very different things by God. There is the Savage idea of God, the Hindoo, the Greek, the Israelite, and so forth; and there is the Christian idea, which again is widely different according to the patristic or theological notions, and according to the popular one. This last required to be exalted and purified. The true idea of God, which is alone reconcilable with the deepest morality and with the widest contemplation of nature and history and the world is the idea, not of an individual swayed by likings and personalities, but of an Universal Being who is Law.

The laws of God were, she held, discoverable by experience, research, and analysis; or, as she sometimes put it, the *character* of God was ascertainable, though His *essence* might remain a mystery. The laws of God were the laws of life, and these were ascertainable by careful, and especially by statistical, inquiry. This is what I meant by saying in an earlier chapter that Miss Nightingale regarded the study of statistics with something of religious reverence. Statistics compiled by meteorologists have shown, she says in the *Suggestions*, that storms can be foreseen. When a ship goes down in an "unforeseen" gale, "Do we say, 'How could God permit such a dreadful calamity as the loss of all hands on board? The devil must have done it.' No. We say, 'Study the signs of approaching gales, and you will *not* be lost.' Is it not the same with moral evil, the laws of which are just as *calculable*?" A copy of Quetelet's book, already mentioned, had been presented to her "with the author's homage, respect, and affection." She often spoke of the Belgian statistician in similar terms. His book was in her eyes a religious work—a revelation of the Will of God. In her annotated copy she enlarged the title. The book was not merely an *Essai de physique sociale*. It exhibited "The sense of Infinite power, The assurances of solid Certainty, and The endless vista of Improvement from the Principles of *Physique sociale*, if only found possible to apply on occasions when it is so much wanted." A very large "if," many will say; as in effect her father constantly said in written

wander, who was supplicating her Sovereign for her son's reprieve from execution. . . . I liked the morning service much better than the afternoon, because we asked for more things. . . . I was always miserable if I was not at church when the Litany was said. How ill-natured it is, if you believe in prayer, not to ask for everybody what they want. . . . I well remember when an uncle died, the care I took, on behalf of my aunt and cousins, to be always present in spirit at the petition for "the fatherless children and widows"; and when Gonfalonieri was in the Austrian prison of Spielberg, at that for "prisoners and captives." My conscience pricked me a little whether this should extend to those who were in prison for murder and debt, but I supposed that I might pray for them spiritually. I could not pray for George IV. I thought the people very good who prayed for him, and wondered whether he could have been much worse if he had not been prayed for. William IV. I prayed for a little. But when Victoria came to the throne, I prayed for her in a rapture of feeling and my thoughts never wandered.

To this simple faith of youth, experience succeeded. A patient might pray for sleep, but laudanum was more efficacious. What was the use of praying to be delivered from "plague and pestilence" so long as the common sewers were still allowed to run into the Thames? If God sent a visitation of cholera, which was the more probable reading of His mind—that He sent it in order that men might pray to Him for relief from it, or in order that they should themselves set about removing the predisposing causes? Miss Nightingale's conclusion was that if there be a Plan in the universe, the Plan must be other than what the popular religion of the day, logically interpreted, implies. "God's scheme for us," she inferred, "was not that He should give us what we asked for, but that mankind should obtain it for mankind."

This was the germ from which Miss Nightingale's philosophy of religion was developed. She had read much in metaphysics and in theology; she had reasoned long with herself

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

She reasoned long, but did not feel herself "in wandering mazes lost." She began with considering the nature of

It seemed to her to contain a lofty conception of God ; to justify His ways to men ; to explain the supposed war between Free Will and Necessity. Her views on some of these high matters will perhaps be made clearer by the letter of explanation which she wrote to her father in sending him a copy of some of her " Stuff " :—

OLD BURLINGTON STREET, *July 6* [1859]. DEAR PAPA—I shall be so pleased to send you some of my " works," as you are so good as to wish to read them. I have asked Aunt Mai to send you the shortest [a portion of vol. i.]. I think the subject is this : Granted that we see signs of *universal* law all over this world, *i.e.* law or plan or constant sequences in the moral and intellectual as well as physical phenomena of the world—granted this, we must, in this universal law, find the traces of a Being who made it, and what is more of the *character* of the Being who made it. If we stop at the superficial signs, the Being is something so bad as no human character can be found to equal in badness, and certainly all the beings He has made are better than Himself. But go deeper and see wider, and it appears as if this plan of *universal* law were the only one by which a good Being could teach His creatures to teach themselves and one another what the road is to universal perfection. And this we shall acknowledge is the only way for any educator, whether human or divine, to act—*viz.* to teach men to teach themselves and each other. If we could not *depend* upon God, *i.e.* if this sequence were not *always* to be calculated upon in moral as well as in physical things—if He were to have caprices (by some called *grace*, by others *answers to prayer*, etc.), there would be no order in creation to depend upon. There would be chaos. And the only way by which man can have Free Will, *i.e.* can learn to govern his own will, to have what will he thinks *right* (which is having his will free), is to have universal Order or Law (by some miscalled Necessity). I put this thus brusquely because philosophers have generally said that Necessity and Free Will are incompatible. It seems to have appeared to God that Law is the only way, on the contrary, to *give* man his free will. And this I have attempted to prove. And further that this is the only plan a perfectly good omnipotent Being could pursue. . . . Ever, dear Papa, your loving child, F. N.

I need not enter into the fundamental difficulty which Mr. Mill found in this last assumption, nor into the difficulties which Mr. Jowett pointed out, in a series of letters, in Miss Nightingale's reconciliation of Free Will and Necessity.

discussions with her on these subjects. But her reply was always the same. The greater the difficulty, the more the need for serious study. With the concentrated study of mankind upon the problem, the answer would be found. "Truth is so," said her friend. "Truth is not what one troweth," said she, and there was no phrase oftener on her lips in serious conversation.

She went on to develop this idea of God as Law in relation to human fate, and to those problems of "free will and necessity," which Milton thought to be inscrutable mysteries, and around which metaphysicians and logicians have for ages disputed. She found her ultimate solution in a hypothesis which Mr. Mill told her that he had at one time tried but abandoned—the hypothesis of "a Being who, willing only good, leaves evil in the world solely in order to stimulate human faculties by an unremitting struggle against every form of it"; a Perfect Being who created a Perfectible one, and so ordered the world that its course should be a constant struggle towards perfection. Miss Nightingale did not blink the fact that her hypothesis left mysteries unexplained. The finite cannot apprehend the Infinite. "We cannot," she wrote, "understand the existence of God willing laws. We cannot understand the Perfect Being. All this appears to me exactly what we ought to allow to be a mystery."¹ But she held with Bossuet that *il ne faut pas confondre la question de la nature de Dieu avec celle des rapports de Dieu et du monde*. "We ought," she continued, "with all our mights to learn the perfections, not to understand the Perfect—to study His character and His laws, not His essence, or how He lives willing His laws. It is evident that creation is a mystery, but God's end and object (in creating) need not be a mystery. Everybody tells us that the existence of evil is incomprehensible, whereas I believe it is much more difficult—it is impossible—to conceive the existence of God (or even of a good man) *without* evil." Good and evil are relative terms, and neither is intelligible without the other.

Without supposing, then, that she had solved the ultimate riddle of the universe, Miss Nightingale had hold of an hypothesis which solved for her many of the mediate riddles.

¹ From a letter to her father.

being." So Miss Nightingale intensely thought; and, therefore, the idea of God as Universal Law, willing human perfection, gave her even greater security than is put forward in the lines from Clough which I have placed at the head of this chapter. She quoted them herself, but added, "Yes; but Truth is so that 'I' shall *not* perish."

Her speculations gave her a basis, further, for understanding what is meant by a philosophy of history:—

(*Miss Nightingale to her Father.*) HAMPSTEAD, Oct. 24 [1861]. (Seven years this very day since I began "the fight" for the Army.) I think Dicey's Cavour and Monckton Milnes's Tocqueville in the *Quarterly*¹ the two most masterly sketches of a true Statesman I have read for some time. Cavour's death was heroic—in the prime of his glory and success—working to the last. But I am not sure that there is not something more heroic and more pathetic in Tocqueville's, broken-hearted, but not in despair, faithful to the end of the "good fight"—*lost*, although fought so well. People call him narrow—*i.e.* people who are so wide that they can do nothing themselves. The unheroic tone of the teachers of the present day is bad; as when excellent Jowett says that in these days, only "exceptional" cases can fight the good fight. Is not this the reason why these cases *are* exceptional? And was there ever an age in so much need of heroism?

Most just is the praise to Tocqueville of imitating God in his statesmanship—in reconciling Man's Free Will and God's Law—the only mode in which God or statesman can govern. But he is unfair to himself when he says he will not "play the part of Providence." He *did*, as far as he could. He is untrue to himself in saying how little we can ever find out of the Laws of History. Undoubtedly we have as yet found out hardly anything. (I suppose Buckle has some of the crudest generalizations extant.) But, did we study history as much as physical science, would this be so? Is it not like the children who say, I'm too little (when told to do a difficult sum), to attribute this to the "inability of our reason." Surely God says just the contrary. Tocqueville tells us not to call events "mysterious." He calls upon governments to comprehend the mysterious influences—"mysterious" only to our ignorance. And I would drop the word altogether. Perhaps Tocqueville was the first statesman who united an acknowledgment of the fact that, according to the laws of God, all human history could not have been other than it has been, with the conviction that this, instead of stimulating us to do nothing, stimulates us to do everything.

¹ The article on Cavour was in July; that on Tocqueville, in October.

sity. Our concern here is with what she thought, and the hypothesis satisfied her judgment.

It had the further result of giving her a rational basis for belief in a Future Life. The chapter in which she discussed this subject seemed to Mr. Jowett "the most responsible and serious in the whole book." He made some critical objections to details in the argument, but her general line was in accordance with what we know to have been his own conviction on the subject, namely, that the evidence for a future life must be found in moral ideas.¹ And in a letter to Miss Nightingale he says: "I shall never give up the faith in immortality, though I cannot determine or conceive the manner of another state of being. That Christ became a mass of clay again seems to me of all incredible things the most incredible." To Miss Nightingale the belief followed logically from her general hypothesis. The theory of Perfectibility required a future state of infinite progress for each and all; the theory of a good God required it. The purpose of God, as she conceived it, is that in the end "each and all shall in accordance with law desire and obtain to will right, all sin and sorrow being but one of the processes through which mankind is learning and teaching. Hence it is that belief in a future in connexion with human existence is essential to the belief that we are under righteous government." "How plain," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his daughter, after reading the chapter, "are the steps of your argument! The senses, the reason, the feelings appreciate the laws of goodness, benevolence, and righteousness in the Thought of God; but Circumstances indicate a want of benevolence unless there is reason to believe in a future development. Therefore a continued existence is according to law." Mr. Jowett in his marginalia suggested that she might have made more of the opposite alternative: "If there is no future state, then what of God, what of human nature? Not only would there be an awful deception, but a deception of all the best feelings and of those in which we most trust. Work out the supposition, and look it full in the face, and (whether right or wrong) it is hardly possible to suppress the temper of a demon towards the Supreme

¹ *Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, 1899, p. 245.

ing to define His essence. Sometimes she seemed to think of God in a Unitarian sense ; but there is a passage in the *Suggestions* in which she philosophizes the Trinity. " The Perfect exists in three relations to other existence : (1) As the Creator of all other existence, of its purpose, and of the means of fulfilling its purpose. This is the Father. (2) As partaken in these other modes of existence. This is the Son. (3) As manifested to these other modes of existence. This is the Holy Ghost." Then, again, was she " Protestant " or " Catholic " ? She used language at different times which might be interpreted in either direction ; but she used it at all times with some inner meaning of her own. Here is a letter which philosophizes an " evangelical " doctrine :—

(*Miss Nightingale to her Father.*) HAMPSTEAD, Sept. 26 [1863].
 DEAR PAPA—I am sure that if any one finds nourishment in Renan or in any book I should be very sorry to " depreciate " it. There is not so much solid food in books nowadays, especially in religious books, that we can afford to do so. I always think of Mad. Mohl's, " I don't want any book-writer to chew my food for me." Now nearly all books are chewed food—especially religious books. . . . What I dislike in Renan is not that it is fine writing, but that it is *all* fine writing. His Christ is the hero of a novel ; he himself, a successful novel-writer. I am revolted by such expressions as *charmant, délicieux, religion du pur sentiment*, in such a subject. . . . As for the " religion of sentiment," I really don't know what he means. It is an expression of Balzac's. If he means the " religion of love," I agree and do not agree. We *must* love something *loveable*. And a religion of love must certainly include the explaining of God's character to be something loveable—of God's " providence," which is the self-same thing as God's Laws, as something loving and loveable. On the other hand I go along with Christ, not with Renan's Christ, far more than most Christians do. I do think that " Christ on the Cross " is the highest expression hitherto of God—not in the vulgar meaning of the Atonement—but *God* does hang on the Cross *every day in every one* of us ; the whole meaning of God's " providence," *i.e.* His laws, is the Cross. When Christ preaches the Cross, when all mystical theology preaches the Cross, I go along with them entirely. It is the self-same thing as what I mean when I say that God educates the world by His laws, *i.e.* by *sin*—that man must create mankind—that all this *evil, i.e.* the Cross, is the proof of God's goodness, is the *only* way by which

Above all, her religious belief satisfied her as giving high motive to human conduct. It linked, in logical connection, the service of man to the service of God. It inspired with religious enthusiasm her conviction that each individual—woman as well as man—should be given the freedom to make the best of himself. The doing of God's will—that is, according to her philosophy, the discovery of causes and effects, the rectification of errors, the education of men to profit by their mistakes—was the way to communion with God. The reader may remember from previous chapters that Florence Nightingale was conscious of "a call from God to be a saviour," and that the tribute which she paid to her "dear Master," Sidney Herbert, was to call him "a saver." There are passages in the *Suggestions for Thought* which show with what significance she used those terms. "God's plan is that we should make mistakes, that the consequences should be definite and invariable; then comes some Saviour, Christ or another, not one Saviour, but many an one, who learns for all the world by the consequences of those errors, and 'saves' us from them. . . There must be saviours from social, from moral, error. Most people have not learnt any lesson from life at all—suffer as they may, they learn nothing, they would alter nothing. . . . We sometimes hear of men 'having given a colour to their age.' Now, if the colour is a right colour, those men are saviours." Miss Nightingale's own work in the world—at Scutari, for the health of the British soldier at home, for Hospitals, for Nursing, and presently for India—received from her philosophy a religious sanction.¹

V

How, if at all, it may be asked, did she adjust her innermost beliefs to the current creeds of the day? I shall not attempt to define what she did not define; but a few remarks may be made. Was she Unitarian or Trinitarian? I think that we may answer as we will. She was "very sure of God," but very chary, as we have seen, of attempt-

¹ For an application of her religious views to the care of India, see the passage quoted in vol. ii. p. 1.

seemed to her business-like ; its organization was business-like ; its recognition of women-workers was business-like.

So, then, Miss Nightingale was broad-minded in her attitude towards creeds and churches. For her own part she believed that religious truth was positive, and could be discovered ; but in her outlook upon the beliefs of others, she judged them by their fruits. She asked not so much what was a man's or a woman's religious formula, but whether it renewed a right spirit within them. With religiosity, if it was centred on self, she had no sympathy. "Is there anything higher," she asked, "in thinking of one's own salvation than in thinking of one's own dinner? I have always felt that the soldier who gives his life for something which is certainly not himself or his shilling a day—whether he call it his Queen or his Country or his Colours—is higher in the scale than the Saints or the Faquirs or the Evangelicals who (some of them don't) believe that the end of religion is to secure one's own salvation." Within the limits indicated by these remarks, she would have agreed a good deal with what Mrs. Carlyle said to John Sterling : "I confess that I care almost nothing about *what* a man believes in comparison with *how* he believes. If his belief be correct, it is much the better for himself ; but its intensity, its efficacy, is the ground on which I love and trust him." ¹

VI

There is a school of philosophy, much current in our day, which carries this point of view further. The meaning of a conception, it tells us, expresses itself in practical consequences, if the conception be true ; religious truth is relative to the individual ; the way to test a religion is to live it. If the philosophy of the pragmatists be right, then few forms of religious creed can claim better witness to their truth than that wherein Florence Nightingale lived and moved and had her being. She had "remodelled her whole religious belief from beginning to end," and had "learnt to know God" in the years immediately preceding her active work in the world. Her belief helped to sustain her natural

¹ *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, 1883, vol. i. p. 19.

God could work out man's salvation without a contradiction. You say, but there is too much evil. I say, there is just enough (not a millionth part of a grain more than is *necessary*) to teach man by his own mistakes,—by his *sins*, if you will—to show man the way to *perfection in eternity*—to perfection which is the only happiness. . . .

There were many points, on the other hand, at which Roman Catholicism strongly appealed to her. So marked is this attitude in the *Suggestions*—in passages sometimes ironical, sometimes serious—that at one of the latter places Mr. Jowett's note in the margin is: "The enemy will say, This book is written by an Infidel who has been a Papist. But *I* wish that there were more of these sort of reflections showing the true relation of superstitious ideas to moral and spiritual religion." I can well believe that her friend Cardinal Manning, for whom she entertained a high respect (though she waged a battle-royal against him on occasion ¹), may sometimes have regarded her as a likely convert; but towards acceptance of Roman doctrines, I find no ground for thinking that she was at any time inclined. Yet the spirit of Catholic saintliness—and especially that of the saints whose contemplative piety was joined to active benevolence—appealed strongly to her. She read books of Catholic devotion constantly, and made innumerable annotations in them and from them. She was greatly attracted by the writings of the Port Royalists, on which subject there is a long correspondence with her father. She admired intensely the aid which Catholic piety had given, and was to many of her own friends giving—to the Bermondsey Nuns, especially, and to the Mother and Sisters of the Trinità de' Monti—towards purity of heart and the doing of everything from a right motive. Then, again, to be "business-like" was with Miss Nightingale almost the highest commendation; and in this character also the Roman Church appealed to her. Its acceptance of doctrines in all their logical conclusions

¹ In 1867 he proposed to close the hospital which her friends the Nuns of Bermondsey had opened in Great Ormond Street. They of course "went to Miss Nightingale." She persuaded Lady Herbert to intercede for the nuns, but Manning would not yield further than to refer the case to Rome. Miss Nightingale then organized a party at Rome on the side of the nuns. There is an extensive correspondence amongst her papers on this subject. She defeated Manning in this matter.

love and wisdom should come home to the whole of my nature. I would work, oh ! how gladly, but I want direction how to work. I would suffer, oh ! how willingly, but for a purpose. . . . God always speaks plain in His laws—His everlasting voice. . . . My poor child, He says, dost thou complain that I do not prematurely give thee food which thou couldst not digest ? My son, I am always one with thee, though thou art not always one with me. That spirit racked or blighted by sin, my child, it is thy Father's spirit. Whence comes it, why does it suffer, or why is it blighted, but that it is incipient love, and truth, and wisdom, tortured or suppressed ? But Law (that is, the will of the Perfect) is now, was without beginning, and ever shall be, as the inducement and the means by which that blight or suffering which is God within man, shall become man one with God.

First find the Infinite, said a wise man, then name Him as thou wilt. "It is not hard to know God," said Joubert, "provided one will not force oneself to define Him." And another, of old time, said :—

Lead Thou me, God, Law, Reason, Duty, Life !
All names for Thee alike are vain and hollow.¹

There is a section of Miss Nightingale's *Suggestions for Thought* called "Cassandra." It is the story of a girl's imprisoned life ; it is in part autobiographical, and I have quoted from it several times in the course of this work. It ends with the death of the heroine. "Let neither name nor date be placed on her grave, still less the expression of regret or of admiration ; but simply the words, *I believe in God.*"

¹ Cleanthes, freely rendered by J. A. Symonds.

courage amidst the horrors of Scutari, and the fever and the cold of Balaclava. It inspired the life of arduous labour to which she devoted herself on returning from the East. It informed her unceasing efforts for the health of the Army and the people, for the reformation of hospitals, for the creation of an art of nursing. Does some one, echoing the words of M. Mohl which I have quoted above, doubt whether any vital force can have proceeded from a belief in Law as the Thought of God, and suggest that to herself as to others she was offering a stone instead of bread? It was not so. To her the religion which she found was as the body and blood of the Most High. It is impossible to doubt the spiritual intensity, the religious fervour, of passages such as these from the pages in *Suggestions for Thought* in which she describes "Communion with God"—

If it is said "we cannot love a *law*,"—the mode in which God reveals Himself—the answer is, we *can* love the spirit which originates, which is manifested in, the law. It is not the material presence only that we love in our fellow-creatures. It is the spirit, which bespeaks the material presence, that we love. Shall we then not love the spirit of all that is loveable, which *all* material presence bespeaks to us? . . . How penetrated must those have been who first, genuinely, had the conception, who felt, who thought, whose imaginations helped them to conceive, that the Divine Verity manifests itself in the human, partakes itself, becomes one with the human, descends into the hell of sin and suffering with the human, by being "verily and indeed taken and received" by the human! . . . We will seek continually (and stimulate mankind to seek with us) to prepare the eye and the ear of the great human existence that seeing it *shall* perceive, and hearing it *shall* understand. . . . "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." To do it "to the glory of God" must be to fulfil the Lord's purpose. That purpose is man's increase in truth, increase in right being. The history of mankind should be, *will* be one day, the history of man's endeavour after increase of truth, and after a right nature. . . . What does ignorant finite man want? How great, how suffering, yet how sublime are his wants! Think of his wounded aching heart, as compared with the bird and beast! his longing eye, his speaking countenance, compared with these! *they* show something of such difference, but nothing, nothing compared with what is within, where no eye can read. What then, poor sufferer, dost thou want? I want a wise and loving counsellor, whose

kind as to come here, that I do not sit up at all now." "*Nunc dimittis*," she added, "is the only prayer I can make now as far as regards myself." Yet during all the time she was full of energy and fire, and lived laborious days in writing and in talking. If the reader will turn to the Bibliography (1858-1861), he will see at a glance how numerous were her printed works, and preceding chapters have enabled him to estimate the amount of toil and thought that lay behind them. Her unprinted Memoranda are on a like scale, and her correspondence was enormous. Then, too, hardly a day passed upon which she did not transact business personally with one or other, or with several, of her "Cabinet."

Among persons whom Miss Nightingale declined, on the ground of failing health, to receive (and the number included old friends and colleagues as well as strangers), there were some who would not believe that she was as ill as she said; they thought that she was cloaking hardness of heart or perversity of temper. But they were wrong. Among occasional visitors, again, whom she did receive, there were those to whom the evidence of their senses, derived from her animated and vigorous conversation, seemed to negative the idea that she was a serious invalid. But they did not understand. Sir John Lawrence, for instance, was received in March 1861, to discuss Indian questions. "He found her much better than he expected," so her cousin Hilary reported, "and said so to Dr. Sutherland as he went downstairs. Dr. Sutherland replied, 'You cannot know; but when I go back I shall find her quite *abattue*, and shall not speak another word to her.'" And so it was. Dr. Sutherland found her "trembling all over," and had to administer medical aid. For any interview with a stranger, and for many interviews with her familiar colleagues, she had to save up strength very carefully in advance, and the transaction of any critical business, or the strain of any excitement in conversation, left her prostrate and palpitating afterwards. The doctors now told her that her heart was seriously affected. Mr. Chadwick doubted this. Her father, writing to his wife from London, and describing an evening spent with Florence, said (1861):

CHAPTER VI

MISS NIGHTINGALE AT HOME

1858-1861

FEW women, and not many men, have lived a fuller and busier life than was Miss Nightingale's during the five years which followed her return from the Crimean War. They were years of public work, but of work done in quiet. And what is more remarkable, they were years to her of constant physical weakness.

At the turn of the year 1857-8 she was thought like to die. There were many times during the year 1859 when she and her friends expected her death at any moment. "Thank you," wrote George Eliot to Miss Hennell in February, "for sending me that authentic word about Miss Nightingale. I wonder if she would rather rest from her blessed labours, or live to go on working. Sometimes when I read of the death of some great sensitive human being, I have a triumph in the sense that they are at rest; and yet, along with that, deep sadness at the thought that the rare nature is gone for ever into the darkness."¹ In the same year Miss Nightingale gave Mr. Clough full instructions for her funeral. To her friend, Colonel Lefroy, she had written as if the end were very near. "What a crown yours will be," he answered (March 20), "when you rest from your labours and your works follow you!" A year later she wrote to Mr. Manning (Feb. 25): "Dear Sir, or dear Friend (whichever I may call you), I am in the land of the living still, as you see, contrary to everybody's expectation, but so much weaker than when you were so

¹ *George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters*, vol. ii. p. 84.

time she lived in London itself ; and sometimes, when she was living at Hampstead, she would drive daily to her London quarters for the transaction of business. Whether in London or at Hampstead or Highgate, she did most of her work reclining on a sofa. She must have been touched when an upholsterer, hearing of her illness, volunteered (March 1860) to make a reclining couch to her order ; he offered it " as some slight token of the esteem she is held in by the working-classes for her kindness to our soldiers, many of whom are related to my workmen who would gladly work in her behalf without pay."

The screen from the outside world was provided by the devotion of relations and a few intimate friends. In official business, connected with the War Office and Hospitals, her most constant helper was Dr. Sutherland. When not engaged on official business elsewhere, he was with her nearly every day, and a large number of her drafts, copies, and memoranda of this date are in his handwriting. Captain Galton also rendered some assistance of a like sort. Among her kinsfolk, the most helpful to her was Mr. Clough, who, besides being the Secretary of the Nightingale Fund, was devoted in many ways to her service. A little note from him (Feb. 16, 1859), one of many, will show the kind of thing :—
 " Willy-nilly, you must stay till Saturday. The railway carriage is ordered. At Euston Station they do not admit that Saturday is a later day for the Express than any other ; let us hope they are right. The arrangements are therefore made for Saturday. I think you must allow me to see them carried out myself. I enclose a yellow and maladive-looking letter, apparently from

Whom shall we hang
 At Pulo-penang.

There was also a brown paper parcel with, I think, two blue books inside it, from Mr. Alexander, which I left lying at the Burlington. The rooms will all be ready, as before. I send a *Daily News* with H[arriet] M[artineau]'s latest on the Eternal Laws.—Farewell, A. H. Clough." Her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith, also played helpful parts at this time in Miss Nightingale's life. Of her Aunt

“Chadwick and Sutherland at dinner ; the former persisting that Flo’s voice alone is sufficient to show that her (so called) heart complaint is doubtful. In truth she still seems to work like a Hercules in spite of all weakness.” She worked without pause, but there were times when for weeks she did not leave her sofa or her bed, and for months did not go out of doors. It may be, as Mr. Chadwick thought, that the diagnosis of the physicians was wrong, or at any rate that it exaggerated the seriousness of the case. As she lived to be ninety, the truth must be, I suppose, that none of her vital organs or functions were at this time diseased. The history of her case points, I am told, to dilatation of the heart and neurasthenia. The former of these states, though often distressing in its symptoms, yields, I understand, to drugs and rest ; and for the atonic condition of the nervous system, which is called neurasthenia, and which is often the product of excessive stress upon the functions of the mind, complete rest is also often a remedy. If upon her return to England Miss Nightingale had taken a long period of rest, it is probable that she would have regained normal health of body ; but, as we have seen, she allowed herself no rest at all. She taxed exhausted powers of body to the uttermost. Even now complete rest would probably have cured her ; but as she could not or would not put work aside, she was only able to carry it on by careful husbandry of her strength.

II

This state of the case led to a way of life which during the years now under consideration seemed a matter of necessity, and which in later and less strenuous years had become, perhaps, in some degree a matter of habit. Miss Nightingale, during the busy years 1856–61, lived the life of a laborious hermit—a life which may in some respects be likened to that of Queen Victoria in the years following the death of the Prince Consort. In her own secluded court she worked indefatigably, but she screened herself closely from the world. After the year 1858, Miss Nightingale abandoned Malvern, and for change of air went instead to one or other of the Northern Heights of London. For the rest of the

hétérodox opinions. To a pious lady who sent a tract : " Please answer this fool, but don't give her my address." Miss Nightingale disliked tracts. She received great bundles of them for distribution at Scutari. " I said I distributed them," she once confessed, " whether to the fire or not, I did not say." Like all female celebrities, Miss Nightingale received many offers of marriage. A letter, which she wrote in the papers in support of the Volunteer movement, produced several. One was from " a poor engineer " who was profoundly touched by her " noble sentiments," and feared that only in Heaven would her holy work be truly appreciated, but meanwhile offered his " hand and heart, which are free, only you are so much above me." " It is gratifying to observe," Uncle Sam is told, " that this is not the first fruits, but the one-and-fortieth of my Volunteer letter ; and that I could have as many husbands as Mahomet's mother. Alas ! it is I who am the grey donkey." To a petitioner who sent copies of verses to accompany accounts of his evangelical principles and pecuniary embarrassments : " This is the *third* time the man has written. I think it is time you put a stop to him and his ' poetry.' " Miss Nightingale detested gush almost as much as unbusiness-like habits (if indeed the two things need be distinguished). She kept everything she received ; but in looking through the presentation copies of poems in her library, I was struck, and I fear that the donors would have been pained, by the fact that she seldom had the curiosity even to cut the leaves where her praises are sung. To a very long-winded appeal from a lady who claimed " the thrilling honour of Miss Nightingale's sympathy " : " I believe all this, though I don't know the woman from Adam. Send her £2 for me, at the same time giving her a hint to look at *Bleak House*." But Mr. Smith, though not a member of Parliament, was an old parliamentary hand, and I have seen copies of some of the admirable letters in which he carried out, more or less, his niece's instructions. I feel confident that he did not wound this petitioner's feelings by allusion to Mrs. Jellyby or Borrioboola-Gha. Nor was it supposed that he would. Miss Nightingale seldom denied herself a joke ; but though she had a keen scent for palpable

Mai and herself, Miss Nightingale wrote that they were "as two lovers," and the aunt played a lover's part both in affectionate solicitude and in keeping the rest of the world away. Mr. Smith, who was an Examiner of Private Bills, had rooms conveniently situated in Whitehall, and placed his business-like habits entirely at his niece's service. Much of her correspondence, in the case of outsiders, was undertaken by him, and he also acted as her banker and accountant. He found some reward, perhaps, for the drudgery in the pungency of the docketts in which Miss Nightingale conveyed her instructions. On the letter from a lady working at Clewer, who "loved and honoured" Miss Nightingale, and looked forward to seeing her some day, the docket is: "Dear Uncle Sam, Please choke off this woman and tell her that I shall *never* be well enough to see her, either here or *hereafter*." To the Secretary of a certain Sanitary Association: "I will give 21s. for Mrs. S.'s sake, *provided* they don't send me any more of their stupid books, and don't let this unbusiness-like woman write any more of these unbusiness-like letters." To be unbusiness-like was, in Miss Nightingale's eyes, an unpardonable sin, whether in woman or in man; in a woman, it was almost as bad as another which is touched upon in one of the docketts: "Choke her off; my private belief is that she merely wants a chance of getting married." On a letter of a very rambling kind from a would-be nurse, Uncle Sam's attention is called to "the curious thing that she does not seem to know whether it is a parent or a child that she has lost." To a reverend gentleman who had "a secret cure": "These miserable ecclesiastical quacks! Could you give them a lesson? What would they think of me did I possess such a discovery and keep it secret?" To the inventor of a patent bed-quilt: "This man's letter reminds me of the Pills which, when taken by a gentleman with a wooden leg, made it grow again." To the British Army Scripture Readers she will send a subscription, though with some misgiving: "I am like Paul Ferroll, who never would engage in anything, knowing that he was a murderer, and might be found out any day. So *I* think." Her uncle had read her religious speculations, and would have caught the allusion to her

put out its hand with a kind of gracious dignity and caressed them, as if they were presenting Addresses, and they responded in a humble, grateful way, quite cowed by infant majesty. Then it put out its little bare cold feet for me to warm, which when I did, it smiled. In about twenty minutes, it waved its hand to go away, still without speaking a word. I think it is the most beautifully organized little piece of humanity I ever saw."

The scene of Miss Nightingale's London "court" was the Burlington Hotel. In April 1861 Colonel Phipps wrote to Sir Harry Verney: "It has been arranged that an 'apartment' at Kensington Palace shall be put into proper repair with a view to its being offered by the Queen to Miss Nightingale as a residence. I need not tell you how grateful it will be to the Queen's feelings, even in this slight degree, to be able to mark her respect for this most excellent lady of whom everybody in this country must be proud." But the Queen's offer was respectfully declined. Those were days when there were no motor-cars or underground railways; and Miss Nightingale, immersed in daily business with men of affairs, felt that a residence so remote from official London as Kensington Palace would deprive her of many opportunities for useful work. She remained, accordingly, at the Burlington, where she had a small suite of apartments in a house attached to the hotel. It comprised on an upper floor a bedroom, a dressing-room, a room for her maid, and a spare bedroom, and on a lower floor a sitting-room. The spare bedroom enabled her to send "dine-and-sleep" invitations to busy men who were working with her. On such occasions she would invite other members of her "Cabinet" to dinner or to breakfast, but she seldom was able to sit down to table with them.

Hired rooms, in hotels or lodgings, gave Miss Nightingale for many years of her life all that she wanted in such sort. The smaller the home, the greater the quiet. She was entirely free from dependence upon, or affection for, "things." She simplified life by reducing her impedimenta to the smallest compass. Her father in an incautious moment, once wrote of sending some things for her "drawing-room" at the Burlington. She replied indignantly that

humbug, and was instantly offended by it, her heart was easily touched, and I am not sure that all her pecuniary benefactions, which were constant, numerous, and manifold, would have passed the test of a strict Charity Organization Committee. Often, however, she took great pains in following up "cases," and in relieving them in the best way. She was particularly open to appeals from the widows or other relations of soldiers and sailors. Her intimate knowledge of hospitals and other charitable institutions, and the favour of Queen Victoria in placing many beds at her disposal, increased her means of helpfulness. Many of her petitioners, especially if they were autograph-hunters in disguise, were disappointed, no doubt, at not receiving an answer from Miss Nightingale herself, but pecuniarily they were sometimes the gainers. On many of their letters I find this supplementary docket from kind-hearted Uncle Sam: "Sent also something on my own account." And sometimes he sent something when she had said send nothing, and she got the credit for it: "Dear Uncle Sam, I am so glad to think that I am laying up such a store in heaven upon *your* £2 sent without my permission to this woman." The uncle's tongue was almost as sharp and witty, I have been told, as the niece's pen, and he must have found her comments very congenial.

III

The places at which Miss Nightingale lay *perdue* during these years were West Hill Lodge, Highgate—the house of the Howitts (May–June 1859); Montague Grove, Hampstead; Oak Hill House, Frognal (Sept. 1859 to Jan. 1860); and Upper Terrace Lodge (No. 3), Hampstead (end of 1860). At one time, when Mr. Clough was abroad in search of health, his young children stayed with their aunt at Hampstead, and her letters show that she took pleasure in their pleasures on the Heath. A letter to Mrs. Clough (Hampstead, Sept. 1, 1860) contains as pretty a description of a young child as may anywhere be found: "'It' came in its flannel coat to see me. No one had ever prepared me for its Royalty. It sat quite upright, but would not say a word, good or bad. The cats jumped up upon it. It

IV

A diet of Blue-books has been likened by Lord Rosebery to one of cracknel biscuits. But Miss Nightingale hungered and thirsted after facts, and only complained of Blue-books when they did not give so many facts and figures as were reasonably containable in the given cubic space. "It may seem a strange recreation," wrote Mr. Jowett to her (May 11, 1861), "to offer to a lady who is ill a discussion on metaphysics or theology. But I hear that you still feel interested in such subjects, and therefore may I venture to try and entertain you?" There follows a long disquisition upon Freedom and Necessity and other high matters. Mr. Jowett was correctly informed. There was nothing which Miss Nightingale more enjoyed than metaphysical discussion. It was not so much that she found in it an intellectual contrast to the problems of practical administration in which she was at other times engaged, but rather, as I have suggested in the preceding chapter, that she believed it possible to attain in the region of philosophy and religion the same positive results that are deducible in sanitary science. For recreation, she turned occasionally to fiction. She corresponded with Mrs. Archer Clive on the plot of *Paul Ferroll*. In a different sort, the novels of another friend pleased her. "She said of your *Ruth* this morning," wrote her cousin Hilary to Mrs. Gaskell (Sept. 6, 1859), "'It is a beautiful novel, and I think I like it better still than when I first read it six years ago.' We had sent for *Ruth* to lie on her table and tempt her, and she bids me ask now for *North and South*, which also she read of old." Miss Nightingale, who as a girl was music-mad, found occasional solace in hearing it. She says in *Notes on Nursing* that "wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound," have generally a soothing effect upon invalids, "while the pianoforte, with such instruments as have *no* continuity of sound, has just the reverse." There was an evening in October 1860 when Miss Nightingale had a great treat. Clara Novello (Contessa Gigliucci) was one of many women in whom the heroine of

she had no drawing-room ; a thing which was " the destruction of so many women's lives." " There are always flowers in her rooms," wrote her cousin Beatrice to Mr. Nightingale " but so many Blue-books that I should think she could not complain of their looking like drawing-rooms." " I saw her," wrote her sister to Madame Mohl (Feb. 1861), " just before we came here [Embley], and found the table covered, among her beautiful flowers sent her by all sorts of people, with Indian Reports and plans of new Hospitals." She was always fond of flowers. She believed, too, in their curative, or at any rate consolatory, effect upon the sick, and had made some study of their several colours in this respect.¹ With flowers and fruit and game she was abundantly supplied, by her friend Lady Ashburton, among others, and by her admirer, Lady Burdett-Coutts. She forwarded many of such gifts to friends, nurses, and hospitals. She asked her mother to send greenery and flowers from the country for the London hospitals : " It gives such pleasure to people who never see anything but four walls." She was particularly thoughtful of the Bermondsey Nuns who had served with her in the Crimean War. She was constantly solicitous about the Reverend Mother's health, as were the Sisters about *hers*. " I am always praying for you," wrote one of them (her " Cardinal," Sister Gonzaga), " and your health is no credit to my piety." Her little household always included some cats, of which she was very fond. Madame Mohl had given her a family of fine Persians, some of them yellow and striped, almost like tigers, and very wild. In a letter to Sir James Paget, she seems to have complained that St. Bartholomew's Hospital did not quite reciprocate her admiration ; yet she had a cat named Barts as well as one named Tom. Sir James would communicate this evidence of affection to his colleagues ; but the fact was, he added, that " Thomas is a very boastful fellow, and says sometimes that the lady thinks meanly of every one but him." Miss Nightingale's fondness for cats was shared by her father, and many of her letters to him, and of his to her, pass from problems of metaphysics to the less riddling antics of kittens.

¹ *Notes on Nursing*, ed. 1860, p. 88.

her. "She wanted me," wrote Miss Nightingale in describing the incursion, "to write to half the people in London, and to set up a whole system of education at Naples. 'You are to write all the statutes,' she said, 'for Ragged Schools, Infant Schools, Industrial Schools, Provident Societies, as you do for the Army.'" Miss Nightingale suggested that there might be practical difficulties; "but though I really talked as loud and as fast as I possibly could, I doubt if she took in a word." The interview left Miss Nightingale much exhausted, and Uncle Sam was called in to prevent any repetition of it. She had, however, a real respect for the earnestness of her visitor, and wrote letters to some Italian friends about the scheme.

Incursions by casual callers and visits from friendly entertainers were, however, alike very rare; the greater part of her days during the years 1858-61 was spent in transacting the business which has been described in preceding chapters. Her voluminous correspondence, her literary work, the daily interviews with Mr. Herbert or Dr. Sutherland or others on matters of business, left her with little time or strength for seeing other friends and relations, and not very much for correspondence with them. She occasionally saw Lady Ashburton, to whom she was greatly attached; more frequently another of her dearest friends, Mrs. Bracebridge, but she was so helpful that her visits may be reckoned amongst business calls. Sometimes she saw Dr. Manning, but the same may almost be said of his visits, since religious speculation and philanthropic enterprises were amongst the business of her life. She saw Miss Mary Jones, the Superintendent of St. John's House, from time to time; but for the rest she lived in seclusion from her friends and admirers.

She was secluded hardly less from her relations. Her cousin, Miss Hilary Bonham Carter, or her Aunt Mai, or her cousin Beatrice often stayed in the house; but this did not mean that they saw very much of her. "I communicate with her every day," wrote Mrs. Smith (Jan. 1861); "but I have not seen her to speak to for nearly four years." "Indeed we know," wrote Miss Beatrice to Mr. Nightingale, "how hard it is for you to hear nothing of her, but no one

the Crimea inspired a passionate admiration, and she begged to be allowed to come and sing to the invalid. "I shall never in my life forget the evening," she wrote to Miss Nightingale's cousin (Oct. 26); "the agitation I experienced made me unable to leave my bed all next day. I never remember to have felt such emotions. As I had the delight of kissing those lovely and blessed hands, blessed in their deeds and blessed by so many, and looked into that dear tender face, I could not restrain my tears, just such tears as rise when one hears a lovely melody or is told of an heroic deed!" Miss Nightingale presently wrote a letter of thanks, saying that the singing had "restored" her, and the Contessa replied: "I can say with entire truth that God's gift to me of voice has never given me so much delight as when I was able to sing to you, tho' probably I never sang so ill." The Contessa was a Garibaldian, and this was a further link between her and Miss Nightingale, whose enthusiasm in the cause of Italian unity and liberation was of long standing. She sent several subscriptions in 1860 to funds which were collected in this country for the Garibaldian cause. Her cheques were made payable to "Garibaldi," and she expressed a hope that they would be used in the purchase of arms. "I quite agree," she wrote (June), "with the Patriots who say, Better give money for arms than to heal the holes the arms have made." She was often more of a soldier than of a nurse.

v

Miss Nightingale's fame was great in Italy, owing to the Sardinian contingent in the Crimea, and indirectly it was the cause of one of the few occasions upon which her barriers were broken through. An excellent lady, full of breathless activity and of enthusiasm for Italy, had been asked during her visit to that country by persons anxious for its regeneration, to "send them a Florence Nightingale." The lady was more particularly interested in "educating the South," and Garibaldi himself had given his name to an appeal to Englishwomen for co-operation in that large undertaking. She was staying at the Burlington Hotel and, chancing to learn that Miss Nightingale was there also, she burst in upon

the "perfect law of Love and Goodness" like yours?—the more of disappointment, the more suffering, the stronger faith. I also can rely on the invisible Power; but can I give a more reasonable account of my Faith than he who believes in Atonements, Incarnations, Revelations, and so forth? Was ever sentence truer than yours?—"God's plan is that we make mistakes; in them I will try to learn God's purpose."¹ I also feel myself mistaken all day long in thought, feeling, or doing—but what help do I find? do I *learn* therefrom? do my three score years and more give me the repose of a life spent in helping others or even in helping myself? . . . [Then he turns from such reflections as if too hard for him, describes to her the doings of her favourite cats, and talks of the hills and streams of her old home—hoping against hope, it may be, to lure her back, and jotting down his wandering thoughts the while.] But you will say, "Tell me no more of my idle cats; I have cares enough, and thoughts enough elsewhere. My other belongings, where are they? I relied on a Secretary of State, where is he? where, my Hospitals? where all my many friends on whom I placed my work? where is my strength? My mind still strains over the immeasurable wants of the Army I have served, and I am left alone, with my physical powers confining me to my chamber." How vain then is my thought that here, if you had wings, you might be at rest—at this calm peaceful window where the hills keep creeping down into the far-receding valley and multiply my thoughts as it were into Eternity. You will (in your mind's eye at least) rejoice with me, while I recount a day too soon gone, too full perhaps of erring reflection, too short of inspiration.

The relations between father and daughter had been made more intimate by her book of religious and philosophical speculation. Mr. Nightingale, it may be added, had enlarged Florence's allowance at the time of the marriage of his other daughter. Henceforth he undertook to pay, without question, all her bills for board and lodging, and to allow her £500 a year besides. She had made, too, a considerable sum by her *Notes on Nursing*, and was able to enlarge the scale of her benefactions. Among the first uses which she made of her enlarged means was to give £500 for the improvement of the school near Lea Hurst, in which her cousin Beatrice (who during these years often lived there with Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale) was greatly interested, especially for the sanitary improvement, for which purpose

¹ *Suggestions for Thought*, vol. ii. p. 90.

can know anything now that the isolation of work has set in." When Miss Nightingale decided upon making the Burlington her headquarters, Aunt Mai had undertaken the difficult commission from her niece of intimating to her parents that it might be better if they henceforth, when staying in London, were to go somewhere else. It was essential, said Aunt Mai, to Florence's health, on which depended her work, that she should live a life of seclusion; it would be difficult to ward off stray callers, if it were known that her parents were with her. Visitors would come to see them, and break in upon her. They went elsewhere accordingly, and had to take their chance, with others, of being admitted or refused. "Dear Papa," wrote Miss Nightingale (June 13), "I shall always be well enough to see *you* as long as this mortal coil is on me at all. Mr. Herbert goes to Spa the first week in July. After that, there will be less pressure on me—the pressure of disappointment in his (more than excusable) administrative indifference. But July will be later than your ordinary transit. Please tell Mama that the jug and nosegay were beautiful." And again, a few days later: "Dear Papa, I will keep all Sunday vacant for you. I should like to have you twice, please, say at 11½ and 3½."

Hours thus spent with his daughter were among the keenest pleasures of Mr. Nightingale's life. In a letter of 1861 he writes to her: " ' Quidquid ex Agricola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus manet mansurumque est in animis.' ¹ I say it not in vain praise, but whatever I have heard at your bedside and from your sofa *manet mansurumque est in animis*. And so would I fain hear whatever words I might catch from your lips when your active work ceases and your prophecy begins." When the father returned to his pleasant country-houses, he would renew the intercourse with his daughter by turning to her *Suggestions for Thought*:—

(To Miss Nightingale from her Father.) July 21 [1861]. . . . I could realize you, while I turned the pages on the Progress of Man towards that Perfection so sure tho' so slow to come, creating for himself that better world which he had so foolishly thought was to be given him for the asking. Was ever faith in

¹ Tacitus, *Agricola*.

thing *both ways* here. When I lived in society (English) it seemed to me that, in conversation, people, but more especially women, were always doing one or more of three things:—(1) Addressing themselves: as when they adduce those little moral reasons for doing whatever they like. (2) Saying something to mean something else. Since I began what M. Mohl calls my War against Red Tape, the commonest argument brought against me both by men and women, the best and cleverest, and within the last week too, is that I am led by “dishonest flatterers” and that they trust I may “awaken to a sense of my duty as a woman.” Now they don’t really believe that I am led by “dishonest flattery.” But they think I shall not like it to be *supposed* that I am. This is only an anecdote (I hate anecdotes, don’t you?). But it is a very fair illustration of my No. 2. (3) Acting an amiable or humble idea: as when people tell an ill-natured story and then its palliation, and then say “*We* might have been worse.” And all the while all they mean to be in your mind is, how amiable *they* are and how humble *they* are, and they mean you to believe the story and not the palliation. . . . I have done with being amiable. It is the mother of mischief.

Miss Nightingale may have “done with being amiable”; but she had certainly not done with a lively sense of humour. At the Burlington one day, or rather one night, there was a domestic catastrophe. Miss Nightingale’s dressing-room was flooded. She sent a characteristic account of the subsequent proceedings to her cousin:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Miss H. Bonham Carter.*) [1861.] . . . I have just re-enacted the Crimea on a small scale. Everybody “did their duty,” and I was drowned. But so distrustful was I of the results of their duty that I extorted from Mr. X. a weekly inspection of the cistern. I acted myself and no one has yet been drowned again. Mr. X. convinced four men—Sir Harry Verney, Papa, Uncle Sam, Uncle Octavius—whom I brought under weigh, that it was the frost and that he had done all that was possible. Then I had up Mr. X., and he admitted at once that it was nothing to do with the frost, and that what the workmen had done, *viz.* not altering the waste-pipe, was “rascally.” I said he came off with an excuse. And I came off with a “severe internal congestion,” *vide* Medical Certificate. I have had a larger responsibility of human lives than ever man or woman had before. And I attribute my success to this:—*I never gave or took an excuse.* Yes, I do see the difference now between me and other men. When a disaster happens, I act and *they* make excuses.

she asked her friend Mr. Chadwick to go on a visit to her parents and inspect the school buildings. She was careless of her own sanitary improvement, Dr. Sutherland had said ; but she was very particular about that of her relations. When Mr. William Shore Smith—" her boy " of earlier days—was about to be married, and was house-hunting, she obtained from him a written promise, signed, sealed, and attested, that he would enter into no covenant until Dr. Sutherland had reported to her on the drains. When another of her cousins was to be married, Miss Nightingale's last good wishes, before the event, took the form of strict orders that the bride should put on " thick-soled fur slippers over her shoes in walking to the church. Tell her nothing depresses the spirits so much as a damp chill to the feet. She will wonder why she is so low." I suspect some *double entendre*. Miss Nightingale, as we know, was not an enthusiast on marriage in the abstract. When at a later time one of her younger cousins wrote to announce her engagement, Aunt Florence's answer (by telegram) was strictly non-committal : " A thousand, thousand thanks for your letter."

VI

Miss Nightingale's correspondence during these years was mostly upon business, but she sometimes found time for the kind of letters which connoisseurs in that pleasant art account the best—letters about nothing in particular. In this kind, her old friend, Madame Mohl continued to be favoured, and these letters seldom lacked the caustic touch which their recipient relished, as in this :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Madame Mohl.*) June 6 [1859]. . . . Balzac somewhere says how all the world, friends and enemies, *se fait complice de nos défauts*. And I have heard you observe that English mothers act Greek chorus to their children. Do, you philosophers (I am *passée* and off the philosophizing stage), come over and explain to us English society now—where everybody has some little moral reason for doing everything that he likes, where health is made the excuse for neglecting every duty and at the same time the not being able to perform said duty is deplored as the " only cross "—how much more dangerous are our moralities than our immoralities. Everybody has every-

Landlords might be brow-beaten ; servants had to be bribed. The prophetess had no honour in her own hotel. The maids at the Burlington had not mastered the elements of household hygiene as set out in *Notes on Nursing*. Amongst Miss Nightingale's papers there is this document : " *August 16, 1860. If for one fortnight from this time I find all the doors shut and all the windows open, and if . . . I will give the servants a Doctor's Fee, viz. One Guinea.—Signed, F. Nightingale.*"

The Burlington Hotel continued to be Miss Nightingale's principal home till August 1861. The house, No. 30 in Old Burlington Street, still stands, and a memorial tablet might well be affixed by the London County Council or the Society of Arts. No other spot, in this country, has associations with so much of Miss Nightingale's public work. It was there that she wrote the famous Report on her experiences in the Crimea, and there that she had the historic interview with Lord Panmure—the starting-point for the great and manifold reforms which she and Mr. Herbert carried out for the health of the British Army. It was there, too, that she wrote her *Notes on Hospitals* and *Notes on Nursing*—the books which helped to make a new epoch in hospital reform and to found the art of modern nursing ; and there that she thought out the scheme for professional training which has made "Nightingale Nurses" known throughout the world. Soon after Lord Herbert's death in August 1861, Miss Nightingale left Old Burlington Street. She was fond of the house. She had found no other place in London so convenient for her work. She had preferred to stay there rather than to accept the royal invitation to Kensington Palace. But the associations of the Burlington, as she said to many friends at the time, had now become too painful. After the loss of her "dear Master," she never visited it again. The death of Sidney Herbert closed a chapter in the life of Florence Nightingale.

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Emery Walker Pa. sc.

Florence Nightingale
1887

from the picture by Sir William Richmond at Claydon

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The question is no less an one than this : How to create a public health department for India ; how to bring a higher civilization into India. What a work, what a noble task for a Government—no “ inglorious period of our dominion ” that, but a most glorious one ! That would be creating India anew. For God places His own power, His own life-giving laws in the hands of man. He permits man to create mankind by those laws, even as He permits man to destroy mankind by neglect of those laws.—
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE : *How People may live and not die in India*, 1864.

strictly enjoined to give no one her address ; she asked that all her letters might be addressed to and from his care in London. The formula was to be that " a great and overwhelming affliction entirely precludes Miss Nightingale " from seeing or writing to anybody. " For her sake it is most earnestly to be wished," wrote her cousin Beatrice to Mr. Chadwick (Sept. 18), " that you may come into some immediate communication with her. It is your faith that her working days are not yet over, that she may work in another field, her own being now closed against her. I cannot find that any of those who have been with her lately would share this hope, less on account of her health, than of her state of extreme discouragement." It was a case not only, perhaps not chiefly, of personal loss, but also of public vexation ; it was not only that the Minister had died, it was that his work seemed like to die also. The point of view appears in her letters to Dr. Farr :—

Sept. 10. We are grateful to you for the memorial of my dear Master which you have raised to him in the hearts of the nation.¹ Indeed it is in the hearts of the nation that he will live—not in the hearts of Ministers. There he is dead already, if indeed they have any. And before he was cold in his grave, Gladstone attends his funeral and then writes to me that he cannot pledge himself to give any assistance in carrying out his friend's reforms. The reign of intelligence at the War Office is over. The reign of muffs has begun. The only rule of conduct in the bureaucracy there and in the Horse Guards is to reverse *his* decision, *his* judgment, and (if they can do nothing more) *his* words.

October 2. . . . My poor Master has been dead two months to-day, too long a time for him not to be forgotten. . . . The dogs have trampled on his dead body. Alas ! seven years this month I have fought the good fight with the War Office *and lost it !*

November 2. My dear Master has been dead three months to-day. Poor Lady Herbert goes abroad this next week with the children and shuts up Wilton, the eldest boy going to school. It is as if the earth had opened and swallowed up even the Name which filled my whole life these five years.

But there were things to be done in her friend's name, and she turned to do them. The power of the bureaucracy

¹ An eloquent address delivered to the British Association at Manchester (*Times*, Sept. 9, 1861).

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY—THE LOSS OF FRIENDS

But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE years immediately after Sidney Herbert's death were among the busiest and most useful in Miss Nightingale's life. She was engaged during them in carrying their "joint work unfinished" into a new field. In the previous volume we saw Miss Nightingale using her position as the heroine of the Crimean War in order to become the founder of modern nursing, and to initiate reforms for the welfare of the British soldier. Among those who know, it is recognized that the services which she rendered to the British army at home were hardly greater than those which she was able to render to British India, and it was this Indian work which after Sidney Herbert's death became one of the main interests of her life. She threw herself into it, as we shall hear, with full fire, and brought to it abundant energy and resource. But first she had the memory of her friend to honour and protect; and then the hours of gloom were to be deepened by the loss of another friend hardly less dear to her.

Having finished her Paper upon Sidney Herbert, Miss Nightingale left the Burlington Hotel, never to return, and took lodgings in Hampstead (Aug.—Oct. 1861). Her mood was of deep despondency. She was inclined to shut herself off from most of her former fellow-workers. Against the outside world she double-barred her shutters. Her uncle was

question of the General Hospital to be built at Woolwich. The Commander-in-Chief was opposed to the scheme, and asked Sir George Lewis to cancel it. Economy was, perhaps, behind the Minister tempting him. But Lord de Grey, who was present at the interview, stood firm. "Sir," he said, "it is impossible. Lord Herbert decided it, and the House of Commons voted it."¹ In the end, the Horse Guards and the War Office accepted the inevitable with a good grace; the order was given for the building to proceed, and Miss Nightingale's suggestion was adopted that it should be christened "The Herbert Hospital."

Lord de Grey was also influential in securing a redefinition of Captain Galton's duties at the War Office. Lady Herbert told Lord de Grey that this was one of the last official matters on which she had heard her husband speak. Miss Nightingale again supplied the details, and to her ally was committed responsibility (under the Secretary of State) for new barrack works. On some other questions Miss Nightingale had the bitterness of seeing projects abandoned which she and Lord Herbert had almost matured. "It is really melancholy now," wrote Captain Galton to her (Aug. 19). "to see the attempts made on all hands to pull down all that Sidney Herbert laboured to build up." She recounted some of the disappointments in a letter to Harriet Martineau, and that lady, whose genuine sympathy in the cause was perhaps heightened by a journalist's scent for "copy," was eager to go on the war-path. "No harm can come," she wrote to Miss Nightingale (Oct. 4), "of an attempt to shame the Horse Guards. I have consulted my editor [of the *Daily News*], and if I can obtain a sufficiency of clear facts, I will gladly harass the Commander-in-Chief as he was never harassed before—that is, I will write a leader against him every Saturday for as many weeks as there are heads of accusation against him and his Department. We don't want to mince matters" Miss Nightingale was to supply the powder and shot; Miss Martineau was to fire the guns. The partnership was declined by Miss Nightingale. The reason she gave was that she was no longer in the way of

¹ Miss Nightingale related this incident in two letters—to Dr. Farr (Sept. 10), and to Harriet Martineau (Sept. 24).

to resist was strong, because the new Secretary of State was a novice at his task, and Lord Herbert, by failing to carry through any radical reorganization of the War Office, had as she said, failed to put in "the mainspring to his works." "The Commander-in-Chief rides over the learned Secretary of State as if he were straw." But there was one hopeful and helpful factor in the case. Now that the Secretary for War was in the Commons, Lord de Grey was reappointed Under-Secretary. He was a genuine reformer. He knew the mind of his former Chief. He was most sympathetic to Lady Herbert. He was acquainted with Miss Nightingale. The power of an Under-Secretary is very small, but what he could do, he would. A letter which she received from a friend, both of Lord de Grey and of herself, gave her encouragement:—

(R. Monckton Milnes to Miss Nightingale.) October 21. I knew how irreparable a loss you and your objects in life had in Herbert's death, but I should like you to know how you will find Ld. de Grey willing to do all in his power to forward your great and wise designs. I say "in his power," for that, you know, is extremely limited, but he may do something for you in an indirect way and, without much originality, he has considerable tact and adroitness. You won't like Sir G. Lewis, but somewhere or other you ought to do so; for in his sincere way of looking at things and in his critical and curious spirit he is by no means unlike yourself. He makes up his mind, no doubt, far better to the damnabilities of the work than you would do,—tho' one does not know what you would have been if you had been corrupted by public life. I write this about de Grey because I was staying with him not long ago, and he expressed himself on the subject with much earnestness.

II

So, then, there were some things perhaps which might yet, as she put it, be "saved from the wreck." Lord de Grey had already given earnest both of his good will and of his courage. He had seen Lady Herbert and asked about her husband's intentions. She knew them generally, but referred for details to Miss Nightingale, who was thus able to be of some use in carrying through Lord Herbert's scheme for a Soldiers' Home at Aldershot. Then there was the

of Florence Nightingale be still—as it ought to be—a name of power with the people. If it is, then her letter of 1861 might well be reprinted in connection with recruiting for the Territorial Force. She laid stress upon the voluntary spirit, as opposed to compulsion. But she laid stress also on the supreme importance of efficient training: “Garibaldi’s Volunteers did excellently in guerilla movements; they failed before a fourth-rate regular army.”

III

Presently some old work in a new form came in Miss Nightingale’s way. She had returned to London in November, chiefly in order to be on the spot for consultation and suggestion in connection with the Memorial to Sidney Herbert. It was her suggestion, for one thing, that the Memorial should include a Prize Medal at the Army Medical School. For this sojourn in London, Sir Harry Verney lent his house in South Street¹ to Miss Nightingale. The American Civil War now kept her busy. “Did I tell you,” she wrote to Dr. Farr (Oct. 8), “that I had forwarded to the War Secretary at Washington, upon application, all our War Office Forms and Reports, statistical and other, taking the occasion to tell them that, as the U.S. had adopted our Registrar-General’s nomenclature, it would be easier for them to adopt our Army Statistics Forms. It appears that they, the Northern States, are quite puzzled by their own want of any Army organization. I also took occasion to tell them of our Chinese success in reducing the Army mortality to one-tenth of what it was, and the Constantly Sick to one-seventh of what they were during the first winter of the Crimean War, due to my dear master.” When the Civil War broke out, Miss Nightingale’s example in the Crimea had produced an immediate effect. A “Woman’s Central Association of Relief” was formed in New York. In co-operation with other bodies they petitioned the Secretary of War to appoint a Sanitary Commission, and after some delay this was done. Camps were inspected; female

¹ No. 32 at that time; now renumbered, No. 4.

obtaining much inside information. But she doubtless had other reasons. There were things which she had just managed to carry through. There were other possibilities of usefulness before her. She was playing a difficult game. She did not think that her hand would be strengthened by newspaper polemics, for the form of which she would not be responsible, but the information in which would be traced back to her. Among the points which she had just managed to score was the appointment of the Commission already mentioned,¹ for extending the Barracks Inquiry to the Mediterranean stations. Headquarters tried to stop it "And I defeated them," she had told Miss Martineau (Sept. 24), "by a trick which they were too stupid to find out." Her papers do not disclose the nature of the "trick" by which this excellent piece of work was carried through.

And there was another thing which she did in order to forward Sidney Herbert's work, though in a field outside that of their collaboration: she wrote a stirring letter (Oct. 8) on the Volunteer Movement, which he had organized in 1859. It brought her several "offers," as we have heard already²; and, displayed in large print on a card, must have attracted many recruits. She wrote it as one who had experience of war and its lessons; as one, too, who had worked for the Army, "seven years this very month, without the intermission of one single waking hour." She made eloquent appeal to the patriotic spirit of the British people; and she included this piece of personal feeling: "On the saddest night of all my life, two months ago, when my dear chief Sidney Herbert lay dying, and I knew that with him died much of the welfare of the British Army—he was, too, so proud, so justly proud, of his Volunteers—on that night I lay listening to the bands of the Volunteers as they came marching in successively—it had been a review-day—and I said to myself, 'The nation can never go back which is capable of such a movement as this; not the spirit of an hour; these are men who have all something to give up; all men whose time is valuable for money, which is not their god, as other nations say of us.'" I do not know if the name

¹ See Vol. I. p. 405.

² Vol. I. p. 496.

sented to everything." A few days later another draft of instructions was sent to her through Captain Galton. "We have gone over your draft very carefully," she wrote (Dec. 18), "and find that although it includes almost everything necessary, it does not define with sufficient precision the manner in which the meat is to get from the Commissariat into the soldier's kettle, or the clothing from the Army Medical General store on to the soldier's back. You must define all this. Otherwise you will have men, as you had in the Crimea, shirking the responsibility." Memoranda among Miss Nightingale's papers show the grasp of detail with which she worked out the problems. Her mind envisaged the scene of operations. She calculated the distances which might have to be covered by sledges; she counted the relays and depots; she compared the relative weights and warming capacities of blankets and buffalo robes. A great Commander was lost to her country when Florence Nightingale was born a woman. Her suggestions in the case of the Canadian reinforcements were happily not put to the test of war. The *Trent* affair was smoothed over, largely, as is now well known, owing to the moderating counsels of the Prince Consort. It was his last service to his adopted country. Miss Nightingale felt his death to be a national loss. "He neither liked," she said of him, "nor was liked. But what he has done for our country no one knows."

IV

Miss Nightingale's work in connection with the Canadian expedition was done in the midst of a personal sorrow of her own, second only in poignancy, if second at all, to that caused by the death of Sidney Herbert. This was the death of Arthur Hugh Clough. He had broken down in health and been ordered abroad in April 1861, and she had urged him to go. He died, however, at Florence on November 12. They had been close friends since her return to England from the Crimea. His sweetness of disposition, his humour, his lofty moral feeling, alike attracted her. He on his side had deep admiration for her, and he devoted such strength—alas! but little—as remained to him from work in the

nurses were sent to the hospitals ; contrivances for improved cooking were supplied, and in short, much of Miss Nightingale's Crimean work was reproduced.¹ Presently she became more directly concerned. At the end of the year (1861) England was on the verge of being embroiled in the conflict, and, whilst the agitation over the *Trent* affair was at its height, the British Government decided to send reinforcements to Canada. Lord de Grey was charged with many of the preparations. He asked Miss Nightingale (Dec. 3) if he might consult her personally "as to sanitary arrangements generally." He wished to profit by her experience and judgment in relation to transports, hospitals, clothing of the troops, supplies, comforts for the sick, and generally upon "the defects and dangers to be feared," and how best to prevent them. He also asked for the names of suitable men for the position of Principal Medical Officer, and he consulted her again before making the appointment. Without a moment's loss of time, she set to work in conjunction with Dr. Sutherland, and sent in her suggestions. The draft instructions to the officers in charge of the expedition were sent to her on December 8. On December 10 Lord de Grey wrote : "I have got all your suggestions inserted in the Instructions, and am greatly obliged to you for them." "We are shipping off the Expedition to Canada as fast as we can," she wrote to Madame Mohl (Dec. 13). "I have been working just as I did in the times of Sidney Herbert. Alas ! he left no organization, my dear master ! But the Horse Guards were so terrified at the idea of the national indignation if they lost another army, that they have con-

¹ See on this subject Bibliography B, No. 23. The Secretary of another body, the United States Christian Communion, in sending reports and papers to Miss Nightingale (July 26, 1865) wrote : "Your influence and our indebtedness to you can never be known. Only this is true that everywhere throughout our broad country during these years of inventive and earnest benevolence in the constant endeavour to succour and sustain our heroic defenders, the name and work of Florence Nightingale have been an encouragement and inspiration." In the same year the plans of an Emigrant Hospital on Ward Island were sent to her. In return she sent engravings of the Departure and the Arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers : "Presented to the Commissioners of Emigration of New York for the new Emigrant Hospital on Ward Island by Florence Nightingale as a slight sign of her deepest reverence and her warmest sympathy for the noble act by which they have so magnificently provided for—not their own sick, but—those of the Old Country."

expressed or reflected in letters which she wrote or received at the time :—

(*Benjamin Jowett to Miss Nightingale.*) BALLIOL, Nov. 19 [1861]. Thank you for writing to me. I am very much grieved at the tidings which your letter brought me. I agree entirely in your estimate of our dear friend's character. It was in 1836 (the anniversary is next week) that I first saw him when he was elected to the Balliol Scholarship. No one who only knew him in later life would imagine what a noble, striking-looking youth he was before he got worried with false views of religion and the world. I never met with any one who was more thoroughly high-minded : I believe he acted all through life simply from the feeling of what was right. He certainly had great genius, but some want of will or some want of harmony with things around him prevented his creating anything worthy of himself. I am glad he was married : life was dark to him, and his wife and children made him as happy as he was capable of being made. He was naturally very religious, and I think that he never recovered the rude shock which his religion received during his first years at Oxford. He did not see and yet he believed in the great belief of all—to do rightly. Did I quote to you ever an expression which Neander used to me of Blanco White : *einer Christ mehr in Unbewusstseyn als in Bewusstseyn* ? It grieves me that you should have lost so invaluable a friend. No earthly trial can be greater than to pursue without friends the work that you began with them. And yet it is the more needed because it rests on one only. If there be any way in this world to be like Christ it must be by pursuing in solitude and illness, without the support of sympathy or public opinion, works for the good of mankind. I hope you will sometimes let me hear from you. Let me assure you that I shall never cease to take an interest in your objects and writings.—Ever yours sincerely, B. JOWETT.

(*Miss Nightingale to Sir John McNeill.*) SOUTH STREET, Nov. 18. . . . He was a man of rare mind and temper. The more so because he would gladly do "plain work." To me, seeing the blundering harasses which were the uses to which we put him, he seemed like a race-horse harnessed to a coal truck. This not because he did "plain work" and did it so well. For the best of us can be put to no better use than that. He helped me immensely, though not officially, by his sound judgment and constant sympathy. "Oh, Jonathan, my brother Jonathan, my love to thee was very great, passing the love of woman." Now, not one man remains (that I can call a man) of all those whom these five years I have worked with. But, as you say, "we are all dying."

Privy Council Office to her service. He fetched and carried for her. He made arrangements for her journeys, as we have heard, and escorted her. He saw her printers, he corrected her proofs. He became, at a modest salary, secretary to the Nightingale Fund. It was poor work to set a poet to, but he did it with cheerful modesty. He was intent, he told Miss Nightingale, upon "doing plain work"; he had "studied and taught," he said, "too much for a man's own moral good." In 1860 his health began to fail. Miss Nightingale was sometimes a little impatient. His loyalty and zeal she could never have doubted; but she was inclined to think him lacking in initiative and energy. She was always inclined to drive willing horses a little hardly. In the case of Clough, as in that of Sidney Herbert, she sometimes attributed to infirmity of will what was in fact due to infirmity of body. And in each case her grief, when the end came, was not free, I think, from some element of self-reproach. "I have always felt," she had written to her uncle (Dec. 7, 1860), "that I have been a great drag on Arthur's health and spirits, a much greater one than I should have chosen to be, if I had not promised him to die sooner." "She saw my father," wrote her cousin Beatrice to Mr. Nightingale (Dec. 4), "to speak only of Arthur, as only she can speak. She was quite natural, *very* affectionate, very, very much moved." But in her state of loneliness and nervous exhaustion her feeling for lost friends was sometimes morbid. She said that for months after the death of Sidney Herbert, and again after that of Clough, she could not bear to open a newspaper for dread of seeing some mention of a beloved name. Some years later she was sent a book by Mrs. Clough. "I like very much," she replied (Nov. 13, 1865)—"how much I cannot say—to receive that book from you. But it would be impossible to me to read it or look at it, not from want of time or strength, but from too much of both spent on his memory, from thinking, not too little, but too much on him. But I don't say this for others. I believe it is a morbid peculiarity of long illness, of the loss of power of resistance to morbid thoughts. I cannot bear to see a portrait of those who are gone." The depth of her grief at the death of Mr. Clough is

some things I disagree with and more I do not understand. This does not apply to the characters, but to your conclusions, e.g. you say "women are more sympathetic than men." Now if I were to write a book out of my experience, I should begin *Women have no sympathy*. Yours is the tradition. Mine is the conviction of experience. I have never found one woman who has altered her life by one iota for me or my opinions. Now look at my experience of men. A statesman, past middle age, absorbed in politics for a quarter of a century, out of sympathy with me, remodels his whole life and policy—learns a science the driest, the most technical, the most difficult, that of administration, as far as it concerns the lives of men,—not, as I learnt it, in the field from stirring experience, but by writing dry regulations in a London room by my sofa with me. This is what I call real sympathy. Another (Alexander, whom I made Director-General) does very nearly the same thing. He is dead too. Clough, a poet born if ever there was one, takes to nursing-administration in the same way, for me. I only mention three whose whole lives were remodelled by sympathy for me. But I could mention very many others—Farr, McNeill, Tulloch, Storks, Martin, who in a lesser degree have altered their work by my opinions. And, the most wonderful of all, a man born without a soul, like Undine—all these elderly men.

Now just look at the degree in which women have sympathy—as far as my experience is concerned. And my experience of women is almost as large as Europe. And it is so intimate too. I have lived and slept in the same bed with English Countesses and Prussian Bauerinnen. No Roman Catholic Supérieure has ever had charge of women of the different creeds that I have had. No woman has excited "passions" among women more than I have. Yet I leave no school behind me. My doctrines have taken no hold among women. Not one of my Crimean following learnt anything from me, or gave herself for one moment after she came home to carry out the lesson of that war or of those hospitals. . . . No woman that I know has ever *appris à apprendre*. And I attribute this to want of sympathy. You say somewhere that women have no attention. Yes. And I attribute this to want of sympathy. Nothing makes me so impatient as people complaining of their want of memory. How can you remember what you have never heard? . . . It makes me mad, the Women's Rights talk about "the want of a field" for them—when I know that I would gladly give £500 a year for a Woman Secretary. And two English Lady Superintendents have told me the same thing. And we can't get *one*. . . . They don't know the names of the Cabinet Ministers. They don't know the offices at the Horse Guards. They don't know who

(*Sir John McNeill to Miss Nightingale.*) EDINBURGH, November 19. I should find it difficult to tell you how much your letter has distressed me. I do not know that I have ever cared so much for any man of whom I had seen so little as I did for Clough. Perhaps it may not have been all on his own account, for to know that he was near you was a comfort, but if he had not been altogether estimable in head and heart this mixed feeling could not have arisen. His death leaves you dreadfully alone in the midst of your work, but that work is your life and you can do it alone. There is no feeling more sustaining than that of being alone—at least I have ever found it so. To mount my horse and ride over the desert alone with the sky closing the circle in which my horse and I were the only living things, I have always found intensely elating. To work out views in which no one helped me has all my life been to me a source of vitality and strength. So I doubt not it will be to you, for you have a strength and a power for good to which I never could pretend. It is a small matter to die a few days sooner than usual. It is a great matter to work while it is day, and so to husband one's power as to make the most of the days that are given us. This you will do. Herbert and Clough and many more may fall around you, but you are destined to do a great work and you cannot die till it is substantially, if not apparently, done. You are leaving your impress on the age in which you live, and the print of your foot will be traced by generations yet unborn. Go on—to you the accidents of mortality ought to be as the falling of the leaves in autumn. Ever respectfully and sincerely yours, JOHN MCNEILL.

Miss Nightingale was able, as her friends predicted, to pursue in hours of gloom the tasks which in hours of insight she had willed; and to continue, without the same sympathy from close friends as before, the kind of work which she had once done with Sidney Herbert's co-operation or with Clough's advice. But she yearned for sympathy none the less; in a noble, though an exacting, way. For by "sympathy" she understood not such feeling as would be expressed merely in affectionate behaviour or personal consideration for herself, but a fellow-feeling for her objects expressed in readiness to follow her in serving them with something of her own practical devotion. She did not think of herself apart from her mission.

(*Miss Nightingale to Madame Mohl.*) 32 SOUTH STREET, LONDON, Dec. 13 [1861]. I have read half your book thro' [*Madame Récamier*], and am immensely charmed by it. But

I cannot understand how M^{me} Récamier could give "advice and sympathy" to such opposite people as, e.g. M^{me} Salvage and Chateaubriand. Neither can I understand how she could give "support" without recommending a distinct line of policy,—by merely keeping up the tone to a high one. It is as if I had said to Sidney Herbert, Be a statesman, be a statesman—instead of indicating to him a definite course of statesmanship to follow. Also I am sure I never could have given "advice and sympathy" to Gladstone and S. Herbert—men pursuing opposite lines of policy. Also I am sure I never could have been the friend and adviser of Sidney Herbert, of Alexander, and of others, by simply keeping up the tone of general conversation on promiscuous matters. We debated and settled *measures* together. That is the way we did it. Adieu, dear friend. . . . I have had two consultations. They say that all this worry has brought on congestion of the spine which leads straight to paralysis. . . .

(*Miss Nightingale to her Mother.*) 9 CHESTERFIELD ST., W.,
 March 7 [1862]. DEAREST MOTHER—So far from your letters being a "bore," you are the only person who tells me any news. I have never been able to get over the morbid feeling at seeing my lost two's names in the paper, so that I see no paper. I did not know of the deaths you mention. . . . But they and others do not know how much they are spared by having no bitterness mingled with their grief. Such unspeakable bitterness has been connected with each one of my losses—far, far greater than the grief. . . . Sometimes I wonder that I should be so impatient for death. Had I only to stand and wait, I think it would be nothing, though the pain is so great that I wonder how anybody can dread an operation. . . . I think what I have felt most (during my last three months of extreme weakness) is the not having one single person to give me one inspiring word or even one correct fact. I am glad to end a day which never can come back, gladder to end a night, gladdest to end a month. I have felt this much more in setting up (for the first time in my life) a fashionable old maid's house in a fashionable quarter (tho' grateful to Papa's liberality for enabling me to do so), because it is, as it were, deciding upon a new and independent course in my broken old age. . . . Thank you very much for the weekly box. I could not help sending the game, chicken, vegetables and flowers to King's College Hospital. I never see the spring without thinking of my Clough. He used to tell me how the leaves were coming out—always remembering that, without his

brought a cessation of her constant activity in Miss Nightingale's service; but in later years aunt and niece took much counsel together in a resumed study of the religious subjects upon which they had formerly held intimate converse: see below, pp. 353, 387.

of the men of the day is dead and who is alive. They don't know which of the Churches has Bishops and which not. Now I'm sure I did not know these things. When I went to the Crimea I did not know a Colonel from a Corporal. But there are such things as Army Lists and Almanacs. Yet I never could find a woman who, out of sympathy, would consult one—for my work. The only woman I ever influenced by sympathy was one of those Lady Superintendents I have named. Yet she is like me, overwhelmed with her own business. . . . In one sense, I do believe I am "like a man," as Parthe says. But how? *In having sympathy.* I am sure I have nothing else. I am sure I have no genius. I am sure that my contemporaries, Parthe, Hilary, Marianne, Lady Dunsany, were all cleverer than I was, and several of them more unselfish. But not one had a bit of sympathy. Now Sidney Herbert's wife just did the Secretary's work for her husband (which I have had to do without) out of pure sympathy. She did not understand his policy. Yet she could write his letters for him "like a man." I should think M^{me} Récamier was another specimen of pure sympathy. . . . Women crave *for being loved*, not for loving. They scream out at you for sympathy all day long, they are incapable of giving *any* in return, for they cannot remember your affairs long enough to do so. . . . They cannot state a fact accurately to another, nor can that other attend to it accurately enough for it to become information. Now is not all this the result of want of sympathy? . . .

You say of M^{me} Récamier that her existence was "empty but brilliant." And you attribute it to want of family. Oh, dear friend, don't give in to that sort of tradition. People often say to me, You don't know what a wife and mother feels. No, I say, I don't and I'm very glad I don't. And *they* don't know what *I feel*. . . . I am sick with indignation at what wives and mothers will do of the most egregious selfishness. And people call it all maternal or conjugal affection, and think it pretty to say so. No, no, let each person tell the truth from his own experience. Ezekiel went running about naked, "for a sign." I can't run about naked because it is not the custom of the country. But I would mount three widows' caps on my head, "for a sign." And I would cry, This is for Sidney Herbert, This is for Arthur Clough, and This, the biggest widow's cap of all, is for the loss of all sympathy on the part of my dearest and nearest.¹ . . .

¹ The reference here is to the Aunt who, in earlier years, had been in close companionship with her. At this time there was some misunderstanding between them. Mrs. Smith's advancing age and home claims

CHAPTER II

THE PROVIDENCE OF THE INDIAN ARMY

(1862, 1863)

In this case you are doing much more than providing for the health of the Troops ; for, to be effectual, the improvement must extend to the civil population, and thus another great element of Civilization will be introduced.—SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN (*Letter to Florence Nightingale*, Aug. 11, 1862).

It is a commonplace that the British Empire in India was won and is held by British arms. And this, though not the whole truth of the tenure by which the Empire is held, is true. What is also true, but less generally known, is that there have been heavier sacrifices than those demanded in war and rendered glorious by British valour. The greater part of the British lives that were shed in India were lost, not in battle, but by disease. Burke said of British rule in India in his time : " England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations. Were we driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by anything better than the ourang-outang or the tiger." ¹ That was no longer true at the time with which we are here concerned. The era had begun in which it has been a song of the English to " drive the road and bridge the ford." But the land was not yet " cleared of evil." The British soldier was still sent out to India to die ingloriously by the neglect of sanitary laws.

In 1859 it was found that the average annual death-rate among the British soldiers in India since the year 1817 had

¹ Speech on Fox's East India Bill, Dec. 1, 1783 (*Burke's Speeches*, 1816, vol. ii. p. 430).

eyes, I should never see the spring again. Thank God! my lost two are in brighter springs than ours. Poor Mrs. Herbert told me that her chief comfort was in a little Chinese dog of his, which he was not very fond of either (he always said he liked Christians better than beasts), but which used to come and kiss her eyelids and lick the tears from her cheeks. I remember thinking this childish. But now I don't. My cat does just the same to me. Dumb beasts observe you so much more than talking beings; and know so much better what you are thinking of. . . . Ever, dear Mama, your loving child, F.

At the turn of the year, 1861-62, Miss Nightingale had been very ill; and two physicians, Dr. Williams and Dr. Sutherland, were in daily attendance. Happily, however, the case was by no means so serious as she had reported to Madame Mohl, and in 1862 she was able to devote unremitting labour to one of the heaviest, and most useful, pieces of work which she ever did.

It was murder also to doom British soldiers to death by neglect of sanitary precautions. At the end of her *Notes on the Army* (1857), she inserted a fly-leaf, which foreshadowed her Indian campaign :—

While the sheets were passing through the press, those lamentable occurrences took place in India which have led to an universal conviction that this vast Empire must henceforth be held by British troops. If we were to be led by past experience of the presumed effect of Indian climates on European constitutions, our country might almost despair of being able to supply men enough. . . . The British race has carried with it into those regions of the sun its habits, its customs, and its vices, without considering that under a low temperature man may do with impunity what under a higher one is death. Our vast Indian Empire consists of many zones, of many regions, of many climates. On the mere question of climate, it is surely within human possibility, even in the great majority of instances, so to arrange the stations, and so to connect them, by railroads and telegraphs, that the troops would hardly be required to occupy unhealthy districts. Even with regard to such districts the question arises to what extent the unhealthiness is inevitable, and to what extent it would be remediable. . . . As an illustration of the necessity of Government interference in this matter, it may be stated, on the very first authority, that, after a campaign perhaps one of the most arduous and successful on record, and when the smallness of the British force and the season of the year required every sanitary precaution to be taken for the preservation of the force, a certain earnest, energetic Officer appointed a sanitary inspector to attend to the cleansing of a captured city, and to the burial of some thousand dead bodies of men, horses, asses, bullocks, camels, and elephants, which were poisoning the air. The Bombay Government, to which the appointment was referred, "would not sanction it," "because there was no precedent for it"! In future, it ought to be the duty of the Indian Government to require no precedents for such procedure. The observance of Sanitary laws should be as much part of the future *régime* of India as the holding of Military positions or as Civil government itself. It would be a noble beginning of the new order of things to use hygiene as the handmaid of civilization.

Everything that Miss Nightingale thus said should be done, was done ; and to the doing of it, she supplied, first, the propelling force, and, then, much of the detailed direction.

First came the movement for getting the appointment of

been 69 per 1000. To-day it is little over 5 per 1000. The changes in barracks and military sanitation in India, which are primarily accountable for this great saving of life, are directly traceable to the recommendations of the Royal Commission which was appointed by Lord Stanley in 1859, and which reported in 1863. Thus much the reader may find stated in any trustworthy book of reference or other standard authority. What he will not find generally stated is that the appointment of the Royal Commission is directly traceable to Miss Nightingale, that by her the greater part of its Report was written, and that the suggestions for reform founded upon it were also her work. At an International Congress held in London in 1860 a French delegate, as already related, spoke of Florence Nightingale as "the Providence of the English Army." She was no less the Providence of the Indian Army. To the British soldier in India, as at home, she was "a saviour." In introducing this subject, we must go back a little in point of time, for the Indian work had begun a few years before the death of Sidney Herbert.

"I must tell you a secret," wrote Miss Nightingale to Harriet Martineau in 1859 (May 19), "because I think it will please you. For eight long months I have been 'importunate-widowing' my 'unjust judge,' viz. Lord Stanley to give us a Royal Sanitary Commission to do exactly the same thing for the Armies in India which the last did for the Army at home. We have just won it. The Queen has signed the Warrant. So it is safe. Mr. Sidney Herbert is Chairman of course. Drs. Sutherland, Martin, Farr, and Alexander, whose names will be known to you, and Sir R. Vivian and Sir P. Cautley, of the India Council, are on it."

Miss Nightingale had made up her mind two years before to do this thing. The Indian Mutiny, which filled some minds only with thoughts of vengeance and repression against the native soldiers, filled hers rather with thoughts of pity and reform on behalf of the British soldiers. She had gone into the figures of mortality in the Indian army at the time when she was analysing those in the army at home. There was "murder" committed not only by the Sepoys.

opinions. She wrote, for one thing, to her uncle, telling him (May 19, 1859) to get at Sir John Lawrence, through his friend Sir R. Vivian, and ask for suggestions. "Vivian must be soaped," she added, "so as not to let him think that we undervalue *his* opinion." Sir John Lawrence did not, however, on this occasion prove very resourceful; Miss Nightingale sent in the name of an officer, Colonel E. H. Greathed, who had been commended to her through another channel, and he was duly added to the Commission. At an earlier stage she had thrown out the interesting suggestion that John Stuart Mill, lately retired from the East India House, should be asked to serve, but this did not meet with favour. "Our business," wrote one of her circle, "is with spades and wheelbarrows," and he doubted whether "Compte" [*sic*] could be put to such purposes. Miss Nightingale always thought that this ally of hers, though invaluable in many ways, was a little wanting in soul. So then the Commission was appointed. The Warrant was issued on May 31, 1859. The Commission reported on May 19, 1863. There were some changes in its personnel from death and other causes. On the overthrow of the Derby Government, Mr. Herbert went to the War Office, and he presently resigned the chairmanship. Lord Stanley succeeded him. The members of the Commission on whom both Mr. Herbert and Lord Stanley most relied were Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr, and a third, who was yet not a member—Miss Nightingale. And among these three the lion's share of the work was done by her.

II

She had not waited for the actual appointment of the Commission to begin collecting, preparing, and digesting evidence for it. Her first concern was to draft a circular of inquiry which should be sent to all the Stations in India. It lacked nothing, as will be supposed, in requiring fulness of statistical detail. When she had prepared it, she sent it in proof to Sir John McNeill for his suggestions, asking him also (May 9, 1859) "kindly to give an opinion as to the general direction which the Enquiry should take." In cases where she was personally acquainted with Governors

a Royal Commission agreed to in principle. Miss Nightingale's reference to Lord Stanley as her "unjust judge" need not be taken too seriously. He was her very good friend, as we know;¹ and it was when he was transferred from the Colonial to the India Office (1858) that she felt her time to have come. And Lord Stanley agreed at once to her suggestion of appointing a Commission. It was when the consideration of *the* Commission was reached that the delay began. Who should approach Lord Stanley on the details? And how should it be done? Miss Nightingale and what I have called her cabinet of reformers were equally interested in the Sub-Commissions still sitting on Army Sanitation at home. Lord Stanley wanted Mr. Herbert to undertake the chairmanship of the India Commission. Should he accept it, at risk of diverting some of his attention from these other reforms? Miss Nightingale and her friends hit upon a plan, as she hoped, for killing two birds with one stone. It was intimated to Lord Stanley that Mr. Herbert would accept the chairmanship on condition that the pending reforms at home were hastened. I do not know if the Indian Secretary came to terms with the War Secretary in that sense; if he did, I fear that General Peel interpreted "haste" as *festina lente*. Anyhow, Mr. Herbert accepted the chairmanship, and then some months were spent in arranging the membership and the terms of reference. There were to be three sanitary experts, a statistician, and two members of the India Council. Of the two latter, one (Sir R. Vivian) was a friend of Miss Nightingale's uncle, Mr. Smith; and of Sir Proby Cautley she had heard good reports. The sanitarians—Drs. Sutherland, Martin, and Alexander—and Dr. Farr, the statistician, were all of her inner circle. At the last moment there was a fresh delay. The list was submitted for the royal approval, and Her Majesty required that "a Queen's officer of acknowledged experience in India" should be added to the Commission. Mr. Herbert asked Miss Nightingale to supply a suitable man, by which he meant a man whose acknowledged experience included some belief in sanitary science. She took great pains, and employed some wile in obtaining the best

¹ See Vol. I. p. 339.

Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr, were in close touch with her. The former was with her almost every day; the latter asked her to send him questions which he should put to witnesses. As in the case of the former Royal Commission, so now Miss Nightingale saw some of the witnesses before they gave their evidence. Among her visitors in this sort was Sir John Lawrence, as already mentioned, and a friendship began which had important consequences. Seeing that everything was thus in good train, Miss Nightingale was able during the years 1859-60-61 to devote her main work to those other matters with which we have been concerned in preceding Parts. In 1862, her main interest was in the Indian Commission, and the amount of work which she gave to it during 1862-1863 was enormous.

Her manner of life during these years was similar to that described in a previous chapter. Work for the Commission required her constant attendance in London or within easy distance of it. In 1862 she lived either in a hotel (Peary's, 31 Dover Street), a hired house (9 Chesterfield Street), or Sir Harry Verney's house in South Street. During August and September she took a house in Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. In 1863 she divided her time between Hampstead, hired houses in Cleveland Row, and Sir Harry Verney's. Her affectionate friend, Mrs. Sutherland, did all the house-hunting for her. Cleveland Row was selected for its nearness to the War Office; and the convenience of the site so far constrained Dr. Sutherland's sanitary conscience that he declared Cleveland Row to be "the airiest place in London."

III

Few of my readers have come to close quarters, I suppose, with the *Indian Sanitary Commission's Report*. It is a very formidable thing, consisting of two bulky volumes, containing respectively 1069 and 959 pages—in all 2028 pages, mostly in small print. Of this mountainous mass, the greater part bears in one way or another the impress of Miss Nightingale. It was she, in the first place, as already stated, who drafted the questions which were sent to every military station in India. The replies, signed in each case

or high military or medical officers in India, she wrote soliciting their good offices. Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Governor of Madras, promised cordial co-operation. Then she and Dr. Farr set to work on such statistical records as were obtainable from the East India House. There is a bundle of correspondence amongst her Papers relating to the difficulties she encountered, and surmounted, in obtaining official sanction for clerical work in this regard. Dr. Farr's appetite for statistics was as insatiable as hers, and she had taken means to lay in ample supplies :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Dr. Farr.*) HIGHGATE, June 2, [1859]. Your Commission was gazetted on May 31 and Mr. Herbert is in town. As it will be necessary to obtain the Statistics of Sickness, Mortality, and Invaliding of the Indian Army from the Medical Boards there, would not some of the proposed forms for the Army Medical Dep. be better than any other, filled up for each station with the Diseases annually for a period say of 10 years? Or would it be necessary to provide others? We must, of course, have the most minute Statistics—both for Soldiers and Officers in the Queen's, Company's and native troops. And these we should get by this method for 10 years. I suppose the Medical Boards have the Presidency Medical Book Records. Would it be necessary to get the Returns for each Corps separately? Would it not be important to get the ages—age and time of service at Death or Invaliding?

HAMPSTEAD, Dec. 6 [1859]. In consequence of your intemperate desire to have the Indian Medical Service Regulations, we have applied at the Great House for copies. And the answer is that they have only one Office copy, and if we want any we must send to India. Knowing their weakness, we had (in our "Queries") previously sent to two hundred Stations in India for copies of all "Regulations," and we hope the result will satisfy your literary appetite.

Dr. Farr, then, was being fed with statistics. Officials in India were being kept busy with forms to be filled up, and with the preparation of other written evidence. In November 1859 the Commission began taking oral evidence in London, but this was a comparatively minor part of its labours, and during 1860 no public sittings were held. They were resumed in 1861. Lord Stanley had then succeeded Mr. Herbert in the chair, but Miss Nightingale's grip upon the Commission was not relaxed. Two of the Commissioners,

too voluminous mass of evidence which we can't help appending. You have added one more to your many and invaluable services in the cause." "Miss Nightingale's Paper," wrote Dr. Farr to Dr. Sutherland (Dec. 1), "is a masterpiece, in her best style; and will rile the enemy very considerable—all for his good, poor creature."¹ But it was not only among the Commissioners that she circulated her Paper. She sent it confidentially to many of her influential friends. "The picture is terrible," wrote Sir John McNeill (Aug. 9), "but it is all true. There is no one statement from beginning to end that I feel disposed to question, and there are many which my own observation and experience enable me to confirm." A copy went to John Stuart Mill, who was much pleased with the "Observations," and was certain that "the publication of them would do vast good." Miss Nightingale had a copy bound for the Queen, and sent it—as also a copy of her Paper on Sidney Herbert—through Sir James Clark, who marked passages for the Queen to read. Her Majesty, he found from conversation, had not confined her reading to those passages. The Queen in return sent a copy of her Collection of Prince Albert's Speeches. "The Queen," wrote Miss Nightingale to M. Mohl (Feb. 14, 1863), "has sent me her book with such a touching inscription. She always reminds me of the Greek chorus with her hands clasped above her head wailing out her irrepressible despair."² Miss Nightingale sent her "Observations" also to Sir John Lawrence, who studied them closely, and corresponded with her on the subject. Another copy went to Sir Charles Trevelyan.³ "Having," he wrote (Oct. 31, 1862), "undertaken the duties of Financial Member of the Council of India, I may now be able to give some help in carrying the recommendations of your Commission into practical effect. You must not expect from me as much as Sidney Herbert did, for my power will not be the same. The Governor-General and the local Governors will alone be in that position. But I shall do *what I can*. Perhaps you will send me a copy

¹ A true prediction: see Sir Bartle Frere's saying, below, p. 158.

² The inscription is: "To Miss Florence Nightingale in recollection of the greatest and best of Princes from the beloved Prince's broken-hearted Widow, Victoria R. Osborne, Jan. 13, 1863."

³ He had been recalled from Madras in 1860.

by the commanding officer, the engineer officer, and the medical officer, occupy the whole of the second volume. The replies, as they came in from India, were sent to her to analyse. There were van-loads of them, she said, which cost her £4:10s. to move whenever she changed houses. With the analysis made by her and Dr. Sutherland, these replies anticipated, as she afterwards noted,¹ the Statistical Survey of India which Lord Mayo ordered ten years later. It was said at the time that such a complete picture of life in India, both British and native, was contained in no other book in existence. In October 1861 she was formally requested by the Commission to submit remarks on these Stational Reports. She had completed the task by August 1862. The "Observations by Miss Nightingale," which occupy twenty-three pages of the Report, are among the most remarkable of her Works, and in their results among the most beneficent. They are also extremely readable; and to make them more instructive, she included a number of woodcuts illustrating, not only Indian hospitals and barracks, but native customs in connection with water-supply and drainage.² The Treasury—horrified perhaps at the idea of popularizing a Blue-book—made some demur to the cost, but Miss Nightingale was allowed to solve the difficulty by paying for the printing, as well as for the illustrations, out of her private purse.

She made full use of the opening which the niggardliness of the Treasury gave her. She hurried the printers, and had a large number of her "Observations" struck off for private use. "I have looked once more," wrote Lord Stanley (Nov. 21), "through your Remarks, and like them better the oftener I read them. The style alone (apart from the authority which your name carries with it) will ensure their being studied by many who know nothing of the subject. They will admirably relieve the dryness of our official Report. I hope every Indian and English newspaper will reprint them, in extracts at least. They must be circulated with our Report, separately from the

¹ In her *marginalia* to Sir William Hunter's *Earl of Mayo* (1891).

² Indian officers (and especially Colonel Young) supplied her with sketches, some of which were touched up by her cousin, Miss Hilary Bonham Carter.

rooms." "Except where the two Lawrences have been—there one can always recognize their traces—the bazaars are simply in the first savage stage of social savage life." Under the head of "Overcrowding," she brings together various instances with figures and woodcuts; she quotes one report which said that the men (300 men per room!) "are generally accommodated in the barrack without inconvenient overcrowding," and she asks, "What is *convenient* overcrowding?" "At some stations the floors are of earth, varnished over periodically with cow-dung: a practice borrowed from the natives. Like Mahomet and the mountain, if men won't go to the dunghill, the dunghill, it appears, comes to them." Her next section, on "Intemperance," is scathing. In India, as at home,¹ it was a current opinion of the time that the soldier is by nature a drunken animal; the only question seemed to be as to how he had better get drunk. At one station, though the men were reported as "mostly temperate," she found that on a ten years' average one man in three was admitted into hospital directly from drink. "The men are killed by liver disease on canteen spirits to save them from being killed by liver disease on bazaar spirits. May there not be some middle course whereby the men may be killed by neither?" Under "Diet," she notes the absurdity of a uniform ration, in amount and quality, in all seasons and climates; and ventures to doubt whether cesspits are desirable adjuncts of kitchens. Her next head is "Want of Occupation and Exercise"—a fruitful source of vice and disease. It is a most interesting chapter, full of valuable hints and illustrated by an amusing drawing, sent to her by Colonel Young, of "Daily Means of Occupation and Amusement *passim*." Here, as in much else of Miss Nightingale's work, she collected all the better opinions; she picked out from the returns before her any hopeful experiments; enlarged upon them, and drove the moral home. Her chapter on "Indian Hospitals" is naturally very full and detailed. She discusses the prevalent structural defects; suggests improvements in the internal arrangements; and notes that there were "neither trained orderlies nor female nurses." On the subject of "Hill Stations,"

¹ See Vol. I. p. 277.

of your Abstract of the Evidence, and direct my attention to the points of more immediate importance. I shall be obliged for any hints." Miss Nightingale responded by sending him papers enough to occupy all his time on the voyage. She seems at this time to have entertained some hope that her health would permit her, when the Report was out, to visit India in person; for one of Sir Charles's letters refers to such a visit, and expresses the pleasure which it would give to Lady Trevelyan and himself to receive her as their guest, and in every way to assist her mission. But this was not to be. Her knowledge of India and Indian questions was already great, and presently it became so minute as to encourage a legend that she herself had once been there.¹ But she never saw the country. It is not always either the "life-long resident," or, on the other hand, "Pagett, M.P.," who is better qualified than the student to perceive and serve a country's need.

Miss Nightingale's "Observations" form a synopsis of the whole subject. Giving chapter and verse from the Stational reports for each of her statements, she shows, first, that the prevailing diseases were camp diseases such as she had seen in the Crimean War—largely due to the selection of unsuitable sites. Among the causes were Bad Water, Bad Drainage, Filthy Bazaars, Want of Ventilation, and Surface Overcrowding in barrack-huts and sick-wards. Her remarks under these several heads are often characteristically racy. "Where tests have been used, the composition of the water reads like a very intricate prescription, containing nearly all the chlorides, sulphates, nitrates, and carbonates in the pharmacopoeia, besides silica and quantities of animal and vegetable matter, which the reports apparently consider nutritive." "If the facilities for washing were as great as those for drink, our Indian army would be the cleanest body of men in the world." "There is no drainage, in any sense in which we understand the word. The reports speak of cesspits as if they were dressing-

¹ "It will be remembered that Miss Florence Nightingale came to this country and was impressed with the idea that if India needed anything it was village sanitation. She collected a mass of facts and has since been agitating in England": *Amrita Bazar Patrika* (Calcutta), June 29, 1892, reprinted in the *Indian Spectator*, July 10.

Report on the health of the army in India came out, the Secretary of State for War should be a proved sanitarian. She did not want to have once more to "bully the Bison," and she did not know much of Mr. Cardwell. She did know Lord de Grey, and she knew him as a sympathiser in her cause. Without a moment's delay she set herself to bring to bear in his favour such influence as she might possess, either on her own account or as the public legatee, as it were, of Sidney Herbert. A telegram written *en clair* and preserved by the recipient shows how a good press was secured for Lord de Grey's appointment :—

From Florence Nightingale to Harriet Martineau.—Agitate, agitate, for Lord de Grey to succeed Sir George Lewis.

The world was duly informed next day (April 17) through the columns of the *Daily News* that public opinion expected the appointment of Lord de Grey. But Miss Nightingale took other measures. She wrote a letter to Lord Palmerston, and to his principal colleague, Mr. Gladstone, she sent a copy of it. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, did not doubt that Lord Palmerston had a very high opinion of Lord de Grey, but added on his own part that he saw great difficulty in not having the head of the War Office, with its vast expenditure, in the House of Commons. The letter to Lord Palmerston, meanwhile, was delivered by a special messenger, who had been strictly charged to make sure that the Minister read it at once. The sequel, describing a somewhat curious scene, had better be given in Sir Harry Verney's own words :—

CLEVELAND ROW, *Apr.* 15 [2.30]. From Hampstead I returned to South Street, and found your letter. Thence to Cambridge House. Lord Palmerston was so good as to admit me. I said that I had seen you this morning, and that by your desire I requested him to allow me to read a letter to him from you. He said, "Certainly"; and I read it to him rather slowly. Having read it, I said that you had mentioned this morning that within a fortnight of Lord Herbert's death, he had said to you more than once that he hoped Lord de Grey might be his successor. I then added, "I have not to request any reply or observations on Miss Nightingale's letter. I have only to thank you for your kindness in allowing me to read it." He took the

Miss Nightingale's "Observations" show a fear lest too much reliance should be placed upon their superior salubrity. She quotes instances of terrible sanitary defects on hill stations, and enforces the moral that "the salvation of the Indian army must be brought about by sanitary measures everywhere." After discussing "Native Towns," "Soldiers' Wives," and "Statistics," Miss Nightingale insisted generally on the importance of instituting a proper system of sanitary service in India. Henceforth, to the end almost of her long life, she regarded herself, and in large measure was able to act, as a sanitary servant to the army and peoples of India.

Miss Nightingale's "Observations" were only part of her share in the labours of the Commission. They were followed in the Report by an Abstract, arranged under Presidencies, of the Returns on which the "Observations" were founded. This analysis, occupying nearly a hundred pages, was drawn up, as already stated, by Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland. The manuscript of it, preserved amongst her papers, is mainly in her handwriting. And she did much more, as will presently be related.

IV

When the Commission on the Army in India was nearing the end of its labours, an event happened which seemed to Miss Nightingale of crucial importance. On April 14, 1863, she heard from Sir Harry Verney that Sir George Lewis, the Secretary for War, had died suddenly on the previous day. Sir Harry added that at the Service Clubs, Lord de Grey was talked of as a probable successor, but that Lord Panmure's name was also mentioned. From another and a better-informed source she heard that Lord de Grey hoped to get the appointment, but that there were believed to be two difficulties in the way. The Queen might object to the War Office being given to a Minister who had not yet been in the Cabinet, and pressure might be put upon Lord Palmerston from other quarters not to appoint a Peer. Should either or both of these factors prevail, Mr. Cardwell was believed to be the most probable successor. Now it seemed to Miss Nightingale all-important that, when the

to add weight and dignity to such documents ; though here and there Miss Nightingale's touch may be felt. The magnitude of the evils which needed to be remedied is put in an arresting way. " Besides deaths from natural causes [9 per 1000], 60 head per 1000 of our troops perish annually in India. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century ; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life ; leave few children ; and have to be replaced, at great cost, by successive shiploads of recruits." The cost of preventable sickness in the Indian army was calculated at £388,000 a year. The list of Recommendations with which the Report concludes may be described as a Sanitary Charter for the Army in India—a Charter which during many successive years was gradually put into force.

Last of all came what Miss Nightingale considered the most vital point of all—namely, the suggestion of practical machinery by which, if the Government adopted it, the recommendations of the Commission might be carried out. At this crucial point, she had a very stiff fight. The machinery, as she had devised it, was to be twofold. First, there were to be Sanitary Commissions appointed for each Presidency in India. On this point, all the Commissioners seem to have been agreed ; but it was different with Miss Nightingale's second point. The reports which she had read and marked from the Indian stations filled her with a fear that if the whole of the initiative were left to India the work would in some cases be negligently or unintelligently done. There had not yet been in that country the same education of public opinion amongst the governing class in the science of sanitation that had been in progress in England. She deemed it essential that the machinery recommended by the Commission should in one way or another include provision to secure for India the experience already obtained in dealing with all kinds of sanitary questions in England. She had formulated her own plans to this end at an early stage of the Commission. What she first suggested was a Sanitary Department at the India Office, and this, as we shall hear in a later chapter (p. 153).

letter and put it in his pocket. He then asked how you are, and where, and I told him. There is a Cabinet at 5.30 this afternoon. I think that if Gladstone has your note before going to it, it might be well.

She had anticipated Sir Harry's suggestion, as we have seen. The Prime Minister put her letter into his pocket, but it did not stay there. He took it with him to Windsor and read it to the Queen. On April 22 it was announced that Her Majesty had been pleased to approve the appointment of Lord de Grey as Secretary of State for War.

v

Miss Nightingale thus felt assured that when the Indian Report came out she would have a sympathetic chief at the War Office, and she turned with the greater zest to the next stage in her labours; namely, the preparation of the Report by the Commissioners. The manuscript of the first page or two (explaining the delay in issuing the Report and the procedure of the Commission) is in Lord Stanley's handwriting (preserved among Miss Nightingale's papers). He entrusted the preparation of the first draft of the rest of the Report, for statistics to Dr. Farr, and for the rest to Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland. She had written a first draft of the greater part of her sections of the Report as early as April 1862. By August it was in type and corrected by Lord Stanley, who "pledged himself to carry it through the Commission next month."¹ But Dr. Farr's section was not so far advanced, and there were other delays at which Miss Nightingale chafed not a little. In May 1863 the last stage was reached. "I have done and shall do all in my power," Lord Stanley wrote to her (July 10), "to make it public that to Dr. Sutherland and you we mainly owe it that the Report has assumed its present shape." Among her papers is a collection of proofs of the Report in various stages; some corrected by Dr. Farr and Dr. Sutherland, others corrected and re-corrected by her. The descriptive portion of the Report is in substance a repetition of her "Observations," in the colder language which is held

¹ Letter to Sir J. McNeill, Aug. 8, 1862.

Her first concern was to get early notices of the Report in the newspapers. The daring, the celerity, the energy of her moves might excite the admiration even of the greatest experts in this sort of our own day. The gist of the Report, so far as its statement of the facts was concerned, was contained in her own "Observations"; and, as explained above, she had already circulated these both in India and at home. Having thus, as it were, salted the ground, she prepared for the official publication. As one of the principal authors of the Report, she was obviously entitled to some copies. She obtained a note from Lord Stanley, the Chairman, to that effect. The Queen's printer, Mr. Spottiswoode, was her very good friend, having been associated with her in more than one philanthropic enterprise, and, after seeing Lord Stanley's note, he promised to use every expedition and to let Miss Nightingale have some of the very earliest copies. She sent them off immediately; to various influential friends (Sir John Lawrence among the number), but principally to writers for the press; and with regard to these latter, there was no reason why she should tell each recipient of the special early copy that he was not the only individual so favoured. A Blue-book of 2028 pages is not mastered in a minute, and people wondered how so many of the newspapers and magazines were able to notice the Report so fully on the instant. "Mr. Baker [the Clerk to the Commission] has regained his equanimity," wrote the printer (July 23); "but for three days he could not recover the shock of your rapid action." Miss Nightingale's celerity may well have seemed indecent to the leisurely official mind; for six months were allowed to pass before the Government of India was officially provided with copies of the Report! This delay may seem incredible to those not well versed in such affairs, but it is recorded in a Government Dispatch,¹ and an investigation made by Miss Nightingale into another delay of a like kind may perhaps afford an explanation.²

¹ "On the 5th February 1864, the Government of India informed the Secretary of State that, in consequence of the non-arrival of the Report of the Royal Commission, it had not been possible to carry out the measures indicated in the despatch of the 15th August, but that having just received a few copies, &c., &c." (*Memorandum on Measures adopted for Sanitary Improvements in India up to the end of 1867*, p. 2).

² See below, p. 49 n.

was ultimately established. It had been well if the suggestion had been accepted from the beginning, for the compromise which was substituted led to some confused friction between the War Office and the India Office. As the second-best plan, Miss Nightingale wanted the standing Sanitary Committee at the War Office,¹ reinforced by one or two representatives of India, to be invested with authority over Indian sanitation, and she wanted, secondly, a Sanitary Code to be issued for India by the Home Government. She had named the two Indian officials, and had urged the addition of Mr. Rawlinson, at that time the leading sanitary engineer in England.² But on all this there was some difference of opinion. She was kept informed from day to day of the currents of thought among the Commissioners, and of the course of the discussions. The letters, minutes, memoranda in which she urged her views are many. She had first to persuade Lord Stanley, and this in personal interviews she succeeded in doing. She begged him to open the subject to Sir Charles Wood, the Secretary for India, who did not take the suggestion amiss. There were still, however, some contrary opinions, but ultimately her policy prevailed. "I cannot help telling you, in the joy of my heart," she wrote to Harriet Martineau (May 19), "that the final meeting of the Indian Sanitary Commission was held to-day—that the Report was signed—and that after a very tough battle, lasting three days, to convince these people that a Report was not self-executive, our Working Commission was carried, not quite in the original form proposed, but in what may prove a better working form because grafted on what exists. This is the dawn of a new day for India in sanitary things, not only as regards our Army, but as regards the native population." But Miss Nightingale was never content to let the light steal in gradually; she wanted to secure for the Report of the Commission the fullest possible glare of publicity.

¹ The Barrack and Hospital Commission, re-named the Army Sanitary Committee in 1865; see p. 65.

² Her nominations were, in the end, all approved. The Indian representatives were Sir Proby Cautley and Sir James Ranald Martin.

at a proceeding which thus left the recommendations of the Commission unsupported, so far as the public were concerned, by the essential facts. She set herself with characteristic energy to rectify the official "mistake," or, as she suspected, to circumvent the design. If indeed there were any intention to withhold from the public eye the full extent of the terrible state of things in India, the authors of the design had counted without the formidable Lady-in-Chief. As for the partial suppression of her own "Observations," that was easily rectified. Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr, incensed at the treatment which she had received, promptly made arrangements with a publisher for the separate issue of her "Observations."¹ This little "red book" had a large sale, and was widely reviewed in the press. Thereby the subject received a second series of notices. "It is not a book," said one of the reviewers, "but a great action." But Miss Nightingale herself was more concerned with the wide circulation of the Blue-books themselves. First, she wrote round to every member of Parliament whom she knew, informing them of the facts and begging them to apply for the unmutilated edition. One of the answers she received was from Lord Shaftesbury (Aug. 22): "I will immediately apply for the copy of evidence you mention, but ought we not to insist when Parliament meets that it be fully circulated like any other document? Sir C. Wood may have made a 'mistake,' but a far greater mistake would be to bury this important matter in the 'tomb of all the Capulets.' . . . You have achieved very grand things; and you must thank God that He has called you to such a work, and has so blessed it. I have much to talk to you about."² Secondly, she extracted a promise that inquirers at Hansard's office should be informed that copies of the unmutilated edition could be obtained by the public on application at the Burial Board Office.³ She took very good care that they should not be buried there. She prompted all sorts and conditions of persons among her acquaintances

¹ Bibliography A, No. 34.

² Miss Nightingale's letter to Lord Shaftesbury is printed in his *Life*,

³ This was not designedly a practical joke. The Clerk to the Commission held a post in the Board.

Meanwhile, in July 1863, she had, for some days previous to the issue of the Report, been arranging for reviews in newspapers and magazines, in Edinburgh and Dublin as well as in London. Mr. W. R. Greg was especially helpful; he contributed notices to three important periodicals—the *Economist*, the *National Review*, and the *Spectator*. Miss Nightingale was diligent also in coaching Harriet Martineau, writing at great length to explain the points on which public opinion might most usefully declare itself. Miss Martineau wrote on the Report in the *Daily News*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and *Once a Week*; and on her own part she had a contribution to make to the cause. She was an old friend of Lord and Lady Elgin. Should she write to them? The indefatigable Miss Nightingale at once sent her the heads of a letter on the subject which should go immediately to the Viceroy.

Though Miss Nightingale attached importance to notices in the press, she was equally eager that the Report itself should attract the attention of influential individuals in and out of Parliament. And here at the outset she met with a severe check which, however, by her energy and resource was turned to the greater advantage of the cause. The Blue-books were of enormous bulk, and a smaller edition had been prepared, apparently by the Clerk. Owing to what was officially described as "a mistake," it was this smaller edition that was "presented to both Houses of Parliament by command." It alone was placed on sale to the public; the 1000 copies of the complete work (of which the printer had been ordered to break up the type) were reserved for the press and for official purposes. They could be obtained (on application) by members of Parliament, but were not accessible to the public. The smaller edition, which the officials designed for public use, did not contain Miss Nightingale's "Observations" (though these were referred to in the Report) and did not contain the evidence from the Indian Stations. It gave instead a "précis of evidence" made by the Clerk. This, as Miss Nightingale thought, was badly done, and, moreover, referred in the margin to passages which again were not accessible to the public. Miss Nightingale was naturally and justly indignant

Charles Wood will be very grateful to you for remedying his mistake." The Minister assented, and a preface was added to Miss Nightingale's edition of the Report, in which the Secretary for War explained that it was circulated "with a view of affording information on the subject to Commanding, Engineering, and Medical Officers." Of course there were official delays, and this edition of the Report was not issued till August 1864, but it gave Miss Nightingale opportunity of organizing yet another press crusade. Through Sidney Herbert's friend, Count Strellecki, who was also a friend of Delane, she was able to secure a series of articles in the *Times* on the sanitary needs of India.¹ The Count was very proud of what he had been able to do for her. None of Miss Nightingale's official works obtained a wider circulation than the "Observations"; nor, I suppose, did any Blue-book on such a subject ever attain a greater amount of publicity.

VI

But all this was only a preliminary. Public attention had been aroused, and every one said vaguely that something must be done. It remained for Government to do it. The steps which Miss Nightingale took to this end, the obstacles which she encountered, the measure of success which she attained, will be described in the next chapter.

The work, which has been described in foregoing pages and which Miss Nightingale continued during the following year, was very heavy, and it was all done under grievous physical disability. In 1857-58, when she was doing like work in connection with the Royal Commission on the Home Army, though she was in very delicate health, she had yet been able to move about. When Sidney Herbert could not come to see her, she could go to see him. But now in 1863, when work for the Commission on the Indian Army was at its height, she was bedridden. When she invited a nursing friend to her house; the formula was "Will you come and spend Saturday to Monday in bed with me?"

¹ A leading article appeared on August 23, introducing a series of "special articles" which began on the following day.

to apply, and there was a run on the book. Next, and chiefly, she was anxious that the essential parts of the Report should come under the notice of every officer and every official in India who was in any degree responsible for the health of the army and who might be brought by a knowledge of the facts to further the cause of sanitary reform. The way in which she achieved her purpose was characteristic. Miss Nightingale had a personal grievance in this matter; and she used it, as on a previous occasion she had used her personal prestige, to gain a public end. To an intimate friend in the War Office, she was downright: "Done in some way or other, I am determined it shall be." But to the great men above him, she was suave—insidiously and dangerously suave. She entirely agreed that it would be expensive to reprint, and absurd to circulate widely, two enormous Blue-books of 2028 pages. Nobody would read them. But on the other hand was it not a little unfair to her to circulate an abridged edition, from which was excluded all the material upon which, at the request of the Commission, she had spent years of labour? But what was to be done? She knew how busy all Government officials were; but she would willingly undertake the task of putting together an amended edition of the smaller issue. Would the Treasury object to the cost? If so, she would bear it. In one way and another, she said, she had spent £700 in connection with the former Report on the British Army; the cost of similar work in connection with India would be less, and she would gladly defray it. Lord de Grey authorized her to proceed on August 26, and for the next three months she was busy in preparing the Report in the form in which it was to be circulated among military and medical officers.¹ But she was not quite satisfied yet. She had provided means for bringing her horses to water, but who was to make them drink? Her amended report was to be circulated amongst the Army in India, but would it be read? She was afraid not, unless the Secretary of State specially commended it to the attention of his subordinates. Did the War Office shrink from taking initiative in a matter which also concerned the India Office? "But surely Sir

¹ See Bibliography A, No. 33 (3).

CHAPTER III

SETTING REFORMERS TO WORK

(1863-1865)

I am more hopeful than you appear to be in regard to the good likely to be effected by the Report. Although our Indian administration has great difficulties to contend with owing to the nature of the country and the people, it is both honest and able; and I never knew a public measure, the advantage of which was generally admitted, which ultimately was not properly taken in hand.—SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN (*Letter to Florence Nightingale*, Aug. 24, 1862).

IN the last chapter we traced Miss Nightingale's hand throughout the famous Report of the Indian Sanitary Commission. We saw how she worked for the inclusion, in the Commissioners' recommendations, of machinery for getting the other recommendations adopted; we saw, too, how cleverly she manœuvred to obtain wide publicity and discussion for the whole subject. But this was not enough for her. She had created a favourable atmosphere; she had provided suitable machinery; it remained to set the wheels going round. "Reports are not self-executive": she applied her words in this fresh direction; and, as in the case of the Home Commission five years before, so now she gave not a moment's rest to herself or to anybody else whom she could influence until reforms, recommended by the Report, were set on foot.

Miss Nightingale was as eager, in as great a hurry to begin, as determined to have her way, as before; but the difficulties were now greater. In the case of the Home Army, only one department (though that, to be sure, was a dual one) was concerned; in the case of Sanitary measures for the Army in India, there were the India Office and the

She could only receive her visitors, if at all, in her own room, and all her writing was done in bed. She was sustained through these disabilities partly, it may be, by the consciousness of power and by satisfaction in its exercise, but principally by passionate devotion to her cause. And there was another feeling which gave her strength, as appears from many a passage in her private letters. She was carrying out, as best she could alone, the "joint work" which had been left "unfinished" at Sidney Herbert's death. "There is no feeling more sustaining," Sir John McNeill had said to her, when Arthur Clough was also taken from her, "than that of being alone." So, in some sort, I think, she found it. And sometimes, as to one who stretches out his hands in yearning for the further shore, there seemed to come to her voices of encouragement. "I heard the other day," she said in 1863, "of two Englishmen who were nearly lost by being caught by the tide on the coast of France, and a little French fisher-girl ran all along the wet sands to show them the only rock, half a mile from the shore, which the tide did not cover, where of course she was obliged to stay with them. It got quite dark, the water rose above their knees, but presently they heard a sound, faint and far off, and the little girl said, 'They think the tide is turning, they are shouting to cheer us!' I often think I hear those on the far-off shore who are shouting to cheer me."

Wood that he should talk matters over with Lord Stanley. The thing was done :—

(*Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale.*) July 24. I have had several conversations with Sir C. Wood, and from the language he now holds, I consider it settled that the report of the commissioners will be acted upon—the W.O. Commission being enlarged for the purpose of dealing with Indian questions. I have also arranged with him for the settlement of all personal claims arising out of our enquiry.¹ I hope, therefore, that we may look on our work as done for the present. It is probable that difficulties will arise out of the conflicting claims of the Indian and home authorities: but these we must be prepared for, and deal with as they come up. So far, all has gone well.

The Duke of Newcastle wrote to her to like effect (Aug. 31): “The Report on the Indian Army is attracting much attention, and I have no doubt it will do a great deal of good, tho’ there is supposed to be still a very strong obstructive power in the India Office.” For a time, it seemed as if official measures would be taken with reasonable celerity. Two members, to represent India, were added to the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission. The Secretary for India sent a dispatch (Aug. 15) suggesting the formation of Sanitary Commissions as recommended in the Report. Miss Nightingale was asked to draft a code of suggestions which might be sent out to India. But soon there was a hitch. The military element in the India Office quarrelled with the Report, and it was intimated that there might be similar criticism from the military element in the Government of India. The accuracy of Dr. Farr’s statistics was to be impugned; and it was to be objected that Miss Nightingale’s “Observations” did not in all cases reflect the present state of the Indian stations. As if reports, which had taken and must have taken months and months to collect, could possibly have been brought up to the last moment! And as if the mere fact that such reports had been called for was not likely to lead to some improvement! These things need not detain us. They were, as Miss Night-

¹ Mr. Herbert had promised, but apparently only by word of mouth, that the services rendered by Dr. Farr and Dr. Sutherland to the Commission should be paid. Miss Nightingale was able to confirm the promise.

Government of India to be considered as well as the War Office. And everybody, who knows anything about public affairs, knows what it means to the cause of prompt efficiency if departments begin wrangling with each other. And then Miss Nightingale had no longer her "dear master." Lord Stanley, the Chairman of the Indian Commission, was friendly, and sincerely desirous to see things done; but he was not an enthusiast. His temperament was cool; his judgment, critical. But, as I have already said, he had a great belief in Miss Nightingale, and though she did not always find him an easy man to drive, she did it. The moment the Report was signed she was up and at him. He must do as Sidney Herbert did; that is, go at once to Ministers and insist on immediate steps being taken to put the recommendations of the Report into operation. Otherwise, all their labour might dissolve in air. Lord Stanley proposed to wait and see:—

(Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale.) July 10, 1863. . . . Do not fear that Lord Herbert's work will be left unfinished: sanitary ideas have taken root in the public mind, and they cannot be treated as visionary. The test of experience is conclusive. The ground that has been gained cannot be lost again.—
July 12. . . . The first step is to ask what the War and India departments will do. If on consideration they consent to the appointment of the commissions recommended with or without modification of our plan, the thing is fairly started. I am inclined to believe that they will be found willing. But we must give them time to read the report. If they object to do anything, other methods may be tried. We have friends in the Indian Council, and Lord de Grey is a Sanitarist. I quite agree in what you say as to its being a duty to help the ministry of the day in working out their plans. Practically I have acted on this rule. Few matters pass in the India Office that do not come before me. But such help cannot be offered by an outsider—it must be asked by those who are responsible. If Sir C. Wood desires assistance in giving effect to the sanitary projects, I will not refuse it. There is ample time to consider all this.

So Lord Stanley was waiting to be asked. Then it became Miss Nightingale's business to contrive that he should be asked. She saw Lord de Grey, begged him to go forthwith to the India Office, and to suggest to Sir Charles

appointment of Sir John Lawrence. Lord Elgin died on November 20. Lawrence was appointed on November 30, and was to start for India immediately :—

(*Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale.*) Dec. 1. I saw Sir C. Wood yesterday. The sanitary question was gone into, tho' not so fully as I could have wished. Sir J. Lawrence's appointment is a great step gained. He knows what is wanted, and has no prejudices in favour of the existing military administration. I shall see him to-night and shall probably be able to have some talk with him on the subject. But why should not he see you? The plans are in the main yours; no one can explain them better: you have been in frequent correspondence with him. I believe there will now be but little difficulty in India. . . . Let me repeat—you must manage to see Sir John Lawrence. He does not go till the 10th. Your position in respect of this whole subject is so peculiar that advice from you will come with greater weight than from anyone else.

Miss Nightingale was among the first to offer congratulations to the new Viceroy; the terms in which she addressed him expressed what she sincerely and intensely believed :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Sir John Lawrence.*) Among the multitude of affairs and congratulations which will be pouring in upon you, there is no more fervent joy, there are no stronger good wishes, than those of one of the humblest of your servants. For there is no greater position for usefulness under heaven than that of the government of the vast Empire you saved for us. And you are the only man to fill it. So thought a statesman with whom I worked not daily, but hourly, for five years, Sidney Herbert—when the last appointment was made. In the midst of your pressure pray think of us, and of our sanitary things on which such millions of lives and health depend.¹

Prompted by Lord Stanley, Miss Nightingale asked the new Viceroy to call. He was the first of a succession of high Indian officials who made a point of coming to Miss Nightingale before leaving for their posts. The interview took place on December 4. Miss Nightingale never forgot either the interview itself or Lord Stanley's kindly anxiety that

¹ From the *Life of Lord Lawrence*, by R. Bosworth Smith, 1885, vol. ii. p. 278.

ingale put it, "the Crimea over again," "these and those" protesting that things were not so bad as they had been painted, and that in any case it was not A who was to blame, but B. But meanwhile everything was hung up. Lord Stanley, the Chairman of the Commission, whose Report was impugned, was in the country. Miss Nightingale "urged and baited him" (so she described it) to come up to London and return to the charge. He came in November, and had an interview with her before seeing Sir Charles Wood.

II

And now an event occurred which was followed by results of consequence to her cause. Lord Elgin, the Viceroy, while travelling in the Himalayas, was stricken down by a heart complaint from which he was not expected to recover. The question of a successor became urgent. The minds of many turned to Sir John Lawrence, but, with one exception, no Indian civilian since Warren Hastings had permanently held the office of Viceroy. Miss Nightingale had unbounded admiration for him. The soldier's heart in her loved his heroic deeds. "What would Homer have been," she once said, "if he had had such heroes as the Lawrences to sing?"¹ Personal intercourse had filled her with closer admiration for what Lord Stanley called "a certain heroic simplicity" in the man, for his unaffected piety, his rugged honesty, his deep sympathy with human suffering. In later years a photograph of Watts's portrait of Lawrence always hung in Miss Nightingale's room. At the moment with which we are now concerned, she regarded him as the indispensable man for India, not more on account of the threatening border war on the north-west frontier (the consideration which doubtless most moved Lord Palmerston), than on account of his sympathy with the cause of sanitary reform. An opportunity came for putting in her word. Sir Charles Wood consulted his predecessor at the India Office, and Lord Stanley in turn talked matters over with Miss Nightingale. She urged him with fervent eagerness to do everything in his power to promote the

¹ Letter to Harriet Martineau (Feb. 2, 1865).

III

Within a month of his arrival in India, Sir John Lawrence had set the Sanitary Commissions on foot, and nothing was wanting except hints and instructions from home :—

(*Sir John Lawrence to Miss Nightingale.*) CALCUTTA, Feb. 5 [1864]. I write a line to say that we have commenced work by establishing our Sanitary Committees for Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. They are composed of five members. A Civilian is at their head, and a Medical Officer as Secretary. I hope that you will expedite the transmission to India of the codes and rules and plans which have been approved of for home and the colonies. We shall then have an idea in a practical shape of the main features of the sanitary system, and can readily adapt it to the peculiar circumstances of the country. Without such a guide we shall often be perhaps working in direct opposition to your views. Where we differ, it will become our duty to set forth the grounds for so doing, in sending our plans and reports home. Pray excuse this hurried scrawl, and believe me, Sincerely yours,
JOHN LAWRENCE.

It was not Miss Nightingale's fault that this plea for expedition was necessary. In December 1863 Lord de Grey had again asked her to draft a letter to the India Office, as from the War Office, on the measures recommended by the Royal Commission, and she had done it. But days, weeks, months passed, and nothing happened. In January 1864 her "Suggestions in regard to Sanitary Works required for the Improvement of Indian Stations,"¹ written at the urgent request of the Governor-General, were ready, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Farr, and Mr. Rawlinson collaborating with her. Again months passed and nothing happened. The Barrack and Hospital Improvement Committee had been officially informed in December of the appointment of the Indian members, and requested to report on any matters which might be referred to it by the Secretary for India or the Secretary for War; but as yet no Indian reference had been made. Miss Nightingale chafed sorely at the needless delay. The Governor-General wrote to

¹ Bibliography A, No. 24.

it should take place. Thirty years later (Feb. 17, 1893), in sending Aitchison's Memoir of Lord Lawrence to Sir Harry Verney, she wrote: "How many touches—short but sweet—I could add to the book! The real tale of Sir J. Lawrence's appointment as Viceroy will never be told. During the only ten days left to Lawrence before he started, he came to see me. How kind it was of Lord Stanley. He came like a footman to my door, and, without giving his name, sent up to ask whether Sir John Lawrence was coming. The interview was one never to be forgotten."

Sir John Lawrence discussed the sanitary question with Miss Nightingale in all its bearings, and they exchanged views further by correspondence before he left London:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Dr. Farr.*) Dec. 10. I have had the great joy of being in constant communication with Sir John Lawrence, and of receiving his commands to do what I had almost lost the hope of being allowed to do—viz. of sending out full statements and schemes of what we want the Presidency Commissions to do. I should be glad to submit to you copies of papers of mine which he desired me to write and which he took out with him, as to the constitution of the Presidency Commissions, if you care to see them. They are, of course, confidential. I have also seen Lord Stanley more than once during these busy days. And with Sir John Lawrence's command, we feel ourselves empowered to begin the Home Commission,¹ and to further our plans upon it. Sir John Lawrence, so far from considering our Report exaggerated, considers it under the mark.

Thus was preparation made for putting the Report into execution in India. During Lawrence's Viceroyalty, Sir Bartle Frere was governor of Bombay: "Men used to say," he told Miss Nightingale, "that they always knew when the Viceroy had received a letter from Florence Nightingale: it was like the ringing of a bell to call for sanitary progress."

¹ That is the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission (Army Sanitary Committee), reinforced by India Office representatives, which was to issue Sanitary Suggestions for the Government of India.

respective powers and duties as if India were the Sandwich Islands."

On the major matter, the dispatch of sanitary suggestions to guide the Indian authorities, Miss Nightingale now resolved that the delay should come to an end. She had drafted an ultimatum to the War Office, threatening an attack in the House of Commons, when Lord Stanley, a prominent member of the Opposition, appeared on the scene. He had forewarned Miss Nightingale, as we have heard, that departmental jealousies would cause some delay; but seven months had now passed since the Report of his Commission had been issued, and he seems to have thought that this was time enough to allow for the two offices to let off steam between themselves. He wrote to Miss Nightingale suggesting that he should come to see her, and offering, if she approved, to put pressure either upon Lord de Grey or upon Sir Charles Wood. Miss Nightingale loyally gave her friends at the War Office a last chance, but they did not care to take it. Lord Stanley saw Sir Charles Wood accordingly, promised him parliamentary support in any action which he might take, and matters were at last arranged. Miss Nightingale's draft "Suggestions" were submitted to the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission, and with slight alterations were adopted by that body. It was a War Office Commission, but the dignity of the India Office was consulted by the statement on the title-page of the Blue-book, that the Suggestions had been prepared by the said Commission "in accordance with Letters from the Secretary of State for India in Council." The fact was that they were prepared by Miss Nightingale in accordance with the wishes of Sir John Lawrence.

When once the "Suggestions" had been passed officially, it was within her power, by the simple expedient of laying in a stock of early copies, to prevent a moment's further delay. She used the power; and could not deny herself a few genial taunts at her official friends. "I beg to inform you," she wrote to Captain Galton at the War Office (Aug. 8), "that by the first mail after signature I sent off by H.M.'s book-post, at an enormous expense (I have a good mind to charge it to you!), to Sir John Lawrence

her again and again pressing for the Suggestions. 'She had done her part long ago; the War Office had been in possession of her Draft for months. She tried plain pressure, and pressure barbed with sarcasm. "Poor man!" she wrote in forwarding to the War Office one of the Governor-General's letters (March 10); "he really expects despatch. He thinks we can write a letter in three months! He must be more fit for a Lunatic Asylum than for a Governor-Generalship." Or, when the Government had been having a close division in the House,¹ she tried to play the India Office against the War Office. "You will all be 'out' this session," she wrote to the War Office (March 7, 1864); "after which *I* shall be able to get what I like from Lord Stanley [I.O.], but *you* will not be able to get what you like from Gen. Peel [W.O.]. It is therefore very desirable that this letter should be written now at once while you are still 'in.'" It turned out that the reason of the delay was this: the War Office *had* sent a preliminary letter to the India Office, and the India Office resented it. Sir Charles Wood, it was explained to Miss Nightingale, had "snubbed" Lord de Grey. The War Office was sulking in its tents accordingly. The India Office, on its part, was standing on its dignity, and was not going to place itself in the humiliating position of taking action proposed to it by the War Office. And this was the reason why Miss Nightingale's Suggestions, for which the Governor-General was asking, were still pigeon-holed. As for minor recommendations in the Royal Commission's Report, it was quite true that many of them could be carried out by administrative order, and some of them were; but the difficulty in the case of others was that it had hitherto passed the wit of man to discover with whom the power, or the responsibility, of making the order lay. Well may Miss Nightingale have written, as she did in more than one letter of this time (Jan. 1864): "No impression in all my life was ever 'borne in upon me' more strongly than this, that the Ministers have never considered the respective jurisdictions of the W.O. and the I.O., and that I.O., W.O., Horse Guards at home, Commander-in-Chief in India, Governor-General in India are as little defined as to the

¹ On March 1, on a debate on the Yeomanry, the majority had been 1.

The President of the Bengal Commission was Mr. Strachey.¹ He, too, had made Miss Nightingale's acquaintance, and they corresponded at great length. Dr. J. P. Walker, a surgeon in the Indian Army, was in England in December 1863. He wrote to Miss Nightingale, as a devoted follower of her school. He went out to India, was appointed Secretary of the Bengal Commission, and at every stage consulted her and reported to her. Mr. R. J. Ellis, President of the Madras Commission, and Dr. Leith, President of the Bombay one, also corresponded with her. To any official in India, from the Governor-General downwards, who was ready to listen, Miss Nightingale had much to say. The correspondence with Sir John Lawrence is the most interesting :—

(*Sir John Lawrence to Miss Nightingale.*) SIMLEH, June 12 [1864]. It was truly kind of you to write and give me so nice an account of my children. . . . What an exciting time must Garibaldi's visit to England have been. He is indeed a noble fellow, and fully worthy of all our sympathies. I only trust that he will be persuaded to keep quiet and bide his time. A good day for his country, if the people only deserve it, must surely come. I am doing what I can to put things in order out here ; but it is a very uphill work, and many influences have to be managed and overcome. I often think of the last visit I paid you before leaving England and of your conversation on that occasion. You will recollect how much I dwelt on the difficulties which meet one on every side. These have been exemplified in a way I could scarcely understand or anticipate, by the good folks of England really believing that I had sanctioned an attack on the religion of the Hindoos, because I desired to improve the health of the people in Calcutta !

(*Miss Nightingale to Sir John Lawrence.*) 32 SOUTH STREET, Sept. 26 [1864]. MY DEAR SIR JOHN LAWRENCE—I always feel it a kind of presumption in me to write to you—and a kind of wonder at your permitting it. I always feel that you are the greatest figure in history, and yours the greatest work in history, in modern times. But that is my very reason. We have but one Sir John Lawrence. Your Bengal Sanitary Commission is doing its work, like men—like martyrs, in fact,—and what a

¹ John Strachey (1823-1907) ; afterwards Chief Commissioner of Oudh, Lieut.-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, financial member of the Governor-General's Council ; knighted, 1872 ; G.C.S.I., 1878 ; and member of the Secretary of State's Council.

direct no end of copies of *Suggestions* (also to the Presidency Commissions); and that, as he is always more ready to hear than you are to pray (you sinners!), I have not the least doubt that they will have been *put in execution* long before the India Office has even begun to send them."¹ She was not far wrong; six or seven weeks elapsed before the official copies were sent,² and meanwhile Miss Nightingale was able to get in another gibe. She heard from Sir John Lawrence that he had ordered the *Suggestions* to be reprinted in India. "It might be as well," she wrote to the War Office, "to hurry your copies for the India Office, who will otherwise receive them first from India."

IV

In India itself, advance, with Sir John Lawrence at the helm, was rapid. The President and the Secretary of each Sanitary Commission were required to devote their whole attention to the work. They were charged to "consider and afford advice and assistance in all matters relative to the health of the Army, and to supervise the gradual introduction of sanitary improvements in Barracks, Hospitals, and Stations, as well as in Towns in proximity to Military Stations." Of every step taken, Miss Nightingale was kept informed. Sir John wrote to her frequently to report progress; he described to her the condition of all the Stations he had inspected on his way up to Simla; he applied to her for information on special points. His private secretary, Dr. Hathaway, who also had seen Miss Nightingale before he left England, wrote yet more fully and frequently.

¹ This was no idle taunt. The Government of India had already put in force some of the recommendations of the Royal Commission before it had officially received copies of the Report: see above, p. 34 and *n*.

² Miss Nightingale conducted a secret inquiry, which would have done credit to a detective-inspector, into the causes of this delay. According to "information received," the first cause was that the final printing was delayed while communications went to and fro between the War Office and the India Office upon the number of copies required. Then the supply ultimately ordered by the latter passed leisurely from one sub-department to another. Finally, the stock reposed a while at a warehouse across the water, until there were sufficient official papers to fill certain regulation cases of a regulation size.

you by sending out such Reports on the subject as may be useful.

(3) The seamen at the great Ports. You have already done so much. But Rome can't be built in a day. Bad water, bad food bought in Bazaars, and bad drinks cause a vast amount of disease and death. Self-supporting Institutions, such as our Sailors' Homes (of which, indeed, I believe you have already founded more than one), would give the men wholesome food and drink, and lodgings and day-rooms at little cost. So many men perish for want of this kind of accommodation at Calcutta, where the evil seems greatest.

It seems to me so base to be writing while you are doing. Oh that I could come out to Calcutta and organize at least the Hospital accommodation for the poor wretches in the streets. There is nothing I should like so much. But it is nonsense to wish for what is an impossibility. I am sure you will be glad to hear that one of my life-long wishes, viz. the nursing of Workhouse Infirmaries by proper Nurses, is about to be fulfilled. By the munificence of a Liverpool man (who actually gives £1200 a year for the object, but desires not to be named), we undertake next month the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary (of 1000 beds)—the first Workhouse that ever has been nursed—with 15 Head Nurses, trained by ourselves, and a Lady (Volunteer) Matron (who underwent a most serious course of training at our Nurses' School at St. Thomas' Hospital), 15 Assistants, and 52 ex-pauper women, whom we are to train as Nurses.¹ I am sure it is not for us to talk of Civilization. For I have seen, in our English Workhouse Infirmaries, neglect, cruelty, and malversation such as can scarcely be surpassed in semi-barbarous countries. And it was then I felt I must found a school for Nurses for Workhouses, &c. The opportunity has come too late for me to do the Workhouse Nursing myself. But, so it is well done, we care not how. I think with the greatest satisfaction upon your re-union with Lady Lawrence and (some of) your children. God bless you.—I am yours devotedly,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

P.S.—The Calcutta Municipality does not seem yet to have wakened up to a sense of its existence. It does not know that it exists: much less, what it exists for. Still, you are conquering India anew by civilization, taking possession of the Empire for the first time by knowledge instead of by the sword.—F. N.

The Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) was hardly less helpful in the cause than the Governor-General. The War Office had sent to him,

¹ On this subject, see below, p. 128.

work it is! All we have in Europe is mere child's play to it. Health is the product of civilization, *i.e.* of real civilization. In Europe we have a kind of civilization to proceed upon. In India your work represents, not only diminished Mortality as with us, but increase of energy, increase of power of the populations. I always feel, as if God had said: mankind is to create mankind. In this sense you are the greatest creator of mankind in modern history. . . .

Would there be any impropriety in your Sanitary Commissions sending copies of their printed Minutes to the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission here, through the India Office—merely for information? As far as your Bengal Commission goes: these men don't want urging: they have not now to be taught. Anything which might even appear to interfere with the responsibilities of your Commissions, unless at their own request, is not only undesirable: but, as far as the Bengal Commⁿ. is concerned, useless. But, if you saw no objection to sending the Minutes for information to the War Office Commission here, I am sure they would very much like it. Or, if that would be too formal and official (as regards the India Office here), if they, the Minutes, might be sent to me, with permission to shew them to one or two, such as Lord Stanley (our late Chairman of the Royal Commission), Dr. Sutherland, and Capt. Galton, of the War Office, &c., it would answer the same purpose. The India Office here does not shew *now* the least jealousy of the Barrack and Hosp^l. (War Office) Commission. On the contrary, one can scarcely help smiling at the small things it is glad to throw off its responsibility for upon said Commission.

There are three glaring (tho' lesser) evils in Calcutta about which I know you have been employed—lesser tho' they are—and your attention and Dr. Hathaway's have been aroused by them. These are: (1) The Police Hospitals (or state of Hosp^l. accommodation) for sick poor at Calcutta. The Police establishments seem about as bad as possible. Indeed the poor wretches are brought in mostly to die. The Parisian system of relief is very good: every Police station at Paris has means of temporary help in cases of emergency until the sufferers can be removed to Hospital. Some such arrangement with a thorough reform of the Hospitals, and such additional accommodation as may be wanted, might meet Calcutta's case.

(2) The condition of Jails and Lunatic Asylums in India. Certainly it is not for me to draw your attention or Dr. Hathaway's to this. Probably he knows more about them than any man living. The reports and recommendations of one or two of the Jail Inspectors shew that they want experience: as I am sure Dr. Hathaway will agree with me. Perhaps we might help

too, by workshops and gymnasia.”¹ She gave account of trades, savings’ banks, games, libraries; noting what had been done and what yet remained to be done. “In the meantime the regulation two drams have been reduced to one. A Legislative Act imposes a heavy fine or imprisonment on the illicit sale of spirits near cantonments. Where there *are* recreation rooms, refreshments (prices all marked) are spread on a nice clean table.” All these things, which in 1864 were new or exceptional, became in later years well-established and the rule. The main causes of disease among the Army in India were, however, as Miss Nightingale went on to say, want of drainage, want of proper water-supply, want of proper barracks and hospitals. But in these respects she had set the reformers to a work which has continued from that day to this.

There was, indeed, some criticism at the start, but this touched only the past, and did not seriously affect the future. Indian officials felt aggrieved, as I have already said, at the strictures contained in the Report of the Royal Commission, and this movement came to a head in two documents—one, a counter-Report by Dr. Leith, the Chairman of the Bombay Sanitary Commission (Oct. 1864); the other, a dispatch (Dec. 8) from the Government of India (Sir John Lawrence on an important point dissenting). Lord Stanley thought that Dr. Leith ought to be answered at once, and wrote to Miss Nightingale (Oct. 25) for her advice on the subject. She suggested that the answer should be sent in the form of a Report on Dr. Leith’s letter by the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission—an ingenious plan, as it gave opportunity to that expert body for giving further advice to one of the Presidency Commissions. Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland drafted the Report, which was adopted by the Commission on January 6, 1865. “I have pleasure,” wrote Lord Stanley to her (Dec. 26), “in sending back the draft reply to Dr. Leith with only one or two verbal amendments suggested. It seems to me well done, moderate in tone, and conclusive in argument.” A reply to the Indian Government’s Dispatch, signed by Lord Stanley, Dr. Farr, and Dr. Sutherland, was sent on May 20. Miss Nightingale

¹ This incident was told in Sir Hugh Rose’s letter.

through the Horse Guards, a letter inviting his attention to the regimental recommendations in the Royal Commission's Report. His reply was most sympathetic, and his period of command was marked, amongst other things, by two reforms specially near to Miss Nightingale's desires: he introduced regimental workshops and soldiers' gardens in cantonments. The War Office forwarded his letter to Miss Nightingale. "It is quite worth while," she wrote in reply (Aug. 11, 1864), "all that has been suffered,—to have this letter from Sir Hugh Rose. And I forgive everybody everything." "I sing for joy every day," she had written previously (June 6), "at Sir John Lawrence's Government." She made public thanksgiving. To the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh in October 1863, she had contributed a paper, entitled, "How People may Live and not Die in India," in which she gave, in concise and popular form, a *résumé* of the Royal Commission's Report. The reading of her paper had been followed by "Three Cheers for Florence Nightingale." She now (Aug. 1864) republished the Paper, with a Preface, in which, as it were, she gave "Three Cheers for Sir John Lawrence." She described how the Commissions of Health had been appointed in India, and how they had now been put in possession of all the more recent results of sanitary works and measures which had been of use at home. Then she turned to the military authorities, and described how "several of the worst personal causes of ill-health to which the soldier was in former times exposed have been, or are being, removed." "The men," she wrote, "have begun to find out that it is better to work than to sleep and drink, even during the heat of the day. One regiment marching into a Station, where cholera had been raging for two years, were chaffed by the regiments marching out, and told they would never come out of it alive. The men of the entering battalion answered, they would see; we *won't* have cholera, they think. And they made gardens with such good effect that they had the pleasure, not only of eating their own vegetables, but of being paid for them too by the Commissariat. And this in a soil which no regiment had been able to cultivate before. And not a man had cholera. These good soldiers fought against disease,

invited him to use her rooms; sent Dr. Sutherland to accompany him on visits of inspection to hospitals and barracks; arranged meetings between him and Lord Stanley; conferred with him on changes which Sir John Lawrence was proposing to make in the constitution of the Presidency Commissions. The Governor-General himself communicated with her freely on the same subject. The Secretary of the Bengal Commission applied to her for information on trustworthy tests for the discovery of organic matter in water. Being unable to obtain what was wanted from Dr. Parkes, she applied to Dr. Angus Smith (inventor of an air-test also), who wrote a pamphlet for her on the subject. It was printed at her expense. She had it approved by the War Office Sanitary Committee, and a large number of copies was distributed throughout India. She had impressed upon the Governor-General the importance of stirring up the Indian municipalities. The Indian Towns' Municipal Improvement Bill (1865) was submitted for her criticism, and she wrote a "Note on the relations which should exist between the powers of raising and spending taxes proposed to be granted to local authorities, and the proper execution of sanitary works and measures in India." Her friend, Sir Charles Trevelyan, retired from the post of Financial Minister in India in 1865, and she made the acquaintance of his successor, Mr. W. N. Massey. She was very jubilant when she "got a vote of seven millions for my Indian barracks." She was depressed when the Governor-General wrote to her from time to time saying that the great obstacle in the way of speedier reform was want of money; but she made excuses for her hero. "Sir John Lawrence," she wrote to Madame Mohl (March 20, 1865), "is just as much hampered with the Horse Guards out there as I am here. He is always writing to me to apologize for the little progress he makes. By the very last mail he says I shall think him 'timid and perhaps even time-serving.' I could not help laughing. Certainly Sir J. Lawrence is the only man who ever called Sir J. Lawrence a time-server,—except in the highest possible sense, of serving his country at her greatest time of need in the highest possible way." She was constantly corresponding with Lord Stanley, urging

in her eagerness was much annoyed by these criticisms,¹ and Lord Stanley often told her that she made too much of what were only temporary ebullitions. "Don't be discouraged, dear Miss Nightingale," he wrote (Jan. 22) when the Government of India's dispatch arrived; "the practical work may go on while the controversy is proceeding. My idea of the matter is that the Indian authorities only want time to set things a little in order—that they are willing to mend, but not inclined to give us the credit of having first put them in the right way. That is human nature." Lord Stanley was a true prophet. The Indian authorities did mend; and so successfully has the work been carried out by a long line of Commanders, Administrators, and Engineers that the death-rate from preventable disease among the British Army in India has fallen far below the figure which the Royal Commission named as a counsel of perfection.²

V

In this work of "salvation" Miss Nightingale was for many years to play a part as consultant, and sometimes as inspirer. In November 1864 the Governor-General in Council intimated his readiness to consider a scheme for the employment of nurses in Military Hospitals, and thereupon the Bengal Sanitary Commission requested Miss Nightingale to aid them by her advice. She wrote in collaboration with Sir John McNeill a comprehensive series of Suggestions in the following February.³ Throughout the year (1865) Miss Nightingale was engaged from time to time in Indian sanitary business; and her house served as headquarters for the sanitary reformers. Mr. Ellis, the President of the Madras Commission, came home in the middle of the year in order to study sanitary reforms in this country. Miss Nightingale

¹ If any reader should desire to follow up the criticisms and the replies, he will find the Reply to Dr. Leith in Parliamentary Papers, 1865, No. 329; and the Government of India's dispatch with the Reply, in Nos. 108 and 324. Dr. Leith's Report does not appear to have been reprinted as a Parliamentary Paper. A copy of it, printed at Bombay, 1864, is among Miss Nightingale's papers.

² The Commission looked forward to a rate of not more than 10 per 1000. The rate in 1911 was, as already stated, 5.04.

³ Bibliography A, No. 44. For the subsequent fate of this scheme, see below, p. 157.

In one of many moments of vexation at the delays of the "savages" in their red-tape, Miss Nightingale wrote thus to Captain Galton (June 23, 1864): "The Horse Guards say that they were quite aware of Sir John Lawrence's application and of the delay, but that 'it is Sir J. Lawrence's one and only object of interest, while it is *one out of a thousand* of the War Office's.' They ought to have the V.C. for their cool intrepidity in the face of truth. I have told Sir J. Lawrence of the opinion of these dining-out *freluquets* as to his hard work. And I think I shall publish it after my death." But "unlicked cubs," as she said at Scutari, "grow up into good old bears" ¹; and it is not in order to pay off a score against the "puppies" that I quote this letter. Behind the remark which excited Miss Nightingale's righteous anger there was an element of unconscious truth, and it is one which sums up this and the preceding chapter. It was, indeed, an ignorant untruth to say that Sir John Lawrence had no other work or interest than the promotion of sanitary improvements for the Army in India; and it would be untrue also, as later chapters will show, to say the same thing of Miss Nightingale. Yet it made all the difference for the promotion of that work in India that there was at the head of affairs a man whose heart and soul were in it. And at home, it made all the difference that there was one resolute will, combined with a clear head, determined to give impetus and direction to the work. It was probably quite true to say that to many, perhaps to most, of the men at the War Office and the Horse Guards this question of Army sanitation in India appeared as only "one out of a thousand" questions. To Miss Nightingale it was, in a very literal and instant sense, a matter of life and death; and it was her passionate conviction that supplied the initiating and driving force which compelled reform. If the Governor-General of the time had been hostile or apathetic, even her persistence might yet have been foiled. But, as things were, the co-operation between Sir John Lawrence and Florence Nightingale was as beneficent in its results upon the welfare of the British Army in India, as the co-operation between her and Sidney Herbert had been in the case of the Army at home.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 184.

him to win points for her from the Indian Secretary. "I have just seen Sir Charles Wood," wrote Lord Stanley (Feb. 10). "He agrees as to the expediency of sending home a yearly report of the sanitary stations in each Presidency." "Pray never speak of being troublesome," he wrote again (May 15): "it is a real pleasure to me to help you a little in the great work: I know no other way in which my time can be made equally useful." He frequently saw Sir Charles Wood on matters which she urged, and he won what was almost her highest praise. "Lord Stanley," she said, "is a splendid worker." His cool common sense was perhaps a wholesome antidote sometimes to her almost feverish eagerness. "Publicity," he said (Aug. 17), "will in the long-run do what we want. People won't stand being poisoned when they know it." The annual Reports from the Presidencies, obtained by Miss Nightingale some years later (p. 155), were submitted for her "Observations"; and in many other ways, as we shall hear, it was remarkable how close a touch upon the course of sanitary reform in India was maintained by this lady from a bedroom in Mayfair. But essentially Miss Nightingale's work was that of inspirer and pioneer. These chapters will have shown, I think, that a compliment paid to her by the Chairman of the Indian Sanitary Commission was no less true than graceful:—

(Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale.) ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, July 25 [1864]. I don't wonder that the delays of the "savage tribe" should try your patience; and I admire the more the care and success with which you keep outward show of annoyance to yourself. I had rather be criticised by any one rather than you! I am only passing through town to-day, there being nothing left to do; but shall be again in this place on Thursday, and ready to wait upon you if any matters want settling. If not, I can only wish you health—success is sure to come—and beg that you will remember the value of your own public service, and not by overwork endanger its continuance. Pray excuse a caution which I am sure I am not the first to give. Every day convinces me more of two things: first, the vast influence on the public mind of the Sanitary Commissions of the last few years—I mean in the way of speeding ideas which otherwise would have been confined to a few persons; and next, that all this has been due to you, and to you almost alone.

than of a purely military kind) was referred almost as a matter of course to a private lady, and that lady an invalid in her bed? It is not likely that the situation will ever exist again; and it becomes of interest to trace "the Nightingale power" in this matter to its sources.

The primary explanation is simple. In a large class of questions which were occupying the attention of the War Office at this time Miss Nightingale was regarded as the first expert of the day. One sees this in the fact that she was consulted in connection with work, within her sphere, for other departments than the War Office. Thus in 1865 Mr. R. S. Wright (afterwards the judge) was appointed by the Colonial Office to prepare a Report on the condition of Colonial Prisons. He went to Miss Nightingale, asking (April 27) "to be allowed to submit to you for your criticism the conclusions at which I may arrive. Supposing them to be approved by you, it will be a great advantage if I may state that you approve them."¹ Then, in the second place,—to repeat a phrase which I have already applied to her, she was the official legatee of Sidney Herbert. Everyone who was behind the scenes knew that his work had also been her work, and Sidney Herbert's repute as a reformer stood very high. The official Army world at this time was divided into two camps—those who desired to complete Herbert's work, and those who tried to undo it. Miss Nightingale, as the repository of the Herbert tradition, was the indispensable ally of the former party against the latter. Her friend, Lady Herbert, put the case from her point of view, when she wrote (March 7, 1862), in reply to a letter telling of much weakness and weariness, "If you never wish to live for your own sake, yet bear to live, dearest, for a time to carry out his work, and to keep his memory fresh in the hearts of men." Some questions of reform arose to which Sir

¹ Miss Nightingale must have enjoyed the correspondence that ensued; for not only was Mr. Wright sound on sanitary matters ("it is no part of a prisoner's sentence that he should be black-holed"), but he wrote to her in a racy style. "I send you (Oct. 23) a specimen of the materials sent home by colonial prison authorities with the endorsement of a colonial Governor:—*Question*: What is the mode of treating lunatic or maniacal prisoners? *Answer*: Maniacles is not nor ever has been in use in this prison."

CHAPTER IV

ADVISORY COUNCIL TO THE WAR OFFICE

(1862-1866)

We are trying to reduce chaos into shape. It is three years to-day since I first felt what an awful wreck I had got myself into. I interfering with Government affairs; and the captain of my ship, without whom I should never have done it, dying and leaving me, a woman, in charge. What nonsense people do talk, to be sure, about people finding themselves in suitable positions and looking out for congenial work! I am sure if any body in all the world is most unsuited for writing and official work, it is I. And yet I have done nothing else for seven years but write Regulations.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (*Letter to Julius Mohl*, Jan 1. 1864).

THOUGH Miss Nightingale's main work during these years was connected with the Army in India, she was also continuously engaged in work for the War Office in relation to the army at home. Indeed in some respects the work was as constant, and it was quite as varied, if not as far-reaching in range, as in the days when Sidney Herbert was Secretary of State. She was a kind of Advisory Council to the War Office on all subjects within her sphere, and on some outside it; but the references to her were far more frequent than is commonly the case with those somewhat shadowy bodies; and besides she was a privileged person, with the right of initiating suggestions. The picture of her relations to the War Office as it is disclosed in her papers is remarkable. There are scores of letters from the Ministers. There are hundreds from one of the (non-political) Under-Secretaries. Her own letters in reply are equally numerous. There is a large collection of Drafts, Minutes, Warrants, Regulations. Her private letters tell of frequent interviews with one of the Ministers. Was there ever another case in which nearly every vexed question in War Office administration (other

term of office the Under-Secretary was Lord de Grey; and with him she was on very friendly terms, and he, as is obvious from the correspondence, had the highest opinion of her knowledge, her ability, and her influence. The part she played in Lord de Grey's appointment as Secretary of State, after the death of Sir G. Lewis, has already been described. Then in Captain Galton she had throughout these years a standing ally within the War Office, and her daily attendant, Dr. Sutherland, was a member of the Army Sanitary Committee. And in the last resort, if a difficulty worthy of such adjustment arose, she had the ear of the Prime Minister.

II

Such occasion did arise when, on May 15, 1862, death removed from the War Office Miss Nightingale's old opponent Sir Benjamin Hawes, the Permanent Under-Secretary. She had tried to reorganize him into insignificance in 1861, but "Ben had beaten Sidney Herbert."¹ Now was a chance of carrying out the plan which Mr. Herbert and she had often discussed—of breaking the bureaucracy, and of dividing up the office. Hitherto the Departments had reported through the Permanent Under-Secretary; the reform scheme was that they should report direct to the Secretary of State. Sir E. Lugard, Military Under-Secretary, was already in part-possession. Let Captain Galton resign his commission, and take the other half, as a civilian (and, what was equally in her mind, a convinced and professional sanitarian). She carried the case to the Prime Minister, and convinced him. Lord Palmerston told her afterwards that when the appointment was first mentioned to the Horse Guards they said it was "simply impossible." But the Prime Minister advised Sir George Lewis to make the appointment nevertheless:—

(*Miss Nightingale to her Father.*) 9 CHESTERFIELD STREET, *Poor Queen's Birthday*, 1862. I must tell you the first joy I have had since poor Sidney Herbert's death. Lord Palmerston has forced Sir G. Lewis to carry out Mr. Herbert's and my plan for the reorganization of the War Office *in some measure*. Hawes's

¹ See Vol. I. p. 405.

Benjamin Hawes had raised copious objections. "Would Miss Nightingale oblige the Political Under-Secretary by suggesting an answer to Hawes's points?" Sometimes she was the only person who possessed the necessary documents. "Have you got a copy of the Report of the Committee on the Organization of a Medical School? The War Office actually have *no* copy, and the Army Medical Department only a proof not signed and supposed to have been altered?"

But besides all this there were personal factors in the case. Miss Nightingale had no longer, it is true, an intimate friend at the head of the War Office, and with Lord Herbert's successor, Sir George Lewis, she was not otherwise than by correspondence acquainted. Early in 1862 he had made overtures through Sir Harry Verney, desiring to be given the honour of making Miss Nightingale's personal acquaintance. She was, however, too ill to receive him, and knowing perhaps her proficiency in the classics he sent her some of his *jeux d'esprit*. The offering had anything but a propitiatory effect. Many of her letters express indignation that the Secretary for War should be writing trifles in Latin instead of reforming the War Office. She was equally indignant when he presently published learned works on Ancient Astronomy and Egyptology. Mr. Jowett was somewhat of the same mind: "I agree with you about Sir G. Lewis and his book. I felt the same disgust at Gladstone for writing nonsense about Homer while the East India Bill was passing through the House." It does not seem to follow, however, that Mr. Gladstone would have been the more interested in the East India Bill if he had not been engaged in finding the Trinity on Mount Olympus, or that Sir George Lewis would have been any more in the mood to reorganize the War Office if he had not been applying the Egyptological method to modern history, or turning "Hey diddle diddle" into Latin verse. There is a keener point in another of Miss Nightingale's reflections on the Minister (Feb. 19, 1863): "If Sir George Lewis, instead of writing a 'Dialogue on the Best Forms of Government' would write (or rather silently act) a *Monologue* on the Dual Form being the Worst form of Government, the War Office would be much the gainer." But during his

them came under her notice. There must in all things, she said, be a clear definition of responsibility, with a logical differentiation of functions; and the business of the War Office was to prepare for war—not to jog along with an organization which might hold together in peace, but would break down in the field. Some papers were submitted to her criticism (June 1862). "What strikes me in them," she wrote, "is the black ignorance, the total want of imagination, as to a state of *war* in which the *War* Office seems to be. Really if it was a Joint Stock Company for the manufacture of skins, it could not, as far as appears, be less accustomed to contemplate or to imagine or to remember a state of war." I am afraid that most of us have lived through times when the same criticism could have been made. Let us hope that it is all a matter of ancient history now. Papers were sent to her dealing with the questions of Purveying and Commissariat. The Commissariat had hitherto been the bankers of the army, and some of the permanent officials saw no reason for a change. From her experience in the Crimea she gave them the reason. The confusion of functions worked badly in the field.¹ As it was bound to do, for it was absurd. "Is a man who buys bullocks the best man to be a banker? Would it not be better to have a separate Treasurer for the Army to receive all moneys and issue them to all departments? In private life nobody makes his steward or butler his banker. It would not be economical. Finance is as much a specialty as marketing, and as much so, to say the least of it, in the Army as in private life."

III

Complete reform of the War Office was, then, to remain a task for the future; but Miss Nightingale thought that Lord de Grey and Captain Galton did the administrative work well. Much of it was done with her assistance. From Miss Nightingale's point of view, the most important thing done under the Lewis-De Grey régime was the placing on a permanent footing of the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission. It was important, first, as keeping

¹ See Vol. I. p. 231.

place is not to be filled up. Galton is to do his work as Assistant Under-Secretary. This brings with it some other reforms. Lord de Grey says that he can reorganize the War Office with Captain Galton, because Sir G. Lewis will know nothing about it and never inquires. Sir G. Lewis wrote it (innocently) to the Queen yesterday, and Captain Galton was appointed to-day, resigning the Army of course. No, Sir Charles Trevelyan would not have done at all [in Hawes's place]. It would have been perpetuating the principle (which I have been fighting against in all my official life, *i.e.*, for eight years) of having a dictator, an autocrat, irresponsible to Parliament, quite unassailable from any quarter, immovable in the middle of a (so-called) constitutional government, and under a Secretary of State who is responsible to Parliament. And, inasmuch as Trevelyan is a better and abler man than Hawes, it would have been *worse* for any reform of principle. I don't mean to say that I am the first person who has laid down this. But I do believe I am the first person who has felt it so bitterly, keenly, constantly as to give up life, health, joy, congenial occupation for a thankless work like this. . . . It has come too late to give happiness to Galton, as it has come too late for me. He seems more depressed than pleased. And I do believe, if he feels any pleasure, it is that now he can carry out Sidney Herbert's plans in some measure. And it may seem to you some compensation for the enormous expense I cause you that, if I had not been here, it would not have been done. Would that Sidney Herbert could have lived to do it himself! Would that poor Clough could have lived to see it! He wished for it so much—for my sake. . . .

The high hopes which Miss Nightingale entertained from this slight reorganization were doomed to disappointment. Neither as Under-Secretary, nor after April 1863, when he became Secretary of State, did Lord de Grey manage, and I do not know that he seriously attempted, to reform the War Office root and branch.¹ He and Captain Galton had, according to Miss Nightingale, "miscalculated their power." She preached the necessity of reform to them unceasingly—in season and, as they may sometimes have thought, out of season too, for she was a very persistent person; and, with Dr. Sutherland's assistance, she provided them with detailed schemes. Her principles were as admirable, as was her criticism scathing when any breach of

¹ There is a succinct account of organizations and reorganizations between 1854 and 1868 in a *Memorandum on the Organization of the War Office* by Captain Galton, dated November 1868.

Miss Nightingale had learnt to love the army horse in the Crimea. Many years later, some very bad barracks were closed in Ireland, and men and horses were moved to the Curragh. It was the horses, she wrote, who had done it. "If we are not moved, they said, we shall mutiny. *Military* horses are quite capable of organizing movements. Did you ever hear of Jack? Jack was a riderless horse (his master having been killed) at the Charge of Balaclava. And he was seen collecting about 30 riderless horses, and at the head of his troop leading them back to, I suppose, Cavalry Headquarters. I have failed to discover whether Jack allowed horseless men to mount some of *his* horses. These men certainly returned on horseback—but when they found that a comrade, or an officer, was missing, they rode back, one and another, mounted the wounded man, and fought their way out of the Russian *melée*, but many died in the attempt—a glorious death. And when I see in the hansom-cabs horses who by their beautiful legs must have been hunters or even racers, galloping up Park Lane as long as they can stand, I say too 'a glorious death'; and horses should teach *us*, not we them, duty—do you think." ¹

All regulations for military hospitals and for their nursing staff were similarly submitted to Miss Nightingale. She had a poor opinion of the capacity of the male mind to frame rules for female nurses. "By the united skill," she wrote (Feb. 16, 1863), of "Mess^{rs} — and —, the following Regulations for Female Hospitals were put together:—(1) Kennel your nurses and chain them up till wanted; (2) When the number of Patients does not exceed —, chain up the Nurses without food; (3) Let the number of Nurses vary every day as the number of Patients varies. I send you an *amended* copy which, if you approve, might be put into type." She was constantly appealed to in connection with disputes caused at Netley by the difficult temper of Miss Shaw Stewart, the Superintendent of the Female Nursing Staff. She and Miss Nightingale were no longer close friends, but Miss Nightingale's sense of justice was strong, and she continuously supported Miss Stewart's authority.

¹ Letter of April 12, 1896, to Mrs. Henry Bonham Carter.

sound sanitary principles to the forefront in the execution of new works at home. It also, as already explained, provided machinery for promoting sanitary improvements in India. The point, next to its permanence, on which she most insisted was that the Commission should not be under the Army Medical Department, but should be directly responsible to the Secretary of State. "Lord de Grey said," wrote Captain Galton (June 25, 1862), "that he had adopted exactly your Minute about the Instructions to the Commission." With its Secretary, Mr. J. J. Frederick, Miss Nightingale was on very friendly terms, and Dr. Sutherland was its most active member. Most of the plans for new barracks or hospitals were submitted to her, and her inspection and criticism of them were searching. Then in 1862 the Government was about to build a new Military General Hospital at Malta. With Dr. Sutherland's aid, she went into every detail, and her Report on the plans occupies twenty-four pages of manuscript. In 1865 Sir Hope Grant succeeded Sir Richard Airey as Quarter-master General, and in that capacity as chairman of the Barrack Commission, the name of which was now changed to the Army Sanitary Committee. He went to see Miss Nightingale, "proud to think that she remembered him"; and the conversation must have been satisfactory; for "our new President is a Trump," reported Dr. Sutherland to her.

In examining plans, she always had a thought for the horses. When the plans for some cavalry barracks were sent for her criticism she put in a plea (June 4, 1863) for windows in the loose-boxes out of which the horses could see. "I do not speak from hearsay," she wrote to Captain Galton, "but from actual personal acquaintance with horses of an intimate kind. And I assure you they tell me it is of the utmost importance to their health and spirits when in the loose-box to have a window to look out at. A small bull's-eye will do. I have told Dr. Sutherland but he has no feeling." To which Dr. Sutherland added: "We *have* provided such a window and every horse can see out if he chooses to stand on his hind legs with his fore-feet against the wall. It is the least exertion he can put himself to, and if your doctrine is right, he will no doubt do it."

Army doctors, and how indignant she was at any slights cast upon them :—

April 6 [1864]. I have written threatening letters both to Lord de Grey and to Captain Galton about the [Medical Officers'] Warrant; and after pointing out that both restoration of Warrant and increase of pay are now necessary, I have shown how, when we are exacting duties from the Medical Officer, such as sanitary recommendations to his Commanding Officer, which essentially require him to have the standing of a gentleman with his Commanding Officer,—we are doing things, such as dismounting him at parade, depriving him of presidency at Boards, etc., which in military life, to a degree we have no idea of in civil life, deprive him of the weight of a gentleman among gentlemen.

April 7. The W.O. seem now willing to listen to some kind of terms. They are frightened. They sent me your letter. It was very good, very firm. Don't be conciliatory.

April 9. I wrote *for the tenth time* a statement of eight pages, with permission to make any use of it they pleased, with my signature, as to Lord Herbert's intentions. But I positively refused to write to Mr. Gladstone, who certainly ought not to grant *me* what the Secretary of State of War does not urge.

April 11. What is wanted is to put a muzzle on the Duke of Cambridge, and to tell him that he *must not* alter a Royal Warrant.

April 15, You may think I am not wise in being so angry. But I assure you, when I write civilly, I have a civil answer—and *nothing is done*. When I write furiously, I have a rude letter—and *something is done* (not even then always, *but only then*).

In the following year there was a debate in the House of Lords upon the Military Hospitals which greatly interested, and personally affected, Miss Nightingale. Early in March Lord Dalhousie (the Lord Panmure of earlier days)¹ gave notice of a motion to call attention to the expenditure on the Netley Hospital and the Herbert Hospital respectively, and it was rumoured that the ex-Minister intended to deliver a set attack upon two of his successors, the late Lord Herbert and Lord de Grey. The War Office, in order to be fully prepared, sent to Miss Nightingale for a brief. She gladly supplied it, and she entered into the fray with great

¹ He had succeeded to the earldom of Dalhousie on the death of his cousin, the 10th earl and first marquis, in Dec. 1860.

IV

Another large batch of the semi-official correspondence is concerned with Miss Nightingale's favourite child, the Army Medical School, and with the position of the Army doctors generally. The troubles of the professors were still many; the relation of the School to the Secretary of State on the one hand, and to the Army Medical Department on the other, was much vexed; and, when the School was moved to Netley (1863), a fresh set of difficulties cropped up. Miss Nightingale was constantly appealed to, sometimes by the staff, sometimes by the War Office, to smooth over difficulties, to suggest ways out, to settle disputed questions. She was recognized by the War Office as a kind of super-professor. One of the staff sought official sanction for a book on the work of the School: "Lord de Grey wants to know whether he is capable; also whether his proposed syllabus is good. Also to have any critical suggestions upon it which Miss Nightingale could kindly communicate." Her verdict was favourable. I have been told that some Army doctors of to-day, knowing little about Miss Nightingale except that she found fault with medical arrangements in the Crimea, suppose her not to have been their friend. Nothing could be further from the truth. What she blamed was not the doctors (for most of whom she had the greatest admiration), but the system. From first to last, she was the most efficient friend that the Army Medical Service ever had. In 1862-63 there is a long series of letters from her to the War Office, in which she persistently pleaded for improvement in their status and emoluments. It was in connection with this matter that she wrote to Captain Galton (Dec. 24, 1863): "*In re* Medical Warrant, I am meek and humble, but 'I cut up rough.' I am the animal of whom Buffon spoke, *Cet animal féroce mord tous ceux qui veulent le tuer*. You must do something for these doctors; or they will do for you, simply by not coming to you." A series of letters to Sir James Clark in the following year shows with what pertinacity she fought the battle of the

conclusive, that her "counsel" were unanimously of opinion that not another word was necessary. Apart from any personal question, Lord Dalhousie's speech¹ has a certain historical interest as embodying some of the prejudices against which Miss Nightingale as a Hospital Reformer had to contend. A little later in the year a military attack on the sanitarians was threatened in the House of Commons, but this only took the form of questions about the vote under which payment by the War Office to Dr. Sutherland appeared.² Miss Nightingale sent a note to the War Office, setting forth the facts and emphasizing the value of his services in the cause of sanitary improvement.

V

These were subjects in which Miss Nightingale was directly concerned, but questions of many other kinds were referred to her. I find in the correspondence with the War Office during these years that, in addition to matters otherwise mentioned in this chapter, her advice was asked upon such subjects as an Apothecaries' Warrant, barracks for Ceylon, "Fever Tinctures," Instructions for Cholera, fittings for Military Hospitals, the proposed amalgamation of the Home and Indian Medical Services, the organization of Hospitals for Soldiers' Wives, Sanitary Instructions for New Zealand, revision of soldiers' rations, staff appointments at Netley, appointment of West Indian staff surgeons, an outbreak of Yellow Fever in Bermuda, the relation of Commissariat Barracks and Purveying at Foreign Stations, victualling on transports and the Mhow court-martial.³ On one occasion she was asked to send hints for a speech in the House of Commons. Lord Hartington, then Under-Secretary for War, would have to defend a large increase

¹ It is in *Hansard* on March 6, 1865.

² *Hansard*, June 19 and 30, 1865.

³ The history of this affair, which excited a prodigious interest in Parliament and the press, may be read by the curious in vol. xxxiii. of the Parliamentary Papers of 1863, and vol. xxxv. of those of 1864. Miss Nightingale's good offices were asked by the War Office to parry an attack by "Jacob Omnium," for whose part in the affair see *Essays on Social Subjects*, by Matthew John Higgins, 1875. pp. lvi.-lx.

spirit. She was very angry that the memory of her "dear master" should be assailed, but I think that she enjoyed not a little the prospect of yet another encounter with "the Bison." She had beaten him before, and was determined that he should be beaten now. She advised Lord de Grey to avoid giving an advantage to the enemy by withholding any credit to which he was justly entitled. She recalled that at the last time they met, Lord Panmure had complained to her that she ascribed every sanitary reform in the Army to Sidney Herbert, though some of the reforms had been started by himself. She admitted, and advised Lord de Grey to admit, that Lord Panmure had deserved well of the Army by the measures which he took in the Crimea, and by initiating some steps for reducing the mortality at home. These things being admitted, the defence of Lord Herbert would carry the more weight. Having armed the Secretary of State with materials to meet any attack that might be made, Miss Nightingale turned to organize a second line of defence. Sir Harry Verney was dispatched to ask Mr. Gladstone's advice. Mr. Gladstone thought that Lord Harrowby should be retained for the defence, and he was approached. Miss Nightingale sent watching briefs also to her own friends, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Houghton.¹ When Lord Dalhousie's motion was taken, the rumours turned out to be well founded. He extolled his Netley (the non-"pavilion" hospital) as perfect, and criticized the Herbert Hospital ("pavilion") as a costly toy in the "glass-and-glare" style, and in a long speech attacked the "wasteful" system which Lord Herbert had introduced by paying attention to "hygeists who had carried their opinions too far." He had, I suppose, "that turbulent fellow," Miss Nightingale, in his mind when "he could not help thinking that all these unnecessary knick-knacks in hospitals were introduced partly from the habit, which prevailed at the War Office, of consulting hygeists not connected with the army." The personal animus in the attack was thought so obvious that the speech fell very flat. And Lord de Grey's reply—"quite admirable" according to Miss Nightingale—was so courteous, yet so

¹ Mr. R. Monckton Milnes had been created Baron Houghton in 1863.

sailors; and a woman's sympathetic insight appears in this letter :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Captain Galton.*) Sept. 21 [1863]. People are complaining that when a Regiment sails, many of their wives and children are left behind, and the soldiers are unable to make any provision for their support until they have reached their destination, say China or Calcutta (after a four months' voyage round the Cape), and have been able to send money through their Captains to their families at home. Meanwhile the families have gone through five or six months of distress. For sailors leaving a port in England or Ireland, the Admiralty provides power to leave a standing order that a certain amount of pay is to be sent regularly to their families. The W.O. objects that a similar arrangement would "involve a change in their book-keeping." *It would involve no change. It would involve a small addition.* I am willing to go the length of 6d. to furnish an account-book to the W.O., which would enable them to keep these additional accounts. The W.O. also objects that it would deprive the Captain of the chance of fining the soldiers for any military offence. But they can learn the Admiralty system; and whilst there are other ways of "doing" the soldiers, their pay is the only means of providing bread for their families starving (or doing worse) at home. Surely the soldiers might be allowed to leave, for the probable duration of their voyage, and for a month or two beyond it, a sum to be paid weekly to their representatives at home. Sir E. Lugard has been tried and failed. Pray set this right. But the W.O. would not be the W.O., if such things as these were not. And when they have ceased to be, the War Office will have ceased to be.

Satire was not the only weapon which Miss Nightingale employed in order to get things done. Sometimes she appealed to the motive of rivalry. Was the Minister hanging back? Well, all she could say was that Sidney Herbert would have done the thing in a moment. There were difficulties in the way, were there? The subordinate officials were piling up what they were pleased to call "reasons" to the contrary, were they? Well, "on this day many years ago," she wrote (June 18, 1862), "the French guns kept coming up again and again to get us out of the yard at Hougomont, and we answered in strong language, often repeated, till we kept the ground that we had won. I never heard the French guns called reasons. And I advise you

in the votes for Hospital and Medical Service. The Crimean War and Miss Nightingale's crusade had raised the expenditure from £97,000 in 1853-54 to £295,000 in 1864-65. "Could you send me a paragraph for Lord Hartington's speech," she was asked, "to show the salient points of what the nation gets for its money? Something pithy, put in your best manner." "There is nothing in the world I should like so much," she replied (Feb. 29, 1864), "as to have to do Lord Hartington's speech and stand in his shoes on such an occasion." She sent some pithy comparisons; and, in case the Minister wanted something heavier, a detailed memorandum. I suppose Lord Hartington chose the heaviness and rejected the pith; for when Miss Nightingale read the parliamentary report, she thought the speech a poor performance.¹ The same kind of references to Miss Nightingale went on when in 1866, on Lord de Grey's transference to the India Office,² Lord Hartington became Secretary of State for War. "Can you throw light," she was asked (June 21, 1866), "on the position of the medical officers of the *Guards*? This is very pressing. The whole matter is an awful mess, and Lord Hartington is anxious to leave it in some way of settlement." On the following day a lucid and exhaustive Memorandum on the subject went in from her.

In July 1864 Miss Nightingale was engaged on a piece of work for the War Office which was closely associated with her Crimean experiences and with her European repute. It was in August of that year that the international congress was held which framed the famous Geneva Convention. The British delegates were Miss Nightingale's friend, Dr. Longmore, and Dr. Rutherford, and she drafted their Instructions. The principle of the Convention was the neutralization of the wounded under the Red Cross. Societies formed under the Red Cross were soon organized throughout Europe, and the movement led to a great development of volunteer-nursing in war time.

Sometimes Miss Nightingale sent in suggestions on her own account. She was in close touch with soldiers and

¹ It certainly was dull: see *Hansard*, March 3, 1864.

² See below, p. 108.

ment for a Presbyterian Chaplain, who was not personally known to her, but whose hard and deserving case (as she thought it) had been brought to her notice. She was once sent a list of the Army Medical Service, and asked by a Minister to mark the names, for his private and confidential use, with her approbation or otherwise. This she respectfully declined to do. When she was asked a specific question about an officer whom she had known in the Crimea or elsewhere, she gave an opinion freely, and generally managed to put it pointedly; as of a certain Commandant: "As you often see in those round-headed, red-faced men, he has a great deal of conscience and very little judgment."

VI

A subject, in which Miss Nightingale took great and painful interest during these years, was the State regulation of vice. The legislation of 1864, 1866, and 1869 was already being promoted and considered in 1862. The subject was odious to Miss Nightingale, but her experiences in foreign hospitals and at Scutari had made her peculiarly familiar with it. Her private correspondence with doctors and military officers shows that for some years before 1862 she had given much thought and study to the question, and had carefully tested conclusions drawn from her personal observations by statistics and by the opinions of other persons. She hated the system of regulation on moral grounds, but she was equally convinced that the case for it had not been satisfactorily established by statistical evidence on hygienic grounds. On this point, two of the medical men, upon whose judgment she placed most reliance—Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Graham Balfour (the head of the Army Statistical Department)—agreed with her. With their assistance she worked up the case against the continental system, and at the request of Sir George Lewis, who was considering the matter in 1862, she wrote a private paper, which was circulated among some members of the Government and others. "Your facts," wrote Captain Galton to her (April 29, 1862), "have shaken Lord de Grey's views on the subject of police inspection." With Mr. Gladstone, she was less successful.

to answer in the same way, because there is no other way of answering. Lord de Grey's Minute is the gun which just has to be fired over again." And sometimes she resorted, as of old, to a little bullying. "I send you," she wrote (March 26, 1863), "my protest about the Medical School. Make what use of it you like. But, if we fail, I shall refer it to Lord Palmerston who, as you know, befriended us on a former occasion (after Hawes's death)"—a home thrust, this, as it was by a personal reference to Lord Palmerston that she had secured Captain Galton's appointment.

There was one occasion when, for a wonder, the pressure to be prompt and decided came not from her, but from the War Office. The Governorship of the Woolwich Hospital fell vacant; she had been sent a list of names with a request to advise upon them, and she had not immediately replied. "I wrote," she explained (Feb. 11, 1863), "to various authorities the very moment your and Lord de Grey's letters were put into my hands. The answers cannot be long delayed. But what would you think of my opinion if I volunteered it about men whom I know only by name? Had you asked me about Lord William Paulet or Colonel Storks or Sir Richard Airey, I could have given you an opinion off-hand with the utmost want of modesty. The very moment I have any reliable information you shall have it. But it takes some time to make such an inquiry, or what would it be worth? And Woolwich, I suppose, is not on fire, or with the enemy at the gates?" But for some reason or other, the War Office was in a hurry, and the appointment was made before her inquiries were completed. Her conscientiousness thus lost her the chance of deciding a piece of patronage. Not, indeed, that she felt any loss in such a case. She was nothing of a jobber. She pulled wires, as I have told, in some special appointments where she believed that a high public cause was at stake; but she was never actuated by personal favouritism, or by the love of personal influence on behalf of individuals. For this very post, she had received fifty letters of application, she said, but she had taken no action upon them. Only once, she said on another occasion, had she solicited anything as a personal favour from the War Office. It was an appoint-

to arrest the movement of public opinion in the direction which she detested, increased her eagerness to promote what she considered the more excellent way. She was the life and soul at headquarters of the movement for increasing the supply of Reading-rooms, Soldiers' Clubs, Recreation-rooms, and facilities for useful employment. "I will tell you," she wrote to the Reverend Mother of the Bermondsey Convent (Jan. 3, 1864), "how I spent my Christmas Day and the Sunday after, those being two holidays: in preparing a scheme, by desire of Lord de Grey, for employing soldiers in trades." She wrote a Memorandum on "Methods of Starting an Exhibition (Soldiers' Trades)," and such an exhibition was held at Aldershot in the summer of 1864.¹ Whenever there was a difficulty to be overcome, or an opportunity to be seized, Miss Nightingale was appealed to. For instance, there was a fight for a certain disused Iron House at Aldershot. Miss Nightingale's party (supported at the War Office) wanted it for a Men's Recreation Room; the Horse Guards wanted it for an Officers' Club. A promise had already been given in favour of the former, but Sir George Lewis was wavering. "Lord de Grey thinks," wrote Captain Galton (April 29, 1862), "that the best course for the Iron House is for Sir H. Verney to ask Sir G. L. in the House about it, alluding to his former promise, and if it could be arranged that Monckton Milnes, Gen. Lindsay, or any other persons could cheer or support the proposals, it would pledge Sir G. L. to act at once." Miss Nightingale set her parliamentary friends to work, and the fight for the Iron House was won. Lord de Grey succeeded in getting a vote on the Estimates for the encouragement of such places. Miss Nightingale revised for him a set of Regulations for Reading-Rooms. She also, at his request, drew up (in concert with Captain Pilkington Jackson) an inventory of the appropriate furniture and other fittings. Her zeal in this matter was known abroad; at Montreal and Halifax and Gibraltar commanding-officers who were trying to start or develop institutions of the kind applied to her. She often succeeded in obtaining War Office grants for them, and

¹ Attention was called to it, and the moral was pointed, by a leading article in the *Daily News* (July 8), doubtless written by Harriet Martineau.

He found her Paper "of deep interest and full of important fact and argument," and said that, as a result of reading it and her letters, he should approach the subject "with much of circumspection as well as of anxiety"; but he "doubted the possibility of making a standing army a moral institution." Therein she profoundly differed, and she urged, in rejoinder, that nothing should be done on his assumption, at least until the other had been given a fair trial—by increasing the soldiers' facilities for marriage, by giving them better opportunities for instruction and recreation, by encouraging physical exercise and manual handicrafts. Official opinion steadily hardened, however, in the direction of regulation; and presently public opinion was tested by a series of articles in the *Times* in favour of the continental system. Miss Nightingale thereupon supplied Harriet Martineau with facts and figures, and the *Times* was answered by the *Daily News*. Miss Nightingale also printed her own Paper for a more extended, though still "private and confidential," circulation. Dr. Sutherland chivalrously assumed the sole authorship, and was acrimoniously attacked by some of his professional brethren. The Army Medical Department was working hard for regulation, and some person therein, suspecting Miss Nightingale as the real leader of the opposition, disgraced himself by sending her an anonymous letter of vulgar abuse. This of course did not deter her, and, when legislation was proposed, she lobbied indefatigably (through correspondence) against it. The opinion of the House of Commons was, however, overwhelmingly in its favour. When the legislation was passed, the War Office invited her assistance in the selection of medical officers under the Act; but she refused to touch what she regarded as an accursed thing. It was left to another of the remarkable women of the nineteenth century, to secure, after a struggle of sixteen years, the repeal of the Acts; but though Miss Nightingale shrank from taking a public part in that crusade, she gave support privately to Mrs. Josephine Butler. At a later time, however, Miss Nightingale somewhat modified her views.¹

Miss Nightingale's failure during the years 1862-64

¹ Below, p. 408.

all men the man whose life is made for him by the necessities of his Service. We may not hope to make 'saints' of all, but we can make men of them instead of brutes. If you knew these things as I do, you would forgive me for asking you, if my poor name may still be that of the soldiers' ever faithful servant, to support Miss Robinson's work in making men of them at Portsmouth, the place of all others of temptation to be brutes."

VII

Even the multifarious interest described in preceding pages and chapters do not tell the whole tale of Miss Nightingale's labours during this time. It was not only the British soldiers at home and in India whom she took under her protection; nor only the War Office and the India Office with which she had some connection. She was open to any human appeal for help, and her acquaintance with Sir George Grey led her, through a friendly Minister at the Colonial Office, to make an attempt for the protection of the aboriginal races in the British Dominions. She had met Sir George Grey in 1859 and 1860, and he had talked to her about the gradual disappearance of those races when brought into touch with civilization. This was a subject which appealed strongly to Miss Nightingale. Her mission in life was to be a "saviour" of men. It shamed her to think that her country in colonizing so large a part of the world should so often come into contact with inferior races only to destroy them. In the course of conversation with Sir George Grey, the question was raised whether the disappearance of the aboriginal races was in any degree due to the effect of European school usages and school education. Miss Nightingale determined to investigate the matter. She drew up schedules of inquiry, and the Duke of Newcastle (then Colonial Secretary) officially circulated them to Colonial Schools and Colonial Hospitals (1860). As each return came in during following years, it was forwarded from the Colonial Office to Miss Nightingale. Her inquiries were far more searching and detailed, I notice on looking through the papers, than were the answers. There were not many passionate statisticians in those days among the school-

these she supplemented by gifts of her own. No inconsiderable portion of her resources at this time went in subscriptions of this sort, either in money or in kind (carpentering equipment, bagatelle boards, books, prints, and the like). It is pleasant to read the letters in which the non-commissioned officers and men of regiments, which had been served by Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, sent thanks, through their commanding officers, to "that noble lady for her continued interest in the welfare of the British soldiers."

It was a cause of great pleasure to Miss Nightingale that in 1864 her old friend of the Scutari days, General Storks, who had encouraged her there in work of this kind,¹ was appointed to the command at Malta. "I am very grateful to you," he wrote (Nov. 10), "for seeing me the other day, and can only express the great gratification I experienced on that occasion. I can never forget the time when I was associated with you in the great work which has produced such satisfactory results, and for which the whole army will ever thank you. When one reflects on the condition of the soldier ten years ago and what it is now, there is cause for wonder at the difficulties you have overcome, and the results you have achieved. . . . (Nov. 18.) All the arrangements contemplated at Malta, both legislative (if necessary) and administrative, shall be submitted for your consideration and approval in draft before they are acted upon, and I need not say how grateful I shall be for your kind assistance." In later years Miss Nightingale took a friendly interest in the Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth, founded by Miss Sarah Robinson. A meeting was held in its support at the Mansion House in 1877, at which Lord Wolseley presided, and a letter from Miss Nightingale was read. "If you knew," she said, "as I do (or once did), the difference between our soldiers cared for in body, mind, and morals, and our soldiers uncared for—the last, 'hell's carnival' (the words are not my own), the first, the finest fellows of God's making; if you knew how troops immediately on landing are beset with invitations to bad of all kinds, you would hasten to supply them with invitations to, and means for, good of all kinds: remembering that the soldier is of

¹ See Vol. I. p. 279.

enough, to form fixed settlements or to build towns. Such tribes have few fixed habits or none. But the papers show that they are naturally, in their uncivilized condition, possessed of far stronger stamina, and that they resist the effects of frightful wounds and injuries far better than civilized men. This latter fact tells strongly against any natural proclivity to diseased action." The course of history does not show that such appeals as Miss Nightingale's have been wholly successful. It seems to be, as Mr. Froude said, that with men, as with orders of creation, only those wild races will survive who can domesticate themselves into servants of the newer forms. Where there is such ability, where the labour of the coloured races is required by the white men, the aboriginal races survive, and even thrive and multiply; where those conditions do not exist, they do not survive. So far, however, as the extinction of native races has been arrested, Miss Nightingale was among the pioneers in pointing out the way. Her clear intelligence, acting upon the mass of evidence which she had collected, perceived certain principles which have guided all practical statesmen who sought to protect aborigines, and to free civilization from one of its disgraces. She urged that "provision of land should be made for the exclusive use of existing tribes." She pleaded passionately for the suppression of the liquor traffic.¹ She argued that in the formal education, and in all other means of endeavouring to improve the natives, "there should be as little interference as possible with their born habits and conditions," that interference should be wise and gradual, and that above all "physical training and a large amount of out-door work are essentially necessary to success." She did not succeed in arresting the decline of the aboriginal races; but she contributed something to their protection.

¹ A letter to her on this subject (Dec. 6, 1864) from the permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office is printed in *Letters of Frederick Lord Blachford*, 1896, p. 251.

masters or doctors attached to native schools or hospitals in distant colonies, and the results of Miss Nightingale's researches in this obscure field were somewhat disappointing. She summarized the information in a Paper which she contributed to the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh in 1863, and which she printed as a pamphlet.¹ The Duke of Newcastle sent the pamphlet to colonial governors and other officials, and invited their remarks. To the Congress in 1864 Miss Nightingale contributed a further Paper (also printed as a pamphlet²), embodying the substance of some of the later information thus obtained. The documents which she received from the Colonial Office during several years are preserved amongst her papers, and form what is, I suppose, a unique collection of information on a curious subject. Though her researches did not lead to any positive conclusions in relation to the effect of education as such upon the deterioration of the wild races, they disclosed much neglect of sanitary precautions. She pointed out mistakes that were made in the kind of clothing into which in the name of decency the native children were put. She applied in a wider way the principle that their open-air habits should be remembered, insisting especially on the importance of physical and manual training. The returns from colonial hospitals showed again that preventable causes—bad drainage, bad water, and so forth—were to blame for much of the mortality. "Incivilization with its inherent diseases, when brought into contact with civilization without adopting specific precautions for preserving health, will always carry with it a large increase of mortality on account of the greater susceptibility of its subjects to those causes of disease which can, to a certain extent, be endured without as great a risk by civilized communities born among them." But principally Miss Nightingale based upon the results of her inquiries a moral appeal to the conscience of popular opinion and governments in the Colonies and in Downing Street. "The decaying races are chiefly in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and perhaps in certain parts of South Africa. They appear to consist chiefly of tribes which have never been civilized enough, or had force of character

¹ Bibliography A, Nos. 39 and 40.

² *Ibid.* No. 47.

however submissively—much better for the poor Patients, I mean.

I am quite ashamed to keep Ste. Thérèse so long. But there is a good deal of reading in her. And I am only able to read at night—and then not always a large, close-printed book. Pray say if I shall send her back. And I will borrow her again from you perhaps some day. I am so sorry about poor S. Gonzaga's troubles. I know what those Committees are. I have had to deal with them almost all my life.

My strength has failed more than usually of late. And I don't think I have much more work in me—not, at least, if it is to continue of this harassing sort. God called me to Hospital work (as I fondly thought, for life)—but since then to Army work—but with a promise that I should go back to Hospital—as I thought as a Nurse, but as I now think, as a Patient. But St. Catherine of Siena says: “Et toutesfois je permets cela luy advenir, afin qu'il soit plus soigneux de fuyr soi mesme, & de venir & recourir à moy . . . et qu'il considère que par amour je luy donne le moyen de tirer hors le chef de la vraye humilité, se reputant indigne de la paix & repos de pensée, comme mes autres serviteurs—& au contraire se reputant digne des peines qu'il souffre,” etc.

My sister and her family come to spend here two or three nights occasionally to see friends. But I was only able to see her for ten minutes, and my good brother-in-law, who is one of the best and kindest of men, not at all—nor his children. . . . I sent you back St. Francis de Sales, with many thanks. I liked him in his old dress. I like that story where the man loses his crown of martyrdom, because he will not be reconciled with his enemy. It is a sound lesson. I am going to send you back S. Francis Xavier. His is a life I always like to study as well as those of all the early Jesuit fathers. But how much they did—and how little I do. . . . Ever my dearest Revd. Mother's loving and grateful, F. N.

Miss Nightingale never lost sight of the end in the means. She was doing “God's work” in the “War Office.” She thought it was “little” that she did, for it is often the hardest workers who thus deem themselves the most unprofitable servants. And the work was often drudgery; yet through it all she had inspiration from her memories of heroism in the Army, for whose “salvation” she was working. “I have seen to-day [from my window],” she wrote to her mother in 1863, “the first Levée, since all are dead whom I wished to please. A melancholy sight to me.

VIII

Thus, then, in all the various ways described in this chapter did Miss Nightingale labour, but especially in the cause of the British Army. The rôle of the Soldiers' Friend which she had filled in the Crimea was enacted on a conspicuous stage. Her work was now all done behind the scenes; and done, as I have already described, under heavy physical disability. Much of the work was, moreover, dull and even uncongenial; but she fed her soul on higher things:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Mrs. Moore.*) 32 SOUTH STREET, Dec. 15 [1863]. DEAREST REVD. MOTHER—I am here, as you see—(My brother-in-law's house—where you were so good as to see me last year—to think of that being more than a year ago) and have been here a good bit. But I have had all your dear letters. And you cannot think how much they have encouraged me. They are almost the only earthly encouragement I have. I have been so very ill—and even the little change of moving here knocks me down for a month. But God is so good as to let me still struggle on with my business. But with so much difficulty that it was quite impossible to me to write even to you. And I only write now, because I hear you are ill. I have felt so horribly ungrateful for never having thanked you for your books. S. Jean de la Croix's life I keep thankfully. I am never tired of reading that part where he prays for the return for all his services, *Domine, pati et contemni pro te*. I am afraid I never could *ask* that. But in return for very little service, I get it. It is quite impossible to describe how harassing, how heart-breaking my work has been since the beginning of July. I have always, with all my heart and soul, offered myself to God for the greatest bitterness on my own part, if His (War Office) work could be done. But lately nothing was done, and always because there was not one man like Sidney Herbert to do it. . . . I don't think S. Jean de la Croix need have prayed to be dismissed from superiorships before he died. For as the *Mère de Bréhard* says, there are more opportunities to humble oneself, to mortify oneself, to throw oneself entirely on God, in them than in anything else. I return the life of S. Catherine of Genoa. I like it so much. It is a very singular and suggestive life. I am so glad she accepted the being Directress of the Hospital. For I think it was much better for her to make the Hospital servants go right than to receive their "injures"—

CHAPTER V

HELPERS, VISITORS, AND FRIENDS

(1862-1866)

To be alone is nothing ; but to be without sympathy in a crowd, this is to be confined in solitude. Where there is want of sympathy, of attraction, given and returned, must it not be a feeling of starvation ?—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE : *Suggestions for Thought* (1860).

Friendship should help the friends to work out better the work of life.—BENJAMIN JOWETT (1866).

THE years of Miss Nightingale's life, described in this Part, were perhaps those of her hardest and most unremitting work. Throughout these years, until August 1866, she lived entirely in London or immediately near to it.¹ Her quarters were in lodgings or in hired houses, until November 1865, when her father took a house for her for a term of years in South Street (No. 35), near her married sister. This house (No. 10 when the street was renumbered) was the one that she occupied till her death. I think that there was not a single day during the period from 1862 to 1866 upon which she was not engaged in one part or another of the manifold work described in preceding chapters. And there was much other work as well, begun in these years, but brought to completion later, which will be described in a subsequent Part. She gave account of her days to Madame Mohl (Jan. 24, 1865), and recalled what " a poor woman with 13 children, who took in washing, once said to me—her idea of heaven was to have one hour a day in which she

¹ Her places of residence in 1862 and 1863 have been given above, p. 24. In 1864 she lived at 32 (now No. 4) South Street, the Verneys' house (Jan.); at 115 Park Street (Feb.—July); at 7 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead (Aug.—Oct.). She was at 27 Norfolk Street from Nov. 1864 to May 1, 1865. During May and June 1865 and again in Oct., she was at 34 (now No. 8) South Street; in July—Sept., she was at Hampstead.

Yet I like the pomp and pageant of the old veterans covered with well-earned crosses. To me who saw them earned, no vain pageant. It is like the Dead March in *Saul*—to me, who heard it on the battle-field, no vain sound, but full of deep and glorious sadness.”

and call. Mrs. Sutherland was her private secretary at this time for household affairs, such as searching for lodgings and engaging servants ; her accounts were still kept, and much of her miscellaneous correspondence was conducted by her uncle, Mr. Sam Smith ;¹ but in all official business, her factotum was Dr. Sutherland. A large proportion of the notes, drafts, and memoranda, belonging to these years, among her papers, is in Dr. Sutherland's handwriting, and sometimes it is impossible to determine how much of the work is hers and how much his. Often he took down heads from her conversation, and put the matter into shape ; at other times he submitted drafts for her approval or correction, and took copies of the letters ultimately dispatched.

How indispensable to her was Dr. Sutherland's help comes out from some correspondence of 1865. Captain Galton had sent private word that there was talk at the War Office of appointing Dr. Sutherland Commissioner to inquire into an outbreak of cholera at some of the Mediterranean Stations. Miss Nightingale was greatly perturbed. "We are full of Indian business," she wrote (Nov. 1), "which must be settled before Parliament meets. Lord Stanley has consented to take it up. And I have pledged myself to have it all ready—a thing I should never have done if I had thought Dr. Sutherland would be sent abroad. You are yourself aware that Calcutta water-supply has been sent home to us (at my request), and Dr. S. told me this morning that *he and I* should have to write the Report." And again (Dec. 15) : "For God's sake, if you can, prevent Dr. Sutherland going." She had begged that at any rate nothing should be said to Dr. Sutherland himself about it unless the mission were irrevocably decided upon : "he is so childish that if he heard of this Malta and Gibraltar business he would instantly declare there was nothing to keep him in England." The "child"—the "baby" of some earlier correspondence²—only liked a little change sometimes. Indispensable though he was to his task-mistress, he yet,

¹ She was still so beset by begging letters, that Mr. Smith had a notice inserted in the *Times* of April 29, 1864, to the effect that she could not answer them or return any papers enclosed to her.

² See Vol. I. pp. 370, 383.

could do nothing." Yet all that Miss Nightingale did was done forcefully. "I am completely reassured as to the state of your health," wrote her old friend Mr. Reeve (Jan. 21, 1865), in reply to some communication on Indian affairs, "by the Homeric frame of mind you are in. You will live an hundred years. You will write a Sanitariad or a Lawrentiad in 24 books, and Lord Derby will translate you into all known languages. Stanley will be Lord Derby then, but this will only make the thing more appropriate." But her work, though very vigorous, was very hard. It was done, not as in the Crimean war, in the excitement of immediate action, nor, as in the years succeeding her return, with the daily aid and sympathy of her "dear Master." It was her hardest work for another reason, already mentioned: she was for a large part of this later period, almost bedridden. She would get up and dress in order to receive the more important of her men-visitors, but the effort tired her greatly.

The amount of work which she did under these conditions is extraordinary, and the question arises how she did it. A principal explanation is to be found in Dr. Sutherland. The reader may have noticed once or twice in letters written by Miss Nightingale such expressions as "We are doing" so and so, or "Can such and such be sent to us." The plural was not royal; it signified she had explained at an earlier time to Sidney Herbert, "the troops and me;" but it also signified, during the years with which this Part is concerned, herself and Dr. Sutherland. She wrote incessantly, but even so she could hardly have accomplished her daily tasks without some clerical assistance. She knew an immense deal about the subjects with which she dealt, and her memory was both precise and tenacious; but there were limits to her powers of acquisition, and cases often arose in which personal inspection or personal moving about in search of information were essential. In all these ways Dr. Sutherland's help was constant. He wielded a ready pen. He was one of the leading sanitary experts of the day. His professional and official connections gave him access to various sources of information. His regular work was on the Army Sanitary Commission; and for the rest, he placed himself at Miss Nightingale's beck

refuses to answer, signing his name by a drawing of a dry pump with a handle marked "F.N.": "Your pump is dry. India to stand over." Sometimes he makes fun of her business-like methods, and heads his notes "Ref. $\frac{000000}{000}$." Sometimes he pleads illness. "I am very sorry, but I was too ill to know anything except that I was ill." Often he received visitors for her, or entertained them on her behalf at luncheon or dinner. "These two people have come. Will you see them for me? I have explained who you are." "Was the luncheon good? Did he eat?" "Did he walk?" "Yes." "Then he's a liar; he told me he couldn't move." In 1865-66 Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland had moved house from Finchley to Norwood. Miss Nightingale complained of this remoteness. Dr. Sutherland dated his letters from "The Gulf." He stayed there sometimes, complaining of indisposition, instead of coming up to South Street where business was pressing. Miss Nightingale did not take the reason kindly, and his letters begin, "Respected Enemy" or "Dear howling epileptic Friend." One morning (June 23, 1865) Dr. Sutherland went to the private view of the Herbert Hospital—a great occasion to Miss Nightingale. In the afternoon he called and sent up to her a short note of what he had seen. "And that is all you condescend to tell me. And I get it at 4 o'clock." Of course, they understood each other; they were old and intimate friends. But I think that the man who thus served with Miss Nightingale must have had a great and disinterested zeal for the causes in which they were engaged; and that there must have been something at once formidable and fascinating in the Lady-in-Chief.

II

The pressure of work during these years caused Miss Nightingale to close her doors resolutely. She did indeed see her father often; her mother and sister occasionally, though she did not press them to come. Other relations and many of her friends felt aggrieved that she would not accept help which they would have liked to give. But she had a rule of life to which she adhered firmly. There was so much strength available, likely enough (as she still supposed) to

as in former days, vexed her. She thought him lacking in method, and with her this was one of the unpardonable sins. He sometimes forgot what he had done with, or had promised to do with, a particular Paper; he was even capable of mislaying a Blue-book. He was often behind hand with tasks imposed upon him. His temperament was a little volatile, and in one impeachment he is accused of "incurable looseness of thought." If this were so (which I take leave to doubt), the defect must have been congenital, or long service under Miss Nightingale would have cured it.

Partly because Dr. Sutherland's manner sometimes teased her, partly because he was deaf, and partly owing to her own physical disabilities, Miss Nightingale developed at this time a method of communicating with him which, during later years, became familiar to all but her most privileged friends. The visitor on being admitted was ushered into a sitting-room on the ground-floor, and given pencil and paper. It were well for him that what he wrote should be lucid and concise. The message was carried upstairs into the Presence, and an answer, similarly written, was brought down. And to such interchange would the interview be confined. With Dr. Sutherland, Miss Nightingale had many personal interviews; their business was often too detailed, too intricate, too confidential, to be conducted otherwise; but there are hundreds of letters, received from other people, upon which (in blank spaces or on spare sheets) there are pencilled notes conveying answers or messages to Dr. Sutherland. "Well, you know I have already said that to Lord Stanley. I can't do more." "Yes, you *must*." "Oh, Lord bless you, *No*." "You want me to decide in order that you may do the reverse." "Can you answer a plain question?" "You have forgotten all we talked about." "I cannot flatter you on your lucidity." "I do not shake hands till the Abstract is done; and I do not leave London till it is done." "You told me positively there was nothing to be done. There is everything to be done." "Why did you tell me that tremendous *banger*? Was it to prevent my worrying you?" "Nothing has been done. I have been so anxious; but the more zeal I feel, the more indifferent you." Sometimes he strikes work, or

In the case of one distinguished visitor to London, Miss Nightingale made an exception. This was Garibaldi. She was a sworn Garibaldian, as we have heard. He wished to see her ; she was famous in Italy, and she had subscribed to his funds. Friends told her that she might be able to influence the hero in the direction of her own interests, and with some trepidation she prepared herself to receive him. " I think," wrote Mr. Jowett, " that we may trust God to give us his own calmness and clearness on any great occasion such as this is. I hope you will inspire Garibaldi for the future and not pain him too much about the past. Ten years more of such a life as his might accomplish almost anything for Italy in the way of military organization and sanitary and moral improvement—if he could only see that his duty is not to break the yet immature strength of Italy against Austrian fortresses." Miss Nightingale prepared for the " great occasion " by jotting down in French what she would try to say. " Eh bien ! in five years you have made Italy—the work of five centuries. You have worked a miracle. But even you, mon Général, could not make a steam-engine in five minutes. And Italy has to be consolidated into a strong machine, like those which you have been seeing at Bedford," and so forth, and so forth. She tried to keep the fact of the interview secret, but it was chronicled in the newspapers ¹ :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Harriet Martineau.*) 115 PARK ST., April 28 [1864]. You may have heard that I have seen Garibaldi. I resisted it with all my might, but I was obliged to do it. I asked no one to look at him—told no one—and he came in my brother-in-law's carriage, hoping that no one would know. But it all failed. We had a long interview by ourselves. I was more struck with the greatness of that noble heart—full of bitterness, yet not bitter—and with the smallness of the administrative capacity, than even I expected. He raves for a Government " like the English." But he knows no more what it is than his King Bomba did. (It was for this that I was to speak to him.) One year of such a life, as I have led for ten years, would tell him more of how one has to give and take with a

¹ See the *Times*, April 18, 1864. The interview took place on Sunday afternoon April 17. On the day before, Garibaldi had been at Bedford.

be ended by early death ; there was so much public work to be done ; there was no strength to spare for family or friends, except in so far as they helped, and did not hinder, the public work. She saw nurses and matrons from time to time : they were parts of her life-work. She saw Lady Herbert and Mrs. Bracebridge : they were parts of her work in the past. She never omitted to write to Lady Herbert on the anniversary of Lord Herbert's death, though their friendship lost something of its former intimacy when in 1865 Lady Herbert joined the Church of Rome. Other friends were seldom admitted. Letters to an old friend, who was sometimes received and sometimes turned away, explain Miss Nightingale's point of view :—

(*To Madame Mohl.*) 115 PARK STREET, July 30 [1864]. You will be doing me a favour if you come to me. August 2 is a terrible anniversary to me. And I shall not have my usual solace, for Mrs. Bracebridge has always come to spend that day with me, and I am sure she would have come this year, but I could not tell whether I should be able to get Sir John Lawrence's things off by that time. It does me good to be with you, as with Mrs. Clive, because it reduces individual struggles to general formulæ. It does me harm, intensely alone as I am, to be with people who do the reverse. But it is incorrect to say, as Mrs. Clive does, that " I will not let people help me," or, as others do, that " no one can help me." Any body could have helped me who knew how to read and write and what o'clock it is.

June 23 [1865], SOUTH STREET. CLARKEY MOHL DARLING— How I should like to see you now. But it is quite, quite, quite impossible. I am sure no one ever gave up so much to live, who longed so much to die, as I do and give up daily. It is the only credit I claim. I will live if I can. I shall be so glad if I can't. I am overwhelmed with business. And I have an Indian functionary now in London, whose work is cut out for him every day at my house. I scarcely even have half an hour's ease. Would you tell M. Mohl this, if you are writing, about the Queen of Holland's proposed visit to me ? I really feel it a great honour that she wishes to see me. She is a Queen of Queens. But it is quite, quite, quite impossible. . . . (Oct. 4 [1865]. I am so weak, no one knows how weak I am. Yesterday because I saw Dr. Sutherland for a few minutes in the afternoon, after the morning's work, and my good Mrs. Sutherland for a few minutes after him, I was with a spasm of the heart till 7 o'clock this morning and nearly unfit for work all to-day.

noble grave will be worthy of it. I will not take up your time with weak expression of a deep sympathy. Sincerely yours,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

At home, the political event which most moved her was the death of Lord Palmerston :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Dr. Farr.*) 34 SOUTH STREET, Oct. 19 [1865] Ld. Palmerston is a great loss. I speak for the country and myself. He was a powerful protector to me—especially since Sidney Herbert's death. I never asked him to do anything—you may be sure I did not ask him often—but he did it—for the last nine years. He did not do himself justice. If the right thing was to be done, he made a joke, but he did it. He will not leave his impress on the age—but he did the country good service. Except L. Napoleon, whose death might be the greatest good *or* the greatest evil, I doubt whether there is any man's loss which will so affect Europe. . . . He was at heart the most liberal man we had left. I have lost, in him, a powerful friend. I hear spoken of as his successors—Clarendon, Russell, Granville. Ld. Clarendon it is said the Queen wishes—and she has been corresponding with him privately—perhaps by Ld. Palmerston's own desire. But I believe the real question is, under which (if any) of these, your Mr. Gladstone will consent to remain in office and be Leader of the Ho. of C. Not one of these men will manage the cabinet as Ld. Palmerston did. But I daresay you have more trustworthy information than I have. I would Ld. Palmerston had lived another Session. We should have got something done at the Poor Law Board, which we shall not now.¹ Ld. Russell is so queer-tempered. I quite dread his Premiership, if it comes.

III

Miss Nightingale's interest in the working classes led her in 1865 to draft a scheme which, in some aspects of it, forestalled ideas of a later generation of social reformers. Mr. Gladstone had recently passed an Act enabling a depositor's accumulations in the Post Office Savings Bank to be invested in the purchase either of an Annuity or an Insurance. It would be very advisable, she suggested, to add to these methods of saving facilities for the purchase of small freeholds. There was nothing that the working men more

¹ On this subject, see below, p. 133.

"representative Government" than all his Utopia and his "ideal." You will smile. But he reminds me of Plato. He talks about the "ideal good" and the "ideal bad"; about his not caring for "repubblica" or for "monarchia": he only wants "the right." Alas! alas! What a pity—that utter impracticability! I pity *me* very much. And of all my years, this last has been the hardest. But now I see that no *man* would have put up with what I have put up with for ten years, to do even the little I have done—which is about a hundredth part of what I have tried for. Garibaldi looks flushed and very ill, worn and depressed—not excited. He looks as if he stood and went thro' all this as he stood under the bullets of Aspromonte—a duty which he was here to perform. The madness of the Italians here in urging him is inconceivable.

Miss Nightingale, we may safely infer, did not inspire Garibaldi with divine fervour for sanitary reform or any merely administrative progress. Administration in any sort was foreign to his genius. But she felt, after the interview no less than before, that it was a great occasion to her. The interview took place at 115 Park Street, a house belonging to the Grosvenor Hotel, and she presented the Hotel with a bust of Garibaldi as a memento of the occasion.

Another of her heroes was Abraham Lincoln, of whom she wrote this appreciation ¹:—

34 SOUTH STREET, *June* 20 [1865]. DEAR SIR—I have not dared to press in with my feeble word of sympathy upon your over-taxed time and energy, when all Europe was pouring in upon you with its heartfelt sympathy. My experience has been infinitesimally small. Still, small as it is, it has been of historical events. And I can never remember the time—not even when the colossal calamity of the Crimea was first made known to us,—not even when we lost our own Albert (and our Albert was no common hero—remember that it was no Sovereign, but it was Washington, whom he held up as an example to himself and his)—I can never remember the time when so deep and strong a cry of feeling has gone up from the world, in all its length and breadth, and in all its classes, as has gone up for you and yours—in your great trial: Mr. Lincoln's death. As some one said of him, he will hold "the purest and the greatest place in history." I trust and believe that the deed which will spring up from that

¹ In a letter to Mr. Dennis R. Alward.

letters of condolence. Her own griefs left room for sympathy with those of others :—

(*To Dr. Farr.*) HAMPSTEAD, August 5 [1864]. . . . I am sorry to hear of your griefs. I do not find that mine close my heart to those of others—and I should be more than anxious to hear of *yours*—you who have been our faithful friend for so many years. I had heard of your father's death, but not of any other loss. Sidney Herbert has been dead three years on the 2nd. And these three years have been nothing but a slow undermining of all he has done (at the W.O.). This is the bitterest grief. The mere personal craving after a beloved presence I feel as nothing. A few years at most, and that will be over. But the other is never over. For me, I look forward to pursuing God's work soon in another of his worlds. I do not look forward with any craving to seeing again those I have lost (in the *very* next world)—sure that that will all come in His own good time—and sure of my willingness to work in whichever of His worlds I am most wanted, with or without those dear fellow-workers, as He pleases. But this does not at all soothe the pain of seeing men wantonly deface the work *here* of some of His best workers. But I shall bear your faith in mind—that good works never really die. Alas! good Tulloch. But I think his work was done. Pray, if you speak of him, remember—had it not been for him, where would our two Army Sanitary enquiries have been?

Miss Nightingale's large circle of correspondents kept her in touch with the literary, as well as with the political, world. She suffered greatly from sleeplessness and read much at night. She seldom read a book without finding something original or characteristic to say about it. "Lately," she wrote to M. Mohl (Jan. 24, 1865), "I have read an English translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. The way it interests me is theologically. Otherwise he seems a poor weak mixture of Mahomet and a Mephistopheles. But the arguments which he despises seem to me just the real arguments, the only arguments, if only we believe in a Perfect God, for eternal existence. Do tell me a little about this, and about the Sufis and Firdausi—as regards their belief in a God, and whether the God was good or bad, if any." Omar was new to M. Mohl. Miss Nightingale lent him Fitz-Gerald's version,¹ and M. Mohl

¹ The copy in question was lent by Tennyson to Jowett, and by him to Miss Nightingale.

coveted than the ownership of a house or a piece of land. An extension of small ownership would satisfy a legitimate craving, increase the motives to thrift, and raise the social position and independence of the working classes. If the adoption of the scheme would necessitate the enfranchisement of leaseholds, so much the better. Such were Miss Nightingale's ideas, and under different forms and by different methods they have occupied the attention of social reformers to this day. She submitted her scheme to Mr. Villiers, President of the Poor Law Board, who seems to have been somewhat favourable to it. Then she tackled the Chancellor of the Exchequer, artfully suggesting that her scheme was merely, on the one hand, a slight development of his "most successful Savings Bank measures," and, on the other, an indirect means of meeting his earnest desire to extend the suffrage. But Mr. Gladstone was not to be cajoled. "It would not do," he told her, "for Government to become land-jobbers"—an opinion which has not been shared, it would seem, by some of Mr. Gladstone's successors. He had further suggested that the scheme should be submitted, in its legal aspects, to his friend Mr. Roundell Palmer, and Mr. Palmer, after reading it, opined that the law already gave adequate facilities for the purchase of freeholds by working men and others. Miss Nightingale then took other legal opinions with a view to meeting objections; but she presently gave up this addition to her schemes. "It was certainly," she said, "the wildest of ideas for me to undertake it just now when I can scarcely do what I have already undertaken."

IV

Though Miss Nightingale saw little of her friends or relations at this time, she constantly corresponded with them. There are many letters which tell of her grief at the death of her cousin, Miss Hilary Bonham Carter: "the golden bowl is broken," she wrote to Madame Mohl (Sept. 8, 1865), "and it was the very purest gold I have ever known." There are letters from many correspondents—Lady Augusta Bruce, for instance, and Mrs. William Cowper—which show how deeply they had been touched by Miss Nightingale's

of a woman (name unknown) who was stirring the rebellion. Do you not think that woman may have been you in some former state of existence?" Miss Nightingale, perhaps in some justification for her eagerness in action, opened her heart fully to Mr. Jowett about her sense of loss in Sidney Herbert's death; explaining her loneliness in work, and yet her overmastering desire to complete, while strength was still granted to her, the "joint work" of her friend and herself. "I have often felt," he replied (Aug. 7, 1865), "what a wreck and ruin Lord Herbert's death must have been to you. You had done so much for him and he had grown so rapidly in himself and in public estimation that there seemed no limits to what he might have effected. He might have been one of the most popular and powerful Prime Ministers in this country—the man to carry us through the social and ecclesiastical questions that are springing up. And you would have had a great part in his work and filled him with every noble and useful ambition. Do not suppose that I don't feel and understand all this. (And you might have made me Dean of Christ Church: the only preferment that I would like to have, and I would have reformed the University and bullied the Canons.) But it has pleased God that all this should not be, and it must please us too, and we must carry on the struggle under greater difficulties, with more of hard and painful labour and less of success, still never flinching while life lasts." Never flinching, but never fretting or fuming: that was the burden of Mr. Jowett's exhortations. "I sometimes think," he had written (July 9, 1865), "that you ought seriously to consider how your work may be carried on, not with less energy, but in a calmer spirit. Think that the work of God neither hastes nor rests, and that we should go about it in the spirit of order which prevails in the world. I am not blaming the past (who would blame you who devote your life to the good of others?). But I want the peace of God to settle on the future. Perhaps you will feel that in urging this I really can form no notion of your sufferings. Alas, dear friend, I am afraid that this is true. Still I must beg you to keep your mind above them. Is that motive vain of being made perfect through suffering?" It is an idle speculation to

read the original. "The tidings," she wrote (April 21), "that you may perhaps print Al Khayyám's quatrains is diffusing joy among a (not large but) select circle, I having communicated it in the 'proper quarter' (see how we are all tarred with the same official stick). If you send me a copy, I shall immediately become a personage of importance." "I read some of Madame Roland's *Mémoires*," she wrote to Madame Mohl (May 20, 1865): "but, do you know, I was so disappointed to find out that her patriotism was inspired by a lover. Not that I care much about virtue: I do think 'virtue' by itself a very second-rate virtue. But because I did hope that here was one woman who cared for *respublica* as alone, or as chief, among her cares." "Do" (to Madame Mohl, Sept. 8, 1865), "read if you have not read Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Forgive it its being an imitation of a Greek play. That is its worst fault. As you said of Macaulay's *Lays*, They are like an old man in a pinafore; or as I should say of this, It is like a Puritan togged out as a Priest going to say mass. But read it. The *Atalanta* herself, though she is only a sort of Ginn and not a woman at all, has more reality, more character, more individuality (to use a bad word) than all the *jeunes premières* in all the men novelists I ever have read—Walter Scott, Lytton Bulwer, and all of them. But then *Atalanta* is not a sound incarnation of any 'social or economic principle'—is she? So men will say."

v

On higher themes the correspondent to whom Miss Nightingale wrote most fully from her heart was from this time forth Mr. Jowett. Their acquaintance, at first confined to paper, had begun, as described in an earlier chapter, with correspondence about her *Suggestions for Thought*. The work had greatly interested him, and from time to time he continued to write to her about it. He wished her to do something with her "Suggestions," but to rewrite them in a more connected form and a gentler mood, and he sometimes gave hints for an irony less bitter than hers. Her letters to him are no longer in existence, except in the case of a few of which she preserved copies; but it is clear from

(1865), "who encourages me about my work at Oxford. I cannot be too grateful for your words." "I am delighted," he wrote again (Oct. 27, 1866), "to have a friend who cares two straws whether I succeeded in a matter at Oxford." She, as is clear from his letters, wrote to him, not only about her struggles and interests, but also about his; and he, on his side, discussed all her problems. He wanted her to spend herself no longer "on conflicts with Government offices," but to devote her mind to some literary work in which successful effect would depend only on herself. In such work, moreover, he could perhaps help her. She, on her side, would like to help him with a sermon, the preparation of which was teasing him, and there is a long draft amongst her papers of the heads of a discourse, suggested by her, on the relation of religion to politics. "I sometimes use *your* hints," he had written earlier. "A pupil of mine has a passion for public life, and having the means, is likely to get into Parliament. I said to him, 'You are a fanatic, that cannot be helped, but you must try to be a "rational fanatic."'" Each of the friends thought very highly of the powers and services of the other. "There is nothing you might not accomplish," he says to her. He turns off what she must have said of him with playful deprecation: "About Elijah—you must mean the Honble. Elijah Pogram. There is no other Elijah to whom I bear the least resemblance." And each valued the friendship as a means of enabling them both to serve God more truly. "The spirit of the twenty-third Psalm and the spirit of the ninetieth Psalm should be united in our lives."

Her friendship with Mr. Jowett was, I cannot doubt, Miss Nightingale's greatest consolation in these strenuous years. She was immersed in official drudgery, never forgetful, it is true, of the end in the means, but sorely vexed and harassed by the difficulties and disappointments of circumstance. Her friend's letters and conversation raised her above the conflict into a purer and calmer atmosphere. Not indeed that Mr. Jowett was a quietist; she would little have respected him had he been so; but though in the world, he was not of it; he was unsoiled by the dust of the great road. She had, it is true, other and yet more unworldly

wonder whether persons who have done great things in the world would have done as much or more or better if they had been other than they were. Calm is well; but it is not always the spring of action. If Miss Nightingale had been less eager and impetuous, she might, after her return from the Crimea, have done nothing at all. But perhaps already, in moments of weariness during the battle, and increasingly as the shadows lengthened into the pensive evening of her days, she may have felt that there was some truth in the soothing counsels of Mr. Jowett's friendship.

That Miss Nightingale reciprocated his feelings of affectionate esteem is shown very clearly by the way in which she received his admonitions. She was not usually meek under even the gentlest reproaches of her friends; but, so far as Mr. Jowett's letters tell the story, she never resented anything he said; she expressed nothing but gratitude. I do not suppose that she never retorted. He advised her, as he advised everybody, to read Boswell. I gather from one of his letters that she may have reminded him of Dr. Johnson's love of a good hater, for Mr. Jowett promises to try and satisfy her a little better in that respect in the future. And, as far as it was in him to do so, he seems to have kept his word. "Hang the Hebdomadal Council," he wrote; or, of a certain meeting of another body, "I was opposed by two fools and a knave." There are passages about "rascals" and "rogue Elephants" and "beasts," which are almost as downright as was Miss Nightingale herself in this sort. She returned to the full the sympathy which he gave to her. She was solicitous about his health. He promised to cut down his hours of reading, and never to work any more after midnight. "I cannot resist such a remonstrance as yours. I think that you would batter the gates of heaven or hell. Seriously, I shall think of your letter as long as I live, dear friend." She asked to be kept informed of every move in the academical disputes which concerned him, the judgment in the case of *Essays and Reviews*, the dispute about the Greek Professorship, and so forth. He told her even of stupidities at College meetings—"not to be beaten," he said of one, "even by your War Office." "I think you are the only person," he wrote

and what, I think, adds greatly to the charm of the country, very pleasing for the simplicity and intelligence of the people. Among the enjoyments which I have here, which notwithstanding Plato are really very great, I cannot help remembering you at 115 Park Street. I wish you would venture to see something more of the sights and sounds of nature. You will never persuade me that your way of life is altogether the best for health any more than I could persuade you into Mr. Gladstone's doctrine of the salubrity of living over a churchyard.

As to the rest, I have no doubt that you could not be better than you are. I don't wish to exaggerate (for you are the last person to whom I should think of offering compliments), but I certainly believe that it has been a great national good that you have taken up the whole question of the sanitary condition of the soldier and not confined yourself to hospitals. The difficulties and stupidities would have been as great in the case of the hospitals, and the object really far inferior in importance. Besides you could never have gained the influence over medical men with their professional jealousies that you have had over the War Office and the Indian Government. Also, if your life is spared a few years longer, a great deal more may be done. There are many resources that are not yet exhausted. Therefore never listen to the voice that tells you in a moment of weariness or pain that you ought to have adhered to your old vocation.

I suppose there have been persons who have had so strong *a sense of the identity of their own action with the will of God as to exclude every other feeling, who have never wished to live nor wished to die except as they fulfil his will?* Can we acquire this? I don't know. But *such a sense of things would no doubt give infinite rest and almost infinite power.* Perhaps quietists have been most successful in gaining this sort of feeling, but the quietists are not the people who have passed all their lives rubbing and fighting against the world. But *I don't see why active life might not become a sort of passive life too, passive in the hands of God and in the fulfilment of the laws of nature.* I sometimes fancy *that there are possibilities of human character much greater than have been realized,* mysteries, as they may be called, of character and manner and style which remain to be called forth and explained. One great field for thought on this subject is the manner in which character may grow and change quite late in life. . . . [The rest of the letter is about the politics of the day.]

The passages which I have printed in italics are those which Miss Nightingale had specially marked. "Can we help one another," he wrote in the following year (March 5, 1865), "to make life a higher and nobler sort of thing—more

friends—nuns in convents and matrons or nurses in hospitals. With them, too, she exchanged intimate confidences in spiritual matters; but their standpoint was not hers, and the exchange could only be with mental reservations on her part. To Mr. Jowett she was able to open unreservedly her truest thoughts. And then, too, the dearest of her other friends paid her an almost adoring worship, whilst some who were estranged offered only unsympathetic criticism. It was from Mr. Jowett alone that she heard the language of affectionate and understanding remonstrance. She heard it gladly, because she knew that it was sympathetic, and because she felt that her friend's character was attuned to her own highest ideals.

Thirty years after the date at which we have now arrived (1866), Miss Nightingale read through the hundreds of letters she had received and kept from Mr. Jowett. She made copious extracts from them in pencil, and sent several to his biographers. Many of his letters to her were included in his *Life*, though the name of the recipient was not disclosed. She was jealous in her life-time of the privacy of her life. She rebuked Mr. Jowett once for accepting a copy of her cousin's statuette of her. He explained that he had placed it where it would not be observed. "I consider you," he had already written, "a sort of Royal personage, not to be gossiped about with any one." The letters to her, hitherto published, were selected to throw light upon his views. In this Memoir, in which it has been decided to give (if it may be) a truthful picture of her life and character, I select rather those letters which show the influence of his character upon hers. The following was noted by Miss Nightingale as "one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, of the whole collection":—

ASKRIGG, *July* [1864]. I am afraid that hard-working persons are very bad correspondents, at least I know that I am, or I should have written to you long ago, which I have always a pleasure in doing. But Plato, who is either my greatest friend or my greatest enemy, and has finally swelled into three large volumes (you will observe that I am proud of the size of my baby), is to blame for preventing me. This place, at which I shall be staying for about five weeks longer, is at the head of Wensleydale, high among mountains in a most beautiful country,

CHAPTER VI

NEW MASTERS

(1866)

Among new men, strange faces, other minds.
TENNYSON.

THE year 1866 was one of stirring events both at home and abroad. It saw the downfall of the Whig Administration which, with a brief interval (1858-59), had held office under different chiefs since December 1852. In March Mr. Gladstone, now leader of the House of Commons, introduced a Reform Bill, of which the fortunes were uncertain owing to the dissent of the Adullamites under Mr. Lowe. On April 27 the second reading was carried by a majority of five only. On June 18 the Government was defeated in Committee on Lord Dunkellin's amendment, and resigned. On the day before Lord Russell's Government was defeated war was declared between Austria and her allies on the one side, and Prussia and Italy on the other. Prussia, armed with her improved breech-loading rifle, quickly defeated Austria. The foundation of the future German Empire under the hegemony of Prussia was laid, and Italy, as part of the price of a victory not hers, received from Austria the province of Venetia. Of these great events, some brought consequences with them to causes in which Miss Nightingale was deeply interested, whilst others made direct demands on her exertions.

The earlier months of the year were thus a period of continuous and almost feverish activity on her part. Two of her letters—the former written when the fate of the Government was still trembling in the balance, the latter

of a calm and peaceful and never-ending service of God? Perhaps—a little." The marked passages show in what way Miss Nightingale found in Mr. Jowett's friendship a source of comfort, and a fresh inspiration towards her own spiritual ideals. In her meditations of later years, a greater "passivity in action" was the state of perfection which she constantly sought to attain.

Mr. Jowett, as will have been noted, sought to reassure her about her concentration for the most part upon work for the Army and for India. And indeed she was herself intensely devoted to it, nor was it ever deposed from a principal place in her thoughts and interests. Yet there were times, as shown in a letter already quoted (p. 82), when she felt that this work, insistently though it appealed to her, though it was bound up with some of her fondest memories, was all the while, if not a kind of desertion, yet at best only a temporary call. Her first "call from God" had been to service in another sort, and she was anxious to make peace with "those first affections." In January 1864 she sent these instructions to Mrs. Bracebridge, who directed that if Miss Nightingale should survive her they were to be handed on to Mrs. Sutherland :—

You know that I always believed it to be God's will for me that I should live and die in Hospitals. When this call He has made upon me for other work stops, and I am no longer able to work, I should wish to be taken to St. Thomas's Hospital and to be placed *in a general ward* (which is what I should have desired had I come to my end as a Hospital matron). And I beg you to be so very good as to see that this my wish is accomplished, whenever the time comes, if you will take the trouble as a true friend, which you always have been, are, and will be. And this will make me die in peace because I believe it to be God's will.

It was not so to be. But we shall find, on opening the next Part in the story of Miss Nightingale's long life, that she was presently to have time for helping forward the movement, which she had promoted as a Reformer of Hospitals and as the Founder of Modern Nursing, into a new and a wider field.

because he could not help it—Lord Clarendon (which I saw under his own hand) having “unhesitatingly declined” it, although Lord Derby made the most vehement love to him, even to offering to him the nomination of half the places in the Cabinet. This I heard from Lord Clarendon himself. . . . Like you, I can’t sleep or eat for thinking of this War. I can’t distract my thoughts from it—because, you know, it is my business. I am consulted on both sides as to their Hospital and sanitary arrangements. . . . And then those stupid Italians publish parts of my letter—just the froth at the end, you know, while I had given them a solid pudding of advice at their own request—publish it cruelly, without my leave, with my address—since which my doors have been besieged by all exiles of all nations asking to be sent to Italy, and women threatening to “*accoucher*” (*sic*) in my passage. I sometimes think I must give up business, *i.e.* work, or life. It would take two strong policemen to keep my beggars in check. No one could believe the stories I should have to tell—people who beg of me whom I might just as well beg of . . . [a sheet missing]. Of course now I have to begin again at the very beginning with Mr. Gathorne Hardy at the Poor Law Board, to get our Metropolitan Workhouse Infirmary Bill. It was a cruel disappointment to me to see the Bill go just as I had it in my grasp. Also: a Public Health Service organization for Sir John Lawrence in India which I lost by 24 hours !! owing to Lord de Grey’s going out. However, I am well nigh done for. Life is too hard for me. I have suffered so very much all the winter and spring, for which nothing did me any good but a curious new-fangled little operation of putting opium in under the skin, which relieves one for 24 hours, but does not improve the vivacity or serenity of one’s intellect. When Ministers went out, I had hopes for a time from a Committee of the House of Commons (on which serves John Stuart Mill) “on the special local government of the Metropolis.” At their request I wrote them a long letter. Then because it is July and they are rather hot, they give it up for this year. The change of Ministers, which brings hard work to us drudges, releases the House of Commons men. Alas! (There is a pathetic story of Balzac’s, in which a poor woman who had followed the Russian campaign, was never able to articulate any word except *Adieu, Adieu, Adieu!* I am afraid of going mad like her and not being able to articulate any word but *Alas! alas! alas!*)—F. N.

written when the new Government had been installed and when the war was raging on the continent—will serve to introduce the subjects of this chapter :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Harriet Martineau.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, May 2 [1866]. . . . We have been rather in a fever lately because Ministers were hovering between in and out. Mr. Villiers promised us a Bill quite early in the year for a London uniform Poor Rate for the *sick* and consolidated hospitals under a central management. (This was before we got our Earls and Archbishops and M.P.'s together to storm him in his den.) We shall not get our Bill this session, for Mr. Villiers is afraid of losing the Government one vote. But we shall certainly get it in time. "In 1860 the consolations of the future never failed me for a moment. And I find them now an equally secure resource." Can you guess who wrote those words? They are in a note from Mr. Gladstone written the morning of his speech on the Franchise Bill. Could you have believed he was so much in earnest? I could not. And yet I knew him once very well. His speech (he was ill) impressed the House very much. "And e'en the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer." . . .

(*Miss Nightingale to Julius Mohl.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, July 12 [1866]. I have been in the thick of all these changes of Government. I should like, if you had been in England, to have shown you the notes I have had from those going out, and those coming in—especially from my own peculiar masters, Lord de Grey and Lord Stanley. They are so much more serious and anxious than the world gives them credit for. I used to think public opinion was higher than private opinion. I now think just the reverse. As for the *Times* and about all these German affairs—I believe the *Times* to be a faithful reflection of the public opinion of our upper classes: see what it is. Last week Prussia and Bismarck were the greatest criminals in Europe. This week the needle-gun (I mean Prussia and Bismarck—no, I mean the needle-gun) is a constitutional Protestant—or a Protestant constitution, I am not sure which. . . . But I was going to tell you: Lord Stanley has taken the Foreign Office (how he or anybody could take willingly the Foreign Office, England having now so little weight in European councils, in preference to the India Office which Lord Stanley created¹ and where we *create* the future of 150 millions of men, one can't understand). Lord Stanley accepted the Foreign Office solely

¹ Lord Stanley had been President of the Board of Control in 1858, in which capacity he conducted the India Bill through the House of Commons, and on its passage he became the first Secretary of State for India.

shortage of money. "Sanitary works," as Lord Salisbury remarked at a later stage of the affair, "are uniformly costly works." Miss Nightingale's view was that whether advance was to be slower or quicker, the organization should be on lines which would ensure the importance of advance being constantly kept in mind. She insisted that the Public Health Service in India should be a separate service, responsible to the Governor-General in Council, not a subordinate branch tucked away under some other department. This is the burden of many letters and memoranda from her hand.

Early in 1866 a double opportunity seemed to offer itself to Miss Nightingale for advancing her cause. At the beginning of February Sir Charles Wood resigned office, and her friend, Lord de Grey, became Secretary of State for India in his place. At the same time she had received an important letter from the Governor-General (dated Calcutta, Jan. 19). Her friend, Mr. Ellis, who had been in conclave (as we have heard) with her and her circle, had shortly before submitted proposals to him. Sir John Lawrence wrote to her: "As regards the reconstruction of our sanitary organizations, we are sending home to the Secretary of State a copy of Mr. Ellis's note which he sent me, and are proposing a further change somewhat in accordance with his plan. I have no doubt that you will see the dispatch, and therefore I had better not send it to you." He then went on to give a summary of its contents. The summary was brief, and allowed of different opinions as to the ultimate bearing of the Governor-General's proposals. He had assumed as a matter of course that she would be shown his dispatch, and she applied to her official friends for a sight of it. They would be delighted if they had it, but they had received no such dispatch; perhaps it would come by the next mail. But it did not, nor by the next, nor the next, for a very simple reason, as will presently appear. Miss Nightingale put on her friend Mr. Ellis, who as the head of a Presidency Health Commission had a direct *locus standi*, to inquire and even to search at the India Office. "They swear by their gods," he reported, "that they have no such dispatch." Miss Nightingale was becoming desperate. She

II

Of the events over which Miss Nightingale cried alas ! in this letter, the one which came first was the loss of Mr. Villiers's Poor Law Bill. The loss, however, as she rightly surmised in writing to Miss Martineau, was only temporary. The whole subject is connected with a distinct branch of Miss Nightingale's work, of which a description must be reserved for the next chapter. She was in large measure, as we shall hear, the founder of Sick Nursing among the Indigent Poor, and a pioneer in Poor Law Reform.

The next event is connected with a subject with which we have already made acquaintance. Miss Nightingale "lost by 24 hours the opportunity of organizing a Public Health Service in India for Sir John Lawrence." The story of this lost opportunity and its retrieval illustrate the truth of something said already ;¹ namely, the difference it made that there was in London, in the person of Miss Nightingale, a resolute enthusiast, to whom the question of Indian sanitation was not "one of a thousand questions," but the one question of absorbing interest. That the opportunity of which she spoke was lost, was not, as by this time the reader will hardly need to be told, in any way whatever the fault of Miss Nightingale. It is a curious story, and is the subject of a great mass of correspondence amongst her Papers—a mass eloquent of the eager interest and infinite trouble which she devoted to the matter ; but the story itself admits of being told succinctly. A few words, however, are first necessary on the essential issues ; it was not a case of much ado about nothing. The whole future of sanitary progress in India was, or might reasonably be thought to be, at stake. Under the energetic rule of Sir John Lawrence, a good start had been made. The Governor-General continued to report progress to Miss Nightingale, and suggestions which she sent were communicated by him to his officers. But the larger questions of organization had still to be settled. Sir John's eagerness as a sanitary reformer was in some measure held in check by

¹ Above, p. 58.

absence of the Queen at Balmoral and to her unwillingness to accept Lord Russell's resignation.¹ Lord de Grey had no time to pass the letter through the Secretary of State's Council, but he did what he could. He left on record at the India Office, he told Miss Nightingale, a Minute² closely following the lines of her Memorandum. If his successor let the matter go to sleep again, Lord de Grey would be ready to call attention to it in Parliament. He assured Miss Nightingale that his interest in such questions would remain as warm as ever, and as she was now more likely than he to know what was going on, he begged her to keep him informed.

III

So, then, she had been too late. "I am furious to that degree," she wrote to Captain Galton (June 23), "at having lost Lord de Grey's five months at the India Office that I am fit to blow you all to pieces with an infernal machine of my own invention." She threw some of the blame upon Dr. Sutherland, whose mission to the Mediterranean she had not been able to cancel, and who, for weeks at a time during this year, was absent at Malta and Gibraltar or in Algiers. Algiers, indeed, she wrote tauntingly, "why not Astley's?" That would be quite as good a change for him. Sometimes she varied the figure, and Dr. Sutherland and his party figured in her letters as Wombwell's Menagerie. "The Menagerie, I hear," she wrote (Jan. 26), "including three ladies, H.M. Commissioners, and two ladies' maids, has gone after a column in the interior." Had he stayed at home, he might have been able to find the missing dispatch; and in any case they could have written at leisure, from the hints in Sir John Lawrence's letter to her, the Memorandum which they ultimately had to write in haste. The truant seems to have foreseen what a rod in pickle

¹ In one of Mr. Jowett's letters to Miss Nightingale (June 1866) there is this story of Lord Russell. "On the evening of the crisis he was not to be found. He had gone down to Richmond to hear the Nightingales (your cousins)! 'And the provoking thing,' as he wrote to a friend, 'was that they did not sing that night.'"

² The substance of it may be found at p. 11 of the *Memorandum* (as cited above, p. 34 n.).

was perfectly certain that Sir John Lawrence must have sent it. Meanwhile the Home Government was tottering to its fall; the new Secretary of State might be one who knew not Miss Nightingale. She entreated that a further search should be made. On May 5 she was told that "at last the Sanitary Minute had been found, and a copy of it was sent for her consideration. It had been attached to some papers connected with the Financial Department and thus had escaped attention. Lord de Grey begged Miss Nightingale to let him have the benefit of her opinion upon it as soon as possible." She afterwards learnt that it was the Secretary of State himself who, with his own hands, had searched for and found the Governor-General's Minute. It had "escaped attention" for nearly four months. The incident did not raise Miss Nightingale's opinion of government offices, or lessen her sense of responsibility in the duty of keeping the sanitary question to the fore. She was ill when the Minister's message arrived; but she at once set to work, and on May 7 she sent in a memorandum giving a summary of her views, and pointing out wherein the Governor-General's proposals seemed to require revision if the recommendations of the Royal Commission were to be carried out effectually. The Minister was busy with many things. His own fate and that of his colleagues were in peril every day. A month intervened before the next move was taken. On June 11 Miss Nightingale was asked by Lord de Grey, through Captain Galton, to develop her views further and to draw up, in consultation with Dr. Sutherland, "a draft letter which he could submit to the Indian Council as his reply to Sir John Lawrence." The letter was to take the form either of "a practical scheme to propose to Sir John Lawrence for the sanitary administration of India" or of "such a description of the requirements as would draw from Sir J. L. a practical scheme." It was suggested that perhaps it would be best if the letter (1) shadowed out the requirements and (2) sketched a scheme of administration for carrying them out. This was a large order and took time. On June 19 Miss Nightingale sent in her draft. She was "24 hours" too late, for on June 18 the Government had been defeated. There was, however, a short period of grace owing to the

be often unable to have my position moved from pain for 48 hours at a time. But to business. . . .”

One good stroke of business, however, Miss Nightingale had been able to do during Dr. Sutherland's absence. She reported it to Dr. Farr : “ The compensation to my disturbed state of mind has been a convert to the sanitary cause I have made for Madras—no less a person than Lord Napier. I managed to scramble up to see him before he sailed.” The “ conversion ” means not necessarily that Lord Napier needed to find salvation, but refers rather to the fact that his predecessor in the governorship of Madras had been unsympathetic. Lord Napier, on receiving the appointment, had expressed a desire to learn Miss Nightingale's views. He had been secretary of the British Embassy at Constantinople during the Crimean War, and had there formed a high opinion of her ability and devotion. She now wrote to him about Indian sanitary reform, and he at once replied :—

(Lord Napier to Miss Nightingale.) 24 PRINCES GATE, Feb. 16 [1866]. I beg you to believe that I am far from being impatient of your communication or indifferent to your wishes. I have read your letter with great interest, and I regret that you had not time and strength to make it longer. You will confer a great favour on me by sending me the 8vo volume of which you speak, and I would not stumble at the two folio blue books. . . . The Sanitary question like the railway question or the irrigation question will probably remain subordinated in some degree to financial requirements, to the necessity of shewing a surplus at the end of the year ; but within the limits of my available resources I promise you a zealous intervention on behalf of the cause you have so much at heart. You say that you do not know me well ; but you cannot deprive me of the happiness and honor of having seen you at the greatest moment of your life in the little parlour of the hospital at Scutari. I was a spectator, and I would have been a fellow-labourer if any one would have employed my services. I remain at your orders for any day and hour.—Very sincerely yours, NAPIER.

Their interview took place three days later. Lord Napier, during his governorship of Madras, which lasted six years, tried hard to fulfil his promise. To other matters he attended also ; but it was to questions connected with the

was awaiting him on his return. "I have been thinking," he wrote to her from Algiers (Jan. 28), "Will she be glad to hear from me? or Will she swear? I don't know, but nevertheless I will tell her a bit of my mind about our visit to Astley's." And he goes on to write an admirable account of his experiences, in which he ingeniously emphasizes the vast importance of his inquiries in connection with their Indian work. Nor was this only an excuse; Dr. Sutherland's Report on Algeria, and the French sanitary service there, was a most valuable piece of work. It is impossible to read his writings—whether in published reports or in his manuscripts among Miss Nightingale's papers—without perceiving how well based was the reliance which she placed upon his collaboration. His wife stayed at home and saw much of Miss Nightingale. Mrs. Sutherland must have reported the state of things in South Street; for a month later Dr. Sutherland wrote thus to Miss Nightingale (Feb. 20): "The mail which ought to have arrived yesterday came in to-day, and I am trying to save the out mail, which leaves the harbour at 12, without much prospect of success. I have had a letter to-day from home about you, and if it had come yesterday, Ellis and I would certainly have been embarking to-day for England. After the account of your suffering, and of the pressure of business under which you are sinking, I feel wild to get away from this. To-night we leave Algeria, and by the time you get this we will be on our way home. God bless you and keep you to us. Amen." Well, I can only hope that Dr. Sutherland enjoyed his trip while it lasted; for I fear that he may have had a bad quarter-of-an-hour when he reported himself at South Street on his return. She had complained of his absence to another of her close allies, Dr. Farr. "I have all Dr. Sutherland's business to do," she wrote (Jan. 19), "besides my own. If it could be done, I should not mind. I had just as soon wear out in two months as in two years, so the work be done. But it can't. It is just like two men going into business with a million each. The one suddenly withdraws. The other may wear himself to the bone, but he can't meet the engagements with one million which he made with two. Add to this, I have been so ill since the beginning of the year as to

communication ' with him, *not* at my own request." The letters tell the story of her introduction to new masters at the India Office and the Poor Law Board :—

(*Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale.*) ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, July 6. I shall see Lord Cranborne to-day (we go down to be sworn in) and will tell him the whole sanitary story, and also say that I have advised you to write to him as you have always done to me to my great advantage. You will find him shrewd, industrious, and a good man of business.

(*Miss Nightingale to Lord Cranborne.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, July 17. Lord Stanley had the kindness to advise me to write to you, and to tell *me* that he would tell *you* that he had "advised" me "to write to" you as I "have done to" him. This is my only excuse for what would otherwise be a very great impertinence and what I fear may seem to you such even now, viz. my present application to you on the India Public Health question. I know I ought to begin, "Miss Nightingale presents her compliments to Lord Cranborne." But the "third person" always becomes confused. Lord Stanley has probably scarcely had the time to tell you my long story. I fear, therefore, I must introduce myself, by saying that my apology for what you may (justly) consider an unwarrantable interference must be—the part I have taken in the Public Health of the Army in India for the last 8 years, having been in communication with Lord Stanley, Sir C. Wood, and Lord de Grey about it, and being now in constant communication with Sir John Lawrence and others in India on the same subject. When Lord de Grey left office, Lord Stanley, of his own accord, kindly asked whether he should "put" me "in direct communication" with you.

This is my general apology. My particular one is : that by last mail I received some very pressing letters from India on the subject of the introduction of an efficient Public Health administration into India, which is after this wise :—the spirit of the very general recommendations made by the R. Commission which reported in 1863 (presided over by Lord Stanley) had never been completely acted up to—there have been difficulties and clashings in consequence. A Minute (of January 9, 1866) was sent home by Sir John Lawrence proposing to connect the Public Health Service with the Inspectorship of Prisons. The proposal appears to have been made without due consideration of the importance and greatness of the duties ; if it were carried out, it would put an end, we believe, to any prospect of efficient progress. (I think I am correct in saying that Lord Stanley concurs in this view.) Lord de Grey was deeply impressed with this defect in the scheme ; he drew up a Minute (just before he

public health that he devoted his most particular attention, and throughout his residence in India he kept up a correspondence with Miss Nightingale about them.

IV

Meanwhile on the immediate question of the moment she had been too late, and her political friends were out. She was a Whig and a keen Reformer; but she was a sanitarian before she was a politician, and as soon as the Whigs fell she was on the alert to make friends for her causes with the mammon of unrighteousness. She was eager to hear the earliest political news:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Captain Galton.*) June 27. . . . Now do write to a wretched female, F. N., about *who* is to come in *where*. Does Gen. Peel come to the War Office? If so, will he annihilate our Civil Sanitary element? Is Sutherland to go all the same to Malta and Gibraltar this autumn? Will Gen. Peel imperil the Army Sanitary Commission? I *must* know: ye Infernal Powers! Is Mr. Lowe to come in to the India Office? It is all unmitigated disaster to me. For, as Lord Stanley is to be Foreign Office (the only place where he can be of *no* use to us), I shall not have a friend in the world. If I were to say more, I should fall to swearing, I am so indignant.—Ever yours furiously, F. N.

Captain Galton replied that he had it from Mr. Lowe himself that he would not join the Tories; that of the actual appointments he had not as yet heard; but that as the Secretary of State's was an impersonal office, Dr. Sutherland's commission to visit the Mediterranean would still hold good—or bad. "You say the S. of S. is an impersonal creature," replied Miss Nightingale (July 3); "I wish he wuz!" When the names of the new Ministers were announced, Captain Galton threw out a suggestion tentatively that Lord Cranborne¹ (India Office) might be approachable through Lady Cranborne. "I have a much better recommendation to him than that," wrote Miss Nightingale in some triumph (July 7), "and have already been put into 'direct

¹ Better known as the Marquis of Salisbury, to which title he succeeded in 1868.

V

Meanwhile Miss Nightingale had been very busily engaged with the correspondence and other tasks thrown upon her by the outbreak of war in Europe. "Saw Florence for half an hour this morning," reported her father (June); "over-fatigued certainly, but speaking with a voice only too loud and strong. Princess [Alice of] Hesse writes to her to ask for instructions for the hospitals there, and Sutherland's joke is 'There's nothing left for *you*, all is gone to Garibaldi.'" She had been applied to by representatives of all three combatants. Prussia, as usual, was the better prepared, and the Crown Princess had written to Miss Nightingale in March (three months before hostilities actually began) asking for her assistance and advice about hospital and nursing arrangements. A Prussian manufacturer communicated with her about the best form of hospital tents for field-service. The two sisters of the British Royal House were on opposite sides in this war, for Hesse-Darmstadt had thrown in its lot with Austria; but it was not till after the outbreak of hostilities that the Princess Alice wrote to Miss Nightingale through Lady Ely¹ for advice about war hospitals. Miss Nightingale at once sent it. Her Memorandum, she was told (July 3), had been forwarded to Prince Louis for use at Headquarters, and the Princess begged her to send further information for use by the hospital authorities in Darmstadt. The Italians had been earlier in "going to Miss Nightingale." The Secretary of the "Florence Committee for helping the Sick and Wounded" had written to her for advice in May. Her reply caused great delight, as an English correspondent at Florence recorded. "I have read the letter," he wrote, "which will be translated and inserted in the *Nazione*. Miss Nightingale gives, with her accustomed clearness and precision, excellent advice to the Committee, which some of them very much need. At the same time she expresses her cordial sympathy with the Italian cause. She recalls the admirable condition

¹ Lady Ely as lady-in-waiting on Queen Victoria had made Miss Nightingale's acquaintance at Balmoral in 1856.

left office) in order to leave his views on record for you, setting forth generally the duties, and asking for a reconsideration of the subject in India, before the organisation was finally decided on—of the Public Health Service. I would now venture to ask your favourable consideration for this proposal, because, on the organisation of a service adequate for the object, depends the entire future of the Public Health in India. We commit ourselves into your hands.

(*Lord Cranborne to Miss Nightingale.*) INDIA OFFICE, July 17. I am much obliged to you for your letter; and especially for your kindness in relieving me from the literary effort of composing a letter or series of letters in the third person. Lord Stanley spoke to me about the sanitary question some days ago, and told me I should probably hear from you. I have made enquiries as to the Despatch you mention, and find that it is in the office still awaiting decision. No confirmation of it shall take place until I have communicated further with you upon the subject. I shall not be able to go into the sanitary question until I have disposed of the claims of the Indian officers, which, according to all the best authorities, are very urgently in need of immediate settlement. But as soon as that is done with, I hope that the sanitary question may be taken up without delay.

(*Mr. Gathorne Hardy to Miss Nightingale.*) POOR LAW BOARD, July 25. You owe me no apology for calling my attention to material points connected with the subject in the consideration of which you are so much engaged. I should say this to any one who wrote in the same spirit as yourself, but I am really indebted to you who have earned no common title to advise and suggest upon anything which affects the treatment of the sick. Your note arrived at the very instant when a gentleman was urging me to lay before you questions relating to Workhouse Infirmaries, and I should not have hesitated to do so if needful even without the cordial invitation which you give me to ask your assistance. At present I have not advanced very far from want of time, as while Parliament is sitting I am necessarily very much occupied with other business, and I am anxious to remedy, if possible, present and urgent grievances before I enter thoroughly upon legislation for the future. I shall bear in mind the offer which you have made and in all probability avail myself of it to the full.

So, then, perhaps Miss Nightingale would not be left wholly friendless after all. She was to have new masters. Would they, or would they not, accept her service? We shall hear in due course.

crowding and massing together of large numbers of wounded is always more disastrous than battle itself. From many different quarters I have heard of the great devotion, skill and generous kindness of the Prussian surgeons—to all sides alike. . . . On this, the day of Manin's death nine years ago, the exiled Dictator of Venice and one of the purest and most far-seeing of statesmen, who fought so good a battle for the freedom of Venice, but who did not live to see its accomplishment, I cannot but congratulate your Royal Highness, at the risk of impertinence, at seeing the fulfilment of that liberation brought about by Prussian arms.

(*The Crown Princess of Prussia to Miss Nightingale.*) NEW PALACE, POTSDAM, Sept. 29. I was delighted to receive your long and interesting letter yesterday, and hasten to express my warmest thanks for it. Every appreciation of Prussia in England can but give me the greatest pleasure. . . . As you are such an advocate for fresh air, I cannot refrain from telling you what I have myself *seen* in confirmation of your opinion on the subject, and what I am sure would interest dear Sir James Clark, who is your great ally on this point. In a small well-kept Hospital, where wounded soldiers had been taken care of for some time, the wounds in several cases did not seem to improve, the general state of health of the patients did not show any progress. They were feverish, and the appearance of the wounds was that of the beginning of mortification. In the garden of the Hospital there was a shed or summer-house of rough boards, with a wooden roof; the little building was quite open in front and on the other sides closed up with boards but with an aperture of two feet all the way under the roof—so that it was like being out of doors. Six patients were moved down into this shed (sorely against their will, they were afraid of catching cold). The very next day they got better; the fever left them, the condition of the wounds became healthy; they enjoyed their summer-house—in spite of two violent storms which knocked down the tables; and all quickly recovered! I have seen them every day upstairs and saw them every day in the garden; the difference was incredible. . . . The Crown Princess wishes me to say what pleasure it gives him to hear you speak in praise of our Prussian army surgeons. . . . I remain ever, dear Miss Nightingale, yours sincerely, VICTORIA, CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCESS ROYAL.

Among other details, a particular kind of field-ambulance was mentioned by the Crown Princess as having proved very useful. Miss Nightingale at once put Dr. Longmore, of our own hospital service, in possession of the facts.

It will have been seen that Miss Nightingale's experience

in which the Sardinian army was landed in the Crimea, and the praise which its appearance extorted from Lord Clyde. And she concludes her letter by saying that if the sacrifice of her poor life would hasten their cause by one half-hour, she would gladly give it them. But she is a miserable invalid." ¹ The Committee had asked whether she would not come to Italy "were it but for one day" in order to inspire them by her presence. Her piece of "froth" (as she called it) was widely printed in the Italian press. She had deplored the outbreak of the war, but when it resulted in an extension of the boundaries of free Italy she felt that there were compensations. Miss Nightingale also joined the Committee of the "Ladies' Association" formed in this country "for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded of all nations engaged." She advised the Committee on the form of aid most requisite, and at the end of the war, in thanking the Crown Princess of Prussia for a letter, she gave Her Royal Highness an account of what had been done by the English Committee. The correspondence with the Princess was long, and it formed a new tie between Miss Nightingale and Mr. Jowett, who was a great favourite with the Crown Princess and who entertained a very high opinion of her abilities. The answering letter from the Princess covers eighteen pages, containing (as Dr. Sutherland said of it) "just the kind of practical information which a person who has had experience in these matters desires to obtain." A characteristic extract or two from the correspondence on each side must here suffice:—

(*Miss Nightingale to the Crown Princess of Prussia.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, Sept. 22 [1866]. . . . I think your Royal Highness may be pleased to hear even the humble opinion of an old campaigner like myself about how well the Army Hospital Service was managed in the late terrible war. Information reached me through my old friends and trainers of Kaiserswerth. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem took charge of all the Deaconesses and all the offers of houses and rooms made to them. The system seems to me to have been admirably managed—especially the sending away the wounded in hundreds to towns where rooms and houses and nursing were offered. The over-

¹ *Daily Telegraph* (foreign intelligence), June 12, 1866.

little critical, however, of her mother still, and thought her habits self-indulgent. Poor lady! she was 78; she had been shaken and bruised in a carriage accident, and was threatened with the loss of her eye-sight. Certainly, Florence was not always able to make due allowances for other people. But if she was critical of others, she was yet more severe with herself. During this holiday at Embley, she resumed those written self-examinations and meditations for which, frequent in her earlier years, she seems to have found little time during the strenuous decade 1856-66. "I never failed in energy," she said once in later years; "but to do everything from the best motive—that is quite another thing." In reviewing her past life on October 21, 1866, the anniversary of her departure for the Crimea, and on subsequent days, she seems to have had a like thought. Her meditations were not so much of what she had done as of what she had done amiss; her resolutions were of greater purity of motive, and greater peace, through a more entire trust in God: "Called to be the 'handmaid of the Lord,' and I have complained of my suffering life! What return does God expect from me—with what *purity of heart and intention* should I make an offering of myself to Him! The word of the Lord unto thee: He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. . . . But, when we are ill, how can we be like God? I look up and see the drops of dew, blue, golden, green, and red, glittering in the sun on the top of the deciduous cypress—*that* is like God. We see Him for a moment—we perceive His beauty. It lights us, even when we lie here prostrate. . . . Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God—in all temptation, trials, and aridities, in the agony and bloody sweat, in the Cross and Passion: this is not the prerogative of the future life, but of the present."

was much requisitioned in the War of 1866; but the organization of war-nursing under the Red Cross had not then attained full development owing to the fact that the Austrian Government had not ratified the Geneva Convention of 1864. In 1867 a gold medal was awarded to Miss Nightingale by the Conference of Red Cross Societies at Paris. In 1870 (March 31) the Austrian Patriotic Society for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers elected her an Honorary Member.

VI

The year 1866 was, then, one of great activity with Miss Nightingale; but by the middle of August her work was not at such high pressure as in the preceding months. Parliament was up, and the new Ministers, with whom she had established friendly relations, were turning round. At this time a home call came to Miss Nightingale. Her mother was reported to be ailing. She was disinclined to make the usual move with her husband from Hampshire to Derbyshire; so, while the father went to Lea Hurst, Miss Nightingale decided to stay with her mother at Embley. It was an event in the family circle, for Florence had not been to either of the homes for ten years. There was much correspondence and many preparations. Father and mother were equally delighted, and the journey in an invalid carriage did the daughter no serious harm. She stayed at Embley from the middle of August till the end of November. It was the first holiday she had taken, for ten years also; but it was not much of a holiday either. She set to work on the health of Romsey, the nearest town, and of Winchester, the county town. She wrote up to her friend Dr. Farr at the Registrar-General's Office for the mortality tables, found the figures for those towns above the average, and bade the citizens look to their drains. Then she commanded Dr. Sutherland to Embley for the transaction of business in view of next year's session. She found her mother happy and cheerful. "I don't think my dear mother was ever more touching or interesting to me," she wrote to Madame Mohl (Aug. 21), "than she is now in her state of dilapidation. She is so much gentler, calmer, more thoughtful." She was a

PART VI
MANY THREADS
(1867-1872)

I beg of you and pray you to look back upon the past with thankfulness and upon the future with hope—when there has been so much done and there is so much to do . . . many beginnings and unravelled threads to be woven in and completed.—BENJAMIN JOWETT (*Letter to Miss Nightingale*, 1867).

report.¹ Sometimes a patient would miss the ministrations of a nurse for days because the pauper charged to give it was herself bed-ridden. The rule of one nurse was to give medicine three times a day to the very ill and once to the rather ill. It was administered in a gillpot; the nurse "poured out the medicine and judged according." Cases were reported in which a patient's bed was not made for five days and nights; in which patients had no food from 4 o'clock in the afternoon of one day to 8 o'clock in the morning of the next; in which patients died, or, to speak more correctly, were killed, by the most wanton neglect.

The dawn of a better day came with the passing of the Metropolitan Poor Act of 1867, an Act which figures in histories of the Poor Law in this country as "the starting-point of the modern development of Poor Law medical relief." Many persons contributed to this reform. In the case of London, a "Commission," instituted by the *Lancet*, under Mr. Ernest Hart, which afterwards developed into the "Association for the Improvement of the Infirmaries of London Workhouses," should especially be mentioned. But the person who inspired the proper nursing of the sick poor and who, behind the scenes, was a prime mover in the legislation of 1867, was Florence Nightingale.

II

The reform began in Liverpool, and the initiative was due to a philanthropist of that city, Mr. William Rathbone. He used to speak of Miss Nightingale as his "beloved Chief"; and she, when he died, sent a wreath inscribed "In remembrance and humblest love of one of God's best and greatest sons." His voluminous correspondence with her began in 1861 when he was desirous of introducing a system of District Nursing among the poor of Liverpool. There were no trained nurses anywhere to be had, and he consulted Miss Nightingale. She suggested to him that Liverpool

¹ Mr. Farnall's Report, 1866, summarized in the Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission, 1909, p. 239. The statements which follow above are from *An Account of the Condition of the Infirmaries of London Workhouses, Printed for the Association for the Improvement of Infirmaries, 1866.*

CHAPTER I

WORKHOUSE REFORM

(1864-1867)

From the first I had a sort of fixed faith that Florence Nightingale could do anything, and that faith is still fresh in me; and so it came to pass that the instant that name entered the lists I felt the fight was virtually won, and I feel this still.—H. B. FARNALL, Poor Law Inspector (Dec. 1866).

FIFTY years ago the state of things which Miss Nightingale had seen, and cured, in the military hospitals during the Crimean War was almost equalled, and was in some respects surpassed in scandal, by the condition of the peace hospitals for the sick poor at home. Those hospitals were the sick wards or infirmaries of workhouses, for the hospitals usually so-called skim only the surface of sickness in any great town. The state of the Metropolitan workhouses, as reported upon by the Poor Law Board in 1866, showed that the sick wards were for the most part insanitary and overcrowded; that the beds were insufficient and admirably contrived to induce sores; that the eating and drinking vessels were unclean; that there was a deficiency of basins, towels, brushes and combs; that the food for the patients was cooked by paupers and frequently served cold; that although the medical officers did their duty to the best of their ability, the attendance given and the salaries paid were inadequate to the needs of the sick. As for the nursing, it was done by paupers, many of whom could neither read nor write, whose love of drink often drove them to rob the sick of stimulants, and whose treatment of the poor was characterized neither by judgment nor by gentleness. This is the restrained euphemism of an official

has been as much diplomacy," wrote Miss Nightingale to the Mother of the Bermondsey Convent (Sept. 3, 1864), "and as many treaties, and as much of people working against each other, as if we had been going to occupy a kingdom instead of a Workhouse." The correspondence forms one of the bulkiest bundles among Miss Nightingale's Papers.

The Lady Superintendent—the pioneer of workhouse nursing—was Miss Agnes Jones, an Irish girl, daughter of Colonel Jones, of Fahan, Londonderry, and niece of Sir John Lawrence. She was attractive and rich, young and witty, but intensely religious and devoted to her work.¹ "Ideal in her beauty," Miss Nightingale said of her;² "like a Louis XIV. shepherdess." She was one of the many girls who had been thrilled by Miss Nightingale's volunteering for the Crimea. "Perhaps it is well," she wrote, when entering St. Thomas's Hospital, "that I shall bear the name of a 'Nightingale Probationer,' for that honoured name is associated with my first thought of hospital life. In the winter of 1854, when I had those first longings for work and had for months so little to satisfy them, how I wished I were competent to join the Nightingale band when they started for the Crimea! I listened to the animadversions of many, but I almost worshipped her who braved them all." In 1860 Miss Jones followed in her heroine's steps to Kaiserswerth. In 1862 she introduced herself to Miss Nightingale, who advised her to complete her apprenticeship by a year's training at St. Thomas's. "Hitherto," the Matron reported to Miss Nightingale (Feb. 25, 1863), "I have had no lady probationer equal on all points to Miss Jones." After completing her year's training at St. Thomas's she took service as a nurse in the Great Northern Hospital, and she was there when the invitation came to Liverpool. Miss Jones was at first diffident, but after an interview with Miss Nightingale "the conviction was borne in upon her," as she wrote, that it was God's call and therefore must be obeyed in trust and with good hope.

¹ See "Una and the Lion," in *Good Words*, June 1868 (Bibliography A No. 51).

² Letter to Madame Mohl, June 13, 1868.

had better train nurses for itself in its own principal hospital, the Royal Infirmary. Mr. Rathbone took up the idea, and built a Training School and Home for Nurses. This institution provided nurses both for the Royal Infirmary and for poor patients in their own homes. Miss Nightingale gave to all Mr. Rathbone's plans as close and constant consideration "as if she were going to be herself the matron."¹ The scheme was started in 1862, and it proved so great a success that Mr. Rathbone was encouraged to attempt an extension of his benevolent enterprise. The Workhouse Infirmary at Liverpool was believed to be better than most places of its kind; but there, as elsewhere, the nursing—if so it could be called—was done by able-bodied pauper women. Able-bodied women who enter workhouses are never among the mentally and morally efficient; and in a seaport like Liverpool they were of an especially low and vicious kind. The work of the nurses, selected from this unpromising material, "was superintended by a very small number of paid but untrained parish officers, who were in the habit, it was said, of wearing kid gloves in the wards to protect their hands. All night a policeman patrolled some of the wards to keep order, while others, in which the inmates were too sick or infirm to make disturbance, were locked up and left unvisited all night."² On Jan. 31, 1864, Mr. Rathbone wrote to Miss Nightingale, propounding a plan for introducing a staff of trained nurses and promising to guarantee the cost for a term of years if she would help with counsel and by finding a suitable Lady Superintendent. He asked for two letters—"one for influence," to be shown to the Vestry, the other for his private advice.³ She and Dr. Sutherland drew up the required documents; she arranged that twelve "Nightingale Nurses" should be sent from St. Thomas's Hospital; and she selected a Lady Superintendent—a choice on which, as both she and Mr. Rathbone felt, everything would depend. The Vestry agreed in May to accept Mr. Rathbone's scheme, but many months passed before it was actually launched. "There

¹ Rathbone's *Organization of Nursing in a Large Town*, p. 30.

² *William Rathbone: a Memoir*, p. 166.

³ The public letter (Feb. 5, 1864) is printed in Mr. Rathbone's *Workhouse Nursing: The Story of a Successful Experiment* (Macmillan, 1867).

You will laugh when I tell you how at first his want of refinement prejudiced me, but his earnest hearty initiative in the whole work has quite won me." Their relations afterwards were only indifferently good. Miss Jones's standard was too strict, he thought, for rough workhouse ways.

The greatest shock to Miss Jones, however, was the nature of the human beings whom she was sent to nurse. Sin and wickedness, she said, had hitherto been only names to her. Now she was plunged into a sink of human corruption. The foul language, the drunkenness, the vicious habits, the bodily and mental degradation on all sides appalled her. The wards, she said in her first letter from the workhouse, are "like Dante's *Inferno*." "Una and the Lion"¹ was the title given by Miss Nightingale to her account of Agnes Jones and her paupers, "far more untameable than lions." She had, it is true, the help of twelve trained nurses, devoted alike to her and to their work; but there were 1200 inmates, and of the other "nurses" some were probationers of an indifferent class, and the rest "pauper nurses," of whom Miss Jones had to dismiss 35 in the first few months for drunkenness. Then, the standard of workhouse cleanliness was sadly low. She found that the men wore the same shirts for seven weeks. Bed-clothes were sometimes not washed for months. The diet was hopelessly meagre compared to a hospital standard. It is "Scutari over again," wrote Miss Nightingale, and Miss Jones was strengthened by the thought that the disciple was experiencing some of the difficulties which had beset the Mistress. By way of smoothing things over, Miss Nightingale had written to the governor of the workhouse saying, in effect, that the eyes of the world were upon him as the leader in a great reform; and he "seemed so gratified and flattered by your letter," reported Miss Jones. Miss Nightingale was constant in advice and encouragement to her disciple. "No one ever helps and encourages me as you do." "I could never pull through without you." "God bless you for all your kindness." Such expressions show how welcome

¹ See Book I. chap. iii. stanzas 4 *seq.* of *The Faerie Queene* :—

"Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place, etc."

In the history of modern nursing in this country the Sixteenth of May 1865 is a date only less memorable than the Twenty-fourth of June 1860. On the earlier day the Nightingale Training School was opened at St. Thomas's; on the latter twelve trained Nightingale nurses began work in the Liverpool Infirmary, and the reform of workhouse nursing was therein inaugurated. Miss Jones herself had arrived a few weeks earlier. Mr. Rathbone felt the importance of the occasion, and marked it by a pretty attention to Miss Nightingale. "I beg," he wrote (May 12, Miss Nightingale's birthday), "to be allowed to constitute myself your gardener to the extent of doing what I have long wished—providing a flower-stand for your room and keeping it supplied with plants. I hope you will not be offended with my presumption or refuse me the great pleasure of thinking that in your daily work you may have with you a reminder of my affectionate gratitude for all you have done for our town and for me. If the plants will only flourish, as the good seed you have planted here is doing, they will be bright enough; and as for my personal obligations, you can never know how great they are to you for guiding me to and in this work." Mr. Rathbone and other kindly Liverpool men (among whom Mr. J. W. Cropper should be remembered) were equally thoughtful of Miss Jones. At their own expense they furnished rooms for her in the workhouse, and made them bright with flowers and pictures. But it was a formidable task to which she was called, and the pleasantness of her rooms made the workhouse wards look yet more terrible, she said, by contrast. A young woman, well-bred, sensitive, and refined, accustomed as yet only to well-appointed hospitals, was thrown into the rough-and-tumble of great pauper wards, where the officials, though well-intentioned, had necessarily caught something of the surrounding atmosphere. "Your kind letter," she had written to Miss Nightingale, after a preliminary visit (Aug. 1864) "came in answer to earnest prayer, and gave me courage so that even now while waiting for the committee I do not feel nervous. The governor has promised me every co-operation and told me 'not to be down-hearted if the undertaking seemed formidable at first, as he would pull me through everything.'

wards also. Old women who go in to see their husbands or brothers report wonderful changes in the House since "the London nurses" came. Visiting ladies report to the same effect. The experiment is becoming popular; and the Liverpool Vestry begins to wonder whether the cost hitherto borne by Mr. Rathbone's private purse should not be thrown upon the rates. Miss Nightingale has good cause to be pleased. She has been throwing herself into the work, not only in order to make the particular experiment a success, but also because she wants to use it as a lever for promoting larger reforms.

III

Liverpool had shown the way, and Miss Nightingale resolved in her own mind that the way should be followed in London. The struggle was long and arduous; the fortune of political war went at a critical moment against her; the victory of 1867 was only partial, and indeed there are other parts of her designs which even to this day await fruition. But the insight with which from the very first, as her Papers show, she seized the essential positions was masterly. *I can understand how it was that Mr. Charles Villiers, not usually given to such outbursts of admiration, exclaimed to a friend: "I delight to read the Nightingale's song about it all. If any of them had the tenth part of her vigour of mind we might expect something."*

The opening move in her campaign was made in December 1864. There had been an inquest on the death of one Timothy Daly, which had figured in the newspapers as "Horrible Treatment of a Pauper." The facts, as ultimately sifted, were not in this particular case as bad as they were painted in the press, but the circumstances were distressing and public opinion was excited. The situation was in that favourable condition for moving Ministers when there is a feeling in the air that "something must be done." Miss Nightingale seized the opportunity to open communications with the President of the Poor Law Board, Mr. Villiers. She did not in this first letter disclose her whole scheme, though she said just enough to show that she had considered the subject in its larger bearings. She knew the art of

and how unfailing was Miss Nightingale's help. And in every detail she was consulted. There was all the friction which usually accompanies a new experiment. There were disputes of every kind, and all were referred to Miss Nightingale—sometimes by Mr. Rathbone, sometimes by Miss Jones, sometimes by both. When things seemed critical, Mr. Rathbone would come up to see Miss Nightingale in person; on less serious occasions he would write. Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland would then sit as a kind of Conciliation Board, and see how matters could be adjusted. In one of Dr. Sutherland's draft judgments submitted for Miss Nightingale's concurrence there is a blank left for her to fill, as the note explains, with "soft sawder." His breezy manner may sometimes have been of comfort to his friend. On one occasion, when everything at Liverpool seemed to be at sixes and sevens, his note to Miss Nightingale was: "I don't despair by any means. The entire proceeding has in it the elements of an Irish row, for they are all more or less Hibernian there, and they will cool down." And so they did. Miss Jones, who was at first a little too stiff-necked, soon found out a more excellent way, and there is "the Nightingale touch" in many of her later reports. "To-day they were a little cross, but I got my way all the same." She is "much amused at the manner in which she now gets all she asks for." She suggests things. She is laughed at. She persists. A decent interval is allowed to elapse; and then the things are suggested to her by the officials; she says the suggestions are excellent, and the things are done. It is obvious to Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland that sooner or later the powers of the Lady Superintendent must be better defined; obvious, too, that the worthless probationers and drunken pauper "nurses" must be cleared out; but that is just one of the things that the experiment is meant to prove, and meanwhile it is enough to drive in the thin end of the wedge. So well does Miss Jones do her work that opinion, in the workhouse and outside, begins even to be impatient for the thicker end. The experiment has so far been limited to the male wards. The doctors go to Miss Jones and ask eagerly when she and more Nightingale nurses are to be given charge of the female

She drew up a schedule of inquiries, to be filled up with regard to all the sick-wards and infirmaries in London. "I will immediately issue your Forms," wrote Mr. Farnall (Feb. 16, 1865). He required them to be filled up in duplicate, and Miss Nightingale's set of them is preserved amongst her Papers. Throughout the year she and Mr. Farnall were engaged in the work of inspiring and incensing Mr. Villiers in the direction of radical reform. He was throughout very willing, but he was becoming an old man, he had many other things to think about, and he was apt to see lions in the path. Moreover, not all the officials at the Poor Law Board were reformers; there were those, more highly placed than Mr. Farnall, who were of a very different opinion; and some of the medical officers were inclined to dispute the necessity of any radical changes. However, on the subject of workhouse nursing, Mr. Villiers promptly authorized Mr. Farnall to press upon the Guardians the importance of employing competent nurses, and he told the House of Commons (May 5) that "in consequence of communications lately received at the Poor Law Board from Miss Nightingale, who was now taking much interest in the matter," he was hopeful that great reforms in nursing might come about. She, however, knew perfectly well that the only way to such reform was by reform also in administration and finance. In the following month Mr. Farnall persuaded his Chief to insinuate into an innocent little "Poor Law Board Continuation Bill," a clause which would enable the Board to *compel* Guardians to improve their workhouses; but the clause was struck out, Mr. Farnall was disappointed, and Miss Nightingale wrote to reassure him. They must work all the harder to secure, not by a side-wind, but by a direct move in the next session of Parliament, a full and far-reaching measure of reform. "Your kind note," said Mr. Farnall (July 3), "has done me a world of good; there is not a single expression or hope in it which I cannot make my own. So we hope together for next year's ripened fruit. I hope, too, that we may really taste it. I pledge myself to you to relax in nothing till the task is done. It is something to live for, and something to have heard you say that such a victory will some day be claimed by me. It is a pleasant

beginning on a moderate, and even a humble, note. She presumed to write because the case involved a question of nursing, in which matter she had had some practical experience; she had, moreover, been "put in trust by her fellow-countrymen with the means of training nurses." She described what was to be done in the Liverpool Infirmary by a Matron who had been trained under the "Nightingale Fund," and she invited the Minister's attention to the possibility of preventing the scandals, with which the newspapers were ringing, by starting some scheme of a like kind in London. This letter, in the composition of which Dr. Sutherland had a hand, went straight to its mark. Mr. Villiers at once replied (Dec. 31, 1864) that he would like to communicate with Miss Nightingale personally on the subject. In January the interview took place, and this was the beginning of a long series of personal and written communications between them during the next few years. On one occasion early in 1865 Mr. Villiers, being prevented by official business from keeping an appointment with Miss Nightingale, begged her to receive in his place his right-hand man, Mr. H. B. Farnall, Poor Law Inspector for the Metropolitan district. Mr. Farnall called, and he and Miss Nightingale became as thick as conspirators in no time. For Poor Law purposes he soon became the Chief of her Staff. Mr. Farnall was a man after her own heart. He not only knew the facts with which he had to deal, but he felt them, with something of her "divine impatience." "It's intolerable to me," he said, "to know that there are some 12,000 gasping and miserable sick poor whom we might solace and perhaps in some 5000 cases save, and yet that we have to let them wait while the world gets ready to get out of bed and think about it all." He was a keen and broad-minded reformer, and Miss Nightingale's ideas were upon lines which he too had considered. He was an old official hand, but he hated official obstruction: "all this is treason to King Red Tape, but I know that the old King is always happy *after* a change, though he gets very red while the change progresses." Miss Nightingale instantly set her new ally to work. Here, as in all that she undertook, she knew that the first thing needful was to collect the facts.

the Sick, etc., as to use all the establishments in the most economical way.

Miss Nightingale elaborated her views in detail, going into the questions of Hospitals, Nursing, Workhouse Schools, etc. The cardinal point was what Mr. Farnall spoke of to her as "your Hospital and Asylum Rate." The Minister was favourable to the idea. "I have conferred with Mr. Villiers," wrote Mr. Farnall (Dec. 12), "and he has decided on adopting your scheme. He thinks it will be popular and just, and I think so also, but I think too that it will be the means of my carrying out a further reform some of these days. That is my hope and belief. If your plans are carried my struggle is half over. Under these circumstances I shall to-morrow commence a list of facts for you on which those who are to support your plan in print will be able to hang a considerable amount of flesh, for I shall furnish a very nice skeleton." Miss Nightingale had already, through an intermediary, interested the editor of the *Times* in the matter, and he had been to see Mr. Villiers. Further public support came from the Association above mentioned (p. 124), which sent a deputation to the Poor Law Board. Mr. Villiers in reply (April 14, 1866) foreshadowed legislation on Miss Nightingale's lines, and he appointed Mr. Farnall and another of her friends, Dr. Angus Smith, to inspect all the Infirmarys. Their Report has already been cited. Public opinion was ripe for radical reform; but the Whig Ministry was tottering, no fresh contentious legislation was deemed advisable, and in June 1866 Mr. Villiers was out. The opportunity had passed, and Miss Nightingale was left crying, "Alas! Alas! Alas!"

IV

She was not one, however, to waste much time in empty lamentations. She had to begin over again, that was all; and she wrote at once, as we have heard,¹ to the new Minister. She also procured an introduction for Mr. Farnall to Lord Derby, and the Prime Minister seemed sympathetic. Mr. Hardy had answered politely, but did not follow up his letter, and his first move seemed sinister. He dismissed

¹ Above, p. 115.

thing to think of, and I shall think of it as a soldier thinks of his Flag."

So, then, Miss Nightingale set to work, with the help of Mr. Farnall and Dr. Sutherland, in elaborating a scheme for 1866. There are several drafts in her handwriting for the Memorandum finally submitted to Mr. Villiers, and many notes and emendations by Dr. Sutherland. The scheme was sent also (at a later date) to Mr. Chadwick (one of the few survivors of the famous Poor Law Commission of 1834) in order that he might submit it to John Stuart Mill, whom Miss Nightingale sought to enlist in the cause.¹ The essential points and considerations were these :—

A. To insist on the great principle of separating the Sick, Insane, "Incurable," and, above all, the Children, from the usual population of the Metropolis.

B. To advocate a single Central Administration.

C. To place the Sick, Insane, etc., under a distinct administration, supported by a "General Hospital Rate" to be levied for this purpose over the whole Metropolitan area.

These are the ABC of the reform required.

(A) So long as a sick man, woman, or child is considered *administratively* to be a pauper to be repressed, and not a fellow-creature to be nursed into health, so long will these most shameful disclosures have to be made. The care and government of the *sick* poor is a thing totally different from the government of paupers. Why do we have Hospitals in order to cure, and Workhouse Infirmaries in order *not* to cure? Taken solely from the point of view of preventing pauperism, what a stupidity and anomaly this is! . . . The past system of mixing up all kinds of poor in workhouses will never be submitted to in future. The very first thing wanted is classification and separation.

(B) Uniformity of system is absolutely necessary, both for efficiency and for economy.

(C) For the purpose of providing suitable establishments for the care and treatment of the Sick, Insane, etc., consolidation and a General Rate are essential. To provide suitable treatment in each Workhouse would involve an expenditure which even London could not bear. The entire Medical Relief of London should be under one central management which would know where vacant beds were to be found, and be able so to distribute

¹ Mill was at the time a member of a Select Committee on the Local Government and Local Taxation of the Metropolis; see above, p. 106. The Committee did not, however, touch Poor Law Administration.

nursing could not, either in logic or in effective practice, be separated from that of administration. "In the recent inquiries," she wrote, "the point which strikes an experienced hospital manager is not the individual cases which have been made so much of (though these are striking enough), but the view which the best Matrons, the best Masters, and other officials of the workhouses give from their own lips (in evidence) of what they considered their duties. These bore as little reference to what are usually considered (not by me alone, but by all Christendom) the duties of hospital superintendents as they bear to the duties of railway superintendents. Your Committee is probably well acquainted with the administration of the *Assistance Publique* at Paris. No great stretch of imagination is required to conceive what they think of the system or no system reigning here.¹ I allude to the heaping up aged, infirm, sick, able-bodied, lunatics, and sometimes children in the same building instead of having, as in every other Christian country, your asylum for aged, your hospital for sick, your lunatic asylum, your union school, &c., &c., &c., each under its proper administration, and your able-bodied quite apart from any of these categories. This point is of such vital importance to the introduction and successful working of an efficient nursing system that I shall illustrate it. . . ." And she went on to outline her general scheme. In accordance with her usual custom, Miss Nightingale had copies of her Paper struck off separately, and circulated them among influential people. The Committee had given her a platform, but its own Report was only of subsidiary value. She put her point of view with a touch of exaggeration characteristic of her familiar letters to Captain Galton, one of the members of the Committee. "I look upon the cubic space as the least of the evils—indeed as rather a good, for it is a very good thing to suffocate the pauper sick out of their misery." Meanwhile she thought it wholesome that the "ins" should know that the "outs" did not mean to let the subject of Poor Law Reform be shelved. "I have had a great deal of

¹ M. Husson, Director of the *Assistance Publique*, had been in London in 1865. Miss Nightingale had procured him various introductions and facilities, and he had reported his impressions to her.

Mr. Farnall from Whitehall and sent him to the Yorkshire Poor Law District. The anti-reform party was believed to have gained the ascendant. But now a fortunate thing happened. Mr. Hardy made a speech in which he implied that the existing laws were adequate, if properly enforced, to meet the case. Technically there was a measure of truth in this statement, but in practice it was fallacious;¹ and in any case Mr. Hardy's remark was a reflection on his predecessor's administration. This nettled Mr. Villiers greatly; he was "not going to sit down under it," he said; he became red-hot for reform; very much on the alert, too, to trip his successor up. Miss Nightingale did not fail to add fuel to the flame. Mr. Villiers corresponded with her at great length; saw her repeatedly; reported all he was able to learn of how things were going at Whitehall, and begged her to do the like for him. "The public are led to infer," he said to her, "that nothing was needed but a touch from Mr. Hardy's wand to set all things straight." The public, thought Miss Nightingale also, would soon discover his mistake. Mr. Hardy would find that he had either to do nothing, or to legislate; unless indeed the Tory Ministry were overthrown first.

Now, Miss Nightingale was a Whig, and she, too, would have been glad enough to see the Tories out and Mr. Villiers in again at the Poor Law Board. But there was something that she cared about a great deal more, namely, that the neglect of the sick poor should be remedied at the earliest possible moment; and as the Tories might after all weather the storm, she must see what she could do to get a Poor Law Bill out of them. In the autumn Mr. Hardy appointed a Committee, mainly composed of doctors, to report "upon the requisite amount of space, and other matters, in relation to workhouses and workhouse infirmaries." One of the "other matters" was nursing, and the Committee, instead of expressing an opinion on the subject themselves, asked Miss Nightingale to send them a Paper. In this Memorandum, dated Jan. 19, 1867, she made full use of her opportunity; for she pointed out that the question of

¹ Previous legislation had *empowered* Guardians to separate the sick, etc., but had set up no administrative or financial machinery.

reforms, there are two points of view from which it may be regarded. One man compares what is proposed with the existing state of things, and asks himself, Is there any decided improvement? Another, comparing the proposals with what might exist in the future, asks, Does the Bill approximate to the ideal? The former is the view which "practical politicians" take; the latter, the view which is apt to be taken by administrative enthusiasts. Miss Nightingale's administrative mind saw chiefly, and at first saw only, the points at which, and the measure in which, Mr. Hardy's Bill fell short of logical perfection. It was a tentative measure; it was largely permissive; it did something to separate the sick and the children from the ordinary paupers, but it did not do all. Moreover, so far as direct and express enactment went, it did nothing to improve workhouse nursing. Miss Nightingale pronounced the Bill, therefore, "a humbug." Its principles were "none"; its details, "beastly." She tried hard to get the Bill amended and extended. Sir Harry Verney, who might perhaps be described as "Member of Parliament for Miss Nightingale," gave every assistance that was possible; and Mr. Mill, inspired largely by his old friend Mr. Chadwick (with whom Miss Nightingale also was in constant correspondence), took a prominent part in the debates to the same end. But he seldom pressed his points to a division, and there was little life in the opposition. Mr. Villiers was as critical as he could reasonably be, but the real fact was that the Bill made a great and a surprising step in the direction which Miss Nightingale had pressed upon him. These were days in which Disraeli was educating his party in the political art of dishing the Whigs, and the difficulty was, as Mr. Jowett wrote to Miss Nightingale, to discover any clear difference between a Tory and a Radical. Mr. Mill, with the candour that became a philosopher, "had no doubt that the Bill would effect a vast improvement"; Mr. Villiers, with the determination of the politician to score a point, admitted that "the Bill would set the ball rolling," and reflected that anything might presently come from a party which had been converted "from pure Conservatism to Household Suffrage in 48 hours"; and Mr. Hardy, in his conduct of the measure,

clandestine correspondence," she wrote to a friend who might pass the information on (Oct. 28, 1866), "with my old loves at the Poor Law Board these last two months. The belief among the old loves is that the new master is bent on—doing nothing. There is only one thing of which I am quite sure. And that is that Mr. Villiers will lead Mr. Gathorne Hardy no easy life next February."

V

Mr. Hardy kept his own counsel and made no sign. As the session drew near, Miss Nightingale became anxious and she poured in letters and memoranda upon him. In one of these she made what turned out to be an unfortunate mistake. She was too frank. She was pressing upon Mr. Hardy's attention the importance of the Liverpool experiment, and in the course of her exposition she said incidentally that there had been difficulties. Mr. Hardy misinterpreted the remark and made use of it to explain in the House of Commons why he did not propose to take any direct action in the matter of nursing reform. Indirectly, however, his proposals did a great deal. On February 8, 1867, Mr. Hardy introduced his Bill. So, legislation had, after all, been found necessary to meet the demand that something must be done. To that extent, then, Mr. Villiers had no need to make Mr. Hardy's life a burden to him. The question was, How much did the Bill do? and was what it did, good or bad? Those who had been working for reform were anxious to know what Miss Nightingale thought. "I should amazingly like to hear," wrote Mr. Villiers to her, "what you say to this seven months' child born in the work-house at Whitehall." Mr. Ernest Hart's Association, whose attitude was summed up by Mr. Villiers as "silenced but not satisfied," applied for her opinion. Her journalistic friends wanted hints. Dr. Sutherland was told, in a note requiring his instant attention, that "X. wants to know in what tone he is to write his article in the *Daily News*," and that "Y. will write an article in the *Pall Mall* in any sense we wish." Now, whenever a Bill is introduced touching a question which demands, or admits of large

VI

Soon after the Act of 1867 came into operation, to the improvement of London workhouses, the pioneer of improved workhouse nursing died in Liverpool. The work of Miss Agnes Jones, whose early difficulties have been described above, had gone ahead with ever-increasing success. The difficulties indeed continued, and throughout 1867 Miss Nightingale was still busy in giving encouragement and advice; but the results of the work were so satisfactory that in March 1867 the Liverpool Vestry decided to extend the trained nursing to the female wards and to throw the whole cost upon the rates. When the strain of the increased work was at its severest point, Miss Jones was attacked by fever, and she died on February 19, 1868. To *Good Words* in the following June Miss Nightingale contributed a touching paper in memory of her friend and disciple:—

She died as she had lived, at her post in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in the Kingdom. She lived the life, and died the death, of the saints and martyrs; though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She had converted a vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses. She had converted the Poor-Law Board—a body, perhaps, not usually given to much enthusiasm. She had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism; so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her "blessed." All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they acknowledged their differences to be as nothing. And aged paupers made verses in her honour after her death.

In less than three years—the time generally given to the ministry on earth of that Saviour whom she so earnestly strove closely to follow—she did all this. She had the gracefulness, the wit, the unfailing cheerfulness—qualities so remarkable but so much overlooked in our Saviour's life. She had the absence of all asceticism, or "mortification," for mortification's sake, which characterized His work, and any real work in the present

was careful to conciliate the other side. He agreed to all the objections "in principle," pleaded the difficulty of doing everything in a moment, and claimed for his Bill that it was "only a beginning." And so, in fact, it turned out; while, even at the time, the reforms made by the Bill, which became an Act on March 29, 1867, were sufficiently beneficent. The whole of the unions and parishes in London were formed, by an Order under the Act, into one district, "The Metropolitan Asylum District," for the treatment of insane, fever, and small-pox cases, which had hitherto been dealt with in the workhouses. Separate infirmaries were formed for the non-infectious sick, with a greatly enlarged cubic space per inmate. Dispensaries were established throughout the metropolis. Above all, the "Metropolitan Common Poor Fund" (the "Hospital and Asylum Rate" of Miss Nightingale's Memorandum) was established, and to it were charged the maintenance of the "asylums," medicines, etc., and the maintenance of pauper children in separate schools. When the battle was lost—or won—Miss Nightingale counted up the gains, and said, "This is a beginning; we shall get more in time."¹ And such has been the case. The Act of 1867 was the foundation on which many improvements in medical relief under the Poor Law have been laid,² and the principles implied in the Act—the separation of the sick from the paupers, and in the case of London the making medical relief a common charge—are likely to receive yet further recognition. They are the principles for which Miss Nightingale contended. Her influence in forming the public opinion which made the legislation of 1867 possible was referred to in both Houses of Parliament.³

¹ Letter to the Rev. Mother of Bermondsey, March 1867.

² The history of the matter is succinctly told in the Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission, 1909, pp. 235 *seq.*

³ By Mr. Villiers in the House of Commons, February 21; and in the House of Lords on March 19 by the Earl of Devon, who, in moving the second reading of Mr. Hardy's Bill, said: "It would be improper on such an occasion to omit reference to the improved feeling on the subject which had resulted from the admiration the country must feel for the exertions of that excellent and gifted woman, Miss Nightingale, whose name would always be received with that respect which was due to her Christian activity and self-devotion."

anything in the course of my long life ever struck me so much as the deadlock we have been placed in by the death of one pupil—combined, you know, with the enormous *jaw*, the infinite female ink which England pours forth on ‘Woman’s Work.’ It used to be said that people gave their *blood* to their country. Now they give their *ink*.” Miss Nightingale’s first concern was to put heart and strength into the nurses who were now deprived of their Chief. Writing as their “affectionate friend and fellow-sufferer,” she called upon them to fight the good fight without flinching. “Many battles which seemed desperate while the General lived have been fought and won by the soldiers who, when they saw their General fall, were determined to save his name and win the ground he had died for. And shall we fight a heavenly battle, a battle to cure the bodies and souls of God’s poor, less well than men fight an earthly battle to kill and wound?” “The nurses have been splendid,” she was able to report presently. Miss Nightingale concluded her paper in *Good Words* with a stirring appeal to others—Poor Law officials, on their part, and devoted women, on theirs—to go and do likewise. “The Son of God goes forth to war, who follows in his train? Oh, daughters of God, are there so few to answer?” The appeal awoke a response in at least one heart. One of the most valued of Miss Nightingale’s disciples ascribed her call to this article in *Good Words*. “Some of us,” she says, “who were children in the days of the Crimean War when Miss Nightingale’s most famous work was done, were responsible girls at home, nursing as occasion arose in our families, by the light of her *Notes*, to the music of Longfellow’s verse, when once again she came before us, flashing out of her retirement with the trumpet-call of ‘Una.’” Many are now called to such work, but few, I suppose, are chosen—in the sense of being found worthy to do the work in the spirit of Agnes Jones. The Liverpool experiment, rendered successful by her devotion, rapidly made its mark. In ten years’ time the system of employing pauper inmates as nurses had been entirely superseded, in all sick asylums and separate infirmaries, by paid nurses. In 1897 the employment of pauper nurses in any workhouse was forbidden, and the training of the paid

day as in His day. And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she had cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over and without fid-fadding at it;—real business—her Father's business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her "Father's business." How can any undervalue business-habits? as if anything could be done without them. She could do, and she did do, more of her Father's business in six hours than ordinary women do in six months, or than most of even the best women do in six days. . . . What she went through during her workhouse life is scarcely known but to God and to one or two. Yet she said that she had "never been so happy in all her life." All the last winter she had under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1290 to 1350 patients, being from two to three hundred more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning. She had to manage and persuade the patients to sleep three and four in two beds; sometimes six, or even eight children had to be put in one bed; and being asked on one occasion whether they did not "kick one another," they answered, "Oh, no, ma'am, we're so comf'ble." Poor little things, they scarcely remembered ever to have slept in a bed before. But this is not the usual run of workhouse life. And, if any one would know what are the lowest depths of human vice and misery, would see the festering mass of decay of living human bodies and human souls, and then would try what one loving soul, filled with the spirit of her God, can do to let in the light of God into this hideous well (worse than the well of Cawnpore), to bind up the wounds, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring release to the captives—let her study the ways, and follow in the steps of this one young, frail woman, who has died to show us the way—blessed in her death as in her life.

The death of Miss Jones involved Miss Nightingale in much anxiety and additional responsibility. "The whole work of finding her successor has fallen upon me," she wrote to Madame Mohl (March 20); "and in addition they expect me to manage the Workhouse at Liverpool from my bedroom." And again (April 30): "I have seven or eight hours a day additional writing for the last two months about this Liverpool workhouse." The bundle of correspondence on the subject makes this statement quite credible. "I believe I have found a successor¹ at last. I don't think

¹ Miss L. Freeman.

CHAPTER II

ALLIANCE WITH SIR BARTLE FRERE

(1867-1868)

Truly these poor people will have cause to bless you long after English Viceroys and dynasties are of the past.—SIR BARTLE FRERE (*Letter to Miss Nightingale*, May 6, 1869).

WHEN Sidney Herbert died, his work as an army reformer was in part arrested because he had never put in what Miss Nightingale called "the main-spring." He had failed to reform the War Office. There had thus been no such effective organization set up as would ensure even the permanent possession of ground already gained and much less a continuous advance. There was now some danger of a like state of things in connection with Public Health in India, and Miss Nightingale turned her thoughts to avert it.

There had been many improvements ; but there was as yet no consistent scheme of organization, and in some respects there had already been backsliding. The Sanitary Commissions had been reduced on the ground of expense to two officers (a President and a Secretary) in each case, and a further retrenchment was now in contemplation. Under each Local Government there was to be one sanitary officer, and it was proposed that this officer should be the Inspector-General of Prisons. A "Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India" would remain, who would not combine that duty with an inspectorship of prisons ; but such a scheme would assuredly not supply any "main-spring" for sanitary improvement. Meanwhile Sir John Lawrence's term of office was coming to an end ; and Miss Nightingale, regarding him as the indispensable man, looked

nurses has been continuously improved.¹ To Miss Nightingale, here as in all her undertakings, each point gained was only a step on the road to perfectibility. Among some communings with herself, written in 1867, there is this entry: "Easter Sunday. Never think that you have done anything effectual in nursing in London till you nurse, not only the sick poor in workhouses, but those at home."

¹. For details on this subject, see Majority Report, 1909 pp. 240-242.

she was at the time completely successful. She had in all this a valuable ally ; and it was her way to see something like special providence in fortunate circumstances. The most logical mind sometimes admits exceptions ; yet there was in fact no exception. Providence, according to her belief, is Law ; and it had become a law that men interested in her interests should go to her. Hence it was that she made at this time a friendship with one whose disinterested devotion to the cause of sanitary reform in India equalled her own, and whose co-operation was to prove of the greatest value. The new friend was Sir Bartle Frere.

II

For a year and more the question of the Public Health Service in India had slumbered, so far as organization was concerned. Sir John Lawrence's dispatch had been lost at the India Office for some months (p. 109). Then, when it had been found and Miss Nightingale had drafted the reply, Lord de Grey had gone out of office before the reply could be sent (p. 110). She had opened communications with his successor, Lord Cranborne (p. 114) ; but his stay at the India Office was brief, for when Disraeli's Franchise Bill was introduced, he resigned. He was succeeded by Sir Stafford Northcote, with whom as yet Miss Nightingale had no acquaintance. She had been diligent in writing to Sir John Lawrence, who continued to ask her advice and send her papers ; but she had held her hand on this side. The reason was that all her friends told her that "the Tories would be out in a week." Dr. Sutherland, greatly daring, went further and talked treason against Sir John Lawrence : "He is our worst enemy," and "we had better wait." Miss Nightingale ascribed this ribaldry to a desire of Dr. Sutherland to be off cholera-hunting in the Mediterranean, and reproached him in some impromptu rhymes.¹ Sir John

¹ Free as air.
I don't care.
Go away
To Malta-y.
I don't care.
Let Sir John Hall
Be Director-Generall.

I don't care.
As for India-y
Let her have her way.
I don't care.
Free as air.
I don't care.

upon the end of his viceroyalty as an event almost comparable to the death of Sidney Herbert. The same error must not be made a second time. Before Sir John Lawrence retired, the mainspring of the machinery for sanitary progress in India must be inserted. Miss Nightingale had a clear policy in her mind, and she secured most of her points with a celerity and a completeness which entitle this episode to rank among her most brilliant campaigns. It will make the moves more easily intelligible if the main points are indicated at once. What Miss Nightingale sought to attain was an efficient machine which would turn out sanitary improvement in accordance with the best knowledge of the day and of which the working would be subject to the propelling force of public opinion. She, therefore, set herself to secure, if by any means she could, (1) an executive sanitary authority in India, (2) an expert controlling (and, incidentally, an inspiring) authority in London, and (3) the publication of an annual report on the work done, so as to make both parts of the machinery amenable to public inspection.

On the first of these points, Miss Nightingale was doomed to some disappointment. Neither at the time with which we are here concerned, nor in her later years, nor yet to the present day, has any supreme and executive sanitary machinery been established in India. "It was true," said the Secretary of State during a debate in the House of Lords on Indian sanitation in 1913 (June 9), "that the present system fell very far short of a great independent Sanitary Department supreme over the Provincial Governments and forming one of the main departments of the Government of India." That was Miss Nightingale's ideal at this time, though in later years, as we shall learn,¹ she recognized that sanitary progress in India could not be turned out by clock-work; but at the opposite pole stood the scheme by which she was threatened in 1867 for consigning sanitary administration in the Local Governments to a sub-head of the prison department. She had the satisfaction before Sir John Lawrence left India of seeing another scheme adopted, which was at any rate as far removed from the Prison as from her Ideal. On the other two points, stated above,

¹ See below, p. 405.

send for the police and make the Committee do something. As for Sutherland, I never see him. Malta is the world. And Gibraltar is the "next world." And India is that little island in the Pacific like Honolulu.

Miss Nightingale must have impressed Sir Bartle Frere as greatly as he had impressed her. He now became one of her constant visitors, and a busy correspondence began between them. He and his family became friends too of Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, whom they visited at Embley. "There are amongst his papers for 1867 and the five following years considerably more than a hundred letters, short or long, from Miss Nightingale to him, mostly upon sanitary questions affecting India."¹ The letters from him to her are not less numerous. "I will make 35 South Street the India Office," he said, "while this affair is pending." Miss Nightingale took note of his conversations, principally for communication to Dr. Sutherland, but also for her own guidance. But if she had much to learn from him, he also must have found something to learn, and some inspiration to derive, from her. The work which she had done for the Royal Commission had given her a great knowledge of sanitary, or rather insanitary, details in India; and on the principles of sanitation she was an acknowledged expert. Her acquaintance with the official history of the Indian Public Health question was unique, for no other person had so continuously been in intimate touch with it. The clearness of her mind and her breadth of view impressed every one who saw her. And then something must be allowed, in considering her successive "conquests" (as Mr. Jowett used playfully to call them), to the personal factor. The administrators and ministers who sought or were invited to audience of her would have been more (or less) than men if they had not felt a certain pleased curiosity in meeting this famous woman, who rose from an invalid's bed to receive them. Each of them speedily discovered that her enthusiastic devotion to humanitarian causes was equalled by her soundness of judgment, and that remarkable powers of brain were accompanied by all of a woman's graciousness.

¹ *Life of Sir Bartle Frere*, vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.

Lawrence was her hero. If he did amiss sometimes (as she had to admit), she put it down, I suppose, to his Council, with whom he was notoriously not on good terms; whatever was done aright was his doing. And meanwhile the weeks passed and the Tories did not go out; they looked, on the contrary, very much like staying in. Miss Nightingale determined to wait no longer. She announced her determination in a letter to Captain Galton (May 28, 1867). He was in touch with Indian sanitary business as a member of the War Office Sanitary Committee, to which such business was often referred, and she attached considerable weight to his judgment. "Our Indian affairs," she wrote, "are getting as drunk as they can be"; she was resolved to have them put straight. She had been "strongly advised to communicate direct with Sir Stafford Northcote"; advised, I imagine, by Mr. Jowett (for was not Sir Stafford a Balliol man, and therefore specially amenable to reason?) What did Captain Galton advise? He agreed that things were not going well, and was glad that she meant to move. He would give her an introduction, if she liked, to Sir Stafford, and he advised her to see Sir Bartle Frere, "as I fancy you could make him useful." He had just returned from the governorship of Bombay, and had been given a seat on the India Council in London. A fortnight later (June 14) he and Miss Nightingale met:—

(Miss Nightingale to Captain Galton.) 35 SOUTH STREET, June 16 [1867]. I have seen Sir Bartle Frere. He came on Friday by his own appointment. And we had a great talk. He impressed me wonderfully—more than any Indian I have ever seen except Sir John Lawrence; and I seemed to learn more in an hour from him upon Indian administration and the way it is going than I did from Ellis in six months, or from Strachey in two days, or from Indian Councils (Secretaries of State and Royal Commissions and all) in six years. I hope Sir B. Frere will be of use to us. I have not yet applied to you to put me into communication with Sir S. Northcote. Because why? Your Committee won't sit. It won't sit on Monday because Monday is Whit Monday. And Tuesday is Whit Tuesday. And Wednesday is Ash Wednesday. And Thursday is Ascension Day. And Friday is Good Friday. And Saturday is the Drawing Room. And Sunday is Sunday. And that's the way that British business is done. Now you are come back, you must

The sanitary experts at home had said that new barracks and hospitals should be ventilated by open windows, and their report to that effect had been sent to India. Then the matter had been referred in succession to the Government of India, the local governments, sanitary commissions, medical authorities, military authorities, district authorities, and then to the Government of India again. Next it had come back to London, where the experts were still of their original opinion. There seemed no reason why the travels of the "Doors and Windows" papers should ever come to an end. If every sanitary question were to be treated in the same way, no sanitary progress could be made; and the idea of "sanitary administration by universal suffrage" was impossible. Sir John Lawrence hardly made proper allowance for her way of putting things when he assured her in reply that she was mistaken in thinking that such matters were referred to a vote in India. The case showed conclusively, it seemed to her, that the time had come for organizing the health service on a business-like footing. She suggested schemes on the basis of the Three Points already defined—a Sanitary Department in India to do the work; a Sanitary Department at the India Office to control the work; and annual publication of what work had been done. With regard to the second point, she regarded the War-Office - cum - India - Office Sanitary Committee as only a makeshift, as we have seen.¹ She knew whom she wanted at the head of a separate India Office Sanitary Department. "If only," she had written to Captain Galton (July 24), "we could get a Public Health Department in the India Office to ourselves with Sir B. Frere at the head of it, our fortunes would be made."

III

Such was the substance of successive letters which Miss Nightingale now sent to the Secretary of State. The first of them is an admirable document; closely reasoned; with a pleasant pungency of phrasing here and there, such as might occur in a despatch by Lord Salisbury; with a touch of

¹ Above, p. 33.

"She is a noble-minded woman," said Mr. Lowe of her, "and so charming."

Encouraged by Sir Bartle Frere's sympathy, Miss Nightingale set to work in earnest. The first thing was to obtain a colourable starting-point. This she found in some Indian papers, sent to her by friends on the War Office Sanitary Committee, on the question of "Doors *versus* Windows." She determined to attack simultaneously the Governor-General and the Secretary of State on this question. To the Governor-General she wrote immediately; but with regard to the India Office there was a preliminary difficulty. "Dr. Sutherland is so very etiquettish," she wrote to Captain Galton (June 24, 1867), "that he says, But how are you to have seen these papers? I don't know. It seems to me that the cat has been out of the bag so long that it is no use tying the strings now. I will say, if you like, that Broadhead of Sheffield gave me £15 to steal them and to blow you up.¹ I am going ahead anyhow." Captain Galton put aside Dr. Sutherland's etiquette. It had been an established practice for years, he said, as every official person knew, to send Indian sanitary papers to Miss Nightingale; and in the very improbable event of anybody objecting in this case, he, Captain Galton, would assume full responsibility. Miss Nightingale then proceeded to draw up an indictment, and to suggest reform, basing her case upon the "Doors *versus* Windows" papers. Upon the merits of the controversy I am happily not called upon to offer an opinion. To Miss Nightingale and the War Office Sanitary Committee the ventilation of barracks or hospitals by open doors was a pestilential heresy; to the Government of India it was the ark of the covenant for salvation in hot weather. Sir John Lawrence in reply to Miss Nightingale's remonstrance told her bluntly that nothing but an imperative order from home would make him close the doors, and even then that he would first send the most energetic protest. But, though she attached some importance to the matter on its merits, her real object was something different. She objected to the manner in which the case had been handled.

¹ For William Broadhead and the rattening outrages at Sheffield, see McCarthy's *History of our own Times*, vol. iv. p. 156.

on Indian administration more than you know. We went as fully into the whole subject as was possible in an hour, seeing that India is rather a big place." Her notes of the conversation show that she had found the minister very keen and sympathetic. "I don't know," she told Dr. Sutherland, "that he saw how afraid I was of him. For he kept his eyes tight shut all the time. And I kept mine wide open." Afraid or not, she had done a great stroke of business :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Captain Galton.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, August 22 [1867]. I saw Sir S. Northcote on Tuesday. He came of his own accord—which I think I partly owe to you. The result is (that is, if he does as he says) that there will be a Controlling Committee at the India Office for sanitary things with Sir B. Frere at the head and Sir H. Anderson at the tail, and your War Office Commission as the consulting body. As to the Public Health Service, I told him that we want the Executive Machinery in India to do it, and the Controlling Machinery at the I.O. to know that it is being done. The work of the Controlling Committee will really be introducing the elements of civilization into India. Sir S. N. said something about having Gen. Baker and Sir E. Perry on as members and an assistant-secretary to Sir H. Anderson. (I wish I could choose the members as I did in Sidney Herbert's time.) But I have the greatest faith in Sir B. Frere, and he asked me to let him bring Sir H. Anderson here ; so we shall have the Chairman and the Secretary on our side. I liked Sir S. Northcote ; but he appears to me to have much the same calibre of mind as Lord de Grey. He has none of the rapid, unerring perception of Sidney Herbert ; none of the power of Sir J. Lawrence ; none of the power and keenness of Sir B. Frere. He talks about "talking it all over with Lord Clinton." Do you know Lord Clinton, and does he know anything about it ? But my principal reason for writing to you now is this : I went as fully as I could with Sir S. N. into this, that no time should be lost in sending R. Engineers intended for service in India to examine and make themselves acquainted with improvements in sewerage, drainage, water-supply of towns, and in application of sewage to agriculture, and with improvements in Barrack and Hospital construction, etc., as carried out here. Now, there is no one but you who can properly advise Sir S. N. in this way. Pray do so.

Sir Stafford Northcote did all, and more than all, that at this interview he had promised. She was impressed by his

emotion kept well in reserve. She begged the minister to go back to the point at which the matter had been left when Lord de Grey went out, and "to put the Indian Health Service once for all on a satisfactory footing. This would indeed be a noble service for a Secretary of State to render to India." She submitted her letter to Sir Bartle Frere, who pronounced it excellent. He carried it off, and delivered it to the minister in person. This was on July 27. On July 30 Sir Stafford Northcote answered, promising early attention to the subject, and adding, "I attach great weight to any suggestions from one who is so well qualified to speak with authority as yourself." Without going into the question, he made the general remark that "due regard should be had to local information." This criticism was just what she wanted; it afforded an opening for unfolding her schemes in greater detail. Sir Stafford Northcote must have been impressed by the letters; for he gave the matter immediate study, and then, on August 19, wrote to know if he might call for "a little conversation." Miss Nightingale told Mr. Jowett of this new opening. "I am delighted to hear," he wrote (Aug. 20), "that you are casting your toils about Sir Stafford Northcote. Do you know that he was elected a scholar of Balliol with A. H. Clough? I think that you may do him as well as the cause immense service. May I talk to you as I would to one of our undergraduates? Take care not to exaggerate to him (I mention this because it is really difficult to avoid when you are deeply interested). You will make him feel, I have no doubt, that you can really help him. Of course he will have heard things said against you by the officials; and you will have to produce just the opposite impression to these reports. But I don't really suppose that the art of influencing others can be reduced to rules. I commend you and your work to God, and am quite sure that 'it will be given you what to say,' because (I am afraid this is very rationalistic) you know what you mean to say." The interview (Aug. 20), somewhat dreaded on Miss Nightingale's side, had already taken place when Mr. Jowett's letter came. "Much more satisfactory to my hopes," she wrote to Sir Bartle Frere (Aug. 21) "than I expected. I think you have imbued him with your views

Officers, paid by the Central Government, was suggested. The Secretary of State left the dispatch with Miss Nightingale, and requested her to favour him in writing with her views on the whole subject, suggesting, if she cared to do so, what answer should be sent to the Government of India. The new proposal of Sir John Lawrence's Government was not all or exactly what she wanted. The local Officers of Health would be advisory only ; and the Commissioner with the Government of India would remain in a like position. What she had wanted was a distinct Executive Department, both central and local, for Public Health. Still, the appointment of State Officers of Health was a step in the right direction, and a great advance on the Prisons scheme. She must see to it that the better opinion was made to prevail, while Sir John Lawrence was still at the helm in India and the Secretary of State in London was friendly to her. The new policy would win some part of her First Point. It remained to secure Annual Health Reports ; and the Secretary of State had given her an opening by inviting her to make suggestions at large.

She had now a spell of very hard work. At the end of it she had sent to Sir Stafford Northcote (1) a draft for immediate reply to the Indian Government, approving the appointment of the Health Officers. This was sent to India on November 29. (2) Secondly, a digest of the Indian Sanitary Question from 1859 to 1867. This was printed in a Blue-book issued by the Secretary of State in 1868. (3) Thirdly, a memorandum on the whole subject full of suggestions and advice. This was sent out to the Indian Government, and printed in the same Blue-book. It was printed anonymously, though there are tell-tale phrases (such as "The result will be the civilization of India" ; the manuscript of the "review," in Miss Nightingale's hand, is amongst her papers. (4) Fourthly, and principally, the heads of a dispatch on the whole subject which, she suggested, might be sent to the Government of India. "Of course I cannot say," she wrote, "how far these heads may meet with your concurrence." The heads, in her hand, are also amongst her papers, and a comparison of this manuscript with Sir Stafford Northcote's dispatch

sincerity at the time. "I believe," she told Dr. Sutherland, "he will carry out exactly what he consents to do." But other friends advised her to leave nothing to good intentions, to strike while the iron was hot, and to continue joggling the minister's elbow until the things were actually done. Presently an occasion offered itself. The Governor-General had written her a long private letter about the ravages of cholera among the troops in the N.W. Provinces. She sent the substance of this letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, and invited him to concur in her opinion that such things ought not to be. But could they ever be prevented until the Public Health Service was placed on a proper footing? The minister, in acknowledging her letter (Oct. 18), said that, the pressure of other business being relaxed, he was now able to give full attention to sanitary questions, and that he would like to have another conversation. The interview was on October 23. On this occasion the minister came full-handed. He told her, first, as appears from her notes and letters, that he had definitely decided to appoint a Sanitary Committee at the India Office. He read out the list of names; with Sir Bartle Frere, according to promise, as chairman, and Sir H. Anderson as secretary. He then asked her advice with regard to the relations between this Committee and the War Office Sanitary Committee, for there was, as he explained (and as she knew only too well), great jealousy between the two offices. She advised that the India Office Committee should be the controlling and responsible body, and the War Office Committee consultative only; "but I shall be much surprised," she wrote in explaining things to Captain Galton, "if Sir Bartle Frere does not refer many more matters to you than has previously been the case." She had thus won the second of her Three Points.

The minister next handed to Miss Nightingale a dispatch dated August 16, which he had received from the Government of India, and to which an immediate answer was requested. This was not news to her (though she was doubtless too discreet to say so), for the Governor-General had also written to her on August 16 to like effect. In this dispatch the appointment of medical officers in each Local Government for the exclusive duty of Principal Health

John Lawrence into one by some alchemy or wicked wit of woman, and then something will be accomplished." And this was what had now been made possible; though perhaps the only secret on the woman's part was the combination of singleness of purpose, fulness of knowledge, clearness of insight, and a resolute will.

IV

Sir Stafford Northcote's dispatch, and the accompanying memorandum, did not immediately have the effect which Miss Nightingale hoped so far as the Supreme Government was concerned. The Government of India somewhat resented the process of hustling by the India Office at home. Miss Nightingale had kept her faith in Sir John Lawrence, but it was put to some severe trials. For some time she had been more ready to praise and pray than he to do her bidding:—

(*Sir John Lawrence to Miss Nightingale.*) CALCUTTA, Feb. 7 [1867]. Many thanks for your very kind note of the 26th of December. I am quite sure that I in no wise deserve your blessings; nevertheless I am grateful to you for them, perhaps the more so when I bear in mind my own demerits. It is not a very pleasant duty talking to the "Kings of the East," for though they receive all which one in my position may say with gravity and politeness, it makes but a wretched impression on them. You will be glad to hear that the death-rate among the English troops in India for 1866 was only 20.11, while it was 24.24 in 1865. This seems to me a very satisfactory result. . . . I have had an envoy down in Calcutta for some time, from the King of Bokhara, asking for aid against Russia. How strange it will be if Russia and England meet in Central Asia! I hope, if it is to be so, that it will be in amity. There is ample verge and room enough for both powers; and if both would only see this we might be a help instead of an injury to each other.

(*Sir John Lawrence to Miss Nightingale.*) SIMLEH, July 9 [1867]. . . . [A passage dwelling on the many difficulties he had to encounter.] I do what I can to further the objects to which you have devoted your life—no doubt with slow and faltering steps, but still as fast as circumstances will permit.

Then on August 16 the Governor-General sent her a letter which must have very seriously shaken her faith.

of April 23, 1868, shows that they all met with his concurrence; they were adopted for the most part in her own words. The suggestions of this dispatch constitute one of Miss Nightingale's best services to the cause of Public Health in India. It begins with calling for a Report on Sanitary Progress. It then reverts to the famous "Suggestions in regard to Sanitary Works" of 1864, which Miss Nightingale had so large a hand in writing (above, p. 48). "I consider these Suggestions," wrote the Secretary of State, "to be of very great practical value and to constitute a good foundation for sanitary inquiry and work in India." The dispatch invites particular attention to some of the Suggestions seriatim, and calls for a report on any progress that has been made in carrying them out. It also includes Miss Nightingale's later suggestion (above, p. 152) that Engineer Officers should be sent to England to study sanitary questions. The whole dispatch, whilst leaving full executive authority to the Government of India, was directed to stimulating its zeal in the cause of Public Health.

The adoption by Sir Stafford Northcote of Miss Nightingale's "heads" for this dispatch secured the last of her Three Points. The reports for which the minister called were duly forwarded. They were printed in the Blue-book above mentioned, together with the other Papers, and with the dispatch itself. This Blue-book¹ was the first of an Annual Series of Indian Sanitary Reports. So, then, Miss Nightingale's intercourse with Sir Stafford Northcote had, with the limitations already explained, secured all her points.

"I hope, in this recourse to Sir Stafford Northcote," she had written three months before,² "as a last hope. Hope was green, and the donkey ate it (that's me)." "I am inclined to think," Mr. Jowett had written to her at the same time (July 18), "that you have really made a considerable step. I talked about Sir Stafford Northcote to some people who know him. They say, besides what I told you, that he works really hard at Indian affairs. Now, you must get hold of him and fuse him and Sir Bartle Frere and Sir

¹ For its title, etc., see Bibliography A, No. 52.

² To Captain Galton (July 16).

sanitary papers and suggestions to the Governor-General, and these he always referred to some appropriate official for report, whose remarks (sometimes in manuscript, sometimes printed for official use) were in turn forwarded to her. There is one long printed paper of the kind, headed "Dr. Farquhar's Notes on Miss Nightingale's Questions relative to Sanitation in Algeria and India, April 20, 1867."¹ Miss Nightingale forwarded the "Notes" to Sir Bartle Frere, who wrote a long memorandum in rejoinder. He agreed with Miss Nightingale that there was no reason why India should not be brought up to the Algerian standard. The "Notes" were a compendium, he thought, of the errors that impede sanitary reform in India. But though Sir John Lawrence's officials were critical, and her suggestions were not at the moment effectual, they may have had their influence in the end. Sir Bartle Frere was once asked by a member of Miss Nightingale's family to what her influence in India was due, and what had set the sanitary crusade in motion? Not the big Blue-book, he replied, which nobody reads, but "a certain little red book of hers on India which made some of us very savage at the time, but did us all immense good."² Sir Bartle Frere had by no means lost faith in Sir John Lawrence, and urged Miss Nightingale to write to him, telling him in advance of the Memorandum which would shortly come to him from the India Office. "I have often known," he said, "a scrap of paper on which you had written a few words—or even your words printed—work miraculously." The scrap of paper was sent, urging Sir John Lawrence once more to appoint an Executive Sanitary Department in the Government of India, but it did not prevail:—

(*Sir John Lawrence to Miss Nightingale.*) October 25 [1868].
It may seem to you, with your great earnestness and singleness of mind, that we are doing very little, and yet in truth I already see great improvement, more particularly in our military cantonments, and doubtless we shall from year to year do better. But the extension of sanitation throughout the country and

¹ She had made use, after all, it will be observed, of Dr. Sutherland's visit to "Astley's" (above, p. 110).

² The "little red book" was the reprint of Miss Nightingale's *Observations*; see above, p. 36.

He had asked her (p. 55) to formulate a scheme for female nursing. With her habitual good sense, she had contemplated an experiment in a single hospital and had drawn up a scheme on that basis. Instead of accepting her basis, the Governor-General referred the matter to his medical advisers, who elaborated a scheme for introducing female nursing into seven hospitals. The cost of this larger scheme was prohibitive; and the Government of India, instead of falling back upon Miss Nightingale's proposals, vetoed the whole thing. Sir John McNeill, who had assisted her with her proposals, was very angry, and sent her a hot indictment of the Indian officials. "You must wait for a new Governor-General. Sir John Lawrence has greatly disappointed me." Then, afraid, I suppose, lest she might adopt some of his scathing phrases in replying to Sir John Lawrence, he wrote again, suggesting that dignified silence would be the better course. "It would be mere waste of time and hardly consistent with your name and position to argue with men who flounder about in such a hopeless slough of unreason. I would not even point out their inconsistencies. Both the Governor-General and you are high powers, and your correspondence ought, I think, to be conducted with the reserve that is proper to such persons when your opinions do not coincide. I would merely say, etc. etc." What Sir John McNeill suggested she adopted with some slight modifications. In her reply to the Governor-General (Sept. 26, 1867) she thanked him for his letter and for the documents he enclosed; explained that she had submitted a scheme only because he had asked her to do so; remarked that the scheme which the Government of India had vetoed was not hers, nor anything like it; and added that if at any future time the question should be revived, she would again be willing, if desired, to give any advice or assistance in her power.

V

This incident did not interfere with the continuance of frequent and friendly correspondence between the two "high powers," and Miss Nightingale's persistence may not have been without some effect. She frequently sent

On the subject of Public Health she recorded with pleasure his saying to her : " You initiated the reform which initiated Public Opinion which made things possible, and now there is not a station in India where there is not something doing." But " in the first place," she wrote, " when I see him again, I see that there is nobody like him. He is Rameses II. of Egypt. All the Ministers are rats and weasels by his side." And to a friend she afterwards said :¹ " Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew. He has left his mark on India. Wherever superstition or ignorance or starvation or dirt or fever or famine, or the wild bold lawlessness of brave races, or the cringing slavishness of clever feeble races was to be found, there he has left his mark. He has set India on a new track which—may his successors follow !—

Knight of a better era
Without reproach or fear,
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here ! "

¹ Letter to Madame Mohl, March 26, 1869.

among the people must be a matter of time, especially if we wish to carry them with us. . . . (November 23). I think that we have done all we can do at present in furtherance of sanitary improvement, and that the best plan is to leave the Local Governments to themselves to work out their own arrangements. If we take this course we shall keep them in good humour. If we try more we shall have trouble. I don't think we require a commission. Mr. John Strachey, a member of Council, has special charge of the Home Department under the Government of India, and all sanitary matters have been transferred to that department, so that when I am gone there will still be a friend at court to whom you can refer.

Miss Nightingale found cold comfort in this promised friend at court, for Sir John Lawrence forwarded at the same time a letter to himself from Mr. Strachey, in which the latter expressed himself in indignant terms about the India Office's memorandum. It was full, he complained, of things which they were said to have left undone, and gave them no credit for what they had done; and it advocated a forward policy in sanitation which might be attended by grave dangers in forcing sanitary reform upon unwilling people. "Well," said Miss Nightingale to Dr. Sutherland, "this is the nastiest pill we have had, but we have swallowed a good many and we're not poisoned yet." They replied to Mr. Strachey's criticisms in a final letter to the Governor-General. An "admirable" letter, Sir Bartle Frere thought it; "my letter to Sir J. L.," wrote Miss Nightingale in her diary, "to bless and to curse" (Dec. 4, 1868). I hope, and I expect, that the blessing was the larger half. For, in truth, she had obtained during Sir John Lawrence's term of office at least as much for her cause as could reasonably be expected.

When Sir John Lawrence returned to London, one of the first things he did was to call at South Street, and leave, with a little note, "a small shawl of the fine hair of the Thibet goat." He did not presume, he said, to ask to see her without an appointment, but would call another day if she cared to give him one. Three days later (April 3, 1869), he came, and all Miss Nightingale's admiration returned on the instant. She made a long note of his conversation, which ranged over the whole field of Indian government.

retirement of Captain Galton.¹ She had thus no longer a confidential intimate in the Department. She could have made one, perhaps, if she had so desired ; for her Scutari friend, Sir Henry Storks, had now been appointed to the newly organized post of Controller-in-Chief, and presently became Surveyor-General of Ordnance. But her Indian preoccupations, coupled with the never-ceasing strain of work as Adviser-in-General on Hospitals and Nursing, used all her strength. In the present chapter we shall follow the course of her life during the years 1868-72, with special reference to Indian work ; in the next, we shall follow the development of her work in connection with hospitals and nursing.

The long strain, mentioned in the letter to M. Mohl, had told severely upon Miss Nightingale's strength, and at the end of December 1867 she went, leaving no address behind (except with Dr. Sutherland), for a month's rest-cure under Dr. Walter Johnson at Malvern. Upon her return to London she was busily engaged in the preparation of the Indian "Memorandum" described in the last chapter. The death of Miss Agnes Jones and the anxieties which it entailed (chap. i.) told greatly upon her health and spirits. Mr. Jowett, after seeing her early in July, was seriously alarmed at her state of physical weakness and mental despondency. She had half promised him that she would go for rest and change to Lea Hurst ; but only if the rest were accompanied by a duty of affection. If her mother were at Lea Hurst, she would go ; if not, she would not. So Mr. Jowett wrote privately to Mrs. Nightingale, who arranged her plans accordingly, and begged her daughter to come and be with her. They were together at the old home for three months (July 7-Oct. 3), and for a week of the time Mr. Jowett was with them. The mother and the daughter had seldom been on such affectionate and understanding terms as now. "Mama," wrote Miss Nightingale to Madame Mohl (July 20), "is more cheerful, more gentle

¹ He retired at the end of 1869, and was appointed to a post in the Office of Works. Miss Nightingale intervened (through representations to Lord de Grey and Mr. Cardwell) to secure his continuance as a member of the Army Sanitary Committee.

CHAPTER III

PUBLIC HEALTH MISSIONARY FOR INDIA

(1868-1872)

There is a vast work going on in India, and the fruits will be reaped in time. Not all at once. We must go on working in faith and in hope.—
DR. JOHN SUTHERLAND (*Letter to Miss Nightingale*, August 16, 1871).

“By dint of remaining here for 13 months to dog the Minister I have got a little (not tart, but) Department all to myself, called ‘Of Public Health, Civil and Military, for India,’ with Sir B. Frere at the head of it. And I had the immense satisfaction 3 or 4 months ago of seeing ‘Printed Despatch No. 1’ of said Department. (I never, in all my life before, saw any Despatch, Paper or Minute under at least No. 77,981). Still you know this is not the meat, but only the smell of the meat. What we want is an Executive out there to do it, and a Department here to see that it is being done. The latter we now have; the former must still rest with the Viceroy and Council out there.” Thus did Miss Nightingale, in a letter to M. Mohl (Feb. 16, 1868), sum up the results of the campaign described in the last chapter. Her life, for some years to come, was now largely occupied with the affairs of the “little Department all to herself.” The Department may have been little, but she interpreted her duties, as we shall see, in a large sense. Her work in connection with the War Office, though it did not entirely cease, was no longer absorbing. She had ceased to have direct communications with the Secretaries for War. In 1868 there was one of the periodical reorganizations of the War Office, followed in the succeeding year by the

work went to no further length than that of a magazine article entitled "A Note on Pauperism." Nothing that she ever wrote—with one exception¹—cost her so much worry and trouble. She did what is always trying to an author's equanimity and often prejudicial to the effect of his work: she admitted collaboration. Dr. Sutherland had a hand in it—that goes without saying, and his assistance was always useful: he knew exactly within what limits he could really help his friend. But her brother-in-law was an authority on the subject and Lady Verney claimed (and not without justice) to be an authority on the style appropriate to magazine articles. She took much well-meant trouble, and transcribed her sister's first draft in her own hand, with corrections of her own also. The authoress was in despair, and sent again for Dr. Sutherland: "I have adopted *all* your corrections, and *all* Parthe's, and *all* Sir Harry's; and they have taken out all my *bons mots* and left unfinished sentences on every page; and this *kind* of work really takes a year's strength out of me; and now you *must* help me." So, Dr. Sutherland patched up the broken sentences and harmonized the corrections, and the article was ready. Miss Nightingale was as timid and perplexed as any literary beginner about placing her paper. After much consultation she decided to submit it to Mr. Froude, with whom as yet she had no acquaintance. She was as pleased as any literary beginner when the editor replied immediately that he would be delighted to print the paper in his next number. In *Fraser* for March 1869 it appeared accordingly—the first of several contributions which she made to that magazine. The "Note" is somewhat disconnected in style and slight in treatment, but is full of far-reaching suggestions. She begins by insisting on a reform of which we have heard much in a previous chapter: the separation of the sick and incapable from the workhouse. Then she goes on to argue that the thing to do is "not to punish the hungry for being hungry, but to teach the hungry to feed themselves." She attacks the *laissez faire* school of economists, "which being interpreted means Let bad alone." Political economy speaks of labour as mobile, and she quotes

¹ See below, p. 196.

than I ever remember her." The daughter's note of conversations shows that they talked of misunderstandings in the past, and that the mother was ready to blame herself: "You would have done nothing in life, if you had not resisted me." For many years to come, Miss Nightingale repeated such visits to the country homes of her parents. They were now old; her father was 74 in 1868, her mother 80. The daughter desired to be with them so far as her work allowed. Perhaps something was due also to the persistent counsels of Mr. Jowett. Continuous drudgery in London was not good, he pleaded, either for her body or for her soul. They were supposed to have entered into a compact not to overwork. He avowed that he was faithfully keeping his side of the bargain, and put her upon her honour to do her part in return. It was an unhealthy life, he pleaded, to be shut up all the year in a London room. There was still much for her to do, and she would do it all the better for some relaxation of daily effort. Perhaps he persuaded her. At any rate, from 1868 for some years onwards there was more of the country in Miss Nightingale's life—less of incessant drudgery, more leisure for reading, more marge for meditation. In 1869 she was at Embley for three months in the summer; in 1870, at Embley for one month, and at Lea Hurst for three; in 1871, there was a similar division of time; in 1872 she was at Embley for eight months.

II

Mr. Jowett was often a visitor on these occasions for a few days at a time. He continued in frequent letters to urge her to attempt some sustained writing. She had a talent for it, he insisted, and she was possessed of great influence. He suggested as a subject suitable to her a Treatise on the Reform of the Poor Law, and he sent her a memorandum of his own ideas on the subject. There are one or two of Mr. Jowett's ideas, and occasionally a phrase of his, in what she ultimately wrote. She endeavoured to take his advice, and a resolve is recorded in her diary for 1868 to devote an hour a day to writing. The projected

of any Colonial Policy in the schemes and speeches of Liberal Ministers.

Miss Nightingale had sent some of her correspondence on colonization to an old friend at the Colonial Office—Sir Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford). "See what a thing," he replied (July 26, 1869), "is a bad conscience! You, conscious of a life spent in bullying harmless Government offices, think that I must read your (beautiful) handwriting with horror. Whereas I, conscious of rectitude, have sincere pleasure in receiving your assaults." This was a preface to an essay in which the Under-Secretary demonstrated, in the manner habitual to the Colonial Office in those days, the utter undesirability, impropriety, and impossibility of doing anything at all. Lord Houghton raised a conversation on the subject in the House of Lords, but confessed to Miss Nightingale that he was half-hearted, and nothing came of it. She formed a large heap of newspaper cuttings, collected facts from foreign countries, made many notes, and intended to follow up the suggestions, thrown out in her paper, into greater detail, and then perhaps to publish a book. She gave much time during 1869 to the subject, and in December Mr. Goschen, the President of the Poor Law Board, came to see her. They had a long discussion, and her note of it begins with an *aperçu* of the Minister—a little severe, perhaps, but not indiscriminating. "He is a man of considerable mind, great power of getting up statistical information and political economy, but with no practical insight or strength of character. It is an awkward mind—like a pudding in lumps. He is like a man who has been senior wrangler and never anything afterwards." He seemed to Miss Nightingale to see so many objections to any course as to make him likely to do nothing; and his economic doctrines paid too little regard, she thought, to the actual facts. "You must sometimes trample on the toes of Political Economists," she said,¹ "just to make them feel whether they are standing on firm ground." That she was deeply interested in the whole subject is shown by a testamentary document, dated September 19, 1869, in which she earnestly begged Dr. Sutherland to edit and publish her further "Notes

¹ In a letter to Madame Mohl, March 26, 1869.

a leading article in the *Times* which had talked about " the convenience in the possession of a vast industrial army, ready for any work, and chargeable on the public when its work is no longer wanted." She stigmatizes such talk as false, in the first case, and wicked, in the second. The State should endeavour to facilitate the organization of labour. " Where work is in one place, and labour in another, it should bring them together." Education should be more manual, and less literary. Pauper children should be boarded out and sent to industrial schools. The condition of the dwellings of the poor is at the root of much pauperism, and the State should remedy it. There should be State-aided colonization, so as to bring the landless man to the manless lands. Some of all this was not so familiar in 1869 as it is to-day, and Miss Nightingale's " Note " attracted much attention. Among those who read it with hearty approval was Carlyle. " Last night," wrote Mr. Rawlinson (March 11), " I spent several hours with Mr. Carlyle, and amongst talk about Lancashire Public Works, modern modes of government, modern Political Economy and Social Morality, he brought to my notice your ' Note on Pauperism ' as in his opinion the best, because the most practical, paper he had read of late on the question. I wish you could have been present to have listened to the great man alternately pouring forth a living stream of information, and then bursting into a rhapsody of passionate denunciation of some thick-headed blundering statesmanship or indignant tirade against commercial rascality." Dr. Sutherland called to express his pleasure that the article had gone off so well. " Well ! " she said ; " it's not well at all. The whole of London is calling here to tell me they have got a depauperizing experiment, including that horrid woman." A large bundle of correspondence testifies to the interest which her paper aroused. Some of it was not disinterested. All the emigration societies read the paper with the gratitude which looks to subscriptions. The article was very expensive to her ; for she gave away the editor's fee many times over in such contributions. For some years following, she took great interest in schemes for emigration, and nothing angered her more in the politics of the day than the absence

it," and evidently better informed on many subjects connected with sanitary reform than many men of greater pretension. He has a great sense of humour, too, which is a great help. I wish, when you see him, you would ask to see Lady Mayo.

The interview with Lord Mayo was on the 28th, and a few days later Miss Nightingale saw Lady Mayo also. On the morning of the 28th Dr. Sutherland was summoned to South Street. He was in a hurry and hoped there was "nothing much on to-day." "There is a 'something,'" ran the message sent down to him, "which most people would think a very big thing indeed. And that is seeing the Viceroy or Sacred Animal of India. I made him go to Shoeburyness yesterday and come to me this afternoon, because I could not see him unless you give me some kind of general idea what to state." Dr. Sutherland, thus prettily flattered, stayed, and they discussed what should be said to the Sacred Animal. Next day she reported the conversation to Dr. Sutherland:—

What he said was not unsensible but essentially Irish. He said that he should see Sir J. Lawrence for two days before he (Sir J. L.) left. And he said he should ask Sir J. L. to call upon me the moment he returned, and to ask *me* to write out to *him* (Lord Mayo) anything that Sir J. L. thought "a new broom" could do. That was clever of him. But he asked me (over and over again) that I should now at once before he goes write down for him something (he said) "that would guide me upon the sanitary administration as soon as I arrive." And "especially (he said) about that Executive." He asked most sagacious questions about all the men.

Miss Nightingale took counsel with Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Sutherland and then wrote a Memorandum for the new Viceroy. She covered the whole ground of sanitary improvement, dwelling much on questions of irrigation and agricultural development as aids thereto. "A noble and a most complete Paper," said Sir Bartle Frere (Nov. 1), "and it will be invaluable to India." Perhaps it impressed the new Viceroy also. At any rate Lord Mayo's administration was marked by some improvement in sanitary conditions, and by extension of irrigation works.¹ He also initiated

¹ For the former point, see the Annual Sanitary Reports; for a summary of the latter works, see Sir William Hunter's *Earl of Mayo*, pp. 177-8.

on Pauperism." ¹ She lived in full possession of her faculties for at least a quarter of a century after this date, but she never put the Notes into printable shape. As I have said before, she lacked inclination to sustained literary composition. Besides, her hands were full of other things.

III

Miss Nightingale's main work during these years may be described as that of a Health Missionary for India. She carried on her mission in three ways. She endeavoured by personal interviews and correspondence to incense with a desire for sanitary improvement all Indian officials, from Governors-General to local officers of health, whom she could contrive to influence. She made acquaintance with natives of India and strove to spread her gospel among them in their own country. And through her "own little Department" in co-operation with Sir Bartle Frere she did a large amount of official work in the same direction.

On her return to London at the beginning of October 1868, she found work awaiting her under the first of the foregoing heads. Sir John Lawrence's term of office of Governor-General was coming to an end, and Disraeli had appointed Lord Mayo to succeed him. On October 22 he wrote asking to be allowed to see Miss Nightingale before he sailed for India :—

(Sir Bartle Frere to Miss Nightingale.) INDIA OFFICE, Oct. 23 [1868]. I think you will hear from Lord Mayo, who I know is anxious to see you, if you can grant him an interview next week. Could you in the meantime note down for him, as you did (when describing what the folk in India should now do) in a note to me a few weeks ago, the points to which he should give attention? I think you will like him very much. In appearance he is a refined likeness of what I remember of O'Connell when I went as a boy (with a proper horror of his principles) to hear him before he got into Parliament. Lord Mayo is very pleasing in manner, with no assumption of "knowing all about

¹ In the same document Dr. Sutherland is begged to do the like for her (1) *Notes on Lying-in Hospitals* (published in 1871; see below, p. 196), and (2) "Paper on selling lands with houses in towns" (see above, p. 92). At a later time she sent the second batch of Pauperism Notes to Dr. Sutherland; but he was of opinion that they required complete rewriting.

to other officials from Madras, and Lord Napier reported progress to her constantly :—

(*Lord Napier to Miss Nightingale.*) KODAIKANAL, *Sept. 22* [1867]. I write to you from one of the Arsenals of Health in Southern India, from the Palni Hills, the most romantic and least visited of these salubrious and beautiful places. . . . I have deferred writing to you till I could announce that some sanitary good had really been secured worthy of your attention. I cannot say that such is yet the case, but something has been proposed and designed. We are building central jails to empty the district jails, and we are remodelling the district jails and rebuilding two or three. We are aerating and enlarging the lock-ups. I have stirred up the doctors in the general hospital at Madras. I have proposed to take the soldiers out of it and build them a new separate military Hospital (not yet sanctioned). I have endeavoured to raise the little native dispensaries and hospitals out of their sordid baseness and poverty. I am trying to get a new female hospital sanctioned for women, both European and native, with respectable diseases, and the others taken out and settled apart. I don't think my action has gone beyond a kind of impulse and movement. But we may effect something more important in the coming year. My wife has taken an active interest in the Magdalen Hospital, the Lying-in Hospital, and the orphanages of various kinds. We want money, zeal, belief; and knowledge in many quarters.

(*Lord Napier to Miss Nightingale.*) MADRAS, *Sept. 3* [1868]. I am truly happy to find that I can do something to please you and that you will count me as a humble but devoted member of the Sanitary band, of *your* band I might more properly say! Do you know that I was sent by Lord Stratford to salute and welcome you on your first arrival at Scutari and that I found you stretched on the sofa where I believe you never lay down again? I thought *then* that it would be a great happiness to serve you, and if the Elchi would have given me to you I would have done so with all my heart and learned many things that would have been useful to me now. But the Elchi would never employ any one on serious work who was at all near himself, so I spent the best years of my life at a momentous crisis doing nothing when there was enough for all! But if I can do something now it will be a late compensation . . . [report on various sanitary measures then in hand]. I have read the beautiful account of "Una" last evening driving along the melancholy shore. I send it to Lady Napier, who is in the Hills. I will write again soon, as you permit and even desire it, and I am ever your faithful, grateful and devoted Servant, NAPIER.

two of the indispensable preliminaries to sanitary progress : the Census, and a statistical survey of the country. In an autobiographical note detailing her relations with successive Viceroys, Miss Nightingale says that Lord Mayo's policy in sanitary and agricultural matters was in accord with lines which Sir Bartle Frere and she desired. "I say nothing," she adds, "of his splendid services in foreign policy, in his Feudatory States and Native Chiefs policy, in which doubtless Sir B. Frere helped him. I saw him more than once before he started, and he corresponded with me all the time of his too brief Viceroyalty. I think he was the most open man, except Sidney Herbert, I ever knew. I think it was Lord Stanley who said of him, 'He did things not from calculation, but from the nature of his mind.' Lord Mayo said himself that his Irish experience with 'a subject race' was so useful to him in India. He said that he was certainly the only Viceroy who had sold his own cattle in the market." "Florence the First, Empress of Scavengers, Queen of Nurses, Reverend Mother Superior of the British Army, Governess of the Governor of India" was Mr. Jowett's address when he heard of the interviews with Lord Mayo. "Empress of Scavengers" was M. Mohl's title for her at this time. "Rather," she said, "Maid of all (dirty) work ; or, The Nuisances Removal Act : that's me."

Miss Nightingale's greatest ally in India at this time was, however, Lord Napier, Governor of Madras. "I remember Scutari," he wrote (June 24, 1868), "and I am one of the few original faithful left, and I think I am attached to you irrespective of sanitation." He was firm in her cause even where Sir John Lawrence had seemed unfaithful. The Governor-General had abandoned a scheme for female nursing (p. 157) ; Lord Napier carried one through in Madras, and corresponded at some length with Miss Nightingale on the subject. Sir John Lawrence had refused her advice to send some Engineer Officers home to study sanitary works ; he had "none to spare." Lord Napier adopted the advice, and sent Captain H. Tulloch, whose visit to England and association with Mr. Rawlinson resulted in reports on urban drainage and the utilization of sewage. Lady Napier gave letters of introduction to Miss Nightingale

me to-day, I renounce work and go away." At last they arrived, and her friend received a withering note: "*April 13, 1869.* I beg leave to remark that I found a letter of yours this morning dated early in Dec., which I mean to show you, in which, with the strongest objurgations of me, you told me that you could not come because you intended to get the Cholera Instructions through by *December 12, 1868.* My dear soul, really Sir B. Frere could not have known the exhausting labour he has put you all to; to produce that in four months must prove fatal to all your constitutions! He is an ogre." Dr. Sutherland's Instructions are admirably exhaustive, and may well have taken some time to prepare. The remaining stages of the affair were quick, and the Secretary of State's dispatch went out to the Government of India on April 23, followed by private letters from Miss Nightingale. The Sanitary Blue-books of successive years contain copious reports and discussions upon this "Special Cholera Inquiry." It furnished much material for scientific discussion, by which Miss Nightingale sometimes feared that what she regarded as the essence of the matter was in danger of being overlaid. She and the Army Sanitary Committee took occasion more than once to point out that "whatever may be the origin of cholera, or whatever may ultimately be found to be its laws of movement, there is nothing in any of the papers except what strengthens the evidence for the intimate relation which all previous experience has shown to exist between the intensity and fatality of cholera in any locality and the sanitary condition of the population inhabiting it."¹ The origin of cholera is now said to be a micro-organism identified by Koch, but the laws of its movement and activity remain inscrutable. Meanwhile, all subsequent experience has confirmed the doctrine which Miss Nightingale continually preached, that the one protection against cholera consists in a standing condition of good sanitation.

¹ Blue-book, 1870-71, p. 5; and see Bibliography A, No. 127.

(*Lord Napier to Miss Nightingale.*) MADRAS, June 3 [1869].
 . . . Now I have a good piece of news for you. We are framing a Bill for a general scheme of local taxation in this Presidency, both in municipalities and in villages, and the open country, to provide for three purposes—local roads, primary education, and Sanitation—such as improvement of wells, regulation of pilgrimages and fairs, drainage, &c. It will be very unpopular I fear in the first instance, for the people wish neither to be taught nor cured, but I think it is better on the whole to force their hands. We are driven to it, for I see clearly that we must wait a long time for help from the Supreme Government. . . . I was pleased and flattered to be mentioned by you in the same sentence with Lord Herbert. Indeed I am not worthy to tie the latchet of his shoe, but there are weaknesses and illusions which endure to the last, and I suppose I never shall be indifferent to see myself praised by a woman and placed in connection, however remote, with a person of so much virtue and distinction. You shall have the little labour that is left in me.¹

A subject on which Miss Nightingale wrote both to Lord Napier and to Lord Mayo was the inquiry into cholera in India ordered by the Secretary of State in April 1869. She had made the proposition many months before. Indian medical officers were absorbed in propounding theories; Miss Nightingale wanted first an exhaustive inquiry into the facts. Even if such an inquiry did not establish any of the rival theories, it must lead, she thought, to much sanitary improvement. Sir Bartle Frere strongly supported the idea, and it was arranged that the War Office Sanitary Committee should make the suggestion and elaborate the scheme of procedure to be followed in India. The Committee meant for such a purpose Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Sutherland meant in part Miss Nightingale. Sir Bartle Frere constantly wrote to her to know when the India Office might expect the Instructions, and Miss Nightingale as constantly applied the spur to Dr. Sutherland. On April 3 she delivered an ultimatum: "Unless the Cholera Instructions are sent to

¹ The other day in a bookseller's catalogue of "Association Books" I found this item: "Florence Nightingale's *Notes on Lying-in Institutions*. Presentation copy, with autograph inscription, 'To His Excellency the Lord Napier, Madras, this little book, though on a most unsavoury subject, yet one which, entering into His Excellency's plans for the good of those under his enlightened rule, is not foreign to his thoughts—is offered by Florence Nightingale, London, Oct. 10, '71.'"

letter to M. Mohl (Nov. 21, 1869):—"I am all in the arithmetical line now. Lately I have been making up our Returns in a popular form for one of the Cabinet Ministers (we are obliged to be very 'popular' for them—but hush! my abject respect for Cabinet Ministers prevails). I find that every year, taken upon the last four years for which we have returns (1864-7), there are, in the Home Army, 729 men alive every year who would have been dead but for Sidney Herbert's measures, and 5184 men always on active duty who would have been 'constantly sick' in bed. In India the difference is still more striking. Taken on the last two years, the death-rate of Bombay (civil, military and native) is lower than that of London, the healthiest city of Europe. And the death-rate of Calcutta is lower than that of Liverpool or Manchester!¹ But this is not the greatest victory. The Municipal Commissioner of Bombay writes² that the 'huddled native masses clamorously invoke the aid of the Health Department' if but one death from cholera or small-pox occurs; whereas formerly half of them might be swept away and the other half think it all right. Now they attribute these deaths to dirty foul water and the like, and openly declare them preventable. No hope for future civilization among the 'masses' like this!"

V

In December 1869 Miss Nightingale made a new friend. Lord Napier of Magdala³ was passing through London, and

¹ According to the Sanitary Blue-book for 1869-70, the death-rates per 1000 were: Bombay 19.2, London 23.3, Calcutta 31.9, Liverpool 36.4. In 1910 the order was very different: London 12.7, Liverpool 17.7, Calcutta 23.0, Bombay 35.7. In four years (1864-8) the death-rate in Bombay had fallen from 31.3 to 19.2; the rise in modern times is due to the industrialization of the town.

² To Miss Nightingale; in the Blue-book (p. 186) it is similarly stated that "in three years the masses have begun to learn that such scourges as cholera, fever and the like can be prevented by the ordinary processes of sanitation."

³ Robert Cornelis Napier (1810-90), created Baron Napier of Magdala, 1868. Miss Nightingale's other friend, the Governor of Madras, Baron Napier (in the Scottish peerage), was created Baron Ettrick in the United Kingdom peerage, 1872. In first signing himself "Napier and Ettrick" in a letter to Miss Nightingale, he begged "the high priestess of irrigation" to observe that his new title was "watery."

IV

At the very time when Dr. Sutherland was hard at work upon the Cholera Instructions, Miss Nightingale heard a report (on good authority) which filled her with anger and consternation. Mr. Gladstone was engaged in cutting down the Army Estimates; the Army Medical Service was believed to be marked for retrenchment, and the War Office Sanitary Commission for destruction. When she told this to Dr. Sutherland, he took the matter with nonchalance and said (as men are sometimes apt to say in such cases, especially if there is a woman to rely upon) that he did not see that anything could be done. Very different was the view taken by Miss Nightingale, when she contemplated, not merely the interruption of Dr. Sutherland's useful work,¹ but the possibility of all Sidney Herbert's work being undermined. Nothing to be done indeed! There was everything to be done! She could write to the Prime Minister himself. She could write to Lord de Grey (Lord President). She could get this friend to approach one Minister, and that friend to approach another. She could even claim a slight acquaintance, and write to Mr. Cardwell (Secretary for War). She could write to all her friends among the Opposition and give them timely notice of the wicked things intended by their adversaries. She ultimately wrote to Lord de Grey, enclosing a letter which he was to hand or not, at his discretion, to Mr. Cardwell. The intervention was successful, and Lord de Grey asked her for Memoranda to "post him up" in the work of the Army Sanitary Commission and in the Sanitary Progress in India. Lord de Grey interceded with Mr. Cardwell also on behalf of the Army Medical School and it was spared. The Army Sanitary Committee was not touched, and for nearly twenty years more (till 1888) Dr. Sutherland continued his work upon it. Miss Nightingale's reports submitted to Lord de Grey are summarized in a

¹ Captain Galton took occasion in 1876 to render a tribute to Dr. Sutherland's services. "Possessed of high general culture, of remarkably acute perception, of a very wide experience, and of a perfectly balanced judgment, he has been the moving mind in the proceedings of the Army Sanitary Commission since its formation" (*Journal of the Society of Arts*, vol. xxiv. p. 520).

men ; these three are statesmen. S. Herbert made enemies by not being a party man ; it gave him such an advantage over them." Lord Napier of Magdala came to see Miss Nightingale again in the following year (March 18, 1870), spending in conversation with her his last hours before leaving London to take up his appointment in India. She and Sir Bartle Frere attached high importance to this interview. Lord Napier was a convinced sanitarian. He was bent upon introducing many reforms in the treatment of the soldiers. He believed in the possibility of improving both their moral and physical condition, by means of rational recreation and suitable employment. Sir Bartle Frere suggested to Miss Nightingale that after seeing the Commander-in-Chief she should write to the Viceroy so as to prepare his mind for what Lord Napier would propose. Lord Napier himself begged her to do so. "Everything in India," he said to her, "depends on what is thought in England, and it was you who raised public opinion in England on these subjects." Preparation of the Viceroy's mind was held to be the more necessary because a letter, lately received by Miss Nightingale from him, seemed to show that his sanitary education was by no means complete. So Mr. Jowett's "Governess of the Governors of India" took her pupil again by the hand, and, with Dr. Sutherland's assistance, drew up a further Memorandum on the Indian sanitary question at large. Referring him to the Royal Commission's Report, she pointed out that the causes of ill-health among the troops were many, and that there was no single panacea ; that if other causes were not concurrently removed, the erection of new barracks could not suffice ; that fever may lurk beneath and around "costly palaces" (for so Lord Mayo had called some of the new barracks) even as around hovels ; that expense incurred in all-round sanitary improvement can never be costly in the sense of extravagant, because it is essentially saving and reproductive expenditure ; and so forth, and so forth.¹ Miss Nightingale, before sending her letter, submitted it to Sir Bartle Frere (March 25). "I

¹ The substance of much of her Memorandum to Lord Mayo was embodied in the "Observations" which she contributed to the Indian Sanitary Blue-book, 1869-70 ; see especially p. 43.

wrote to Sir Bartle Frere saying that it "would make him very happy if he could have the privilege of paying his respects to Miss Nightingale before he left." Sir Bartle begged Miss Nightingale to grant the favour, as Lord Napier was devoted to their cause and was likely to be employed in India again—as quickly came to pass, for in the following month he was appointed Commander-in-Chief.¹ Lord Napier called on December 14, in order (as he wrote to her in making the appointment) "to have an opportunity of saying how much I have felt indebted to you for the assistance that your precepts and example gave to all who have been concerned with the care of soldiers and their families." He spent some hours with her, and she was charmed with him. "I felt sure," wrote Sir Bartle Frere (Dec. 23), "that you would like Lord Napier of Magdala. He always seemed to me one of the few men fit for the Round Table." A long note which she recorded of the conversation shows how congenial it must have been to her, for Lord Napier talked with strong feeling of the importance and the practicability of improving the moral health of the British soldier. The administrators and the men of action always appealed to her more than the politicians, and Lord Napier of Magdala was now added to her list of heroes. "When I look at these three men (tho' strangely different²)—Lord Lawrence, Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Bartle Frere—for practical ability, for statesmanlike perception of where the truth lies and what is to be done and who is to do it, for high aim, for noble disinterestedness, I feel that there is not a Minister we have in England fit to tie their shoes—since Sidney Herbert. There is a simplicity, a largeness of view and character about these three men, as about Sidney Herbert, that does not exist in the present Ministers. They are party

¹ In succession to Sir William Mansfield (Lord Sandhurst). On his return from India Lord Sandhurst came to see Miss Nightingale (July 8, 1870), and they corresponded afterwards.

² Of Lord Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere, Miss Nightingale wrote to Madame Mohl (March 26, 1869): "You can ask Sir Bartle Frere about Sir John Lawrence if you like. But they are so unlike, yet each so roundly perfect in his own way, that they can never understand each other—never touch at any point, not thro' eternity. I love and admire them both with all my mind and with all my heart, but have long since given up the slightest attempt to make either understand the other. But each is too much of a man, too noble, too chivalrous, to denigrate the other."

case, they invited it. When such officials came home on furlough, most of them came also to Miss Nightingale. Dr. Sutherland, in his official capacity on the War Office Sanitary Committee, would often see them first; he would then pass them on to her, dividing them into two classes: those "whom you must simply lecture" and those "whose education you had better conduct by innocently putting searching questions to them." Miss Nightingale was never backward in filling the part of governess to those who in sanitary matters governed India.

VI

Sanitary improvement depended, however, on the governed as well as on the governors; and Miss Nightingale had for some time been extending her influence in India by making the personal acquaintance of Indian gentlemen. "I have been quite beset by Parsees," she wrote to M. Mohl (Feb. 16, 1868); "and after all I saw your Manochjee Cursetjee, that is, the 'Byron of the East.' Sir B. Frere says that few men have done so much for the education of their own race. He talked a good deal of Philosophy to me, while my head was entirely in Midwifery! He is (by his own proposal), if I can send out the Midwives, to take them in at the house of his daughters, of whom one married a Cama, and the other is the first Parsee lady who ever lived as an English single lady might do." Many other Indian ladies and gentlemen were introduced to Miss Nightingale personally or in correspondence by Miss Carpenter. In 1870 Miss Nightingale was elected an Honorary Member of the Bengal Social Science Association, the Council of which body was mainly composed of Indian gentlemen. She wrote a cordial letter of thanks (May 25). "For eleven years," she said, "what little I could do for India, for the conditions on which the Eternal has made to depend the lives and healths and social happiness of men, as well Native as European, has been the constant object of my thoughts by day and my thoughts by night." She eulogized the work that had been done by many private gentlemen of India; she put before them a vision of vast schemes of

have nothing to suggest," he said, "in the way of alteration, and only wish that its words of wisdom were in print, and that thousands besides Lord Mayo could profit by them. They are in fact exactly what we want to have said to every one connected with the question from the Viceroy down to the Village Elder." Sir Bartle begged her to consider whether she could not write something to the same effect which would reach the latter class. Mr. Jowett had suggested something of the sort a few years before. "Did it ever occur to you," he had written (March 1867), "that you might write a short pamphlet or tract for the natives in India and get it translated? That would be a curious and interesting thing to do. When I saw the other day the account of Miss Carpenter in India, I felt half sorry that it was not you. They would have worshipped you like a divinity. A pretty reason! you will say. But then you might have gently rebuked the adoring natives as St. Paul did on a similar occasion, and assured them that you were only a Washerwoman and not a Divine at all; that would have had an excellent effect." Presently she found an opportunity of doing something in the kind that Mr. Jowett and Sir Bartle Frere had suggested.

Meanwhile, Lord Mayo had introduced Dr. J. W. Cunningham to Miss Nightingale, and they became great allies. When he returned to resume his duties as "Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India," he corresponded with Miss Nightingale regularly, telling her where things were backward and where a word in season from her would be helpful. In every question she took the keenest interest, sparing no pains to forward, so far as she could, every good scheme that was laid before her. In 1872 Mr. W. Clark, engineer to the municipality of Calcutta, came to see her about great schemes of water-supply and drainage. She obtained an introduction to Sir George Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in order to commend to his notice Mr. Clark's plans. For many years she was thus engaged in correspondence with sanitary reformers and officials in various parts of India, sending them words of encouragement when they seemed to desire and deserve it, words of advice when, as was frequently the

“measures adopted for sanitary improvements in India.” The importance which Miss Nightingale attached to the publication of such an annual has been explained in general terms already (p. 145). She saw in it two useful purposes. First, the fact that reports from India were required and published each year acted as a spur to the authorities in that country; and, secondly, the introductory memorandum, and the inclusion of reports on Indian matters by the War Office Sanitary Committee, gave opportunity, year by year, for making suggestions and criticisms. The Annual was issued by the Sanitary Department at the India Office and edited by Mr. C. C. Plowden, a zealous clerk in that office with whom Miss Nightingale made friends; Sir Bartle Frere, as head of the Department, instructed him to submit all the reports to Miss Nightingale who in fact was assistant-editor, or perhaps rather (for her will seems to have been law) editor-in-chief. It was she who had prepared for the Royal Commission the analysis of sanitary defects in the several Indian Stations; who had written the “Observations” on them; who had taken a principal part in drafting the “Suggestions” for their reform. It was natural that she should be asked to report on the measures actually taken to that end. She was a very critical reporter. “Sir Bartle Frere hesitates a little,” she was told on one occasion (1869), “as to the omission of all terms of praise, and says that the Indian Jupiter is a god of sunshine as well as thunder and should dispense both; he, however, sanctions the omission in the present case.” Miss Nightingale’s papers show that during the years 1869-74 she devoted great labour to the Annual. She read and criticised the abstracts of the local reports prepared by Mr. Plowden; she discussed all the points that they suggested with Dr. Sutherland; she wrote, or suggested, the introductory memorandum. She did this work with the greater zeal because it kept her informed of every detail; and the knowledge thus acquired gave the greater force to her private correspondence with Viceroy, Governors, Commanders-in-Chief, and Sanitary Commissioners. Her share in the first number of the Annual has been already described (p. 155). In the following year

drainage and irrigation ; she sent a subscription to the funds of the Association, and promised a contribution to its Proceedings. In this contribution,¹ sent in June 1870, Miss Nightingale did what Sir Bartle Frere desired : she addressed the Village Elder. " I think," said Dr. Sutherland, who had submitted a draft for Miss Nightingale to rewrite in her own language, " that this is the most important contribution you have made to the question." In simple and terse language, she described the sanitary reforms which might be carried out by the people themselves—pointing out in detail the nature of the evils, and the appropriate remedies for them, and then appealing to simple motives for sanitary improvement. " As we find in all history and true fable that the meanest causes universally multiplied produce the greatest effects, let us not think it other than a fitting sacrifice to the Eternal and Perfect One to look into the lowest habits of great peoples, in order, if we may, to awaken them to a sense of the injury they are doing themselves and the good they might do themselves. Much of the willingness for education is due to the fact, appreciated by them, that education makes money. But would not the same appreciation, if enlightened, show them that loss of health, loss of strength, loss of life, is loss of money, the greatest loss of money we know ? And we may truly say that every sanitary improvement which saves health and life is worth its weight in gold." This address to the Peoples of India was the most widely distributed of all Miss Nightingale's missionary efforts. The Association translated it into Bengali. Sir Bartle Frere had it translated into other Indian languages.

VII

Miss Nightingale's third sphere of missionary work was in the Sanitary Department at the India Office, to which, through her alliance with Sir Bartle Frere, she was a confidential adviser. Her action, in making suggestions and in seeking to influence officials in India, has been illustrated already. Her constant work was in helping to edit and in contributing to the Annual Blue-book containing reports of

¹ Bibliography A, No. 56.

was first introduced, the high-caste Hindoos still desired their water-carriers to bring them the *sacred* water from the *river*; but these functionaries, finding it much easier to take the water from the new taps, just rubbed in a little (vulgar, not sacred) mud and presented it as Ganges water. When at last the healthy fraud was discovered, public opinion, founded on experience, had already gone too far to return to dirty water. And the new water-supply was, at public meetings, adjudged to be "theologically as well as physically safe." Then there was the objection of expense, but she analysed the result of sanitary improvements in statistics of the army. The death-rate had been brought down from 69 per 1000 to 18. Only 18 men died where 69 died before. A sum of £285,000 was the money saving on recruits in a single year.

The course of sanitary improvement, and the results of it, among the civil population cannot be brought to any such definite test; no Indian census was taken till 1872, registration of births and deaths was only beginning and was very imperfect; and India is a country as large as the whole of Europe (without Russia). It was the opinion of a competent authority that the sanitary progress which had been made in India during the years covered by Miss Nightingale's review "had no parallel in the history of the world";¹ but the progress was relative of course to the almost incredibly insanitary condition of the country when she began her crusade. The progress had been made along many different lines. First, in connection with the health of military stations, the Government of India established committees of military, civil, medical and engineering officers, of local magistrates and village authorities to regulate the sanitary arrangements of the neighbourhood. Sanitary oases for British troops were thus established in the midst of insanitary deserts. Then, sanitary regulations were issued for fairs and pilgrimages—each of these a focus of Indian disease. Institutions in India—hospitals, jails,

¹ Captain Galton, "On Sanitary Progress in India," 1876 (*Journal of the Society of Arts*, vol. xxiv. pp. 519-534. This is the best *short* account of the matter that I have come across. It is more detailed than Miss Nightingale's Paper of 1874. For further particulars, a reader should, of course, refer to the Annual Sanitary Blue-books.

Mr. Plowden wrote (May 22, 1869): "I forward a sketch of the Introductory Memorandum to the Sanitary volume. You will see that the greater part of it is copied verbatim from a memorandum of your own that Sir Bartle Frere handed over to me for this purpose." "I can never thank you sufficiently," wrote Sir Bartle himself (July 5), "for all the kind help you have given to Mr. Plowden's Annual, at the cost of an amount of trouble to yourself which I hardly like to think of. But I feel sure it will leave its mark on India." She took good care that it should at any rate have a chance of doing so. She had discovered that the 1868 Report, though sent to India in October of that year, had not been distributed in the several Presidencies till June 1869. She now saw to it that copies of the 1869 Report were sent separately to the various stations by book-post. She continued to contribute in one way or another to successive volumes¹; and that for 1874 included a long and important paper by her.

VIII

Ten years before Miss Nightingale had popularized the Report of her Royal Commission in a paper entitled "How People may Live and Not Die in India." The Paper was read to the Social Science Congress in 1863. In 1873 she was again requested to contribute a Paper to the Congress. She chose for her title "How some People have Lived, and Not Died in India." It was a summary in popular form of ten years' progress, and this was the Paper which the India Office reprinted in its Blue-book of 1874. Miss Nightingale glanced in rapid detail at the improvements in various parts of India; took occasion to give credit to particularly zealous officials; and noticed incidentally some of the common objections. One objection was that caste prejudice must ever be an insuperable obstacle to sanitary improvement. She gave "a curious and cheerful" instance to the contrary. Calcutta had "found the fabled virtues of the Ganges in the pure water-tap." When the water-supply

¹ See Bibliography A, Nos. 57, 62.

the sanitary improvements in India three-fourths are due to Miss Nightingale." ¹

But here, as in all things, her gaze was fixed upon the path to perfection. In her own mind she counted less the past advance than the future way. There was an Appendix to her Paper in which she preached the supreme importance of Irrigation—of irrigation, that is, combined with scientific drainage. Only by that means, she held, could yet more people "live and not die in India," and could the country be raised to its full productive power. A letter which Sir Stafford Northcote sent her (April 29, 1874), in acknowledgment of her Paper on "Life or Death in India," exactly expressed her own feelings. "How much," he said, "you have done! and how little you think you have done! After all, the measure of our work depends upon whether we take it by looking backwards or by looking forwards, by looking on what has been accomplished or on what has revealed itself as still to be accomplished. When we have got to the top of the mountain, are we much nearer the stars or not?"

¹ So Sir Bartle Frere reported to Miss Nightingale that Sir John Strachey had said to him; and Sir John wrote in much the same sense to Miss Nightingale herself.

asylums—had been greatly improved; and the municipalities of the great cities had made some sanitary progress. Ten years before, Miss Nightingale had reported to the Royal Commission that no one of the seats of Presidencies in India had as yet arrived at the degree of sanitary civilization shown in the worst parts of the worst English towns. Now, Calcutta had a pure-water supply and the main drainage of most of the town was complete. Bombay had done less by municipal action, but thanks to a specially vigorous Health Officer, Dr. Hewlett, sanitation had been improved. Madras had improved its water-supply and was successfully applying a part of its sewage to agriculture. The condition of the vast regions of rural India showed that the teaching of the Sanitary Commissioners was beginning to take some effect. Hollows and excavations near villages were being filled up; brushwood and jungle, removed; wells, cleaned. Surface refuse was being removed; and tanks were being provided for sewage, to prevent it going into the drinking-tanks. From reports of particular places, Miss Nightingale drew her favourite moral. There was a village in South India which had suffered very badly from cholera and fever. It was in a foul and wretched state, and had polluted water. Then wells were dug and properly protected; the surface drainage was improved; cleanliness was enforced; trees were planted. The village escaped the next visitation of the scourge. Miss Nightingale had many hours of depression, and many occasions of disappointment, as Health Missionary for India; but in her Paper of 1874 she bore "emphatic witness how great are the sanitary deeds already achieved, or in the course of being achieved, by the gallant Anglo-Indians, as formerly she bore emphatic witness against the then existing neglects." Only the fringe of the evil had been touched; but at any rate enough had been done to show that the old bogey, "the hopeless Indian climate," might in course of time be laid by wise precautions. "There is a vast work going on in India," said Dr. Sutherland; and in this work Miss Nightingale had throughout played a principal, and the inspiring, part. It was the opinion of an unprejudiced expert who, though he admired her devotion, did not always agree with her views or methods, that "of

nursing went on concurrently, and Miss Nightingale used her influence in each department to improve the other. If she were consulted only about buildings, she would answer: "These plans are all very well, as far as they go; but your Hospital will never be efficient without adequate provision for a supply of properly trained nurses." If she were asked to furnish a supply of nurses, she would say: "By all means; but you must satisfy me first that your buildings are sanitary." Thus, when she was asked to send nurses to the Sydney Infirmary, she stipulated that plans of the buildings should be submitted; and when the War Office was negotiating for a supply of nurses for Netley, there was a voluminous correspondence about the improvement of the wards and of the nurses' quarters.

There was a great extension during these years of societies for the training of nurses, and of the introduction of trained nurses into infirmaries and other institutions. All this involved a large addition to Miss Nightingale's correspondence. As the nursing system extended, many questions arose with regard to the relation between the medical and the nursing staffs, and she was constantly referred to for suggestions and advice. She printed a code of "Suggestions" in 1868 dealing with such matters,¹ and three years later she and Dr. Sutherland drew up a Code for Infirmary Nursing which was approved by Mr. Stansfeld, the President of the newly-formed Local Government Board. Her correspondence was as extensive with individuals as with institutions. Hundreds of girls who thought of becoming nurses applied to her, and she generally answered their letters; but the supply of nurses barely kept pace with the demand. Miss Nightingale was impressed in particular by the lack of suitable applicants for the higher posts. There were many women anxious to take up nursing as a profession. There were few who possessed the social standing, the high character, trained intelligence, and personal devotion which were necessary to make them successful Lady Superintendents; and much of Miss Nightingale's correspondence during these years was to friends in various parts of the country who were begged to enlist promising recruits.

¹ Bibliography A, No. 49 (note).

CHAPTER IV

ADVISER-GENERAL ON HOSPITALS AND NURSING

(1868-1872)

We are your Soldiers, and we look for the approval of our Chief.—Miss AGNES JONES (*Letter to Miss Nightingale*).

FROM a correspondent in the North of England: "I have got a colliery proprietor here to co-operate with the workmen to build a Hospital for Accidents. Will you kindly give your opinion on the best kind of building?" From a correspondent in London: "We are proposing to form a British Nursing Association. May we ask for your advice and suggestions?" These letters are samples of hundreds which Miss Nightingale received, and to all such applications she readily replied. She constituted herself, or rather she was constituted by her fellow-countrymen, a Central Department for matters pertaining to hospitals and nurses.

From all parts of the country, from British colonies and from some foreign countries, plans of proposed General Hospitals, Cottage Hospitals, Convalescent Homes were submitted to her. She criticised them carefully. When she was consulted at an earlier stage, she often submitted plans of her own. In all such cases, there were experts among her large circle of friends—architects, sanitary engineers, military engineers, hospital superintendents and matrons—to advise and assist her. And here a curiously interesting thing may be noticed. Miss Nightingale had begun her work as a Reformer with the military hospitals. So high was now their standard that she often went to them for models. Many plans for ideal hospitals were drawn for her at this time by Lieutenant W. F. Ommanny, R.E., at the War Office. The improvement of buildings and of

who was able to inform Miss Nightingale that "the Princess has been to see most of the hospitals in London with a view to learn all about them so as to improve those in Darmstadt." Miss Nightingale saw the Princess in June, and in subsequent years there was much correspondence between them. But the royal lady who made the greatest impression on Miss Nightingale was the Crown Princess Victoria. It had been explained to Miss Nightingale by one of the Princess's ladies that "H.R.H. has always thought a life devoted to the comfort of fellow-beings and the alleviation of their sufferings the one most to be envied," and that "she knows your *Notes on Hospitals* and *Notes on Nursing* almost by heart." The Princess was in England at the end of 1868, and was full at the time of schemes for a new hospital at Berlin, for lying-in hospitals, for a training-school for nurses. She showed her practical purpose by sending to Miss Nightingale in advance her architect's plans. They had two long interviews in December, and Miss Nightingale had a very busy fortnight with Dr. Sutherland in collecting statistics about various lying-in hospitals and in preparing plans, with the assistance of the Army Medical Department and War Office Sanitary Committee, on the best model. Miss Nightingale was delighted with her visitor. "She took every point," she told Dr. Sutherland, "as quick as lightning." "I have a fresh neophyte," she wrote to Sir John McNeill (Dec. 25, 1868), "in the person of the Crown Princess of Prussia. She has a quick intelligence, and is cultivating herself in knowledge of sanitary (and female) administration for her future great career. She comes alone like a girl, pulls off her hat and jacket like a five-year-old, drags about a great portfolio of plans, and kneels by my bedside correcting them. She gives a great deal of trouble. But I believe it will bear fruit." That the inquiries of the Princess were searching, and her commissions exacting, appears from the correspondence:—

(*Miss Nightingale to the Crown Princess of Prussia.*) 35
SOUTH STREET, Dec. 21 [1868]. MADAM—In grateful obedience to Your Royal Highness's command, directing me to forward to Osborne before the 24th the commissions with which you favoured me, I send (1) the Portfolio of plans for the Hospital

II

Among the women who sought out Miss Nightingale for advice were Queens and Princesses. She guarded very jealously, however, the seclusion which was necessary to enable her to do her chosen work, and she did not allow it to be invaded at will even by the most exalted personages. Her position as a chronic invalid gave her the advantage. She could pick and choose by feeling a little stronger or a little weaker. She made two rules which she communicated to her influential friends. She would not be well enough to see any Queen or Princess who did not take a personal and practical interest in hospitals or nursing; and she would never be well enough to receive any who did not come unattended by ladies or lords in waiting. Any interview must be entirely devoid of ceremonial; it must be simply between one woman interested in nursing and another. In 1867 the Queen of Prussia was paying a visit to the English court, and Queen Victoria asked Miss Nightingale through Sir James Clark to see Queen Augusta. Miss Nightingale was assured that the Queen had given much personal attention to hospitals. Miss Nightingale saw her (July 6) and found that the assurances were well founded:—

(Miss Nightingale to Julius Mohl.) 35 SOUTH STREET, July 28 [1867]. I am a little unhappy because the Queen of Prussia's Secretary told Mad. Mohl that I had seen the Queen. I liked her. I don't think the mixture of pietism and absolutism is much more attractive at the Court of Prussia than at the Court of Rome. Still, I am always struck, especially with our own Royal family, how superior they are in earnestness and education to other women. I know no two girls of any class, of any country, who take so much interest in things that are interesting, as the Crown Princess of Prussia and Princess Alice of Darmstadt—especially in theological matters and administration.

The Queen of Holland, it will be remembered, had not been received; but at a later time Miss Nightingale saw her, in November 1868 and again in March 1870. "I think of you," wrote Queen Sophie (March 29, 1870), "as one of the highest and best I have met in this world." The Princess Alice asked for an interview in 1867 through Lady Herbert,

have taken for me. Your letter is so *excellent*, and all the information you give is *most* valuable, and will be of untold use, not only to *me* as a guide in my humble endeavours to promote a *serious, conscientious, and rational* spirit in the treatment of sanitary matters, but to many others in Germany. Your precious time has *not* been wasted while you were writing for me, I assure you. The dress I think *very* neat and nice, and not clerical looking (which is, in my eyes, an advantage). I was so vexed that I forgot to tell you the other day how much I admired *Una and the Lion*. I read it this summer in Germany, and thought it touching and lovely in the extreme. I "colported" it right and left! After I have arrived at Berlin and had leisure thoroughly to go into every detail of the materials you have given me, I will write to you again. These few lines are only to express my earnest thanks. The Crown Prince wishes me to say how sorry he is never to have seen you. He shares my feelings when your name is mentioned. I trust that the next time I am in this country I shall see you again. I remain, dear Miss Nightingale, yours gratefully, VICTORIA.

Negotiations with the Nightingale Fund were presently opened, and the Crown Princess sent Fräulein Fuhrmann, who afterwards superintended the Victoria Training School for Nurses in Berlin (p. 204), to receive her own training as a Nightingale Nurse at St. Thomas's.

III

The Nightingale Training School had for many years been extending the area of its influence, and Miss Nightingale herself, in spite of her incessant work in other fields, never lost general control and supervision of it. Year after year, she kept up correspondence, both voluminous and intimate, with Mrs. Wardroper, the Matron. Her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, was now Chairman of the Council of the Nightingale Fund; her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, had succeeded Mr. Clough as Secretary—a duty which he continues to discharge to this day. Sir Harry Verney saw Miss Nightingale frequently with regard to the business of the School. Between Mr. Bonham Carter and her there is a great mass of correspondence extending over forty years and more; conducted sometimes by an exchange of letters through the post, sometimes by notes of question and answer

near the Plotzen See, and, in this envelope, the criticism upon the plans. Also, in another envelope (2) a sketch of the Nursing "hierarchy" required to nurse this Hospital (with a Training School attached), even to ages desirable—as desired by Your Royal Highness. Also (3) the methods of continuous examination in use (with full-sized copies of the Forms) to test the progress of our Probationers (Probe-Schwestern). Also (4) lists of the clothing and underclothing (even to changes of linen) we give to and require from our Probationers and Nurses, and of the changes of sheets. Your Royal Highness having directed me to send patterns "in paper" of our Probationers' dress, I have thought it better to have a complete uniform dress such as our Probationers wear, for in-doors and out-doors, made for Your Royal Highness's inspection, even to bonnet, cap, and collar, which will arrive by this Messenger in a small box and parcel. I am afraid that the aspect of these papers will be quite alarming from their bulk. But I can only testify my gratitude for your Royal Highness's great kindness by fulfilling as closely as I can the spirit of your gracious will. I am sorry to say that I have not yet done encumbering your Royal Highness. The plans for Lying-in Cottages had to be completed at the War Office and are not quite ready. But they shall be forwarded "before the 24th." I think we have succeeded in producing a perfectly healthy and successful Lying-in Cottage, by means of great *sub-division* and incessant cleanliness and ventilation, which includes the not having *any ward constantly* occupied. In one of these Huts we have had 600 Lyings-in consecutively without a single death or case of puerperal disease or casualty of any kind. (This experience is, I believe, without a fellow, but will, I trust, have many fellows before long.) Believe me, your Royal Highness's enquiry about these things does the greatest good, not only with regard to what is proposed in Prussia, but in stirring up the War Office, the Medical authorities, and other officials *here* to consider these vital trifles more seriously. And thus thousands of lives of poor women, of poor patients of all kinds, will be saved, even in England, through your Royal Highness's means. Hitherto Lying-in Hospitals have been not to cure but to kill. As I have again to trouble your Royal Highness about these subjects, I will not now enter into two or three other little things with which I was commissioned. May I beg always to be considered, Madam, the most faithful, ready and devoted of Your Royal Highness's servants.

(*The Crown Princess of Prussia to Miss Nightingale.*)
OSBORNE, Dec. 24 [1868]. I don't wish to lose a *minute* in thanking you for your great kindness and for all the trouble you

Secretary in New South Wales, about the nursing in the Sydney Infirmary, and in December 1867 Miss Osburn sailed with five nurses to take up the position of Lady Superintendent. The nurses arrived in time to nurse Prince Alfred, when he was shot at during his visit to the Colony. There is a letter from Sir William Jenner to Miss Nightingale (July 4, 1868) saying, "I have received the Queen's commands to tell you how very useful they were. Her Majesty says, 'She is sure this information will give Miss Nightingale much pleasure.'" In one respect the nurses were more successful than Miss Nightingale desired. At first all went well. There were difficulties with the doctors and others, of course, but Sir Henry Parkes was always helpful. There was "no flirting," Miss Osburn reported (May 20), "and all the nurses cling round me in difficulties like true Britons." But they did not cling for long. Their services were too much appreciated. In a few years' time all the five had either married or received valuable appointments outside the Infirmary, and Miss Osburn had to recruit her staff from the Colony itself. Miss Nightingale thought that the expedition had thus "failed"; but there was something to be said on the other side, and the diffusion of the Nightingale band did much to promote the extension of trained nursing in the Colony.

Another expedition of great importance was an extension of the Liverpool experiment to London. In 1868 Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Wyatt, the leader of a reform party in St. Pancras, had entered into correspondence with Miss Nightingale with regard to the new Infirmary (built under the Act of 1867) at Highgate; he submitted the plans of the building, and suggested the introduction of Nightingale Nurses. She approved the plans, encouraged him in his good work, and in the following year (1869) Miss Elizabeth Torrance was appointed matron, with nine nurses under her. The experiment was presently extended, and a training school for nurses was established at the Infirmary. There are about one hundred letters from Miss Torrance a year, a figure which will give some idea of the close touch which Miss Nightingale kept with important lieutenants. She considered Miss Torrance "the most capable Super-

at her house, as in the case of Dr. Sutherland. Mr. Bonham Carter, alike as Secretary of the Fund and as a cousin devoted to Miss Nightingale personally, gave his time and zeal without stint to the work; but he had independence of character. He was once asked how he contrived to do other things besides serve Miss Nightingale. "When it was getting late," he explained, "I used to say, Now I must go home to dinner." His devotion, good sense, and business-like habits contributed largely to the success of the undertaking, and saved Miss Nightingale much trouble in matters both of detail and of general administrative policy; but questions of what may be called the superior direction of the School were always referred to her, and there were many occasions on which her personal influence was felt to be indispensable. It was especially brought to bear whenever a contingent of Nightingale Nurses was sent from St. Thomas's to occupy new ground. The phrase quoted at the head of this chapter, from a letter by Miss Agnes Jones, when she was thus sent to pioneer work in the Liverpool Workhouse, exactly expresses one side of the relationship between the nurses and Miss Nightingale. But she was more to them than a Chief. She was not a distant and almost impersonal abstraction-like "The Widow at Windsor." The Lady in South Street was not only the queen of the Nightingale Nurses, she was also their mother. The principal lieutenants who went out on important service, and many members of the rank and file, maintained constant correspondence with her—sending to her direct reports, consulting her in difficulties, looking to her, and never in vain, for counsel and encouragement. Miss Nightingale took especial pains to help and to influence the Lady Superintendents who went from St. Thomas's in command of nursing parties. Among her earlier papers containing thoughts about her future work, there is more than one reference to "Richelieu's 'Self-multiplication.'" She strove to extend her work by creating lieutenants in her own image.

One of the most important of the missionary voyages of the Nightingale Nurses during these years was to New South Wales. Miss Nightingale had for some time been in correspondence with Sir Henry Parkes, then Colonial

ment, she failed to keep some appointments at South Street, and Miss Nightingale did not recover equanimity till she recalled to herself a saying of Mr. Clough's: "Persons in that case should be treated as if they had the scarlet fever."

In November 1869 there were receptions in South Street such as a sovereign sometimes accords to warriors or statesmen on the eve of a great emprise. A Superintendent of Nurses (Mrs. Deeble) and a staff of six Ward Sisters were setting out from St. Thomas's to take charge of the War Office Hospital at Netley. Miss Nightingale received them all, gave them presents and addressed words of encouragement. "That I have 'seen Miss Nightingale'" wrote one of them, "will be one of the white mile-stones on my road, to which I shall often look back with feelings of gratitude and pleasure. I trust that I shall never forget some of the things you said to me, and that 'looking up' I may be enabled to show by my future life that your great kindness has not been thrown away." "The Netley sisters," wrote Mrs. Wardroper, "are overflowing with love and gratitude for all the interest and trouble you have so kindly taken for and in them. Your reception, pretty presents, and good advice have quite won their hearts. To know you, and to have heard from your own lips, that each one has your best wishes and prayer for success will do much to cheer and help them." "I have been preaching to them four hours a day," wrote Miss Nightingale to M. Mohl (Nov. 21), "and expounding Regulations. Some of them are very nice women. One was out with Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie on the Zambesi Mission. One, a woman who would be distinguished in any society, accidentally read my little article on 'Una,' and wrote off to us the same night offering to go through our training (which she did) and join us."

"Expounding Regulations" was always a part of Miss Nightingale's exhortation on such occasions. In this particular case she had a hand in making the Regulations. In other cases she often found them very stupid. They were generally made by men, who were incapable, she thought (as we have heard already), of devising suitable regulations for women. "Oh, how I wish there were no

intendent they had yet trained" (1870), and the letters bear out the estimate. They are those of a canny, capable and devoted woman—taking everything quietly as part of the day's work, with no fussiness or needless self-importance. "I have never seen such nurses," wrote the Medical Superintendent, when Miss Torrance and her staff had been at work for some months; "they are so thoroughly conversant with disease that one feels quite on one's mettle in practice. What strikes me most is the real interest they take in the work, and this is the secret of their success"—not attainable by the pauper nurses whom they displaced. Inspectors, Guardians, and other officials would have done well to feel quite on their mettle in Miss Torrance's presence also; for her letters show her to have been possessed of a humorous shrewdness which took the measure of men, by no means always at their own valuation. Miss Torrance amongst other reforms introduced useful work into the occupation of the inmates. "The achievement I am most proud of," she wrote (1871), "is getting the men's suits cut out and made. I found a tailor in No. 2 Ward who cut out some, and I sent them into Nos. 1 and 4 to be made, but there was a tailor in No. 1 who made difficulties, 'You see, ma'am, it's such a very old-fashioned cut.'" Once a week at least the Matron wrote reporting progress or difficulties to Miss Nightingale, who replied with advice, books, presents. Nurses, of whom the Matron reported well, came in batches to see Miss Nightingale. "They returned," wrote Miss Torrance, of one occasion of the kind, "beaming with delight, but as they all talked about it at once I did not gather very clearly what passed. Sister A., however, feared that Sister B. 'must have tried Miss Nightingale.'" Sister B., it seems, had the same fear about Sister A. Nurses and Matron alike regarded their reception by Miss Nightingale as a high privilege. "I always feel refreshed *for months*," wrote Mrs. Wardroper (March 1871), "after one of those affectionate receptions you accord me." None of Miss Nightingale's "soldiers" left her cabinet without feeling a better and a braver woman. Miss Torrance presently fell from grace in Miss Nightingale's eyes by becoming engaged to be married. At a critical period of the engage-

IV

There was one failure in the work of the Nightingale Fund which led Miss Nightingale to write a new book, than which none ever cost her more labour. In 1867 the Midwifery School established in King's College Hospital¹ had to be closed owing to the high rate of mortality in the lying-in wards. As soon as the figures were brought to Miss Nightingale's notice, she set to work in examining the whole subject of mortality in lying-in wards. She soon found that no trustworthy statistics of mortality in child-bed had yet been collected. She searched for them throughout this country and from foreign hospitals and doctors. She discovered that in lying-in wards everywhere the death-rate was many times the amount of that which took place in home deliveries. This fact showed that public attention should at once be called to the subject, and at the same time it opened up larger questions. There was one school of medical opinion which held that the mortality must in the nature of things be large in lying-in wards; there was another which held that the high rate of mortality therein might be prevented. The inquiries which Miss Nightingale had made for the Crown Princess of Prussia² inclined her to the latter view, and she pursued her researches in all directions, collecting an immense mass of information and calling in the assistance of sanitary engineers and other authorities. It should be remembered in all this that the introduction of antiseptics has much altered the conditions since the time of Miss Nightingale's work now under consideration. Materials for a book accumulated, but time to put them into shape was wanting. Dr. Sutherland, on whose assistance she mainly relied, was no more able than she herself to give undivided attention to the subject; but at last with his help the book was written. It was published in October 1871, with the title *Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions*. The book did for this special subject something of the same service which *Notes on Hospitals* had done in the general sphere. Miss Nightingale showed by statistical

¹ Vol. I. p. 464.

² See above, p. 189.

men," she wrote on one occasion when trying to compose a hospital quarrel. But even bad regulations must be observed, till they can be altered, and women did not always understand that some diplomacy was necessary to obtain the alteration. "Women," she said, "are unable to see that it requires wisdom as well as self-denial to establish any new work." As the work which the Nightingale Nurses had at this time to do was all new, there were many difficulties and most of them came up to Miss Nightingale for solution or advice. When a very long-winded letter arrived, she would often send it on unread to Dr. Sutherland, for him to digest and advise upon. It was her comfortable persuasion that he had nothing else to do, and she scolded him if there was any delay; but sooner or later he did the work for her, and his advice in such matters never failed in shrewd common sense. Sometimes he would say, "This letter shows a fit of temper on the nurse's part, and is a case for a little homily from you." In such homilies Miss Nightingale would mingle an appeal to higher motives with a reference to her own example and experience—as in the following letter:—

(*To a Discontented Nurse.*) April 22 [1869]. Do you think I should have succeeded in doing anything if I had kicked and resisted and resented? Is it our Master's command? Is it even common sense? I have been even shut out of hospitals into which I had been ordered to go by the Commander-in-Chief—obliged to stand outside the door in the snow till night—been refused rations for as much as 10 days at a time for the nurses I had brought by superior command.¹ And I have been as good friends the day after with the officials who did these things—have resolutely ignored these things *for the sake of the work*. What was I to my Master's work? When people offend, they offend the Master, before they do me. And who am I that I should not choose to bear what my Master chooses to bear? You have many high and noble points of character. Else I should not write to you as I do. But the spirit of opposition in which you are working (or rather *were* at the time you wrote, for I am satisfied it was only an ebullition of the moment), and yet doing your work well and doing good, would, if it really were persisted in, materially increase the difficulties of that work to which, I am sure, you are devoted.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 291.

addition to Miss Nightingale's labours. There is a huge pile of documents on the subject amongst her Papers. A letter to an old friend gives an idea of one branch of the correspondence :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Harriet Martineau.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, Feb. [1871]. Oh this year of desolation! The one gleam of comfort through it all was the rush of all English-speaking people, in all climates and in all longitudes,—not the rich and comfortable, but the whole mass of hard-working, honest, frugal, stupid people—who have contributed every penny they could so ill spare. Women have given the very shoes off their feet, the very suppers out of their children's mouths—not to those of their own creed, not to those of their own way of thinking at all, but—to those who *suffered most*. In this awful war, all, all have given—every man, woman, and child above pauperism. I have been so touched to receive from places I had never even heard of, but which it would take me a day to enumerate,—from congregations who had “seen my name in a stray London newspaper” as helping in the relief of the war sufferers—sums collected by halfpence (with a long letter to say how they wished the money spent)—from poor hard-working negro congregations in different islands of the West Indies—poor congregations of all kinds, Puritan chapels in my own dear hills, National Schools, Factories, London dissenting congregations without a single rich member, London ragged schools who having nothing to give, gave up their only feast in the year that the money might be sent to the orphans in the war “who want it more than we.”

Some of the letters from distant parts of the Empire show that Florence Nightingale had already become somewhat of a legendary figure. It was known that scenes of misery and horror were being enacted in Europe. It was assumed that she was ministering in the midst of them. In one of the letters there seems to be a confused idea that she was in two places at once—both directing the movement in London and nursing in some Red Cross hospital in France or Germany. And there is a sense in which this vague and legendary conception was true. Miss Nightingale played a busy part, though entirely behind the scenes, in the work of aid at the London headquarters; whilst among the devoted women who nursed the wounded or succoured other sufferers from the war, there were probably few who

evidence that many lying-in wards and institutions were pest-houses; she showed the importance of isolation and extreme cleanliness; and furnished model rules, plans and specifications for sanitary lying-in hospitals. In the latter pages, the book was an extension of the *Notes on Nursing* to this special branch. She urged the importance of training-schools for midwives; described the ideal of an institution of the kind; and pleaded for "Midwifery as a Career for Educated Women." There was much agitation at the time for the admission of women to the medical profession. Miss Nightingale in a letter addressed "Dear Sisters," suggested that there was "a better thing for women to be than 'medical men,' and that is to be *medical women*." She was in the country when the book was passing through the press; and Dr. Sutherland, in sending a last revise with some suggestions of his own, said (July 22), "I return the proof corrected. Don't swear, but read the reasons on the accompanying paper. It is a good thing you are at Lea Hurst or your 'dear sisters' would infallibly break your head. They will probably break your windows. However, you are clearly right, and let them scream and stamp. The Book is a very good contribution to the subject, and will excite surprise and some opposition. But the facts are too strong." Miss Nightingale put out her book tentatively in a questioning spirit, as she explained in this characteristic dedication (which had received Mr. Jowett's imprimatur, but puzzled some of the reviewers):—

If I may dedicate, without permission, these small "Notes" to the shade of Socrates' Mother, may I likewise, without presumption, call to my help the questioning shade of her Son, that I who write may have the spirit of questioning aright and that those who read may learn not of me but of themselves? And further, has he not said: "The midwives are respectable women and have a character to lose."¹

V

The preparation of this book had been delayed by the Franco-German War of 1870-71, which brought a great

¹ *Theaetetus*, 150.

member of the Ladies' Executive Committee.¹ Captain Galton and her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, were sent early in the war to visit the hospitals of France and Germany; and when the war was over, the task of reporting upon the correspondence of the Society's agents and of the English doctors was entrusted to Dr. Sutherland.² Through all these personal connections, Miss Nightingale kept close touch with the Society's work. She thought that there was a lack of vigour at the start. Why, she wanted to know, did not the Society advertise itself more? "If it had been in hiding from its creditors instead of being an Aid Society, it could not have had a more complete success; if it had been sick and wounded itself, what could it have done less?" Its advertisement ought to appear every day "immediately above the Theatrical Announcements—with a list of articles wanted, and an acknowledgement of those received. It makes me mad to see advertisements only of the 'Voysey Defence Fund' and the 'Derby Memorial Fund.' What *does* it matter whether Voysey is defended or not, and whether Lord Derby has a memorial or not?"³ The Committee in reply hoped to do more presently; as it did—it collected nearly £300,000 and rendered a great deal of aid, both in France and in Germany. From the moment that the war was seen to be inevitable, Miss Nightingale had been deluged with correspondence. The French authorities applied to her for plans of temporary field hospitals. The Crown Princess of Prussia applied for assistance and advice in all sorts. "The dreaded letter has come," she wrote to Dr. Sutherland; "what *am* I to answer; how to express sympathy with Prussia without alienating France?" Miss Nightingale's personal sympathies were rather on the French side. "I think," she wrote (Dec. 20), "that if the conduct of the French for the last three months had been shown by any other nation it would have been called *as it is* sublime. The uncomplaining endurance, the sad and severe self-restraint of Paris under a siege now of three months would

¹ She died in 1872—"such a genius for working for men," Miss Nightingale wrote of her, "so lovely, so loving, and so beloved."

² *Report of the British National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded during the Franco-German War, 1871*, pp. 149-177.

³ Letters to Captain Galton, August 1870.

did not derive inspiration from the example of the Crimean heroine.

The outbreak of the war had found English philanthropy unprepared. The British Government had been a party to the Geneva Convention, but nothing had been done to organize a Society under its rules until the alarm was sounded by Colonel Loyd Lindsay (Lord Wantage). A letter from him in the *Times* of July 22, 1870, led to the formation of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, which afterwards became the British Red Cross Aid Society. One of the first acts of the Committee, of which Colonel Loyd Lindsay was Chairman, was to consult Miss Nightingale, and a letter from her was read to the public meeting at which the Society was constituted. The words of stirring appeal were received with loud cheers. If she had not been confined to a sick bed, she would have volunteered to go out as a nurse. As it was, she must leave that work to others, and she gave the volunteers a characteristic note of caution: "Those who undertake such work must be not sentimental enthusiasts, but downright lovers of hard work. If there is any work which is simple, stern necessity, it is that of waiting upon the sick and wounded after a battle—serving in war-hospitals, attending to and managing the thousand-and-one hard dry practical details which nevertheless mainly determine the question as to whether your sick and wounded shall live or die. If there is any nonsense in people's ideas of what hospital nursing is, one day of real duty will root it out. There are things to be done and seen which at once separate the true metal from the tinkling brass both among men and women."¹ There were those amongst her entourage who wished that she could lay all other work aside and take control of the organization. The state of her health made this impossible, but she was closely connected with the Society's work throughout. Her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, and her cousin's husband, Captain Galton, were active members of the Executive Committee. Sir Harry's daughter, Miss Emily Verney, was an active

¹ The letter is printed in the *Times* of August 5, 1870. It was dated August 2, "the day," as Miss Nightingale noted in the letter, "of Sidney Herbert's death nine years ago."

had witnessed in the Crimea. Self-devotion on the part of volunteers, though it could not remedy the evils, was conspicuous in relieving them, and many letters to Miss Nightingale are eloquent of the inspiration which was derived from her example in the Crimea and from the messages of sympathy, encouragement and advice which she now sent. "Tell Miss Nightingale," said the warm-hearted Grand Duchess of Baden, "that I have endeavoured to follow implicitly everything she has recommended, and that I love and respect her more than any one in the world." There are letters, too, from English and German nurses and workers in which Miss Nightingale is addressed as "dearest of all friends" or "beloved mistress" and "queen." Her services to both of the belligerents were recognized by decorations. The French Société de Secours aux Blessés conferred its bronze cross upon her (July 1871), and from H.M. the Emperor and King she received the Prussian Cross of Merit (Sept.). But there was more significance in what she gave than in what she received. Among the English ladies who rendered most devoted service during the war was the wife of an officer (Colonel Cox) who had known Miss Nightingale in the Crimea; among the German ladies who had done the like was Madame Werckner of Breslau. When the war was over, both ladies asked the favour of an interview with Miss Nightingale. Madame Werckner became her personal friend, and wrote with enthusiastic gratitude when she was asked to visit Embley: "the home of your childhood." And Mrs. Cox wrote (July 15): "How can I ever thank you for the loving reception you gave me? I can only say that never whilst I live can it be forgotten." To Mrs. Cox's work the English Committee referred in their Report. Of Madame Werckner Miss Nightingale told something in an address to the Probationers at St. Thomas's. "At a large German station, which almost all the prisoners' trains passed through, a lady went every night during all that long, long dreadful winter, and for the whole night, to feed and warm and comfort and often to receive the last dying words of the miserable French prisoners, as they arrived in open trucks, some frozen, some as dead, others to die in the station; all half-clad and starving. Night after night, as

have rendered immortal a city of ancient Rome. The Army of the Loire fighting seven days out of nine barefoot, cold and frozen, yet unsubdued, is worthy of Henry V. and Agincourt. And all for what? To save Alsace and Lorraine, of which Paris scarcely knows." In writing to the Crown Princess on hospital matters she put in a plea for clemency in the hour of final victory. "Prussia would remember," she was sure, "the future wars and misery always brought about by trampling too violently on a fallen foe, and Germany will show to an astonished Europe that moderation of which victorious nations have hitherto shown themselves incapable." Miss Nightingale, here as in other matters, hoped more of human perfectibility than she was to find; the immediate future was to belie her picture alike of the severe self-restraint of Paris, and of the unexampled moderation of Prussia. In rendering aid to the sick and wounded she was, however, consistently impartial. Wherever she heard of good work being done, whether in France or in Germany, she was ready to help, and she gave disinterested advice to the nursing service in both armies. Throughout the war, she had a large correspondence both at home and with all sorts and conditions of people in France and Germany.

At home, she was diligent in collecting money and gifts in kind for the Aid Society. She wrote constant letters and memoranda to members of the Executive Society; advising on all matters, from the general administration of field ambulances to the pattern of hospital suits, vetoing (when she could) impracticable suggestions, sending lists of the things most urgently needed. She received and answered a constant stream of applications from persons inquiring what to send, and from doctors and nurses wanting to volunteer for service. Abroad, her correspondence was on a similar scale. Distributing agents of the Society, nurses, workers of all kinds wrote, consulting her in cases of perplexity or giving information on points that they thought likely to interest her. The private reports preserved among Miss Nightingale's papers contain a mass of information about the treatment of the sick and wounded, of which she expressed the opinion that it far surpassed in horror, as of course it vastly exceeded in scale, anything that she

hospitals." "The only Prussian hospitals up to the present standard of sanitary experience," she added, "are those of the Princess herself, and in them it was H.R.H. who taught the doctors, and not the doctors who taught her." I do not know whether she communicated to the Princess the further opinion that the root of the evil was the bureaucracy; "it shows what it means to be without the free play of public opinion, through Parliament and press, which calls every Public Office, and almost every Society, to account." But upon the facts Miss Nightingale spoke freely, as she was requested to do, and the Princess asked her to send documents:—

(The Crown Princess of Germany to Miss Nightingale.)
OSBORNE, July 28 [1871]. I return the deeply interesting and important papers which the Crown Prince and myself have read most attentively and word for word. The Crown Prince wishes me to thank you particularly for your having let him see these papers. Much was not new to him. You *know* how much interest he takes in sanitary matters, how anxious he is for reforms wherever needed. Every remark offered is therefore always gratefully received by us. Let me repeat, dear Miss Nightingale, how great a happiness it was to me to see you again. Ever yours, with sincerest admiration and respect, VICTORIA,
CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

Of the great and practical interest which the Princess already took in hospitals, we have heard above. The experiences of the Franco-Prussian War quickened it yet more, and in 1872 she drafted a report on hospital organization. Subsequently a Home and Nursing School, named after her, was established in Berlin, and the "Victoria Sisters," following the lead of the Nightingale Nurses, undertook the nursing in municipal hospitals. The success of the Victoria Training School led in its turn to the establishment of similar institutions throughout Germany. And thus Miss Nightingale's words came true, that the trouble which she took to inform and inspire the Crown Princess "will bear fruit."

The experience of the Franco-German War bore fruit in the better organization of the Red Cross movement, especially in this country, and the inspiration here too may

these long, terrible trainsfull dragged their slow length into the station, she kneeled on its pavement, supporting the dying heads, receiving their last messages to their mothers ; pouring wine or hot milk down the throats of the sick ; dressing the frost-bitten limbs ; and, thank God, saving many. Many were carried to the prisoners' hospital in the town, of whom about two-thirds recovered. Every bit of linen she had went in this way. She herself contracted incurable ill-health during these fearful nights. But thousands were saved by her means. She is my friend. She came and saw me, and it is from her lips I heard the story."

The Crown Princess of Prussia also came to South Street, and " she let me tell her," wrote Miss Nightingale,¹ " a good deal of behind the scenes of Prussian Ambulance work. I do like her so very much and twice as much now that she is really worn and ripened by genuine hard work and anxiety." This visit was productive of large results. The Princess and Miss Nightingale had been in communication throughout the war—partly by direct correspondence, and partly through an English lady, Miss Florence Lees, who was serving in German hospitals. At the beginning of the war the Princess had telegraphed and written to Miss Nightingale begging her to recommend a thoroughly competent English lady for such duty. Miss Lees (Mrs. Dacre Craven) had been sent ; she was one of the ablest of the ladies who received training at the Nightingale School, and was presently to play an important part in the development of trained nursing in London. Miss Lees was placed by the Crown Princess in charge of the nursing at a war hospital which she had arranged at Homburg ; Miss Lees was also employed to visit and report upon the war hospitals at Metz and other places. She was in constant correspondence with Miss Nightingale, who from this and many other sources of information had formed a very poor opinion of the Prussian nursing, medical and ambulance service. After collating various reports with Dr. Sutherland, Miss Nightingale said to him that " the abnormally bad among the Crimean hospitals were luxurious compared with the normal Prussian

¹ Letter to Harriet Martineau, Sept. 20, 1870.

was in fact the way in which the work was done, and the process was applied not only to things ultimately printed, but almost to the whole range of her correspondence. He was sometimes called upon to draft even the most delicate family letters. She was asked to suggest an inscription for a memorial to Agnes Jones at Liverpool. Dr. Sutherland had first to try his hand at it. She was put out by an unwarranted liberty which a publisher had taken with her name. The case was sent to Dr. Sutherland, with a pressing appeal, "What *shall* I do? I have no one to act for me." He acted for her. He had artistic tastes, and served as eyes for her at the International Exhibition of 1871, when he selected some French bronzes for her to give to Mr. Jowett. Whenever she was asked to join a Society, or subscribe to a new institution, Dr. Sutherland had first to advise and report. Sometimes she accompanied her references to him with amusing comments, as to Uncle Sam in earlier days. Did Dr. Sutherland advise her to join a new "Central Philanthropic Agency"? She was inclined against it, remembering that "When Crosse invented a new insect, my grandmother was heard to exclaim, 'Are there not enough insects already?'" Sometimes a reference may have been made only, or mainly, for the fun of the thing; as when the Census Paper was left at South Street in 1871 and she sent it off by special messenger to Dr. Sutherland at the War Office to know how she was to fill it up. "Am I the head of this household?" Dr. Sutherland forbore to say that no doubt was conceivable about *that*. "Occupation column: as I think that *every* body ought to have a defined occupation, I should like to put what mine is, but I don't know how to define it." "Oh," replied Dr. Sutherland, "say, Occupation, None." The last column inquired whether the householder was "Deaf-and-dumb, blind, imbecile, or lunatic?" "I shall return," said she, "Imbecile and Blind, and if everybody did the same now, it would be true." "Don't," replied he; "you are the exception." But for the most part her references to him were on matters which either called for some quick application of worldly wisdom or involved considerable drudgery. His shrewd good sense never failed; and the drudgery, though it may have been delayed,

be traced back to Miss Nightingale. The "Red Cross" owes its inception, as already stated, to a Swiss physician, M. Henri Dunant. He had witnessed the horrors of war on the bloody field of Solferino, and he devoted his life thenceforward to the promotion, and then to the extension, of the Geneva Convention. In 1872 M. Dunant read a paper in London upon the movement. His first words were these: "Though I am known as the founder of the Red Cross and the originator of the Convention of Geneva, it is to an Englishwoman that all the honour of that Convention is due. What inspired me to go to Italy during the war of 1859 was the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea." ¹

VI

It will have been seen that during the years treated in the foregoing chapters (1867-1871) Miss Nightingale did an enormous amount of work. Her health during the same period had been no better. Country air did not bring any accession of strength; there is evidence of sleepless nights in numbers of her letters dated in the small hours of the morning; and during 1870 and 1871 especially her letters and diaries speak of great weakness. She was able to do as much as she did only by the devotion of the same friend, Dr. Sutherland, whose relations with his task-mistress have been described in an earlier chapter. More and more, indeed, she seems to have fallen into the habit, which had become almost a necessity, of saying nothing, doing nothing, writing nothing (her letters to Mr. Jowett and a few other intimate friends alone excepted) without first consulting Dr. Sutherland. I have illustrated this point incidentally in previous pages, but such occasional references give an inadequate account of the extent to which she relied upon him. "The only way I can work now," she wrote to him in 1870, "is by receiving written notes from you, and working them up into my own language, then printing and showing you the work." Her Papers, with hundreds upon hundreds of drafts and memoranda in Dr. Sutherland's hand, show that such

¹ M. Dunant's Paper is reported in the *Times* of August 7, 1872. He sent a copy of it to Miss Nightingale: see Bibliography B, No. 31.

done?" But this admirable man never lost his temper, and never made her reproaches an occasion for declining to help her any more. "All I can say is, I am ready to help." "I am at your orders in this as in all things." Such is the continual note of his messages. In private meditations often, and in letters occasionally, Miss Nightingale spoke of herself as a "vampyre." When she wrote in some such sense to Mr. Jowett, he told her to put such talk aside as idle, for "that way madness lies." Yet in a sense there was an element of truth in what she said. She was terribly exacting. She accepted no excuses, made few allowances, and sometimes assumed that those who worked with her had nothing else to do. Dr. Sutherland was a hard worker, but allowed himself diversions. At Norwood he had a garden, and Miss Nightingale was sarcastic about his fondness for digging ponds. But he had also, besides a strong interest in their common work, an abiding admiration for the gifts, the character, and the self-devotion of his friend. In addition to his own bread-winning work, he gave an immense amount of time and labour to Miss Nightingale. In any estimate of her services to great public causes, and especially in connection with sanitation in India, an honourable place is due to the collaborator who helped her through many years with unflinching devotion.

was always done in the end. She is asked to express an opinion on some Indian Health Reports, and is tired. Off they go to Dr. Sutherland, who replies: "I have been through them all; you may safely say they are very well done." Or, pamphlets, memorials, prospectuses, are sent to her, and she is in no mood to master them. They are consigned to him; and in course of time neat little digests are returned, and she is advised what to do or say. Every important letter is similarly sent to him with a note saying, "What am I to answer?" or "What does all this come to?" or "Please advise." "You *must* come to-morrow to see my letter before it goes." "I want to ask you some questions, and you must be good." In years when Miss Nightingale was much in the country (as in 1870 and 1871), Dr. Sutherland's daily work for her was the heavier, because all communications were through the post. There was fret and jar between them in personal intercourse, as we have heard, and opportunity for misunderstanding was increased when two busy people were exchanging ideas by letter. This was especially the case when any work was on hand of which the scope had not been precisely defined, and Miss Nightingale was often impatient. "I could do work," she wrote on one occasion, "if it were real work, done at the least expenditure to myself. But to do a minimum of work at the greatest expenditure to myself (by driving, pumping, etc.) is now physically impossible to me." Such complaints and such references to her weakness were frequent. To the latter Dr. Sutherland always referred in terms of sympathy—"I know you are very ill," "I beg you to let me help as much as I can," and so forth. With regard to the complaints, he sometimes laughed them aside: "Thanks for your parting kick, which is always pleasant to receive by them as likes it." "You are a true Paddy, you like to trail your coat, but I won't tread on it." Sometimes he defended himself—"If you knew what I have had to do, I am quite sure you would not have written about the proof as you have done"; and sometimes he refrained from defence other than simple denial—"I scarcely know how otherwise to reply to your attack than simply to state that it is groundless. Am I such a fool, I ask myself, as to do what she says I have

PART VII
WORK OF LATER YEARS
(1872-1910)

I ask no heaven till earth be Thine,
Nor glory-crown, while work of mine
Remaineth here. When earth shall shine
Among the stars,
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee,
For crown, New Work give Thou to me.
Lord here am I.

I found this in an intensely evangelical Baptist American's work—a lecture he had delivered upon me. Now these lines appear to me exactly true, and an extraordinary advance in the way of truth on English Evangelicalism which banishes work, like sin, from heaven, and has no idea that heaven is to be made out of earth by us.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (from a letter to her father, 1869).

little later (July 11), "that you have disregarded duty and conscience for my sake. I hope that you will never in future obey a conscience which tells you to kill yourself. Will you try to hope and be at peace ; and just ask of God time to complete your work ? You who have done so much for others ought sometimes to reflect that you have had a great blessing and happiness."

The intention which Miss Nightingale had formed and from which Mr. Jowett dissuaded her was not a passing fancy. It was in accord with a deep-seated conviction, as may be seen from a document already quoted (p. 103). Nor, though she listened to Mr. Jowett's advice, did she entirely abandon her purpose. Later in the year, she still thought of giving up her pleasant house in South Street, and she set various friends to report upon furnished apartments in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Thomas's Hospital. They could not find anything that seemed suitable, and she gave up the idea ; but as she could not go to St. Thomas's, she contrived, as we shall hear in a later chapter, that St. Thomas's should come to her. She devoted herself from this time more largely than heretofore to the detailed supervision of the Nightingale School. Both in what she did, and in what she now left undone, the year 1872 marks a new departure in her life. It is explained by a summary entry in her diary : " This year I go out of office."

Miss Nightingale had been " in office," as she called it, continuously since her departure for Scutari in October 1854. She had been closely employed, that is to say, sometimes officially, sometimes unofficially, upon the administrative work of various Departments in matters pertaining to her special interests. With the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power in 1868, her work in this sort had much diminished. Her friend, Captain Galton, had gone from the War Office. She occasionally intervened in minor matters, as on one occasion when her friend, Mr. Lowe, agreed with Mr. Cardwell to accept her view about a certain pension to the widow of an officer, and there were other cases of the kind : as when she obtained an attentive hearing from Mr. Bruce (Home Secretary) for a memorandum which she submitted on the working of the Contagious Diseases Act. But her

CHAPTER I

"OUT OF OFFICE"—LITERARY WORK

(1872-1874)

I am glad that you have given up drudgery for public offices. . . . The position which you held was always a precarious one, because dependent on "temples of friendship" and the goodwill of the Minister. I am glad that you have a straightforward work to do now in which you are dependent on yourself. . . . I want you to have a new life and interest. The way of influencing mankind by ideas is the more excellent way.—BENJAMIN JOWETT (*Letters to Miss Nightingale*, 1871, 1872).

"SOMETHING which you said to me on Sunday has rather disquieted me, and I hope that you will allow me to remonstrate with you about it. You said that you were going to ask admission as a Patient to St. Thomas's Hospital. Do not do this. (1) Because it is eccentric and we cannot strengthen our lives by eccentricity. (2) Because you will not be a Patient but a kind of Directress to the institution, viewed with great alarm by the doctors. (3) When a person is engaged in a great work I do not think the expense of living is much to be considered; the only thing is that you should live in such a way that you can do your work best. (4) I would not oppose you living at less expense if you wish, though I think that a matter of no moment; but I would live independently. (5) Do you mean really to live as a Patient? it will kill you. I do not add the annoyance to your father of a step which he can never be made to understand; I look at the matter solely from the point of view of your own work. I have cared about you for many years; and though I have little hope of prevailing with you, I would ask you not to set aside these reasons without consideration." So Mr. Jowett wrote to Miss Nightingale on June 22, 1872. "I am flattered to hear," he wrote a

rests on a sandy foundation. I wonder that you have been able to carry on so long with them." Lord Northbrook was friendly nevertheless, as appears from his reply when she wrote and asked him to see Mr. Clark, the sanitary and civil engineer :—

(*Lord Northbrook to Miss Nightingale.*) CALCUTTA, Jan. 3 [1873]. I had great pleasure in seeing Mr. Clark, for I had seen his works at Barrachpore and knew of the great results which, so far as the statistics up to the present time can be said to prove them, have followed from the supply of pure water to Calcutta. I hope soon to see his drainage works at the Salt Lakes, and I have got the particulars of his plan for catch-water roofs for military buildings, which I will look at carefully as soon as I can. At present I am a little overwhelmed with business which has been accumulating during my tour. You may be assured of two things, that I fully understand the importance of pure water for the soldiers, and that I shall always receive with pleasure and consider with attention any suggestions, which you may kindly give me, both on your own account and because you were so much associated on these matters with my old master, Lord Herbert. Yours very sincerely, NORTHBROOK.

She did not, however, at the time follow up this opening. She had taken Lord Northbrook's neglect to call upon her as a further indication that she was meant to go out of office.

II

The question had become instant thereupon, What was she to do next? Mr. Jowett's letters to her at this time, as also her own private notes, show that she was in a mood of great depression; due in part to much physical weakness and suffering, but in part also to unsettlement in her plan of life. She knew not exactly what to be at. She saw before her, as she wrote, "no consecutive path growing out of one's own deeds, but only a succession of disjointed lives and unconnected events." "Never," she wrote again, "has God let me feel weariness of active life, but only anxiety to get on. Now in old age I never wish to be relieved from new work, but only to have it to do." With what zeal she threw herself into fuller work for the Nightingale

constant employment in connection with the War Office was over. She had argued with herself, in some meditations during 1871, whether she ought to make a bid, as it were, for "office" again. She could still exercise a certain official influence, she thought, if she chose to seek out Ministers and ask them to call upon her. But the political times were out of joint, she argued on the other side, so far as her special aptitudes were concerned. The strength of Mr. Gladstone's Government was thrown into political reform, not into administration; the administration of the departments, as she was not alone in thinking, was defective. There are many letters of this period in which she contrasts the days of Peel and Sidney Herbert with those of Gladstone or Disraeli. "But I must stop," she says in one of them, "or you will say that I am aping Southey who said, you know, that the last Ministry was so bad that nothing could be worse except the present; but Coleridge differed from him, for he thought the present Ministry so bad that nothing could be worse except the last."¹ At any rate what Miss Nightingale cared for and was fitted for, she said to herself, was only administration; in the years when she was "in office" she had not only written Reports, she had been able to organize the mechanism for carrying them out. Now that administration was going, as she thought, to the dogs, it was time for her to be out of office. That such was the lot appointed to her, was borne in by something that happened early in 1872. In February Lord Mayo was assassinated—a personal grief to Miss Nightingale and "a great blow," she said, to her cause; and Lord Northbrook was appointed to succeed him as Governor-General. Miss Nightingale was personally acquainted with Lord Northbrook, who had been a friend (as also for a time a colleague) of Sidney Herbert, but he left for India without coming to see her. "You have worked for eternity," wrote Mr. Jowett (April 3), to whom she had reported the new Viceroy's neglect; "why should you be troubled at the Governor-General not coming to see you (as he most certainly ought to have done)? Put not your trust in princes or in princesses or in the War Office or in the India Office; all that sort of thing necessarily

¹ Letter to Sir Bartle Frere, July 2, 1872.

peculiarly aware can never be satisfactorily dealt with. And this conviction must be my apology for troubling you.

(*Miss Nightingale to John Stuart Mill.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, August 11 [1867]. I can't tell you how much pleased I was nor how grateful I feel that you should take the trouble to write to me. And if I ill-naturedly answer your question by asking one, it is because I have scarcely any one who can give me (as my dear friend, Mr. Clough, long since dead, said) a "considered opinion." That women should have the suffrage, I think no one can be more deeply convinced than I. It is so important for a woman to be a "person," as you say. And I think I see this most strongly in married life. If the woman is not a "person," it does almost infinite harm even to her husband. And the harm is greatest when the man is a very clever man and the woman a very clever woman. But it will be years before you obtain the suffrage for women. And in the meantime there are evils which press much more hardly on women than the want of the suffrage. And will not this when obtained put women in opposition to those who withhold these rights from them, so as to retard still further the legislation which is necessary to put them in possession of their rights? I ask humbly, and I am afraid you will laugh at me. Could not the existing disabilities as to property and influence of women be swept away by the legislature as it stands at present? and equal responsibilities be given, as they ought to be, to both men and women? I do not like to take up your time with giving instances, redressible by legislation, in which my experience tells me that women, and especially poor and married women, are most hardly pressed upon now. No matron, serving on a large scale as I have done, and with the smallest care for her Nurses, can be unaware of these. Till a married woman can be in possession of her own property, there can be no love or justice. But there are many other evils, as I need not tell you. Is it possible that, if woman suffrage is agitated as a means of removing these evils, the effect may be to prolong their existence? Is it not the case that at present there is no opposition between the two elements of the nation, but that, if both had equal political power, there is a probability that the social reforms required might become matter of political partizanship, and so the weaker go to the wall? I can scarcely expect that you will have time to answer my humble questions.

As to my being on the Society you mention, you know there is scarcely anything which, if you were to tell me that it is right politically, I would not do. But I have no time. It is 14 years this very day that I entered upon work which has never left me ten minutes' leisure, not even to be ill. And I am obliged never to give my name where I cannot give my work. If you will not

School at St. Thomas's, we shall hear; but that was not enough. She could not see nurses and write to nurses all day long—though indeed she devoted to such duties as many hours as some people would consider a sufficient day's work, and besides she was now spending a large part of the year with her father or mother in the country. She needed some recreation, and the only recreation she ever found was in change of work. She sought no "glory-crown" over folded hands. Mr. Jowett seized the occasion to repeat his advice that she should find recreation in literary work. Now that she meant to free herself from official drudgery, let her gain permanent influence by writing books or essays. "I think," he said, "that you seem to me to have more ideas than any one whom I know." And again (Dec. 14, 1871): "You have many original thoughts, but you either insert them in Blue-books or cast them before swine—that is me, and I sometimes insert them in sermons. You should have a more consecutive way of going on." She recalled, too, advice and remonstrances which she had received from Mr. Mill. In 1867 the "National Society for Woman's Suffrage" was founded. Mill had asked her to join it and she had at first refused:—

(*John Stuart Mill to Miss Nightingale.*) BLACKHEATH PARK, August 9 [1867]. As I know how fully you appreciate a great many of the evil effects produced upon the character of women (and operating to the destruction of their own and others' happiness) by the existing state of opinion, and as you have done me the honour to express some regard for my opinion on these subjects, I should not like to abstain from mentioning the formation of a Society aimed in my opinion at the very root of all the evils you deplore and have passed your life in combating. There are a great number of people, particularly women, who, from want of the habit of reflecting on politics, are quite incapable of realizing the enormous power of politics, that is to say, of legislation, to confer happiness and also to influence the opinion and the moral nature of the governed. As I am convinced that this power is by far the greatest that it is possible to wield for human happiness, I can neither approve of women who decline the responsibility of wielding it, nor of men who would shut out women from the right to wield it. Until women do wield it to the best of their ability, little or great, and that in a direct open manner, I am convinced that the evils of which I know you to be

Subject, very near my heart -
the India Sanitary Service.
I have worked very hard
at this for 6 years. And
during all those years, my
great wish has been
would it be possible I ask
Mr. Mill for his help &
influence? -

But you were so busy.

May believe me

Dear Sir

Ever your faithful servant

Florence Nightingale

J. S. Mill & Co

... knew that
... the nation in
... letter had
... power, the
... duty that
... persons &
... name. The
... Postgraduate
... makes it
... can scarcely
... will have time
... amble quest
... to my being
... you mention
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... that, if you
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 is 14 years this very day
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so favourably impressed. Miss Nightingale's second Paper, he said, was like "a lost lamb bleating on the mountain." Mr. Froude's criticism on the third was that it lacked focussing: "the whole art of getting culinary fire out of intellectual sunlight depends on that." The third article, accordingly, was not printed. Miss Nightingale did not relish Carlyle's remark, and her equanimity was perhaps not restored by the domestic assurance that Florence's mistake had been in not submitting the manuscript to her sister's revision. One of the best things in the Paper which was not published was a Postscript. The first article had been widely noticed in the pulpit and the press, and had brought to the author many letters—some sympathetic, as from Mr. Edward Maitland,¹ others sorrowfully critical. There were those who promised to pray for her conversion daily, and invited her to join them in that exercise. They had not read the article, it seemed, but only a review of it; and among the printed critiques was one which began: "My knowledge of the scope of this Paper is derived from the report of a discourse upon it." In her proposed Postscript Miss Nightingale took "this opportunity of thanking unknown friends for their sympathy and suggestions, and, still more, unknown friend-enemies for their criticisms; but yet more should I have thanked the latter, had their criticisms been on my poor little Article in its rough state—the 'Original Cow and Snuffers'—and not on seeing the *Extract* of a *Criticism* of an *Extract* of my Article. Certainly a new Art must have arisen in my elderly age:—out-magazing magazing. And I hereby confidentially inform the shade of Mr. Fraser that he may, on application to me, see columns, closely-printed columns, of small (but cruel) print upon a Paper which the writers state that they have not read.—What! read a Paper which we are going to review!—Yes, Mr. Fraser, this is what magazine-ing has come to. Articles are not even written on original works, even if that work be only an Article, but on a Review of an Article; and not even upon that, but upon a Review of a Review of an Extract of an Article, or sometimes upon an Extract of a Sermon upon an Extract of a Review of an

¹ Mystical writer; author of *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*.

think me egotistical, I will say why I have kept off the stage of these things. In the years that I have passed in Government offices, I have never felt the want of a vote—because, if I had been a Borough returning two members to Parliament, I should have had less administrative influence. And I have thought that I could work better for others off the stage than on it. Added to which, I am an incurable invalid, entirely a prisoner to my room. But I entirely agree, if I may be allowed to agree with so great an authority, that women's "political power" should be "direct and open," not indirect. And I ought to ask your pardon for occupying you for one single moment with my own personal situation.

As you have had the kindness to let me address you, I cannot help putting in one more word on a subject very near my heart—the India Sanitary Service. I have worked very hard at this for six years. And during all those years, my great wish has been: would it be possible to ask Mr. Mill for his help and influence? But you were so busy. Pray believe me, dear Sir, ever your faithful servant, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Mr. Mill found time for a "considered opinion," of great elaboration and weight; it has been printed elsewhere.¹ With his reply to Miss Nightingale's humble but argumentative questions, we are not here concerned. Though she never took any prominent part in the movement for female suffrage, she joined the Society in 1868, allowed her name to be placed on the General Committee in 1871, was an annual subscriber to its funds, and in 1878 sent an expression of her opinion on the subject for publication.² It was, however, Mr. Mill's remarks upon her "personal situation" that now, in 1872, came back to her. "If," he had said, "you prefer to do your work rather by moving the hidden springs than by allowing yourself to be known to the world as doing what you really do, it is not for me to make any observations on this preference (inasmuch as I am bound to presume that you have good reasons for it) other than to say that I much regret that this preference is so very general among women." She ought not, he went on to suggest, to hide her good deeds; and "finally I feel," he wrote, "some hesitation in saying to you what I think of the responsibility that lies upon each one of us to stand steadfastly, and with

¹ In the *Letters of John Stuart Mill*, 1910, vol. ii. pp. 100-105.

² Quoted in *Bibliography A*, No. 93.

It was a very odd thing : it was a subject he had taken up : he was President of a Society for *that*. When he was in England (till a fortnight before his death) I could not find his address : I was so overwhelmed with business and illness. I did not know he was going away. And I did not send him this book. And now he is dead, and will never know. But I scarcely regret his death. He was not a happy man. He was a man who was so sure to develop very much in a future life. He had queer religious notions : did not believe in a God or in a future life : but believed in a sort of conflict between two Powers of Good and Evil. I remember showing you one of his letters. And you said it was just like Zoroaster. But he was the most *truly* " Liberal " man I ever knew. If it were for the cause of Truth that he should be defeated, he would have *liked* to have been defeated. And now he is dead. And we shall never see his like again.

It was characteristic of Miss Nightingale that she entered into correspondence with Mr. Chadwick on the sanitary state of Mr. Mill's house and the climatic conditions of Provence in May. Mr. Chadwick had to put himself right in her eyes by explaining that he had not been consulted by their friend on those subjects and had never been invited by him to Avignon.

v

Other literary work which occupied Miss Nightingale a good deal at this time was undertaken either to help Mr. Jowett or in accordance with his advice. He had urged her to work out her notion of Divine Perfection, and her theory of the Family in relation to " sisterhoods " and other forms of association. Miss Nightingale wrote Essays accordingly on " What is the Evidence that there is a Perfect God ? " on " What is the Character of God ? " and on " Christian Fellowship as a Means to Progress." The gist of the latter essay may be given in a letter of an earlier date :—

(Miss Nightingale to Benjamin Jowett.) July [1870]. . . . I think that Faraday's idea of friendship is very high : " One who will serve his companion next to his God." And when one thinks that most, nay almost all people have no idea of friendship at all except pleasant juxtaposition, it strikes one with admiration. Yet is Faraday's idea not mine. My idea of a friend is one who

Article. I ought to feel flattered: I try to feel flattered. But, Mr. Fraser, is life long enough for this? is this the way to 'human progress'? And . . . but as this will not be read by my unknown critics, I come to a stop." The practice which Miss Nightingale thus satirised has not become less frequent in later days when the newspapers supply their readers not with political speeches but with opinions based on summaries of them, and when what are called "educational handbooks" aim at giving the student the power of passing a critical judgment upon authors without the necessity of reading them.

IV

A few days after the appearance of Miss Nightingale's first Paper in *Fraser*, Mr. Mill died of a "local endemic disease" at his house near Avignon. She was profoundly moved:—

(*Miss Nightingale to Julius Mohl.*) May 20 [1873]. John Stuart Mill's death was a great shock to me. Mr. Grote used to say of him "Talk of Mill's Logic! why he is thrilling with emotion to the very finger-ends." That is just what he was. Now, speaker and subject are both gone. He said at Mr. Grote's funeral, with an agony of tears, "We might have kept him 10 years longer." And now we say of himself with tears "We might have kept him for 10 years longer." He was only 67. He was always urging me to publish. He used to say, with the passion which he put into everything he did say: "I have no patience with people who will not publish because they think the world is not ripe enough for their ideas: that is only conceit or cowardice. If anybody has thought out any thing which he conceives to be truth, in Heaven's name, let him say it!" I did not answer that letter. I thought that this year (I have left much of the India and War Office work, and much of it has left me) I would resume with John Stuart Mill and do as he told me. I put the article in *Fraser's Magazine* (which I now send you) to please him. And now he is dead, and will never know that I intended to do what he wished. He used to say, "Tell the world what you think—your experience. It will probably strike the world more than anything that could be told it." He quoted my "Stuff" in his book, which he ought not to have done.¹ I published my book on Socrates' mother² partly to please him.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 471, n.

² *Notes on Lying-in Institutions*; see above, p. 197.

(*Miss Nightingale to Benjamin Jowett.*)¹ LEA HURST, Oct. 3 [1871]. I am quite scandalized at your materialism. (I shall shut up you and Plato for a hundred years in punishment in another world till you have both obtained clearer views.) Is it for an old maid like me to be preaching to you a Master in Israel that even "on physical principles" there are essential points in marriage (to turn out the best order of children), which, being absent, the perfection of "health and strength" in both parents is of no avail even for the physical part of the children? And might I just ask one small question: whether you consider man has a little soul? If he has ever such a little one, you can scarcely consider him as a simple body, an animal, or even as a twin, the soul being one twin and the body the other, but as all one, the soul and the body making one being (altho' only in this sense). If you *do*, at all events *God* does not. And consequently He makes a great many more things enter into the "physical" constitution even of the children than the mere "health and strength" of the parents. (My son, really Plato talked nonsense about this.) Take a much more material thing than the producing of a bad or degenerate family or race. Take a railway accident. What are the laws therein concerned? You have by no means only to consider the "physical" laws—the strength of iron, the speed of steam, the smoothness of rails, the friction &c., &c.—but you have to consider the state of mind of Directors, whether they care only for their dividends, so that the railway-servants are underpaid or overworked &c., &c. You quote Huxley. He is undoubtedly one of the prime educators of the age, but he makes a profound mistake when he says to Mankind: objects of sense are more worthy of your attention than your inferences and imaginations. On the contrary, the finest powers man is gifted with are those which enable him to infer from what he sees what he *can't* see. They lift him into truth of far higher import than that which he learns from the senses alone. I believe that the laws of nature all tend to improve the *whole* man, moral and physical, that it is absurd to consider man either as a body to be "improved," or as a soul to be "improved," separately.

As to the "laws of physical improvement requiring that we should get rid of sickly and deformed infants," they require that we should *prevent* or improve, not that we should *kill* them. *That* would be to get rid of some of the finest intellectual and moral specimens of our human nature that have ever existed. And, even were this not the case, the heroism, the patience, the wisdom of our race have been more called forth by dealing

¹ I have somewhat compressed the argument in this letter.

will and can join you in work the sole purpose of which is to serve God. Two in one, and one in God. It almost exactly answers Jesus Christ's words. And so extraordinarily blessed have I been that I have had three such friends. I can truly say that, during the 5 years that I worked with Sidney Herbert every day and nearly all day, from the moment he came into the room no other idea came in but that of doing the work with the best of our powers in the service of God. (And this tho' he was a man of the most varied and brilliant conversational genius I have ever known—far beyond Macaulay whom I also knew.) This is Heaven; and this is what makes me say "I have had my heaven."

The two other friends with whom in former time she had been a fellow-worker were Arthur Clough and her Aunt, Mrs. Smith. Miss Nightingale's other Essays led to much correspondence with Mr. Jowett, but as they failed to come up to his standard they were laid aside. Many of her letters to him were themselves almost Essays. Extracts from one or two consecutive letters will show the kind of discussions into which Miss Nightingale loved to involve her Oxford friend, and upon which he was nothing loath to enter:—

(*Benjamin Jowett to Miss Nightingale.*) TORQUAY, Sept. 29 [1871]. . . . I must answer your letter by dribblets. When you admit that a part of the witness of the character of God is to be sought for in nature, how do you distinguish between the true and false witness of nature? For we cannot deny that physical good is sometimes at variance with moral—*e.g.* in marriage the sole or chief principle ought to be health and strength in the parents whether with or without a marriage ceremony—in other words Plato's Republic: I mean on physical principles. Or again the laws of physical improvement would require that we should get rid of sickly and deformed infants. And if, as Huxley would say, you reconstruct the world on a physical basis, you have to go to war with received principles of morality. I suppose that the answer is you must take man as a whole, and make morality and the mind the limit of physical improvement. But it is not easy to see what this limit is, because men's conceptions of morality vary, and although we may form ideals we have to descend from them in practice. Therefore I do not agree with you in thinking that there are no difficulties, although the old difficulties, about origin of evil &c., are generally a hocus of Theologians.

had been made; but the poets, she thought, had as yet hardly touched the theme of true love—"two in one, and one in God"—as an incentive to heroic action. "The philosopher may be excused," Mr. Jowett had written, "if he imagines an age when poetry and sentiment have disappeared, and truth has taken the place of imagination, and the feelings of love are understood and estimated at their proper value." "Take out that mean calumny, my son," wrote Miss Nightingale; "take it out this minute; blaspheme not against Love." The offending sentence was expunged in the second edition. Mr. Jowett had gone on to "blaspheme" a little against Art, citing the Mahommedans as a case of the state of the human mind in which "all artistic representations are regarded as a false and imperfect expression either of the religious or of the philosophical ideal." Miss Nightingale objected that the Mahommedans had renounced the use of pictures and images, but not of architecture: "Mosques are the highest kind of art: the one true representation of the One God: the Glory of God in the highest: the most high of the Most High: higher than any Christian art or architecture—as you would say if you had seen the mosques of Cairo." Mr. Jowett recast his passage, and used Miss Nightingale's illustration, almost in her words.¹ "I am always stealing from you," he said. On his Introduction to the *Gorgias*, she made an interesting criticism:—

Is not Socrates more ineffably tiresome, and at the same time does he not speak higher truth, in the *Gorgias* than anywhere else? Why call these higher truths "paradoxes"? Are not your sermons always a sort of apology for talking to them of God? And why should your Introductions be a sort of apology for recognizing that Socrates speaks the highest truth and no paradox? Have guarded statements, whether about God or any particular moral or truth, ever produced enthusiasm of religion or in morality? Is there any Dialogue, not even excepting the *Phaedo* and *Crito*, where he is so much in earnest? He is so terribly in earnest that towards the end he even throws all his dialectic aside, and makes even Polus in earnest. To me, speaking as one of the stupid and ignorant, it seems that your

¹ See *second* edition, vol. iii. p. 145.

with these and the like forms of evil than by almost anything else. The good of man in its highest sense cannot be attained by neglecting one set of laws or one aspect of man's nature and cultivating another.

I entirely therefore agree that "you must take man as a whole." But this seems at variance with a celebrated author's next sentence "and make morality and the mind the *limit* of physical improvement." If I were writing, I should use a word signifying the exact reverse; not limit, but expansion, enlargement, multiplication, master or informing spirit. As Plato says: the mind informs the body, owns the body, the body is the servant of the mind. How can the owner and the master be the limit? We must really pray for your conversion. . . .

(*Benjamin Jowett to Miss Nightingale.*) TORQUAY, Oct. 4. . . . What have I said to deserve such an outburst? I have no wish to shake the foundation of Society. What I think about these matters is feebly expressed in a part of Essay at the end of the introduction to the *Republic*. But when I come to a second edition I will express it better.

A comparison of the passage in the first and second editions of Mr. Jowett's Introduction respectively¹ shows how largely he profited by the criticisms in the foregoing letter. His *Plato* first appeared in 1871, and at once he began revising it. In this work Miss Nightingale gave him great help. Her Greek had now grown a little rusty,² but her interest in the substance of Plato was intense. She annotated Mr. Jowett's summaries and introductions very closely, and sent him voluminous suggestions for revision. "You are the best critic," he wrote, "whom I ever had." Several of Miss Nightingale's notes are preserved, in rough copy, amongst her Papers, and by means of them her hand may be traced in many a page of Mr. Jowett's revised work. In the first edition of the introduction to the *Republic* he made some remarks on love as a motive in poetry which excited Miss Nightingale's strong disapproval. She agreed that "the illusion of the feelings commonly called love" was a motive of which too much

¹ See first edition, vol. ii. p. 145, and second edition, vol. iii. pp. 161-162.

² On one occasion she forgot the Greek for "Limitless," and asked Mr. Jowett to tell her. He replied by quoting Homer: "διωτον μεμλινα, raging insatiably or without limit"—adding wickedly "Whom did this represent?"

to superior authority.¹ Another scheme was carried out. In 1873 an edition of the Bible appeared which has a history of some interest. *The School and Children's Bible* it was called; the name of the Rev. William Rogers, of Bishopsgate, appears on the title-page, but the selection was in fact made for the most part by Mr. Jowett, with the help of some of his friends.² That Mr. Swinburne was one of these friends, we know from the poet's own recollections; it is not generally known that the other principal collaborator with Mr. Jowett was Miss Nightingale. Mr. Swinburne's help was in one respect disappointing. "I wanted you," said Mr. Jowett to him with a smile, "to help me to make this book smaller, and you have persuaded me to make it much larger." The poet, who was complimented on his thorough familiarity with sundry parts of the sacred text, thought that Mr. Jowett had excluded too much of the prophetic and poetic elements, not taking into account "the delight that a child may take in things beyond the grasp of his perfect comprehension, though not beyond the touch of his apprehensive or prehensile faculty." Miss Nightingale, whose familiarity with the Bible was probably even closer and more extensive than Mr. Swinburne's and with whom Biblical criticism was a favourite study, also wanted a great deal put in which Mr. Jowett had left out, but her instinct for edification led her to suggest equivalent omissions. She took great pains with her suggestions, illustrating them in letters to Mr. Jowett with many characteristic remarks by the way:—

It is impossible to keep up acquaintance with a man, however otherwise estimable, who separates the 26 last chapters of Isaiah from Isaiah merely by a shabby little note and asterisk. Surely those chapters belong to the end of the Babylonish Captivity

¹ "The Bishop has disallowed our 'Versicles' and some other things on legal grounds—*i.e.* on the opinion of Sir Travers Twiss (poor man!). We will have them in a particular book of our own. He says 'they are admirably selected' " (*Letter from Mr. Jowett*, March 16, 1872).

² See Abbott and Campbell's *Life and Letters of Jowett*, vol. ii. pp. 35-36, and "Recollections of Professor Jowett" in Swinburne's *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, p. 33. The full title of the book was *The School and Children's Bible prepared under the Superintendence of the Rev. William Rogers*. London: Longmans, 1873.

Introduction dwells too much on the *form* of the *Gorgias* and does not bring out in sufficiently striking relief the great truths which Socrates labours so strenuously to enforce that he almost seems to lose himself in them. These great moral truths are (are they not?) :—(1) *It is a greater evil to do than to suffer injustice.* If you call this a "paradox," why do you not call the 53rd Chapter of Isaiah a paradox? Is it not the highest of truths? (2) *It is a greater evil not to be punished than to be punished for wrong.* I have no idea why you call this a paradox. It follows from all the higher experience of the life of every one of us. In family life I see it every day. I see the "spoilt child" making himself, and oftener herself, and everyone else miserable, down to mature life or extreme old age. (Tho' the "punishments" of my life have been somewhat severe, yet I can bless God, even in this world, that never in all my life have I been allowed to "do as I liked.") . . .

If the reader cares to take this passage to a comparison of the second with the first edition of Mr. Jowett's Introduction,¹ he will discover again how largely, and closely, Miss Nightingale's criticisms were accepted. She dealt similarly—giving precise references for every statement—with the greater part of the Dialogues. "In the *Phaedrus*," said Mr. Jowett (July 22, 1873), "I have put in most of what you suggested and made some additions. You are quite right in thinking that I should get as much modern truth into the Introductions as possible. It is a great opportunity; which I have had in view, but not so clearly as since you wrote to me."

Miss Nightingale continued, as in former years, to send Mr. Jowett suggestions for sermons. "I have written part of your sermon," he wrote, when she had sent him an outline of what she would like him to preach from the University pulpit. When he became Master of Balliol he projected a Special Form for daily service in the College Chapel, and Miss Nightingale suggested a selection of passages from the Psalms under the heads of "God the Lord," "God the Judge," "God the Father," "God the Friend," "the Way of the Cross," and so forth. Mr. Jowett had, however, to abandon the project in deference

¹ The references are: *first* edition, vol. iii. pp. 26 *seq.*; *second* edition, vol. ii. pp. 302 *seq.*

These various literary enterprises, undertaken at Mr. Jowett's instance, occupied a great deal of Miss Nightingale's time—more time, as she sometimes said to herself, than could rightly be spared from primary duties ; and the time was spent, she added in her self-reproaches, to little purpose. In some respects Mr. Jowett's suggestions to her were not very happy. One cannot elaborate in a consecutive form a Scheme of Theology or a Social Philosophy, even through the medium of essays, in odd hours as a bye-work. So Miss Nightingale soon found, and the failure weighed heavily on her spirits ; but Mr. Jowett did not realize how great was the strain upon his friend's faculties involved in her nursing work, nor how much time, effort, and emotion she was devoting, though " out of office," to the complicated problems of Indian administration. We, who have access to her Papers, shall learn the full extent of these preoccupations in later chapters (III. and IV.). But something must first be said of another literary enterprise. To it Miss Nightingale's close study of the Bible and of Plato was entirely relevant. Such studies were, as we shall find in the next chapter, part of the food which sustained her inner life.

and should be separated by a distinct division ; while the shabby little note and asterisk might go to some isolated chapters (*e.g.* xiii., xiv.) among the first 39 which belong to the same time, the end of the Captivity—whereas the first 39 chapters (generally) appear to belong to the " Middle Ages " of Prophecy. But as it may be judged inconvenient to put Chaps. xl.-lxvi. of Isaiah in a different part of the Bible, I will concede that point and simply classify them (I follow Ewald's order). But they *must* be under a separate Heading with " End of Babylonian Captivity " (or words to that effect) printed distinctly *under the heading* (not in a note).

More generally, she criticized the first selection sent to her as showing some want of proportion. There was no clear plan, she thought, as to the space to be given, respectively, to :—

(*a*) Matters of *universal* importance, moral and spiritual (*e.g.* the finest parts of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the New Testament) ; (*b*) matters of *historical* importance (*e.g.* which embrace the history of great nations, Egypt, Assyria, Babylon. The petty wars of the petty tribes seem to take up a quite disproportionate space) ; (*c*) matters of *local* importance, which have acquired a *universal moral* significance (*e.g.* Jonah is entirely left out : yet Jonah has a moral and spiritual meaning, while Samson, Balaam and Bathsheba have none) ; (*d*) matters of *merely local* importance, with no significance but an *immoral* one (*e.g.* the stories about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, almost all Joshua and Judges, and very much of Samuel and Kings). The story of Achilles and his horses is far more fit for children than that of Balaam and his ass, which is only fit to be told to asses. The stories of Samson and of Jephthah are only fit to be told to bull-dogs ; and the story of Bathsheba, to be told to Bathshebas. Yet we give all these stories to children as " Holy Writ." There are some things in Homer we might better call " Holy " Writ—many, many in Sophocles and Aeschylus. The stories about Andromache and Antigone are worth all the women in the Old Testament put together ; nay, almost all the women in the Bible.

" I have just finished the Children's Bible," wrote Mr. Jowett (Feb. 10, 1872). " I blessed you every time I took the papers up, especially in the Prophets. I have adopted your selection almost entirely, with a slight abridgement, and it is further approved by Mr. Cheyne's authority."

to learn from the old ; and I am not certain whether we ought not to retire into mysticism (I thought I should not use the word) when the antagonism with existing opinions becomes too great." Miss Nightingale's close study of Plato and of the Bible, described in the last chapter, increased her interest in Christian mysticism. The Fourth Gospel was the work of a mystic. And there were curious analogies, which she pointed out to Mr. Jowett,¹ between Plato and the mediæval mystics. The famous myth of the purified soul, for instance, recalled a passage in the *Fioretti* of St. Francis, except that there the purgatorial stage, before the "wings grow," lasts 150 years, instead of 10,000. Miss Nightingale said of the closing prayer in the *Phædrus*—"Give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and inward man be at one"—a prayer unequalled, she thought, by any Collect in the service-book—that it "put in seventeen words the whole, or at least half, of the doctrine of St. John of the Cross." Plato made her the more interested in the Christian Mystics ; the Christian Mystics, the more interested in Plato. Concurrently with her work for Mr. Jowett's revised *Plato* she gave much time during 1873 and 1874 (with additions in later years) to transcribing or translating and arranging passages from devotional writers of the Middle Ages. She had sent some of her book in various stages to Mr. Jowett, who, with other suggestions, said (April 18, 1873) that she ought to add "a Preface showing the use of such books. They are apt to appear unreal, and yet Thomas à Kempis has been one of the most influential books in the world. The subject of the Preface should be the use of the ideal and especially the spiritual ideal. I do not say what may be the case with great Saints themselves, but for us. I think it is clear that this mystic state ought to be an occasional and not a permanent feeling—a taste of heaven in daily life. Do you think it would be possible to write a mystical book which would also be the essence of Common Sense ? "

¹ He made use of her suggestion in a postscript (in the *second* edition) to his Introduction to the *Phædrus*.

CHAPTER II

THE MYSTICAL WAY

Mysticism : to dwell on the unseen, to withdraw ourselves from the things of sense into communion with God—to endeavour to partake of the Divine nature ; that is, of Holiness. When we ask ourselves only what is right, or what is the will of God (the same question), then we may truly be said to live in His light.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

It has been mentioned incidentally in an earlier chapter that Miss Nightingale was fond of reading the books of Catholic devotion which the Reverend Mother of the Bermondsey Convent used to send her. Long before, she had studied carefully the writings of the Port Royalists ; and at the Trinità de' Monti she had seen the ideal of Catholic devotion in real life. She used to pass on some of her devotional works to Mr. Jowett. He began with St. Teresa, and, at first repelled, he gradually became interested. Miss Nightingale was in the habit of copying out passages for her own edification, sometimes in the original, sometimes translating them. The idea of making a selection for publication occurred to her, and Mr. Jowett encouraged it. "Do not give up your idea," he said, "of making a selection of the better mind of the Middle Ages and the Mystics." "You will do a good work," he wrote again (Oct. 3, 1872), "if you point out the kind of mysticism which is needed in the present day—not mysticism at all, but as intense a feeling, as the mystics had, of the power of truth and reason and of the will of God that they should take effect in the world. The passion of the reason, the fusion of faith and reason, the reason in religion and the religion in reason—if you can only describe these, you will teach people a new lesson. The new has something still

That the soul herself should be heaven, that our Father which is in heaven should dwell in her, that there is something within us infinitely more estimable than often comes out, that God enlarges this "palace of our soul" by degrees so as to enable her to receive Himself, that thus he gives her liberty but that the soul must give herself up absolutely to Him for Him to do this, the incalculable benefit of this occasional but frequent intercourse with the Perfect: this is the conclusion and sum of the whole matter, put into beautiful language by the Mystics. And of this process they describe the steps, and assign periods of months and years during which the steps, they say, are commonly made by those who make them at all.

These old Mystics whom we call superstitious were far before us in their ideas of God and of prayer (that is of our communion with God). "Prayer," says a mystic of the 16th century, "is to ask not what we wish of God, but what God wishes of us." "Master who hast made and formed the vessel of the body of Thy creature, and hast put within so great a treasure, the Soul, which bears the image of Thee": so begins a dying prayer of the 14th century. In it and in the other prayers of the Mystics there is scarcely a petition. There is never a word of the theory that God's dealings with us are to show His "power"; still less of the theory that "of His own good pleasure" He has "predestined" any souls to eternal damnation. There is little mention of heaven for self; of desire of happiness for self, none. It is singular how little mention there is either of "intercession" or of "Atonement by Another's merits." True it is that we can only *create* a heaven for *ourselves and others* "by the merits of Another," since it is only by working in accordance with God's Laws that we can do anything. But there is nothing at all in these prayers as if God's anger had to be bought off, as if He had to be bribed into giving us heaven by sufferings merely "to satisfy God's justice." In the dying prayers, there is nothing of the "egotism of death." It is the reformation of God's church—that is, God's children, for whom the self would give itself, that occupies the dying thoughts. There is not often a desire to be released from trouble and suffering. On the contrary, there is often a desire to suffer the greatest suffering, and to offer the greatest offering, with even greater pain, if so any work can be done. And still, this, and all; is ascribed to God's *goodness*. The offering is not to buy anything by suffering, but—If only the suppliant can do anything for God's children!

These suppliants did not live to see the "reformation" of God's children. No more will any who now offer these prayers. But at least we can all work towards such practical "reforma-

II

I construct the Preface from various notes and rough drafts in Miss Nightingale's hand :—

It may seem a strange thing to begin a book with :—this Book is not for any one who has time to read it—but the meaning of it is: this reading is good only as a preparation for work. If it is not to inspire life and work, it is bad. Just as the end of food is to enable us to live and work, and not to live and eat, so the end of—most reading perhaps, but certainly of—mystical reading is not to read but to work.

For what is Mysticism? Is it not the attempt to draw near to God, not by rites or ceremonies, but by inward disposition? Is it not merely a hard word for "The Kingdom of Heaven is within"? Heaven is neither a place nor a time. There might be a Heaven not only *here* but *now*. It is true that sometimes we must sacrifice not only health of body, but health of mind (or, peace) in the interest of God; that is, we must sacrifice Heaven. But "thou shalt be like God for thou shalt see Him as He is": this may be *here* and *now*, as well as *there* and *then*. And it may be for a time—then lost—then recovered—both *here* and *there*, both *now* and *then*.

That Religion is not devotion, but work and suffering for the love of God; this is the true doctrine of Mystics—as is more particularly set forth in a definition of the 16th century: "True religion is to have no other will but God's." Compare this with the definition of Religion in Johnson's *Dictionary*: "Virtue founded upon reverence of God and expectation of future rewards and punishments"; in other words on respect and self-interest, not love. Imagine the religion which inspired the life of Christ "founded" on the motives given by Dr. Johnson!

Christ Himself was the first true Mystic. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work." What is this but putting in fervent and the most striking words the foundation of all real Mystical Religion?—which is that for all our actions, all our words, all our thoughts, the food upon which they are to live and have their being is to be the indwelling Presence of God, the union with God; that is, with the Spirit of Goodness and Wisdom.

Where shall I find God? In myself. That is the true Mystical Doctrine. But then I myself must be in a state for Him to come and dwell in me. This is the whole aim of the Mystical Life; and all Mystical Rules in all times and countries have been laid down for putting the soul into such a state.

in much of his intercourse with his daughter Florence, and she was now deprived of the father who had, in things of the mind, sat at her feet and sympathized in her searches after truth. The death of her father was quickly followed, on January 31, 1874, by that of her dearly loved friend, Mrs. Bracebridge. "She was more than mother to me," wrote Florence to M. and Madame Mohl (Feb. 3); "and oh that I could not be a daughter to her in her last sad days! What should I have been without her? and what would many have been without her? To one living with her as I did once, she was unlike any other human being: as unlike as a picture of a sunny scene is to the real light and warmth of sunshine: or as this February lamp we call our sun is to her own Sun of living light in Greece. . . . Other people live together to make each other worse: she lived with all to make them better. And she was not like a chastened Christian saint: no more like that than Apollo; but she had qualities which no Greek God ever had—real humility (excepting my dear Father, I never knew any one so really humble), and with it the most active heart and mind and buoyant soul that could well be conceived." Mr. Bracebridge had died eighteen months before (July 18, 1872), and Miss Nightingale had said: "He and she have been the creators of my life. And when I think of him at Scutari, the only man in all England who would have lived with willingness such a pigging life, without the interest and responsibility which it had to me, I think that we shall never look upon his like again. And when I think of Atherstone, of Athens, of all the places I have been in with them, of the immense influence they had in shaping my own life—more than earthly father and mother to me—I cannot doubt that they leave behind them, having shaped many lives as they did mine, their mark on the century—this century which has so little ideal at least in England. They were so immeasurably above any English 'country gentry' I have ever known." Miss Nightingale's estimate of her friends was shared by others who had enjoyed their hospitality. "The death of Mrs. Bracebridge," wrote M. Mohl (Feb. 14), "is a sad blow for you. The breaking of these old associations which nothing new can replace impoverishes one's

tion." The way to live with God is to live with Ideas—not merely to think about ideals, but to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work on men and women must above all things have their Spiritual Ideal, their purpose, ever present. The "mystical" state is the essence of common sense.

The authors whom Miss Nightingale read for the purpose of her selection included the Blessed Angela of Foligno, Madame de Chantal, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Francis Xavier, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, Father Rigoleuc, St. Teresa, and Father Surin. She arranged her extracts from these and other writers under headings, and supplied marginal summaries. She prepared also a title-page:—*Notes from Devotional Authors of the Middle Ages, Collected, Chosen, and Freely Translated by Florence Nightingale.*

III

This and all other literary work was interrupted, however, at the beginning of 1874 by the death of her father. She was in London; her sister and Sir Harry Verney were with him and Mrs. Nightingale at Embley. He was 80; but, though his strength of body and mind had failed a little, he had been out for his usual ride a few days before. Lady Verney had wished him good-night. "Say not good-night," he said in reply, quoting Mrs. Barbauld, "but in some brighter clime Bid me good-morning." A day or two later, he came down to breakfast as usual, but found that he had forgotten his watch. He went to fetch it, slipped upon the stairs, and died on the spot. Miss Nightingale felt the loss of her father deeply. "His reverent love for you," wrote Lord Houghton in a letter of condolence (Jan. 13, 1874), "was inexpressibly touching," and her love for him, though of a different kind, was very tender. Unlike in many respects, father and daughter were yet kindred spirits in intellectual curiosity, in a taste for speculative inquiry. M. Mohl noted among Mr. Nightingale's engaging characteristics "a modest curiosity about everything, a surprised, innocent, incredulous smile as he listened intently." Miss Irby spoke of his "exceeding sweetness and childlikeness of wisdom." These qualities were conspicuous

Her letters and notes at this period are of a quite tragic intensity. Something may be ascribed to a characteristic over-emphasis. "We Smiths," she said once of herself, "all exaggerate"; and Mr. Jowett said of some remarks made by her about him: "You are as nearly right as an habitual spirit of exaggeration will ever allow you to be." "We are a great many too many strong characters," she wrote of herself and her family, "and very different: all pulling different ways. And we are so dreadfully *au sérieux*. Oh, how much good it does us to have some one to laugh at us!"

But there was no exaggeration in one of her woes. A third of her time was taken up with the Nightingale Nurses; another third with Indian affairs (for in relation to India, as we shall hear, she never quite "went out of office"); the remaining third, which might have been devoted to working out a scheme of social and moral science on the statistical methods of M. Quetelet, or on preparing for the press her selections from the Mystics, was being wasted in family worries. M. Quetelet, with whom she had been corresponding, had recently died. "I cannot say," she wrote to Dr. Farr (Feb. 23, 1874), "how the death of our old friend touches me: he was the founder of the most important science in the whole world. Some months ago I prepared the first sketch of an Essay I meant to publish and dedicate to him on the application of his discoveries to explain the Plan of God in teaching us by these results the laws by which our Moral Progress is to be attained. I had pleased myself with thinking that this would please him. But painful and indispensable business prevented the finishing of my paper." "O God," she exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, "let me not sink in these perplexities: but give me a great cause to do and die for." And again: "What makes the difference between man and woman? Quetelet did his work, and I am so disturbed by my family that I can't do mine."

life, and a part of ourselves dies out with old friends even if they have not been to us what Mrs. Bracebridge was to you. *Und immer stiller wird's und stiller Auf unserm Pfad* until the great problem of life opens for ourselves. Two better people than the Bracebridges, different as they were, I have never seen. Madame d'Abbadie has a queer expression for a woman she approves of; she says *elle est honnête homme*, and nothing is more appropriate to Mrs. Bracebridge. I can never think of Atherstone without emotion; it is people like these in whom lies the glory of England and the strength of the country. They were so genuine, so ready to help and to impoverish themselves for public purposes, and to do it unostentatiously and without fishing for popularity." To the end of her life Miss Nightingale cherished the memory of these faithful and helpful friends. "To my beloved and revered friends," she said in her Will, "Mr. Charles Bracebridge and his wife, my more than mother, without whom Scutari and my life could not have been, and to whom nothing that I could ever say or do would in the least express my thankfulness, I should have left some token of my remembrance had they, as I expected, survived me."

The death of her companion at Scutari removed one of the few links with Miss Nightingale's happier past. The death of her father was not only a bereavement which she felt deeply; it also involved her in much distracting business. Her father's landed properties, at Embley and Lea Hurst, now passed, under the entail, to his sister, "Aunt Mai," and her husband. Florence did not attend her father's funeral, but soon she went down to Embley to look after her mother. There, and afterwards in London, she was immersed in worrying affairs. Her only comfort, she wrote repeatedly in private notes, was the "goodness" of Mr. Shore Smith—"her boy" of old days. The letters of Mr. Coltman, one of her father's executors, were full of humour, but Florence was never able to take things lightly. There were questions of property and residence to be discussed; servants to be dismissed and engaged; her mother's immediate movements and future mode of life to be settled. Everybody had a different plan, and Florence complained that nobody but she had the same plan for two days running.

She read the Mystics, not to lull her active faculties into contemplative ecstasy, but to consecrate them to more perfect service. In one place she makes these notes from St. Catherine of Siena :—“ It is not the occupation but the spirit which makes the difference. The election of a bishop may be a most secular thing. The election of a representative may be a religious thing. It is not the prelude such an election with public prayer that would make it a religious act. It is religious so far as each man discharges his part as a duty and a solemn responsibility. The question is not whether a thing is done for the State or the Church, but whether it is done with God or without God.” Miss Nightingale’s heading to this passage was “Drains.” She applied her religion to every aspect of her life; and in her meditations, passages of solemn profundity are sometimes side by side with entries of a quaint, and almost humorous, directness, like a gargoyle above a church porch or a dog in a Madonna picture. “O Lord I offer him to Thee. He is so *heavy*. Do Thou take care of him. *I can’t.*” “I must strive to see only God in my friends, and God in my cats.” Such passages are thought “profane” by professors of a purely formal religion; but are characteristic of the true mystics in all denominations.

The mystical self-abasement of the Saints was never more complete than in the private meditations of Florence Nightingale. Once in the middle of the night she started up and saw pictures on the wall by the night-light lamp. “Am I she who once stood on that Crimean height? ‘The Lady with a Lamp shall stand.’ The lamp shows me only my utter shipwreck.” From the year 1872 onwards, when she went “out of office,” and with increased intensity after her father’s death, Miss Nightingale’s mood, in all communings with herself, was of deep dejection and of utter humbleness. The notes are often heart-rending in their impression of loneliness, of craving for sympathy which she could not find, of bitter self-reproach. The loss of friends may account for something of all this, and even her friendship with Mr. Jowett had now lost somewhat of its consoling power. She felt that she gave more sympathy than she

IV

So, then, Miss Nightingale never finished her book on the Mystics ; but she did something which, if we take her view of literary work, we may account far better ; she lived it. No words of Florence Nightingale's that have been quoted in the course of this Memoir are more intensely autobiographical, none express more truly the spirit in which she lived and moved and had her being, than those which I have put together on a preceding page from her Notes on the Mystics. Her creed may seem cold to some minds, but she invested it with a spiritual fervour which none of the Mystics has surpassed. This woman, so practical, so business-like, and in her outward dealings with men and affairs so worldly-wise, was a dreamer, a devotee, a religious enthusiast. The Lady-in-Chief, who was to others a tower of strength, was to herself a weak vessel, praying continually for support, and conscious, with bitter intensity, of short-coming, of faithlessness, of rebellion to the will of God. Self-possessed in the presence of others, she was tortured and agonized, often to the verge of despair, in the solitude of her chamber. " I have done nothing for seven years," she said to a friend, " but write regulations." And that was broadly true of one side of her life. Of another side, she might have said with almost equal truth, " I have done nothing all my life but write spiritual meditations." She lived with a pen or pencil ever at her side ; and reams of her paper are covered with confessions, self-examinations, communings with God. She suffered much, and especially during these years, from sleeplessness, and in the watches of the night she would turn to read the Mystics for comfort, or to write on her tablets for spiritual exercise. Though she liked best the books of the Catholic saints, her Catholicism was wider than theirs, and she could find spiritual kinship also, as in the lines prefixed to the present Part, with the hymns of American evangelists. At one and the same time mystic and practical administrator, Miss Nightingale had two soul-sides ; but each was a reflection of the other. Her religion was her work ; and her work was her religion.

which gave her much comfort in later years she marked this passage :—

Abstaining from attachment to the work,
 Abstaining from rewardment in the work,
 While yet one doeth it full faithfully,
 Saying, " 'Tis right to do ! "—that is true act
 And abstinence ! Who doeth duties so,
 Unvexed if his work fail, if it succeed
 Unflattered, in his own heart justified,
 Quit of debates and doubts, his is " true " act.¹

But the lesson was hard to learn. " There are trying days before us," she wrote to one of her dearest friends (Aug. 1873) ; " however, we cannot change a single ' hair ' ; we must look to Him ' Alike who grasps eternity, And numbers every hair.' I don't know that it is ever difficult to me to entrust my ' hair ' to Him, but to entrust A.'s, and yours, and poor matron's I find very difficult. And I thought He did not take care of B.'s hairs. What a reprobate I am ! " And a worse " reprobate " than this letter says ; for in fact she did find it very difficult to entrust even her own " hair to Him "—as she confessed in another letter to the same friend : " God is displeased when we enquire too anxiously. A soul which has really given itself to God does His will in the present, and trusts to the Father for the future. Now it is twenty years to-day [Aug. 11, 1873] since I entered ' public life '—and I have not learnt that lesson yet—though the greater part of those twenty years have been as completely out of my hands to mould, and in His alone, as if they had been the movements of the planets." The surrender of her will to the keeping of the Supreme Will was the spiritual perfection at which she most continuously aimed. In consciousness of failure, she reproached herself for censoriousness, rebellion, impatience. She knew that some of all this, and much of her dejection, were morbid, and warned others against the like weakness. " Do not depend, darling," she wrote to a friend, " upon ' light ' in one sort of mystical way. There are things, as I know by experience, in which He sends us light by the hard good

¹ Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial* (translated from the Mahābhārata) : see below, p. 401.

received; she sometimes found her interviews with him exhausting or disturbing; "he talks to me," she said once, "as if I were some one else." The strange manner of her life should be remembered. Her habit of seeing only one person at a time, and that at set times, must have made intercourse rather formidable for both parties. Nobody, even if staying in the house, ever *happened* to come into her room, and no outside visitor appeared unexpectedly. She never had the relief of hearing two other people talk, or of witnessing, even for a moment, two other personalities in contact. Something too must be accounted to the fact that many of her meditations were written at night or in the early morning hours when she could not sleep. Periods of sleepless dejection, which in the lives of most men and women leave little record of themselves behind, were by her spent in writing down their weary tale. No doubt, the self-expression gave relief; and she would often turn at the instant from her tablets of despair to amuse a visitor with humorous conversation, or write a vivacious letter to a friend.

These are considerations for which allowance must be made in estimating what was morbid in Miss Nightingale's moods. But for the most part the despondency and the self-abasement which coloured her meditations, and which sometimes appear in her letters, were the expression of the mystical way of her soul. They are the utterance of a soul which was striving after perfection, and found the path difficult and thorny. Miss Nightingale was masterful and eager; she had often been able to impress her will upon men and upon events; she found it difficult to bear disappointments and vexations with that entire resignation which the mystics taught her. She was "out of office"; she had been interrupted, suddenly and painfully, in a long career of almost unceasing action. The pause in her public life gave her new occasion for self-criticism and fresh consciousness of the difficulty of sustaining in active life that absolute purity of motive which makes light even of success or failure. She strove to attain, and she taught others to ensue, passivity in action—to do the utmost in their power, but to leave the result to a Higher Power. In a poem

she wrote, "in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth. And in Jesus Christ, His best son, our Master, who was born to show us the way through suffering to be also His sons and His daughters, His handmen and His handmaidens, who lived in the same spirit with the Father, that we may also live in that Holy Spirit whose meat was to do His Father's will and to finish His work, who suffered and died saying, 'That the world may love the Father.' And I believe in the Father Almighty's love and friendship, in the service of man being the service of God, the growing into a likeness with Him by love, the being one with Him in will at last, which is Heaven. I believe in the plan of Almighty Perfection to make us all perfect. And thus I believe in the Life Everlasting."

This was the creed by which Miss Nightingale guided her life; this, the path to perfection along which she ever moved. There was nothing ecstatic in her mysticism, though she notes occasionally that she heard "The voice," and often that she was conscious of receiving "strong impressions." They were impressions which came in moments of imaginative insight, but yet which followed rationally from self-examination and meditation on her creed. Patience and resignation were the states of the purified soul which she found hardest of attainment. She marked for her edification many a passage from devotional writers in which such virtues are enjoined; as in this from Thomas à Kempis: "Oh Lord my God, patience is very necessary for me, for I perceive that many things in this life do fall out as we would not. . . . It is so, my son. But my will is that thou seek not that peace which is void of temptations, or which suffereth nothing contrary; but rather think that thou hast found peace, when thou art exercised with sundry tribulations and tried in many adversities." Her tribulations were often caused, she confessed, by her impatience. "O Lord, even now I am trying to snatch the management of Thy world out of Thy hands." The middle path of perfection between the acquiescence of the quietist and the impatience of the worker was hard. "Too little have I looked for something higher and better than my own work—the work of Supreme Wisdom, which

sense of others, not by our going over in sickness and solitude one thought, or rather feeling, over and over again by ourselves, which rather brings darkness. I have felt this so much in my lonely life." But there was another mystical way in which she found strength. In her spiritual life, which was at once the complement and the sustaining source of her outward life, she followed, as she was fond of writing, "the Way of the Cross." There were moments indeed, but they were rare, in which she was inclined to draw back, and when her faith grew faint. "O my Creator, art Thou leading every man of us to perfection? Or is this only a metaphysical idea for which there is no evidence? Is man only a constant repetition of himself? Thou knowest that through all these 20 horrible years [1873] I have been supported by the belief (I think I must believe it still or I am sure I could not work) that I was working with Thee who wert bringing every one, even our poor nurses, to perfection." Yet from every doubt her assurance grew the stronger; and as she followed the Way of the Cross, she rose triumphant over suffering, finding in each loss of human sympathy a lesson that she should throw herself more entirely into the Eternal Arms, and in every outbreak of human despondency or rebellion a call to closer union with the Eternal Goodness. "O Father, I submit, I resign myself," she wrote in one of hundreds of similar meditations, "I accept with all my heart this stretching out of Thy hand to save me: Deal with me as Thou seest meet: Thy work begin, Thy work complete. O how vain it is, the vanity of vanities, to live in men's thoughts, instead of God's." And again: "Wretch that I was not to see that God was taking from me all human help in order to compel me to lean on Him alone." She had little interest in rites and ceremonies as such, and she interpreted the doctrines of Christianity in her own way; but she found great comfort in the Communion Service, as an expression of the individual believer's participation in the sufferings and the triumph of the greatest of the Mystics. For some years she entered in her diary a text from the mystical writers for each day. She took to herself their devotion, their communion with God, their self-surrender; she adjusted their doctrine to her own beliefs. "I believe,"

CHAPTER III

MISS NIGHTINGALE'S SCHOOL

(1872-1879)

Let each Founder train as many in his or her spirit as he or she can. Then the pupils will in their turn be Founders also.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

MISS NIGHTINGALE did not do as she had planned, and go in her own person to St. Thomas's Hospital, but in another sense the year 1872 was the year of her descent upon it. Not, indeed, as we saw in the preceding Part, that she had ever abandoned a personal interest in the Training School, but there were now new conditions which called for additional care, and Miss Nightingale, being out of office, was more free to give it. Henceforth she became, in a yet more direct manner than heretofore, the head of the Nightingale School, and the Chief of the Nightingale Nurses.

The year 1871 had seen the removal of St. Thomas's Hospital from its temporary quarters in the old Surrey Gardens to the present building opposite the Houses of Parliament. The foundation-stone had been laid by Queen Victoria in 1868. Miss Nightingale had been requested to ask the Queen to do this, and she had preferred the petition through Sir James Clark. "I never pressed Her Majesty so hard upon anything before," said he, in announcing the Royal pleasure. The Queen had again shown her interest in the Hospital by opening the new building in June 1871. The number of beds was now greatly increased, and with it the number of nurses and probationers. The control of the nurses was likely to be relaxed as it was spread over a larger number, and Miss Nightingale resolved to hold a Visitation.

First, she sent Dr. Sutherland with the consent of the

uses us whether we know it or not. O God to Thy glory not to mine whatever happens, may be all my thought ! ”

Miss Nightingale's meditations, written in the purgatorial stage, are many and poignant. But there were times also when the mount of illumination was reached, when “ the palace of her soul ” was enlarged to receive the indwelling Presence, and she found the perfect peace of the mystic in the consciousness of union with the Supreme Wisdom ; times when on the wings of the soul she attained with Dante to the empyrean :—

Lume è lassù, che visibile face
Lo Creatore a quella creatura,
Che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace.

Perfected in weakness, she was strong in moments of illumination “ to see God in all things, and all things in God, the Eternal shining through the accidents of space and time.”¹

¹ Letter to Mr. Jowett, April 17, 1873.

would have me, an active and faithful comrade." He gave clinical instruction to the Probationers; delivered courses of lectures—general, medical, and surgical in the several terms—throughout the year, of which he submitted the syllabus to Miss Nightingale, and at her request drew up a "Course of Reading for Probationers." Other members of the Medical Staff gave courses of lectures also, and examinations were made more regular and searching. The answers written by the Probationers, and their notes on the lectures, were from time to time sent in to Miss Nightingale, so that she might gain an idea of the general standard of instruction, and perhaps administer rebuke or encouragement to individual pupils. "I think," Miss Nightingale was told on one occasion, "that the ladies are thoroughly ashamed of the appearance they made at Mr. Croft's last examination, and wish to retrieve themselves." Their good resolutions seem to have been successful, for presently one of the Medical Officers reported that "the answers which I have received this year collectively are much better than in former years, they are indeed exceedingly good." "I read your Case-papers," Miss Nightingale wrote in one of her Addresses, "with more interest than if they were novels. Some are meagre, especially in the history of the cases. Some are good. Please remember that, besides your own instruction, you can give me some too, by making these most interesting cases as interesting as possible by making them accurate and entering into the full history." The new Hospital had greatly increased the demands upon the time of the Matron, Mrs. Wardroper, and left her less able to supervise the Probationers. An Assistant-Superintendent of the School was appointed with the title of Home Sister.¹ It was one of her duties to supplement the lectures and bedside demonstration of the medical officers by regular class-teaching.

Miss Nightingale, however, attached even more import-

¹ The part of Home Sister was "created," and was most efficiently filled for 21 years, by Miss Crossland, who retired on a pension in 1895. "Nearly 600 nurses completed their probationary course under her care, and subsequently entered upon their vocation as nurses in some general Hospital or Infirmary, or in training as District Nurses for the Poor, and a very large number of them became Matrons, Superintendents, or Ward Sisters" (*Nightingale Fund Report for 1895*).

hospital authorities to inspect the new buildings and to consider all the arrangements from the point of view of an expert sanitarian. She examined and cross-examined Sisters and Nurses on the same points, and put into print a list of the defects which needed remedy.¹ Then Miss Nightingale took in hand the education, technical and moral, of her own Nightingale School. She had already observed that the Lady Probationers, appointed to responsible posts, were not always adequate to their duties: the overworked Matron had perhaps sometimes recommended unsuitable persons. She found on questioning the Nurses that their technical education did not reach the high standard which she desired to maintain. She feared that the moral standard similarly fell short of her ideal; nursing was coming to be regarded too much as a business profession, and too little as a sacred calling. Miss Nightingale determined to throw herself into a sustained effort for the better realization of her ideal. Directly or indirectly, she instituted sweeping reforms. The result of them was, as she wrote to Mr. Bonham Carter (Aug. 1875), that the Training School became "a Home—a place of moral, religious and practical training—a place of training of character, habits, intelligence, as well as of acquiring knowledge." Those who saw the Nightingale nurses in these years were struck by the bright, kindly and pleasant spirit which seemed to pervade the company of them, and could well understand that the Institution was really, as its foundress intended, a home as well as a school.

Mr. Whitfield, the Resident Medical Officer, who had acted since the foundation of the Nursing School as Medical Instructor of the Probationers, resigned that post, and Mr. J. Croft, who had lately become one of the Surgeons to the Hospital, was appointed in his stead. Miss Nightingale saw and corresponded with Mr. Croft, and liked him much. "I have always dreaded," he wrote (Feb. 24, 1873), "remaining a 'stagnant man.'² I hope to become, as you

¹ See Bibliography A, No. 67.

² The reference here was to Miss Nightingale's "Address to the Probationers" (1872) in which she had written: "To be a good nurse, one must be an improving woman; for stagnant waters sooner or later, and stagnant air, as we know ourselves, always grow corrupt and unfit for use. Is any one of us a *stagnant woman*?"

and she liked it—teasing him sometimes about his dukes and marquises and inventing humorous nicknames for them. “Why do I write to you,” he said, “about all these young men? Because it pleases me, and because I know that you are a student of human nature.” She was indeed. She read her visitors through and through. As soon as a Sister or a Nurse took leave, Miss Nightingale wrote down a memorandum of the attainments, knowledge, and character of each. The character-sketches are terse and vivid, expressed sometimes in racy English. “Miss A.¹ Tittupy, flippant, pretension-y, veil down, ambitious, clever, not much feeling, talk-y, underbred, no religion, may be persevering from ambition to excel, but takes the thing up as an adventure like Nap. III.” “Nurse B. A good little thing, spirited, too much friends with G., shares in her flirtations.” “Miss C. Seems a woman of good feeling and bad sense; much under the meridian of anybody who will try to persuade her. I think her praises have been sung exaggerated-ly. She wants a very steady hand over her. Such long-winded stories 5 points or at least half the compass off the subject in hand. Had I not been intent on persuading her I should have been out of all patience.” “Miss D. As self-comfortable a jackass (or Joan-ass) as ever I saw.” “Nurse E. A most capable little woman, no education, but one can’t find it in one’s heart to regret it, she seems as good as can be.” “Miss X. More cleverness than judgment, more activity than order, more hard sense than feeling, never any high view of her calling, always thinking more of appearances than of the truth, more flippant than witty, more petulance than vigour.” “Nurse Y. As poor a two-fisted thing as ever I saw, a mawkin to frighten away good nurses.” There were many Sisters and Nurses so excellent in every respect that they needed nothing but encouragement; she was more careful to mark defects, and sometimes she would write a note of warning or remonstrance immediately after an interview, as to Miss Z.: “A wise man says that true knowledge of anything whether in heaven or earth can only be gained by a true love of the Ideal in it—that is, of *the best that we can do* in it. Forgive

¹ The initials are not the real ones.

ance to the Home Sister's influence on the moral and spiritual side of the School. The Home Sister was to encourage general reading, to arrange Bible classes, to give interests to the nurses in order "to keep them above the mere scramble for a remunerative place." The two sides of the School are closely joined in the letters to Miss Nightingale from the Home Sister and Matron—letters telling on one page of the progress of Probationers in antiseptic dressing and so forth, and on another of their Bible readings or selected hymns. Miss Nightingale was especially pleased when Canon Farrar allotted some seats at St. Margaret's to her nurses and took a Confirmation class among them.

II

Miss Nightingale relied, however, upon her own influence also. During her residence in London she now made a point of seeing regularly all the Sisters, Nurses, and Probationers attached to her School. She had resolved, when Agnes Jones died, to "give herself up to finding more Agnes Joneses." This was the task to which she now devoted a large part of her life. She was still untiring in the attempt to procure promising raw material. She applied to Mr. Spurgeon, among others, who in reply (July 29, 1877) hoped that from his church "there would come quite a little army of recruits for your holy war. Rest assured that to me in common with all my countrymen your name is very fragrant." When applications came to her for trained nurses from provincial towns, she used to tell them what Pastor Fliedner said when similar applications came to him for trained Deaconesses from Kaiserswerth: "Have you sent me any Probationers? I can't stamp material out of the ground." From 1872 onwards all the "raw material" passed under Miss Nightingale's own eye.

She was a shrewd judge of character. A collection of extracts from Mr. Jowett's notes to her about his pupils, and of her pencilled notes upon her pupils, would furnish a gallery of types of young English men and English women. He used to write to her very freely about his undergraduates;

resulted in the following paragraph:—‘ 8.15 A.M. Tooth-combed seven heads, had grand sport ; mixed bag, measured one teaspoonful ; cleanliness is next to godliness ! ’ Miss Nightingale, when she came to know me, had a hearty laugh at this cheeky probationer’s description of sport in Hospital coverts.” The cheekiness by no means prejudiced Miss Nightingale against the pupil, who, a few years afterwards, was selected for a very responsible post.¹ To be invited to tea and talk with the Chief was regarded as a great honour by her pupils, but, as young people will, they sometimes made fun of it among themselves. “ Carefully dressed in my best garments I was just starting on my first visit to South Street when one of the nurses rushed up to me exclaiming, ‘ Miss Nightingale always gives a cake to the probationer who has tea with her, and the size of the cake varies according to the poverty or otherwise of the nurse’s dress.’ So I hurried upstairs, exchanged my best coat for one that had done country service for many years and came home from my tea-party the proud possessor of a cake so large that it went the round of all the thirty-six probationers.” This story also was told presently to Miss Nightingale, who enjoyed it hugely. She herself often wrote in a playful vein ; as in this note to a pupil who was not taking due care of herself : “ Ah, what a villain you are ! *I knowed yer !* If any one else were to do as you do in nursing yourself, you would discharge her from the face of the earth. And see the results ! Then, I’ll be bound you’ve eaten none of those victuals yourself.”

III

The *dossiers* which Miss Nightingale preserved and annotated (often picking out special points by black, blue, and red pencil respectively) were of use to her in the important work of selecting particular ladies for particular posts. The most notable appointment during these years was that of a Lady Superintendent to organize District Nursing in London. We have heard already that Miss Nightingale regarded this development as the proper sequel to the reform of workhouse nursing. That was in 1866,

¹ See below, p. 348.

me, dear Miss Z., do you think that you have the true *love* of the *best* in nursing? This is a question I ask myself daily in all I do. Do not think me governess-ing. It is a question which each one of us can only ask of, and answer to, herself." The notes which Miss Nightingale took of conversations with Probationers did not refer only to those ladies themselves. She questioned them closely of the state of the wards, the kind and extent of instruction they received, and the influence exerted by the several Sisters. She came to the conclusion that the Probationers were not always adequately taught by the Sisters, and she drew up accordingly a "Memorandum of Instruction to Ward Sisters on their duties to Probationers." In one of her cross-examinations of herself, she wrote, "God meant me for a reformer and I have turned out a detective." But the reformer must needs on occasion play the detective—especially if she cannot herself be on the scene. The close hand which Miss Nightingale kept upon her School during these years from her room in South Street or at Lea Hurst is extraordinary, but it was done at a prodigious expenditure of labour. She notes the point herself: it was one of the sore trials of her lot that she had to "write 100 letters to do one little thing instead of being able to do it directly." "It takes a great deal out of me," she wrote to a friend. "I have never been used to influence people except by leading in *work*; and to have to influence them by talking and writing is hard. A more dreadful thing than being cut short by death is being cut short by life in a paralysed state."

Miss Nightingale's sense of the seriousness of the nurse's vocation by no means stifled her appreciation of fun. Each nurse had to write once a month a report, for submission to the Chief, of a day's work in the wards. "I well remember," says one of her pupils, "coming off duty one evening at 8 P.M. fagged, footsore, and weary. On entering the Home, the Sister informed me that my report must be written immediately (we never knew beforehand on which day this sword of Damocles would fall upon us). So after a hurried supper, I commenced jotting down the day's work. One of the rules was that everything we had done in the wards must be entered. A combination of truthfulness and temper

Nursing in London was only one, though it was the most important, of many responsible appointments, over which Miss Nightingale took infinite pains in order to place the right person in the right place. Hospitals and workhouse Infirmaries in London and in various parts of the country looked to the Nightingale School for superintendents; or sometimes if an important post were thrown open by advertisement, Miss Nightingale used her influence to secure the election of a Nightingale candidate. Here, again, her labour was the greater because she was not herself on the spot and had others to consult. There was a Triumvirate, she used to say; the Triumvirs being Mr. Henry Bonham Carter (the Secretary of the Nightingale Fund), Mrs. Wardroper (the Matron) and Miss Nightingale (here, as in the Crimea, the Lady-in-Chief)—with Dr. Sutherland, sometimes, in the background as a court of ultimate appeal. Whenever an important post fell vacant, the amount of cross-correspondence was prodigious. As soon as a lady was selected by the triumvirate for promotion, Miss Nightingale would call the chosen pupil more closely to her, make her intimate acquaintance and prepare her for the work. Then there was the difficult duty of effecting exchanges. The Sisters when they had once left St. Thomas's were, after all, free agents; and though the deference which they all paid to Miss Nightingale's wishes was great, yet the ladies had ambitions, preferences, views of their own, and her influence had often to be exercised by humouring, petting, coaxing:—

(To Miss Rachel Williams.) 35 SOUTH STREET, Jan. 17 [1874]. . . . We thought that this arrangement was what would approve itself best to your best judgment. But as I am well aware that my dear Goddess-baby has—well, a baby-side, I shall not be surprised at any outburst—though I know full well that in the dear Pearl's terrible distress, you will do everything and more than everything possible to drag her through and to spare her and to keep *her* up and the *place* going. Only don't break yourself down, my dear child. . . . Alas, I would so fain relieve you of your "bitterness." You say you are "bitter"; and indeed you *are*. . . . I would not have written thus much, unless urged by seeing my Goddess-baby suffering from delusions. And how can a woman be a Superintendent unless she has learnt to superintend herself?

and now she reproached herself: "I had then resolved to give myself to promoting District Nursing, and now that District Nursing comes it is too late for me to help." This lament, however, was unnecessary. It was Miss Nightingale's published *Suggestions*¹ upon which the promoters of the movement acted. Foremost among them was Mr. Rathbone, who was moved to extend to London the experiment which he had carried out successfully in Liverpool.² He at once came to consult Miss Nightingale. It was her letter to the *Times*, too, reprinted as a pamphlet,³ that made the "Metropolitan Nursing Association" well known to the public. In this letter, as in all her writings on the same subject, Miss Nightingale insisted that nothing second best would be good enough for nursing among the sick poor, that such nurses must be health missionaries, and that to obtain suitable women for the service there must be "a real home, within reach of their work, for the nurses to live in." The system thus inaugurated in London was, she said, "twenty years ago a paradox, but twenty years hence will be a commonplace." But the chief of the direct services which Miss Nightingale rendered to the movement was in persuading one of the ablest of her pupils—Miss Florence Lees (Mrs. Dacre Craven)—to accept the position of Superintendent-General. She filled the post with high efficiency for some years, and throughout her work was in constant consultation with Miss Nightingale.

In April 1878 it looked as if Miss Nightingale would have to find Superintendents and Nurses for another purpose. War with Russia was believed to be imminent; two Army Corps were being prepared for immediate embarkation; and Sir William Muir, Director-General of the Army Medical Department, came to a consultation in South Street upon the female nursing establishment to be dispatched to the (unknown) seat of war. Miss Nightingale spent some anxious days and sleepless nights in considering which of her pupils were best fitted and could best be spared for this special service, but the war-cloud passed away.

The appointment of Miss Lees to organize District

¹ Bibliography A, No. 75.

² See above, p. 125.

³ Bibliography A, No. 80.

wrote one pupil, "if you saw the matter in the same light as I do." I expect that in such a case the self-willed pupil had to do very well in her post in order to win Miss Nightingale's approval. There were few important posts in the nursing world which were not filled during these and the following years by pupils of the Nightingale School. An appointment which gave special satisfaction to Miss Nightingale and her Council was that of Miss Machin to be Matron of St. Bartholomew's (1878).¹ At one and the same time (1882), former Nightingale Probationers held the post of Matron or of Superintendent of Nurses in the following among other institutions:—Cumberland Infirmary (Carlisle), Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, Huntingdon County Hospital, Leeds Infirmary, Lincoln County Hospital; at Liverpool, in the Royal Infirmary, the Southern Hospital, and the Workhouse Infirmary; Netley, Royal Victoria Hospital; Putney, Royal Hospital for Incurables; Salisbury Infirmary; Sydney (N.S.W.) General Hospital; and in London, at Marylebone Workhouse Infirmary, the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, the North London District Nursing Association, the Paddington Association, St. Mary's Hospital, and the Westminster Hospital. To many of these Institutions a large number of nurses, forming in some cases a complete Nursing staff, had been provided from the Nightingale School, and the result was the gradual introduction into British Hospitals of an organized system of trained nursing.² The movement was not confined to Great Britain. "Nightingale Nurses" became Matrons or Superintendents in many Colonies (e.g. Canada and Ceylon), in India, in Sweden, in Germany, and in the United States. Moreover, other Hospitals and Institutions had followed the lead of Miss Nightingale and established Training Schools, and several of these were again superintended by her pupils; as, for instance, at Edinburgh (under Miss Pringle), at the Marylebone Infirmary (Miss Vincent), at St. Mary's (Miss Williams), and at the Westminster (Miss Pyne). These Schools in their turn sent out Lady Superintendents, Matrons,

¹ Miss Machin had in 1875 gone from St. Thomas's, with a staff of nurses, to the General Hospital at Montreal.

² Full particulars may be found in the *Annual Reports of the Nightingale Fund* (now accessible in the Library of the British Museum).

(*To the same.*) *May 2* [1874]. I have this moment received your charming letter, which is just like yourself. And I *must* write and thank you for it at once. It has taken a load off my heart. It is a pure joy to me : because I see *yourself* (and not another) in it. And life has not many joys for me, my darling.

(*To the same.*) *Dec. 5* [1874]. After much consideration my suggestion was that you should remain another six months in the same position, not because I had any idea of your remaining indefinitely on and on as you are, but because Edinburgh serves as a capital and indispensable preparation. But this is only an old woman's advice : which probably the Goddess will not much regard and which is subject any way, of course, to hearing your own wishes, ideas and reasons for one course or another. . . . If there is such violent haste, telegraph to me any day and come up by the next express or on the wires. And I will turn out India, my Mother, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men together, with one-sixth of the human race, and lay my energies (not many left) at the Goddess' feet.

Miss Nightingale had a large heart and an unprejudiced mind ; she was open to discern character and efficiency in many different forms ; but naturally there were those, among her pupils, by whom she was more particularly attracted. The letters just quoted introduce us to two of these. Of one of them Miss Nightingale noted in her diary, after the first interview : "Miss P. came. I have found a pearl of great price." The name was adopted, and she became in familiar correspondence "The Pearl." She filled important posts, and became one of Miss Nightingale's dearest friends. Of the other Probationer, she wrote : "Besides the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Williams it was quite a pleasure to my bodily eyes to look at her. She is like a queen ; and all her postures are so beautiful, without being in the least theatrical." This lady was "the Goddess" of the letters already quoted. She was for many years Matron of St. Mary's Hospital in London, with a Training School under her, and she was afterwards appointed Lady Superintendent of Nurses during the Egyptian campaign of 1884-85. Even her marriage shortly afterwards did not break her friendship with Miss Nightingale. Sometimes a pupil on leaving St. Thomas's would take a situation against Miss Nightingale's advice or without consulting her. "I should feel happier,"

helped them, planned for them, with an extraordinary thoroughness. Was a Sister returning to work in the North after a holiday in London? She would remember how careless girls sometimes are of regular meals, and her Commissionaire would be dispatched to see the Sister off and put a luncheon-basket in the carriage. Miss Nightingale was an old hand at purveying, and amongst her papers are careful lists of what such baskets were to contain. She heard of a member of a certain nursing staff being run down. "What Miss X. wants is to be fed like a baby," she wrote, sending a detailed dietary and adding, "Get the things out of my money." She was constant in seeing that her "daughters" took proper holidays; sometimes helping to defray the expense, more often having them to stay with her in South Street or in the country. She was constant, too, in sending them presents of books—both of a professional kind likely to be of help to them in their work, and such as would encourage a taste for general literature. To those who were in London hospitals or infirmaries, her notes were often accompanied by "fresh country eggs," game, or flowers. She always remembered them when Christmas came round and sent evergreens for the wards. At one or two of the London Infirmaries there is a Matron's Garden, planted with rhododendrons. The plants were sent by Miss Nightingale from Embley. To the nurses serving under her friends she sent presents also. She had a verse of the Hospital Hymn¹ finely illuminated on a large scale and gave it, suitably framed, to various institutions. She was as curious and as helpful in relation to the nursing arrangements in other hospitals as in St. Thomas's itself. Her pupils, wherever they might be, referred to their "dear Mistress" or "dearest friend" in all their trials, difficulties, perplexities, and she never failed them—sending words of encouragement, advice, and good cheer. "Should there be anything in which I can be of the least use, here I am": this was a frequent formula in her messages. In these letters a religious note is seldom absent. Never, I imagine,

¹ To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick and weak and strong
May praise Thee ever more.

and nurses to other institutions, and thus the movement of the waters, which Miss Nightingale was able to start after her return from the Crimea, extended in an ever-widening circle. "Let us hail," she said in an Address to her own Probationers (1884), "the successes of other Training Schools, sprung up, thank God, so fast and well in latter years. But the best way we can hail them is not to be left behind ourselves. Let us, in the spirit of friendly rivalry, rejoice in their progress, as they do, I am sure, in ours. *All* can win the prize. One training school is not lowered because others win. On the contrary, all are lowered if others fail."

The appointment of a Nightingale Nurse to a post outside St. Thomas's did not mean that she passed out of Miss Nightingale's ken. On the contrary, it meant, as we have already heard (p. 191), that her cares took further scope. "I am immersed," she wrote to M. Mohl (June 21, 1873), "in such a torrent of my trained matrons and nurses, going and coming, to and from Edinburgh and Dublin, to and from watering-places for their health, dining, tea-ing, sleeping—sleeping by day as well as by night." "Her attitude to her lieutenants," says one of them, "was that of a mother to daughters. Yet they were not living with her in an enclosure, but were out in the open encountering the experiences of their individual lives, often under very difficult conditions. When they confided their trials to her, she advised them in the spirit of her own high aims, wrestling with them or encouraging them, as the case might be, with fulness of attention, which might lead each one of us in turn to think that she had no other care." Miss Nightingale's own papers, and letters to nurses which I have seen, bear out all this in the fullest degree and to an amazing point of detail. With an erring Sister she took infinite pains. She was firm to save from any discredit the good name of the Nightingale School and to maintain the efficiency of its work; but this firmness went hand in hand with infinite pity for the individual, and any pain which her discipline may have caused to others was as nothing compared to the agony which her own tender and self-torturing soul endured. All Nightingale Sisters were her "daughters," alike in Canada or in Scotland, as at St. Thomas's. She advised them,

cannot know) how much one is thinking of you—here below—in what must be a terrible wrench in our lot: as to the little mother who is left behind *and* to the daughter who goes to try her fate even in the happiest change of a new and untried future, it must be a terrible wrench. But if I am thinking and feeling and praying for you so much, how must the *One Above* feel for you? A sober view both you and I take of the possible futures of life: veiled in mist and sometimes, nay often, in drizzle: with gleams of the Father's love, in bright sunshine: and both of us knowing well that "behind the clouds" He is still shining, brightly shining: the Sun of Righteousness. Though I ought to take a far soberer view than you, my dear "Little Sister," for I have undergone twice your years. And for the same reason I ought too, though I am afraid faith often fails me, to take a brighter view too. But whether I do or not and whether I write or not, your trials shall always be my trials, dear "Little Sister," your people shall be my people, as my God is your God. There can be no stronger tie. I think this letter will reach you just as Miss Williams has started. She will find a letter of welcome from me at St. Mary's.¹ I daresay just now she feels dreary enough. But her great spirit will soon buckle to her work: and find a joy in it. I am glad she takes some of your own people. I do earnestly trust that you will find help and comfort in Miss Pyne, to whom my best love, and Miss Mitchelson. I am sure you do not feel so stranded as I did when I was left at Scutari in the Crimea War alone, when Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge went home: on many, many times since—when Sidney Herbert, the War Minister with whom I had worked five years in the War Office died: when Sir John Lawrence, the Indian Viceroy, left India: and many other times when the future fell across my life like a great black wall, not (as in other lives) making a change, but completely cutting off the future from the past: and again when my Father's death brought upon me a load of cares which would have been too great had I had nothing else to do and had I been in health. I tell you these things, my dear "Little Sister," or rather my dearest child, because—because—I was going to say something, but I can only pray. . . . Give all our members of our common calling with you who remember me my heart-felt sympathy that they are losing Miss Williams: and give them joy that they have you. God bless us all: a solemn blessing.—F. N.

¹ To another Superintendent who was taking up a new post, Miss Nightingale sent to her room "a wreath of everlastings and corn to be my little messengers to say how you are sowing seed that will grow up and be the Bread of Life for us, and how the work that you are doing is everlasting. Thank God for it."

has there been a series of letters in which a high ideal was more continually and persistently presented. But the letters are not less conspicuous for shrewd practical sense and worldly wisdom—as, for instance, when she advises a candidate for a certain post not to frighten the Hospital Board by starting a suggestion at once “to reform the whole system.” Miss Nightingale put a high value, too, upon *esprit de corps* as an aid to maintaining a high standard of duty. Every pupil of the Nightingale School was taught to think of it as an Alma Mater to which she owed much, even as she had received much; all the Sisters who went out into the world from the School were encouraged to regard themselves as members still of a corporate body, however widely separated from one another they might be. Miss Nightingale’s letters often included news of one “old boy,” so to speak, passed on to another; each was inspired to take courage from the success of others. The volume of correspondence thus grew from year to year, as the circle widened, and at the time with which we are now concerned it was enormous. The wonder is how Miss Nightingale was able to do anything else besides. Mothers with large families sometimes find the burden of correspondence heavy as the sons and daughters leave home and have families of their own. Headmasters, who make a point of keeping in touch with old pupils, find it heavier still, when they are called upon to advise or sympathise with each successive school-generation upon openings, prospects, careers. The secretaries of the Appointments Boards, which now organize this kind of work in the case of Universities, do not find their duties light. Combine these functions of mother, headmaster, and Appointments Board, and an idea will be obtained of Miss Nightingale’s work as the Nursing Chief.

A selection of extracts from particular letters to various correspondents will perhaps convey the impression better than any further attempt at general description. The extracts are only not typical in that I omit details about nursing arrangements and hospital cases:—

(To a Matron whose assistant was leaving to undertake a new work.) 35 SOUTH STREET, Sept. 30 [1876]. 6 A.M. MY DEAREST “LITTLE SISTER”—This comes that you may know (though you

before your President? Nay, would it not be breaking faith with him if it were not done? This is now being done. Is not the next thing for you to take no step till you know the results of this letter to him—the next action he will take? You will remember that I stated to him at your friend's suggestion and at yours, that you wished for, that you *invited, a full investigation to be made by him and that you wished to abide by his decision.* I thought this so important, in order that I might not appear to be asking for any personal favour but only for justice, that I underlined it. Will it not seem as if you were afraid to await his full understanding of the case (how far from the truth!) if you precipitately resigned before he had had time even to consider the statement? The Matron must show no fear, else it would indeed be sacrificing the fruit of eight years' most excellent work. Surely she should wait quietly—that is the true dignity—with her friends around her till the President's answer is given. The "persecuted for righteousness' sake" never run away.

(*To a Matron after a visit to South Street.*) DEAREST LITTLE SISTER AND EXTRAORDINARY LITTLE VILLAINNESS—You absconded last night just as your dinner was going up, and it would not have taken you longer to eat your dinner here than your supper at hospital. I was a great goose not to make certain of this when you arrived. But I thought it was agreed. To punish you I send your dinner after you.

(*To the same.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, April 21 [1879]. DEAREST, VERY DEAREST—Very precious to me is your note. I almost hope you will not come *to-morrow*: the weather is so cold here. St. Mary's expects you: and next do I. Be sure that the word "trouble" is not known where you are concerned. Make up your dear mind to a long holiday: that's what you have to do now. God bless you. We shall have time to talk.

Thus day after day and year after year did such correspondence continue—now grave, now gay; filled alike with affection and with counsel. I have counted as many as a hundred letters received in a year from a single Superintendent. There were several years in which the total of Miss Nightingale's nursing correspondence has to be counted in thousands. As the years passed the demand on her affections, her brain-power, and her bodily strength became well-nigh overwhelming.

(*To a Nurse confronted with a difficult situation.*) LEA HURST, August 30 [1873]. . . . It is quite useless for either you or me to take upon ourselves the solution of this enormous difficulty: we must leave it to God. But at present the duty is plain. And God always helps those who are obeying His call to duty: often gives them the privilege of saving others. Do you remember the great London theatre which was burnt down at a Christmas pantomime? Who were the heroes then? The poor clown and the poor pantaloon who were at their duty! The audience who were there because they liked it made a selfish stampede, and but for a lucky accident might all have been crushed or burnt. But the clown and the pantaloon, though there was not a moment to save a shawl or a coat to throw over the ballet-dancers—gauze-dressed women who, if a spark had fallen upon them would have been instantly in a blaze—actually carried out every one of these women safely into the snow, gauze and all. And the carpenter collected the poor little ballet-children and dragged them through the snow and slush to his own house, where he kept them in safety. Brave clown—brave pantaloon—brave carpenter (while the selfish audience who were there for amusement almost jostled each other to death). So does God always stand by those who are there for duty—though they be only a clown or pantaloon. All our cares arise from one of two things: either we have not taken up our work for His love, in which case we know He has bound Himself to take our cares upon Him: or we do not sufficiently see His love in calling us to His work.

(*To a Lady Superintendent.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, Dec. 30 [1874]. I wish you and all our Nurses "God Speed" with all my soul and strength at the beginning of this New Year which I hardly expected to see. May it bring every blessing to them; though sometimes, do you know, I am so cowardly that I scarcely dare to say "God bless you" to those I love well: because we know what His blessings are. "Blessed are they that mourn: Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: Blessed are the pure in heart." And as we get on in life, we know both how truly those blessings *are* blessings, and how much there is to go through to win them. You are young, my dear: a thousand years younger than this old black beetle. And I have often a shuddering sort of maternal feeling in wishing you "blessings." . . .

(*To a Matron who was having a dispute with her Committee.*) . . . My thoughts are your thoughts; they are full of your—may I not say our?—sad affair. And I was just sending you a note to ask what was doing when your sad little note came. Is not the thing of first importance to lay a statement of the whole case

the first of its kind ; and they were apt to give themselves airs. Mr. Henley's character-sketches in verse of the " Lady Probationer " and " Staff-Nurse, New Style," hint pleasantly at this, and in plain prose men used to write of " the conceited Nightingales." The day is gone by, it was said in a medical journal, when a novel would picture a Nurse as a Mrs. Gamp ; she would figure, rather, as active, useful, and clever, but also as " a pert and very conceited young woman." Self-sufficiency, then, is the failing which the Chief of the Nurses constantly chastises. She does so by holding up before her pupils the ideal of nursing as a progressive art. " For us who nurse," she says, " our nursing is a thing in which, unless in it we are making *progress* every year, every month, every week,—take my word for it, we are going *back*. The more experience we gain, the more progress we can make. The progress you make in your year's training with us is as nothing to what you must make every year *after* your year's training is over. A woman who thinks in herself : ' Now I am a full Nurse, a skilled Nurse, I have learnt all that there is to be learnt '—take my word for it, she does not know what a Nurse is, and she never will know ; she is gone back already." This rule applies to the technical side of the work, and perhaps yet more to the moral side. Nurses cannot avoid exercising a moral influence. They exercise it by their characters, and no point can ever be reached at which a woman can say, " Now my character is perfect." " Nurses are not chaplains " ; " it is what a nurse is in herself, and what comes out of herself, out of what she *is* (almost without knowing it herself) that exercises a moral or religious influence over her patients. No set form of words is of any use. And patients are so quick to see whether a Nurse is consistent always in herself—whether she *is* what she *says* to them. And if she is not, it is no use. If she is, of how much use may the simplest word of soothing, of comfort, or even of reproof—especially in the quiet night—be to the roughest patient ! But if she wishes to do this, she must keep up a sort of divine calm and high sense of duty in her own mind." And every good nurse ought to wish to do this, because her opportunities are unique. " Hospital nurses have charge of their patients in a way that no other

IV

Miss Nightingale did not rely only upon individual intercourse for the exercise of influence. She believed in the pulpit, as well as in the closet, and from time to time addressed the Probationer-Nurses collectively.¹ Of the first of the series, written in 1872, Dr. Sutherland, to whom Miss Nightingale submitted her manuscript, said: "It is just what it ought to be, written as the thoughts come up. This is the only writing which goes like an arrow to its mark. It is full of gentle wisdom and does for Hospital nursing what your *Notes* did for nursing." It is the best of her Addresses, and the medical officers at St. Thomas's insisted on every Probationer mastering it. There is naturally a good deal of repetition in the Discourses as a whole. The gist of them is: that nursing requires a special call; that it needs, more than most occupations, a religious basis; that it is an art, in which constant progress is the law of life; and lastly, that the nurse, whether she wills it or not, has of necessity a moral influence. These ideas appear in almost every Address, and are illustrated in various ways. "A woman who takes the sentimental view of Nursing (which she calls 'ministering,' as if she were an angel) is of course worse than useless; a woman possessed with the idea that she is making a sacrifice will never do; and a woman who thinks any kind of Nursing work 'beneath a Nurse' will simply be in the way." The true Nurse must have a vocation; and, next, she must follow the call in a religious spirit. "If we have not true religious feeling and purpose, Hospital life, the highest of all things *with* these, becomes *without* them a mere routine and bustle, and a very hardening routine and bustle." To follow nursing as a religious vocation is, however, not enough; for it is a difficult art, requiring constant study and effort. This is the note which Miss Nightingale struck in the opening words of her first Address and it is the one which most frequently recurs. The besetting sin of the Nightingale Nurses in the early days was, it seems, self-sufficiency. They knew that their Training School was

¹ For the dates of these Addresses, see Bibliography A, No. 63.

but owing to selfishness, conceit, to some want of purpose, some laxness, carelessness, lightness, vanity, some temper, habits of self-indulgence, or want of disinterestedness, unequal to the struggle of life, the business of life, and ill-adapted to the employment of Nursing which we have chosen for ourselves and which, almost above all others, requires earnest purpose and the reverse of all these faults. Thirty years hence, if we could suppose us all standing here again passing judgment on ourselves, and telling sincerely why one has succeeded and another has failed—why the life of one has been a blessing to those she has had charge of, and another has gone from one thing to another, pleasing herself and bringing nothing to good—what would we give to be able *now* to see all this before us ?

Then she exhorted her pupils not to be too nice in the picking and choosing of places. " Our brains are pretty nearly useless, if we only think of what we want and should like ourselves ; and not of what posts are wanting us, what our posts are wanting *in* us. What would you think of a soldier who—if he were to be put on duty in the honourable post of difficulty, as sentry may be, in the face of the enemy (and we nurses are always in the face of the enemy, always in the face of life or death for our patients)—were to answer his commanding officer, ' No, he had rather mount guard at barracks or study musketry ' ; or, if he had to go as pioneer, or on a forlorn hope, were to say, ' No, that don't suit my turn ? ' " So, again, there are excellent little discourses on the Uses and Limits of School Friendships, on the Right Use of Dress, and on the Art of Exercising Authority, with wise sayings taken direct in some cases from Plato. " Those who rule must not be those who are desirous to rule." " The world, whether of a ward or of an Empire, is governed, not by many words, but by few ; though some, especially women, seem to expect to govern by talk and nothing else." " She who is the most royal mistress of herself is the only woman fit to be in charge ; for she who has no control over herself, who cannot master her own temper, how can she be placed over others, to control them through the better principle, if she has none or little of her own ? " Her remarks on Dress are interesting, and might be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to young men who sometimes combine a habit of slovenliness with a garish taste in waistcoats. Some of the Nightingale

woman has charge. No other woman is in charge really of grown-up men. Also the hospital nurse is in charge of people when they are singularly alive to impressions. She leaves her stamp upon them whether she will or no."

Such are the leading ideas which Miss Nightingale develops in her series of Hospital Sermons. I have heard it said that she addressed the Nurses in the style and spirit of the Sunday School. There are passages to which such a description may be applied; but, taken as a whole, the discourses suggest a different comparison: they recall the style and spirit of the best Public School or College Sermons. Sometimes the likeness is close and explicit. On one occasion Miss Nightingale thought that the prevailing evil in her School was a spirit of irresponsible and ill-informed criticism. She rebuked it by telling a true story, which perhaps she may have had from Mr. Jowett:—

In a large college, questions, about things which the students could but imperfectly understand in the conduct of the college, had become too warm. The superintendent went into the hall one morning, and after complimenting the young men on their studies, he said: "This morning I heard two of the porters, while at their work, take up a Greek book lying on my table; one tried to read it, and the other declared it ought to be held upside down to be read. Neither could agree which *was* upside down, but both thought themselves quite capable of arguing about Greek, though neither could read it. They were just coming to fisticuffs when I sent the two on different errands." Not a word was added: the students laughed and retired, but they understood the moral well enough, and from that day there were few questions or disputes about the plans and superiors of the college, or about their own obedience to rules and discipline.

Then, again, what boy has not heard in Chapel or in school-song a moral drawn from how things will look "forty years on"? Here is Miss Nightingale's passage on the theme:—

Most of you here present will be in a few years in charge of others, filling posts of responsibility. *All* are on the threshold of active life. Then our characters will be put to the test, whether in some position of charge or of subordination, or of both. Shall we be found wanting? unable to control ourselves, therefore unable to control others? with many good qualities, perhaps,

severest medical or surgical case which I was nursing, because I did it thoroughly and without disturbing the patient. That was at the first Hospital I ever served in. I think I could give a lesson in Hospital housemaid's work now." "I have had more experience," she said in another discourse, "in all countries and in different ways of Hospitals than almost any one ever had before; but if I could recover strength so much as to walk about, I would begin all over again. I would come for a year's training to St. Thomas's Hospital under your admirable Matron (and I venture to add that she would find me the closest in obedience to all our rules), sure that I should learn every day, learn all the more for my past experience, and then I would try to be learning every day to the last hour of my life—' And when his legs were cutt off, He fought upon his stumps.' "

The reading of the "Address from Miss Nightingale" was one of the events of the nursing year. Sir Harry Verney, as chairman of the Nightingale Fund, often read the addresses to the assembled Probationers, but they were also printed, and a copy was given to each nurse. For the most part they were written for the Probationers at St. Thomas's, but from time to time Miss Nightingale sent a similar address to the Nightingale Nurses serving in Edinburgh. "The Nurses had been asking me only a few days before," wrote the Lady Superintendent (Jan. 6, 1875), "whether you had remembered them this year, and were going to write to them. Most of them prize your letters very much. They are trumpet-calls to duty and to greater efforts for a higher standard." In some years there was another "field-day" for the Nightingale Nurses, when a party of them were invited by Sir Harry and Lady Verney to Claydon, and a long summer day, passed in sauntering in the grounds or in lawn-tennis, ended with a short service in the Church. On one or two of these occasions, Miss Nightingale was able to be present, and photographs were taken of her seated in the midst of the nurses.

v

The high ideal of the Nurse's calling which Miss Nightingale cherished throughout her life, and strove to inculcate

nurses seem to have grumbled at the uniform, and to have taken their revenge upon it by gorgeous apparel when off duty. Miss Nightingale avers that to her eye no women's dress was so becoming as that of her Nurses, and for the rest she draws a moral from God's "clothing" of the field flowers:—

First: their "clothes" are exactly suitable for the kind of place they are in and the kind of work they have to do. So should ours be. Second: field flowers are never double: double flowers change their useful stamens for showy petals and so have no seeds. These double flowers are like the useless appendages now worn on the dress, and very much in your way. Wild flowers have purpose in all their beauty. So ought dress to have;—nothing purposeless about it. Third: the colours of the wild flower are perfect in harmony, and not many of them. Fourth: there is not a speck on the freshness with which flowers come out of the dirty earth. Even when our clothes are getting rather old we may imitate the flower: for we may make them look as fresh as a daisy. . . . Oh, my dear Nurses, whether gentlewomen or not, don't let people say of you that you are like "Girls of the Period": let them say that you are like "field flowers," and welcome.

Miss Nightingale often sought, as every good School Preacher seeks, to arrest the attention of the young by topical allusions, especially to stirring and heroic deeds. She often compared Hospital Nurses to missionaries, and held up Livingstone as an example. He was one of the best of missionaries, not as going about "with a Bible in his hand and another in his pack," but by the influence of his own purity, fidelity, and uprightness. She introduced, in similar fashion, stories of Rorke's Drift, of Tel-el-Kebir, and of Gordon at Khartoum. More rarely she referred to incidents in her own career, and such passages, one can understand, must have sent a thrill through an audience in which most of the Nurses looked up to Florence Nightingale as their "honoured Chief" or "Queen." But when she thus referred to herself, it was only to say that any success or repute she had attained was due to faithful attention to the smallest details. "The greatest compliment," she said, "I ever received as a Hospital nurse was this: that I was put to clean and 'do' every day the Special Ward, with the

pay. It is very difficult to find good Nurses, paid or unpaid. It is *trained* Nurses, not paid nurses, that we want. It is not the payment which makes the doctor, but the education.—It is a question of no importance in regard to any art, whether the painter, sculptor, or poet is a ‘lady’ or a person working for her bread, a volunteer, or a person of the ‘lower middle class.’ Some thirty years ago I remember reading *Rejected Addresses*. A gentleman, endeavouring to explain how a certain lady ‘became the mother of the Pantalowski’ observes, ‘The fineness of the weather, the blueness of her riding-habit all conspired to interest me’ (I quote from memory). We are pleased to hear that the weather was fine and that the habit was blue, but we do not see what they have to do with it. I am neither for nor against ‘Lady Nurses’ (what a ridiculous term! what would they say if *we* were to talk about ‘Gentlemen Doctors’?). I am neither for nor against ‘Paid Nurses.’ My principle has always been: that we should give the best training we could to any woman of any class, of any sect, paid or unpaid, who had the requisite qualifications, moral, intellectual, and physical, for the vocation of a Nurse. Unquestionably, the educated will be more likely to rise to the post of Superintendents, *not* because they are ladies, *but* because they are educated.—The relation of a nursing staff to the medical officers is that of the building staff to an architect. And neither can know its business if not trained to it. To pit the medical school against the nurse-training school is to pit the hour-hand against the minute-hand. The worst nursing in Europe is that of Sisterhoods, where no civil administration or medical school is admitted. The worst hospitals in Europe are those where no nurse-training schools are admitted, where the doctor is, in fact, the matron.—You ask me whether it is possible to follow out successfully the profession of Nursing except from ‘higher motives.’ What *are* the ‘higher motives’? That is what I want to know. Nearly all the Christian Orders will tell you: the first is to save your soul. The Roman Catholics will tell you, to serve God’s Church. But they do not infer that you are to strain mind and soul and strength in finding out the laws of health. The religious motive is

upon her disciples, explains her dislike of schemes of certification, registration, orders, and other professional organization. She was indeed much interested in, and she did much to promote, the practice of thrift and provident assurance among the Nurses.¹ But further than this, in the organization of nursing as a kind of trade union, Miss Nightingale was never inclined to go; and, as we shall hear in a later chapter, she was altogether opposed to a professional "register." There were those who maintained that the problem of improving Nursing was an economic problem; that good pay would attract good nurses; that the market was spoiled by the intrusion of "lady" volunteers. But to Miss Nightingale Nursing was a Sacred Calling, only to be followed by those who felt the vocation, and only followed to good purpose by those who pursued it as the service of God through the highest kind of service to man. There were those, again, who approached the problem from a point of view the opposite of the economic, and thought that a "religious" motive (in the ordinary sense of the term) was the sure way to good nursing, and who thus attached supreme importance to organization in "Orders," "Companies," and the like. To this view Miss Nightingale was equally opposed, because to her Nursing was an Art, and the essence of success was artistic training. A collection of passages, taken from a mass of correspondence, etc., on the subject,² may serve to make her point of view clear. "The Supply and Demand principle, taken alone, is a fallacy. It leaves out altogether the most important element, viz. the state of public opinion at the time. You have to educate public opinion up to *wanting* a good article. Patent pills are not proved to be good articles because the public pays heavily for them. Many matrons are dear at £30 a year. Do you suppose that if we were to offer £150 we should get a good article at once? I trow not; and I say this from no theory, but from actual experience. It is very easy to

¹ Already in her *Subsidiary Notes*, 1858 (Bibliography A, No. 9), she had included suggestions for a "Nurses' Provident Fund."

² The materials here used are (1) a correspondence with Dr. Farr (1866); (2) a letter written, but not sent, to *Macmillan's Magazine* (1867); (3) the draft of a very long letter, to a correspondent unnamed, in 1869; and (4) an article for the *Nineteenth Century*, 1880 (Bibliography A, No. 103).

as founded by S. Ignatius Loyola, and with S. Vincent de Paul's Sœurs de la Charité. It is quite immeasurable the breadth and length which now separates the spirit of those Orders from the spirit of their Founders. But it is no less true with far less ambitious Societies." So, then, Miss Nightingale had little faith in forms and institutions, and in one of her later Addresses (1888) she expressed herself in terms of apprehensive scepticism about the validity of nursing Certificates and Associations, and of the importance attached to making nursing a "Profession." It was the higher motive (as interpreted above) to which she attached supreme importance, and for inculcating it she believed that only individual influence could avail. Did she succeed or fail herein? It may be that, in dearth of inspiring individuals, professional organization is the second best thing, and fills a useful place. Miss Nightingale herself was always more conscious of her failures than of her successes. But it is impossible for anyone who has been privileged to read the correspondence between Miss Nightingale and her pupils not to feel assured that the spirit of the Founder was imparted to other high-minded women who carried the work into many fields. The best of her pupils were the most conscious, like their Mistress, of shortcomings. "I have failed," wrote one of them, in pouring out her soul during a holiday retrospect, "failed in the thing you most speak of, failed in carrying on my Nurses 'in the path towards perfection.'" "But the Master whisper'd, 'Follow the Gleam.'" Of one of her best pupils it was recorded that "she never spoke or cared to be reminded of what she had done; her constant cry was 'How many things still remain to be done.'" ¹ This lady was a true disciple of the Founder. To the end of her life it was on the path towards perfection that Miss Nightingale's heart and mind were set. In her last years, when her secretary sought to interest her by talk about hospitals and nurses, she was never greatly pleased by any record of things well done. "Tell me," she would say, "of something which might be made better."

¹ From an Address by Samuel Benton, Resident Assistant-Medical Officer at Highgate Infirmary in memory of Miss Annie Hill (entered as a Probationer at St. Thomas's, 1871; appointed Matron at Highgate, 1872; died 1877).

not higher, but lower, if the element of religion enters in to impede this search. In the perfect nurse, there ought to be what may be called (1) the physical (or natural) motive, (2) the intellectual (or professional) motive, and (3) the religious motive—all three. The *natural motive* is the love of nursing the sick, which may entirely conquer (as I know by personal experience) a physical loathing and fainting at the sight of operations, etc., and I do not believe that the 'higher motive' (as it is usually called) can so disguise a natural disinclination as to make a nurse acceptable to the patients. The good nurse is a creature much the same all the world over, whether in her coif and cloister, or taking her £20 or £50 a year. The *professional motive* is the desire and perpetual effort to do the thing as well as it can be done, which exists just as much in the Nurse, as in the Astronomer in search of a new star, or in the Artist completing a picture. These may be thought fine words. I can only say that I have seen this professional ambition in the nurse who could hardly read or write, but who aimed just as much at perfection in her care and dressings as the surgeon did in his operation. The 'professional' who does this has the higher motive; the 'religious' who thinks she can serve God 'anyhow' has not. But I do entirely and constantly believe that the *religious motive* is essential for the highest kind of nurse. There are such disappointments, such sickenings of the heart, that they can only be borne by the feeling that one is called to the work by God, that it is a part of His work, that one is a fellow-worker with God. 'I do not ask for success,' said dear Agnes Jones, even while she was taking every human means to ensure success, 'but that the will of God may be done in me and by me.' "

Holding these convictions, Miss Nightingale believed much in individual influence, and little in organized institutions. "For my part," she said, "I think that people should always be Founders. And this is the main argument against Endowments. While the Founder is there, his or her work will be done, not afterwards. The Founder cannot foresee the evils which will arise when he is no longer there. Therefore let him not try to establish an Order. This has been most astonishingly true with the Order of the Jesuits

accepts the views of his subordinates, or becomes himself a master of his subject by using access to the best sources of information. Miss Nightingale, to a considerable extent, had access to the same sources. She corresponded with successive Secretaries of State and Viceroys. She was in close touch during many years with the Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Louis Mallet, who, though he did not always agree with her particular conclusions, was entirely sympathetic in her general aims, and, so far as official propriety admitted, gave her every facility for pursuing her researches. Indian Governors and ex-Governors were at her service for information or discussion. There is voluminous correspondence during these years with her old friends, Lord Napier and Ettrick and Sir Bartle Frere, and with new friends, Sir George Campbell and Sir Richard Temple. With Sir George, a frequent visitor at South Street, she was especially well pleased. "Not for years," she wrote to M. Mohl (Aug. 10, 1874), "have I seen a man in such heroic passion against oppression." Anglo-Indians, when in retirement in South Kensington, are seldom averse from imparting their views, and Miss Nightingale had a retinue of them, pleased to give her information. Those who had inside experience knew how much she had done for India, and took it as a compliment that she should notice their work and ask them for advice. "Accept my most grateful thanks," wrote General Baker, on retiring from the India Office Council (Oct. 11, 1875), "not only for your very kind letter¹ and important pamphlet, but also for one of the most complete and agreeable surprises that I have ever met with. It never occurred to me for a moment that my humble efforts for the sanitation of India were so indulgently watched by the High Priestess of the Science." Colonel Yule, the member of Council who succeeded Sir Bartle Frere in the charge of sanitary affairs, and Mr. W. T. Thornton, the Secretary for Public Works, were in frequent correspondence with her. On the special subject of irrigation, she was "coached," not only by a leading authority presently to be mentioned, but by General Rundall (ex-Inspector-

¹ Miss Nightingale's letter is given at p. 51 of Colonel Yule's *Memoir of General Sir William Erskine Baker* (privately printed 1882).

CHAPTER IV

AN INDIAN REFORMER

(1874-1879)

Never to know that you are beaten is the way to victory. To be before one's Government is an honourable distinction. What greater reward can a good worker desire than that the next generation should forget him, regarding as an obsolete truism work which his own generation called a visionary fanaticism?—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (1877).

MISS NIGHTINGALE was in one sense never more in office than when she was "out of office." The passion of her later life was the redress of Indian sufferings and grievances, and during the years 1874-79, and for many years afterwards, she did an enormous amount of work to that end. It was the kind of work which a Minister does, or sets his subordinates to do, when he is getting up a subject for parliamentary debate, or framing a project of legislation. The *milieu* in which Miss Nightingale did this work was also in a sense official. Her excursions into difficult problems of Indian policy and administration were regarded by many people as unsafe and inexpedient, and this view was not confined to such officials as disagreed with her conclusions. Mr. Jowett was alternately overborne by her enthusiasm into trying to help her Indian work, and insistent upon her giving up most of it. The latter attitude predominated. Indian land questions were not her special subjects; she could never hope to know the ins and outs of them. Her sister was uniformly of the same opinion: "What *can* you know about such things, my dear?" But, after all, how much does a minister know at first-hand of the business of a Department new to him? Generally, far less than Miss Nightingale knew of Indian business. A minister either

exerted some influence at the time ; whilst her personal influence and her writings did something to form the public opinion which made later reforms possible.

II

Miss Nightingale's primary interest in India was in connection with sanitation, and I shall give one or two instances of her resumed activity in this field before passing to the larger sphere into which that interest came necessarily to be absorbed. From time to time she still intervened, and not without success, to promote the health of the Army in India. Thus, on July 21, 1874, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Napier of Magdala, wrote to her, enclosing a Minute which he had "been obliged to write in defence of the soldiers," as improvements to barracks and in other respects were "delayed year after year." The Minute, he explained, was Private and Confidential, but he wished that the facts which had called it forth could be used in some legitimate way. "I cannot help telling you, dear Miss Nightingale, as I know you love the soldiers as well as you did in the Crimea when you broke down the doors of red tape for them, a scene which I hope to see embodied in marble before I die." On receipt of this letter, Miss Nightingale called a meeting of *her* Indian Council—Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Sutherland. Sir Bartle made inquiries about the Minute, and found that the Government of India had not yet communicated it to the India Office. He prepared the ground by informing the Secretary of State of the fact that such a Minute had been written. He suggested to Miss Nightingale that, without using any private and confidential information, it would be possible to draw up a statement upon measures urgently needed for the further improvement of the health of the soldiers in India. With the help of Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Sutherland this was done ; and Miss Nightingale in Council sent a dispatch to the Secretary of State. In Disraeli's second Administration Lord Cranborne (now become Marquis of Salisbury) had resumed his former place at the India Office :—

general of Indian irrigation), Colonel J. G. Fife, Colonel F. T. Haig, and many other experts. When she turned to Indian education, Mr. A. W. Croft, the Director of Public Instruction, corresponded freely with her. Of her private studies, there is evidence in a great accumulation of Indian Blue-books, Proceedings, Minutes, pamphlets, and other papers, of which many are annotated, abstracted, collated. She had, too, a network of correspondents in India. There were in various parts of the country Sanitary Commissioners, doctors, engineers, Irrigation officers, who wrote to her constantly, and sometimes more freely than in official reports. There were occasions—as in a dispute, once hot, now as dead as the unhappy subjects of it¹—when her friends in the India Office had to admit that her information was earlier and better than theirs. So, then, if her friends asked why she meddled in affairs of which she could not really know anything, she only set the harder to work in mastering the voluminous information at her disposal.

Yet, all the while, she was “out of office.” The conjunction of circumstances which gave her much immediate power at the War Office, through Sidney Herbert, and afterwards in the earlier stages of Indian sanitary reform, was no longer operative; and there was now disproportion between her expenditure of effort and the immediate effect which it produced. In this part of her life’s work Miss Nightingale suffered from some confusion of aim. Her official connections, though they gave her the advantage of some good information, interfered with the effect of her work as a publicist. Her work as a publicist made her distrusted in some official circles. She would perhaps have done better to confine her exertions to the influencing of public opinion by more consistent and sustained writing. The pity of it is, as we shall learn presently, that the book which she designed as a permanent contribution to the Indian question was never completed in her life-time. Still, in spite of all, Miss Nightingale’s work as an Indian Reformer, which absorbed many hours of every day in her life for twenty-five years, was not without effect. In various specific matters she

¹ There is a reference to this subject—of Famine mortality—in a letter from Mr. Gladstone quoted below, p. 292.

is a way out of it in the appointment of Mr. Clark, the great Calcutta Municipality Engineer, who has drained and water-supplied Calcutta, to go out and do a similar scheme for Madras. . . . [detailed suggestions for further instructions to Mr. Clark].

(*Lord Salisbury to Miss Nightingale.*) ARLINGTON STREET, Nov. 4 [1874]. DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE—I assure you we are not blind to the importance of the objects which you advocate, nor are we the least inclined to interpose any unnecessary delay in their prosecution. The difficulty, of course, is money. It is perfectly true that, if the remedies were as certain of their effect as the existence of the evils is certain and serious, we might obviate the difficulty of the money by borrowing without stint. But the consideration which withholds the Indian Government from such a course is the very fact that the remedies are by no means absolutely certain. Take the case of Peshawur for instance. A great deal of money has been spent there already, and a great deal more will be spent; and yet, if I am to believe the reports which I receive from trustworthy authorities, when all the money is spent, it will still be a very unhealthy station, and a very small improvement upon the death-rate will ultimately be the result. I heard Sir George Clark the other day state in Council that one of the new stations in Rajpootana,—I forget which it was,—had become decidedly more unhealthy since remedial measures recommended by the sanitary authorities had been adopted.

There may be something of prejudice and something of timidity in these apprehensions. I do not wish to give to them more weight than they deserve. But it is obvious that in sanitary action we are still groping our way, and that we are far from having arrived at that point of certainty at which it would be safe, on account of any particular series of undertakings, very heavily to pledge the future industry of the Indian people. You must always bear in mind that at this moment our expenditure treads very closely upon the heels of our revenue, and that we absolutely do not know where to turn in order to obtain any great increase of revenue. But if we borrowed very largely, a great increase of revenue would be absolutely necessary to meet the interest of the new debt. However great the value of the improvements, we cannot afford to be bankrupt, and a new productive Indian tax seems as distant as the philosopher's stone. I do not say all this to indicate that we shall slacken in our efforts towards sanitary improvement, or fail to push them forward as fast as we possibly can. But I want you to believe that financial considerations are of some importance; and I feel sure that we should only hinder sanitary improvement, and prevent sanitary truths from being heartily accepted, either by statesmen or by

(*Miss Nightingale to Lord Salisbury.*) LEA HURST, Oct. 28 [1874]. DEAR LORD SALISBURY—As you were so very good, when you were kind enough to acknowledge my paper on "Life or Death in India," as to *ask* me (where permission was all that I could have expected as most gracious on your part) to submit any facts or suggestions to you, I venture without troubling you with more apology to lay before you the following:—(1) The grasp of the Famine is now relaxed, though to make it relax has cost a vast expenditure with very little return except in lives. Other lives seem now to be in jeopardy from the economy consequent upon this noble and never to be regretted expenditure, viz. soldiers' lives. There is no greater extravagance than extravagance in lives. The Crown Prince of Germany said two months ago ¹ (a very remarkable doctrine for him) that we could add to the strength and numbers of organized armies by sanitary works, and that money well employed in these will as much contribute to military force as money spent on fortifications and on direct military organizations. A great deal has been done already in India, and great results to our Soldiers' health have followed; but does not much more remain to be done before the results of 2 or 3 favourable years (for there was little cholera) can become permanent? Does not experience show that, as the greatest saving in outlay is that which can be effected in the cost of the military defences of the country, so it is the truest economy not to stay your hand in improving the military stations and their surroundings until every station in India has been put in the most healthy state practicable? In the meantime, if it is necessary to check outlay, should not the check be exercised on things that can stand over for a few years? (2) For in reality points connected with the soldier's health cannot stand over. The man is dead or invalided—the man, the most costly article we have; and you have to replace him with another costly article. Is not every neglect or miscalculation on this point sure to add to the national expenditure a far higher amount than would be the capitalized cost of the improvements? The improvements required *now* at many Stations are the following. . . . [a detailed list, under various heads of kind and place]. (6) To you it is needless to say that this relates to one half only of the Indian Army (*i.e.* that under the direct control of Lord Napier of Magdala), and that Madras and Bombay have (between them) at least an equal proportion of unsupplied wants, for they have not had five years of Lord Napier's wise and humane advocacy. (7) In India it is always possible to fall into the mistake of spending money uselessly. Fortunately, however, there

¹ The Crown Princess had seen Miss Nightingale on August 8, 1874.

their universal application. For instance, in many places in India owing to a want of labour we can only go on at a certain rate unless at a very greatly increased cost. Again, it is better for many reasons to carry out all the necessary works at one station at the same time, and these works may very probably include some which in themselves may not be so much wanted as other works at other stations. Subject to these qualifications, barracks, hospitals, water-supply, and drainage should come first, and recreation-rooms, &c., follow. . . . Miss Nightingale has evidently carefully studied some of the details of our requirements, and is not very far out in her list of works. She will be glad to hear that it is not very different from that of the works the Commander-in-Chief has lately brought to our notice, so that their relative importance is sure to be well weighed. Lord Napier takes the liveliest interest in all the military public works, and having nothing to do with finding the money, is pretty sure to have no scruple in pressing us hard. Some of the works mentioned in the list I know myself, so I will make one or two remarks . . . [detailed observations]. I am very glad to hear that Mr. Clark is well enough to come out to India again. When he has done his work in Madras I think we may very probably ask him to advise us as to the water-supply of some stations. I was much taken with the apparent simplicity and economy of a plan which he showed me. As regards Miss Nightingale's observations on the subject of recreation-rooms and the sale of spirits in canteens : the soldiers are uncommonly well off in India generally for recreation-rooms and take advantage of them largely. The reason for selling spirits at canteens is, I believe, that if not sold men would buy noxious spirits in the bazaars. No head of the Army in India has ever recommended that the sale should be prohibited. The temperance movement is spreading widely among the troops in Bengal. By the last returns there were between 5 and 6 thousand members of the Temperance Society in the British Army in Bengal (including women and children). I have been struck generally with the good conduct and respectable appearance of British soldiers in India, and think we may well be proud of our army.

I have written on, as the subject is one in which I have for a long time taken a personal interest, and Miss Nightingale may be glad to know that I have not neglected it here. I can promise you that, so far as our funds will permit, every attention shall be paid to the health of the British and the Native Army in India.

Such intervention, as is disclosed in the foregoing documents, was repeated from time to time in connection with various sanitary measures, and was not without effect

the public at large, if we associated them with a disregard of those financial exigencies upon which such enormous interests depend. We must not let it be said, or even suspected, that sanitary improvement means reckless finance. . . . But I think the best answer I can give you to the details of your letter is to send it out to the Viceroy, and ask him to let me have a confidential and unofficial report of his intentions in each of these cases. I am sure he feels the importance of these matters as strongly as any one; but I repeat that no one can thoroughly appreciate the difficulties of his position in respect to them who does not understand the extreme anxiety that is connected with the management of Indian finance.

No time was lost, for on January 2, 1875, Lord Salisbury forwarded to Miss Nightingale, with a private note, the reply which he had received from the Governor-General:—

(*Lord Northbrook to Lord Salisbury.*) CALCUTTA, Dec. 11 [1874]. I am much obliged to you for sending me Miss Nightingale's letter to you, and although at the risk of answering it imperfectly, I will not delay putting down what occurred to me till another mail—especially as one never can feel secure of one's time in India. First, I beg you to assure Miss Nightingale that I am not likely so much to forget my training under Sidney Herbert at the War Office as to feel indifferent about the health of the soldier in India. She knows as well as I do how much has been done of late years and how satisfactory the result has been, as is shown by the death and sickness returns, and admitted by the Army Sanitary Commission and Sir William Muir (the doctor) in evidence recently given before a Parliamentary Committee. Miss Nightingale is evidently more anxious for the future than dissatisfied with the past. The best thing I can say to reassure her is that in the face of the financial difficulties of last year I left the expenditure upon military public works untouched. It stands for the year at something more than a million, which is as much as we can afford and nearly as much as can be properly supervised. The year before, although most anxious to show a budget which would justify me in discontinuing the Income Tax, I gave an addition of £100,000 to the sum allotted to military public works at the request of Lord Napier. So much for my personal disposition and what I have done hitherto

As to what remains to be done, I know there is much. . . . I quite agree in principle with Miss Nightingale's views as to the relative importance of different sorts of works, and we should be guided by the same considerations as far as possible. But there are practical considerations which must interfere with

was falling, in Madras it was rising.¹ Miss Nightingale, like every other sanitary expert who had examined the facts, ascribed the high rate of mortality to the deplorable state of the drains; and there were Indian officials, both in London and in India, who turned to her in the hope that she might be able to stir up the higher authorities to insist on something being done. Her friend, Mr. Clark, had devised a scheme; either it should be carried out, or a better one should be substituted. On this subject there is a long correspondence amongst her Papers; and as her principal correspondent was Lord Salisbury, it is not devoid of dry humour. Lord Salisbury confessed that the subject was beyond him; all he could clearly ascertain was that there were as many different opinions as there were persons professing to understand it; but he had good news for his correspondent. The next Governor of Madras was to be the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke had a curious passion for details. He might be expected, it seemed to be suggested, to take to drains like a rat. So Miss Nightingale waited, and presently Lord Salisbury was sent to the Constantinople Conference on the Eastern Question. At Madras nothing had come of the Duke's love of detail; and as soon as Lord Salisbury returned to England, Miss Nightingale returned to the charge. Lord Salisbury sent her memorandum of suggestions to the Duke, and in due course forwarded to her the Duke's reply (of July 24, 1877). The Governor was studying the question closely, and Lord Salisbury hoped that Miss Nightingale would be pleased. True, there was delay; but then, as he had previously written to her, "The period of growth of all projects in India, in point of length, savours much of the periods of Indian cosmogony." "I think you will be satisfied," he now wrote (Aug. 22), "that the Governor of Madras is giving his mind very heartily to the question; and that his previous experience, and the kind of observations into which his singular taste for detail has guided him, have given him some special qualifications for coming to a right decision." And then came what in a postscript to the High

¹ In 1871 it was 28.96 per 1000; in 1874, 37.1 In some parts of the town, the rate was as high as 80 per 1000.

in keeping those matters to the front. A parliamentary debate, even sometimes a mere question in Parliament, has effect upon bureaucracy. In the times with which we are now dealing, "Members of Parliament for India" were few. "I could have kissed Lord Cranborne," exclaimed Miss Nightingale once, "for saying that in the approaching elections for a Parliament which is to decide on the destinies of 180 millions, the future representatives who are to represent India as well as us had only in two instances in their addresses mentioned the existence of India."¹ Miss Nightingale's private letters and printed articles did something to fill the gap. She had the ear of the great personages; they knew how much she knew, and they respected her devotion and sincerity. They listened to her, and her letters often produced the kind of stimulating result that sometimes follows a parliamentary intervention. She showed the correspondence with Lord Salisbury and Lord Northbrook to Sir Bartle Frere. "That Caesar," he wrote (Jan. 16, 1875), "should at once sit down and write six sheets of quarto letter paper, to show he is taking proper care of his Legions is satisfactory; as proving that your letter moved him and that the subject greatly interested him." "The result is just what I expected," wrote another Anglo-Indian, on the occasion of a later intervention by Miss Nightingale. "They treat me with contempt, but they don't ignore you. The first thing the Governor did on seeing your letter was to sit down and write a full exoneration of himself to the Secretary of State. The second, I have no doubt, will be to call for his officials and hurry on the work."

III

As Public Health Missionary for India, Miss Nightingale made the state of the town of Madras a text for constant exhortations. Madras ranked at that time second for unhealthiness among the great cities of India (Delhi being first²). Whereas the death-rate in Calcutta and in Bombay

¹ Letter to Madame Mohl, Oct. 31, 1868.

² In view of its selection as the new capital of India, the "sanitary regeneration" of Delhi is at last to be taken in hand. (See the *Times*, April 22, 1913.)

that of the remainder of the town was in progress twenty-five years.

IV

Miss Nightingale's interest in details of sanitary reform was gradually merged into larger questions. Recurrent Indian famines gave a new turn to her thoughts. "I have been doing sanitary work for India for 18 years," she explained in a letter to Lord Houghton (Nov. 27, 1877); "but for the last four have been continually struck by this dreadful fact: What is the good of trying to keep people in health if you can't keep them in life? These ryots are being done to death by floods, by drought, by Zemindars, and usurers. You must live in order to be well." This indisputable proposition appealed strongly to her emotions. "My mind," she wrote to Mr. Chadwick (Sept. 14, 1877), "is full of the dying Indian children, starved by hundreds of thousands from conditions which have been made for them, in this hideous Indian famine. . . . How I wish that some one would now get up an agitation in the country—as Mr. Gladstone did as regards Bulgaria—which should say to the country, *You shall*, as regards Indian famines and the means of preventing them, among which Irrigation and Water Transit must rank foremost; if we had given them water, we should not now have to be giving them bread." Miss Nightingale had reached this conclusion by herself in 1873, and it was strongly confirmed in the following year. In February 1874 she was moved to write to Sir Arthur Cotton, "the greatest living master," as she truly called him, "of the Water Question." Her letter—the letter of one enthusiast to another—greatly delighted the old Anglo-Indian. "If," he wrote (Feb. 4), "fifty years of hard work and contempt had produced no other return but a letter from you, it would be an honour beyond what I deserve. The plot is now rapidly thickening, and I have not the smallest doubt that your having taken up this great subject will turn the scale. It is impossible for any person not resident in India to conceive the strength of the prejudice in the minds, not only of the civil officials, but of multitudes out of office on both the points of irrigation and

Priestess of sanitation might be thought a "blazing indiscretion," if it were not obviously a piece of teasing: "I was much impressed at Constantinople with the advantage of having no drains at all, but keeping dogs instead." I am afraid that from the moment of the receipt of this letter Miss Nightingale's opinion of Lord Salisbury fell; but she was not to be shaken off, and, in consultation with Dr. Sutherland (with hints, too, from an Indian official), she sent a reasoned reply to Lord Salisbury, to his jest about the Constantinople dogs (erroneously called scavengers) and all. She had the advantage of knowing all about Constantinople, and the merits of its natural drainage. As for Madras, she thought that there had been "consideration" enough (it had lasted for more than 20 years), and that the Secretary of State ought to insist on action, in which connection she sent various proposals. Lord Salisbury's reply to Miss Nightingale did not appear to be promising. "The indecision of the Madras Government," he said (Sept. 19), "is partly due to the fact that various authorities have to be consulted, and no orders from the Secretary of State will prevent those authorities from differing. But the real difficulty," he added, "is money." It was all that the Madras Government could do to find money for "imperious necessities." The implication was that the protection of the public health was not an imperious necessity. A rank heresy, this, in Miss Nightingale's eyes. In sending on Lord Salisbury's letter to Dr. Sutherland, her comment was: "And they call *me* a dangerous man!" To which Dr. Sutherland replied: "So you are! They tell you a thing can't be done, and you won't believe them! It is all nonsense that the Municipality cannot find money to drain with, and no number of letters can make it sense." Lord Salisbury's action was, however, more favourable to Miss Nightingale than his letter, for it was presently announced in the Madras papers that the Secretary of State had ordered drainage works of some sort to be carried out at once. If this were so, the words "at once" were interpreted with some reference to "the periods of Indian cosmogony." The scientific drainage of Black Town, the most thickly populated quarter of Madras, was begun in 1882

V

Her immediate effort, however, was thrown into the advocacy of Irrigation. In view alike of the poverty of India, and of the ever present danger of famine, she held that it was the duty of the Government to promote Irrigation in every way—by great works as well as small, by wells and tanks as much as by great and small canals—by encouraging private capital as well as by making great national grants and loans. The Indian tax-payer was poor, it was said to her; the way to make him less poor, she replied, was to irrigate his land.

Miss Nightingale began her Irrigation campaign with an appeal to Lord Salisbury, and she approached him on a point which she thought would be common ground. She knew that he was of a scientific turn of mind, and hoped he would agree with her that the first thing needful was to obtain complete and trustworthy statistics. She sent him some tentative figures as to the cost of irrigation works already carried out, and the financial results accruing therefrom, confessing, however, that she had experienced great difficulty in obtaining the figures. "I have been too long on the search for such returns myself," he replied (May 10, 1875), "not to sympathise with your distress." He proceeded at some length to enumerate "the difficulties in the way of a really rigorous exhibit," and to state the questions which seemed to him still unsolved with regard to irrigation in general; for instance, "Is irrigation," he asked, "the creation or merely the anticipation of fertility? Does it make vegetable wealth, which but for it would never have existed, or does it crowd into a few years the enjoyment of the whole productive power of the soil?" Meanwhile he had her figures submitted to critical annotation at the India Office, directed various Papers to be sent to her, and promised to see whether fuller returns could be obtained. As nothing definite resulted, Miss Nightingale suggested the appointment of a Committee or Commission to investigate and report. The suggestion elicited a characteristic reply from Lord Salisbury. "As for a Commission," he wrote (Nov.

navigation in India. I am assured that there is not a single person in high office now in India who is not in his heart opposed to them both. But we have arrived at a most remarkable crisis now, first in the occurrence of this most terrible famine, and, second, in the revolution in the India Office. Lord Salisbury will think for himself in spite of an Indian Council composed—with only the exception of Sir B. Frere—of men of incurable old Indian bias.” Sir Arthur Cotton’s inventive genius has left a permanent impress upon India; but he was now *en disponibilité*, and he was one of those enthusiasts who, when out of office and unable to carry on their plans, conceive the world to be in wilful conspiracy against them. Moreover, in urging the case for canals, he overstated it by too uncompromising a criticism of railways. During ensuing years Sir Arthur Cotton was one of the most voluminous of Miss Nightingale’s correspondents. She was fully alive to the faults of manner which hindered the acceptance of his ideas, and from time to time she pleaded with him for more moderation and less asperity. She herself was sometimes blamed, by Mr. Jowett and others, for over-emphasis. She would laughingly wonder in reply what they thought of Sir Arthur Cotton who gave the public “strong alcohol,” in comparison with which anything of hers was but “watered milk.” She had not far pursued her researches into the Irrigation question before she perceived that it was intimately bound up with the Land question. Who was to pay for irrigation? Were the ryots willing to pay a water-rate? Could they pay it? Were not the Zemindars rapacious? was not the cultivator at the mercy of the usurers? Sir George Campbell was full of such subjects, and Miss Nightingale proceeded, with his assistance, to master the intricacies of Land tenure in various parts of India, and especially of the “Permanent Settlement” in Bengal. One subject led her on to another, and she became deeply interested in the questions of representation, land, education, usury. She became, in short, an Indian Reformer, or an Indian Agitator, at large.

her Mr. Edward Prinsep (late Settlement Commissioner, Punjab) as a man likely to be helpful in such work. She made friends with him ; Sir Louis Mallet gave facilities, and Mr. Prinsep began making researches on Miss Nightingale's behalf. Unfortunately for her success, she had the correctitude to ask Lord Salisbury's permission. Lord Salisbury referred her request to the Revenue Department, who in a solemn minute represented the serious precedent that would be set by allowing an outsider to delve in official archives, and Mr. Prinsep had to discontinue his researches. " You are doubtless aware," Sir Louis Mallet told her drily, " that in the India Office opinions diametrically opposed are usually entertained on every subject which is discussed." There was only one certainty, he added, that any decision taken at one time would be reversed at another. Ultimately a good deal of information was collected by a Select Committee of the House of Commons on Public Works in India (1878) and by Famine Commissions. Returns, such as Miss Nightingale asked for, are now regularly made.

Some irrigation works were carried out during these years,¹ but no great forward policy in that direction was instituted. The " forward policy " presently adopted was of a very different sort. The thoughts of the politicians were absorbed in other things ; the opinions of the bureaucrats were divided, and there was stringency in Indian finance. If the experts could not agree on the proper basis of estimating the results of irrigation, still less were they at one on the kind of irrigation work that was desirable. Every one was agreed in favour of irrigation " in principle " ; but as soon as it became a question of detail, whether in finance or in engineering, there were as many opinions as there were experts. One school said, " Borrow the money and the land will be so enriched that the ryot will be able to pay increased taxation." Another school retorted, " But he will be squeezed out of existence first ; therefore, retrench all round, and wait for better times." Or, if the financial difficulty were overcome, engineering difficulties

¹ *E.g.* the " Buckingham Canal," connecting the canals N. and S. of Madras (made as a Famine Relief work, after being " under consideration " for a quarter of a century). Miss Nightingale celebrated this tardy achievement in an article in the press : see Bibliography A, No. 99.

I, 1875), "I doubt its efficiency. Commissions are very valuable to collect and summarize opinion, and they are often able to decide one or two distinct issues of fact. But they are too unwieldy for the collection and digestion of a great variety of facts and figures. With the best intentions, their work is slow and *routinier*, and in their report they gloss over the weak places with generalities. . . . As a rule, administrative force is in the inverse proportion of the number of men who exercise it. One man is twice as strong as two; two men are twice as strong as four. Boards and Commissions are only contrivances for making strong men weak."

From time to time she joggled Lord Salisbury's elbow, asking whether he had yet been able to obtain trustworthy figures, and beseeching him to initiate a great irrigation policy. "Do not for a moment imagine," he wrote (Feb. 27, 1876), "that I have forgotten the question. The more I go into it, the deeper the mystery appears. Every one who has a right to entertain an opinion on it vindicates that right by entertaining a different one from his neighbour. General Strachey and Sir Barrow Ellis have been engaged upon the matter for years. Both of these assert with confidence that one set of statements is true, while the Government of India, backed by Mr. Thornton, our excellent Public Works Secretary, assert it with no less confidence to be false. . . . When I am able to get a little light I will let you know; but as long as my oracles flatly contradict each other, I am not likely to get nearer certainty than I am now." As Lord Salisbury was disinclined to a Committee of experts, she begged him to procure returns from India, and she drew up a model form of inquiry, on which particulars might be asked of the extent of cultivated land in each district, the amount of land under irrigation, the cost of annual repairs, and so forth, and so forth. Lord Salisbury took the suggestion into consideration, and some returns were called for, but nothing came of it for the time. Miss Nightingale then tried to obtain information in another way. There were, she was told, masses of data in the India Office itself, which only needed analysis and tabulation to yield valuable results. Lord Lawrence had introduced to

visited owing to previous irrigation, and others where similar works might be expected to prevent famine in future; comparing the cost of relief and prevention; urging the importance of extending education; calling attention to oppression in forms of land-tenure and by money-lenders; and generally seeking to arouse public interest at home in the life and sufferings of the voiceless millions in India.

The piece by Miss Nightingale which attracted most attention was an article on "The People of India" in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878. Sir James Knowles's magazine was then in the early days of its influence, and he gave the first place to this article, in which Miss Nightingale administered a wholesome shock to British complacency. "We do not care for the people of India," she exclaimed. "The saddest sight in the world" was to be seen in the British Empire; it was the condition of the Indian peasant. She gave pitiable facts and figures of Indian famines, and passed on to describe in more detail the evils of usury in the Bombay Deccan. "I cannot tell you," she wrote to a correspondent in the following year,¹ "the intense interest that I take in the subject: how to raise the indebted poor cultivators of India out of their wretched bondage of poverty, whether by *monts de piété*, by some National Bank, such as you propose, by some co-operative system, or by all or any of such means." Miss Nightingale's article was received as a kind of manifesto by those who sympathized with her point of view, and the publication brought a large accession to her Indian correspondence. In official circles it caused some flutter. "I have read your article," wrote a friend in the India Office (Aug. 8), "with the greatest interest and admiration. The official mind is much disturbed. I overheard a conversation between two magnates (not in the present Government) in which the article was described as a shriek, and the question was whether something could not be done to counteract the impression." Lord Northbrook, after reading the article, sent to Miss Nightingale an elaborate

¹ Mr. Francis William Fox; he had sent to her his pamphlet on *Reform in the Administration of India*, suggesting *inter alia* a National Agricultural Bank. Miss Nightingale's letter of three sheets (June 18, 1879) is eloquent both of her profound knowledge of Indian conditions and of her enthusiastic interest in Indian problems.

were raised. One school said, "Make navigable canals," but that meant fulness of water in them. Another said, "Make canals primarily for irrigation," but that meant depletion. And so the controversy continued, with no decided impulse from the men in office. Famines came and went; some works were carried out as a form of "relief"; no great preventive policy was established.

Miss Nightingale was much disheartened, but she persevered. She corresponded with everybody of importance whom she could hope to influence. With Lord Lytton, who had succeeded Lord Northbrook as Viceroy in 1876, she was not acquainted; and Lord Beaconsfield she never approached, except on another matter, and then without any encouragement on his part.¹ In April 1878 Lord Salisbury became Foreign Secretary, and was succeeded at the India Office by Mr. Gathorne-Hardy (Lord Cranbrook), Mr. Edward Stanhope becoming Under-Secretary. Mr. Stanhope came to see her (June 1878); and in the following year she sent him the figures of mortality in the last Indian famine, which she had compiled with great labour from various sources of information, and correspondence ensued. She saw and corresponded largely with Sir James Caird, the English representative on the Famine Commission. She tried to incense Lord Houghton on the subject of Indian grievances. She saw and corresponded with Mr. Fawcett. She saw Mr. Bright. She kept up a large and regular correspondence with officials in India. She supplied materials for lectures in England; and, with skilled assistance, she had some maps drawn and engraved, to show the principal works which might be constructed. These maps did service at lectures; and Miss Nightingale also wrote repeatedly in newspapers and magazines—heralding "water-arrivals,"² pointing out districts which famine had not

¹ In 1879 the Registrar-General retired, and Miss Nightingale wrote to Lord Beaconsfield urging the claims of Dr. Farr to the post. As the greatest of English statisticians, and as the senior in the Registrar-General's office, he would have been the right man, but Lord Beaconsfield gave the appointment to Sir Brydges Henniker. Dr. Farr thereupon retired from the Public Service. In the following year he was made C.B. (at Miss Nightingale's instance, through Sir Stafford Northcote).

² The title of an article by Miss Nightingale in *Good Words*. For it, and other Indian writings, see Bibliography A., Nos. 82, 84, 90, 92, 97-100.

aggressive policy which, moreover, had the effect of causing retrenchment in all departments except the military.

VI

Miss Nightingale in her propagandist zeal now turned to Mr. Gladstone. She made an article of his, called "Friends and Foes of Russia," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* (January 1879), the occasion of a letter to him. In this article he had incidentally referred to the loss of "1,400,000 lives" in the last Indian famine. She pointed out to him that his estimate was far below the truth, and she sought to enlist him in a crusade for the Indian causes dear to her heart :—

(*Mr. Gladstone to Miss Nightingale.*) HAWARDEN, Jan. 26 [1879]. How many years have elapsed since your name used to sound daily in my ears, and how many sad events, events of varied sadness, have happened in the very place where I used to hear it! All through this Eastern controversy, the most painful of my life, it has been a consolation to know that I was in sympathy with you—especially I remember your most striking declaration about the war against Turkey. I am glad that you approve of my article on the Friends and Foes of Russia, glad that the error you notice is one of under-statement. I had not the means of complete reference when I sent off the sheets, and 1,400,000 seemed to me so awful that I trembled lest I should be over-stating. The first correction I received put four millions—and now you raise it higher still.¹ The Indian question under most vicious handling is growing gigantic and most perilous. Depend on it I will do what I can in it: but I fear this must be little. I fear that—apart from other reasons weighty enough—my taking a leading part in it would at once poison its atmosphere, now that it has come to be a main ground of the controversy between Government and Opposition. When I dealt with the Vernacular Press Act last year, there was no Indian controversy, and I took all the care in my power not to treat it as a contentious question. All this is now changed: and whatever I recommend about India the Tories will oppose. You can hardly be aware

¹ The India Office gave 1,250,000 as the total of deaths in the Famine. Mr. Caird, after investigating the question in India, gave 4,050,000 as his estimate. Miss Nightingale's was 5 to 6 millions. "I begin to think now," wrote Sir Louis Mallet (March 10, 1879) when Mr. Caird's estimate was made, "that your 'Shriek' was a better expression of the truth than any other utterance."

criticism, not traversing her case in all points, but pleading that she had exaggerated the shadows. With Lord Salisbury's successor at the India Office there was the following correspondence :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Lord Cranbrook.*) August 10 [1878].
 DEAR LORD CRANBROOK—Very meekly I venture to send you a poor little article of mine on the People of India in the *Nineteenth Century*. I hope if you read it you will not call it a shriek (I am astonished at my own moderation). I am not so troublesome as to expect that you can find time to read it, but the India Office has untold treasures (which it does not know itself) in Reports on these subjects which will engage your busy time ; and especially the Deccan Riots Commission Report, on the relation of the ryots and the extortionate money-lenders in the Bombay Deccan, will, I am sure, call for your attention. Can there be any private enterprise in trade or commerce, in manufacture, or in new interests, when to money-lenders are guaranteed by our own Courts the profits, the enormous and easy profits, which no enterprise of the kind that India most wants can rival ? What are the practical remedies for extortionate usury in India, and principally in the Bombay Deccan ? The Bill now before the Legislature at Simla does not seem to promise much. Does it ? The whole subject is, I know, before you. Pray believe me (with some wonder at my own audacity), ever your faithful and grateful servant, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

(*Lord Cranbrook to Miss Nightingale.*) INDIA OFFICE, August 13 [1878]. DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE—Having been out of town for two days your note only reached me this morning. I read your article last week with much interest ; but, without underrating the griefs of India, I think you generalise too much from one locality. Nevertheless there is enough to stir the heart and mind in search of remedies for admitted evils.—Yours very sincerely, CRANBROOK.

The Secretary of State wrote to the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, in much the same sense ; calling his attention to Miss Nightingale's article, saying that she had generalized too much, but adding, " I shall be truly glad if your legislation can afford a remedy."¹ The Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton was more famous, however, for the forward policy in Afghanistan than for internal reforms. Miss Nightingale, as a disciple of Lord Lawrence, was wholly opposed to an

¹ The letter to Lord Lytton is printed in vol. ii. p. 80 of Mr. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy's *Memoir of Lord Cranbrook* (1910).

of sternness in public, but the tenderness and the playfulness of his intercourse in private were beyond a woman's tenderness. He was a man of iron; he had gone thro' 40 years of Indian life, in times of danger, toil, and crisis; had been brought seven times to the brink of the grave; and had weathered it all—to die of a School Board at last! He had the blue eye, and the expression in it (before his operation), of a girl of 16, and the massive brow and head of a General of Nations rather than of Armies. . . . I received a letter from him the day *after* his death—dictated, but signed by himself, sending me some recent Indian Reports—private papers—which he had read and wished me to read—all marked and the page turned down where he had left off. This was his legacy. O that I could do something for India for which he lived and died! The simplicity of the man could not be surpassed—the unselfishness, the firmness. It was always, “Is it right?” If it was, it was done. It was the same thing: its being right and its being done. . . . A photograph was taken a few hours after death. If it had been a sketch by Carracci, or Leonardo, or Michael Angelo, we should have said, How far Art transcends Nature. In the holiest pictures of the Old Masters, I have never seen anything so beautiful or so holy. The lips are slightly parted (like those of a child in a rapture of joy on first awakening), with a child-like joy at entering into the presence of the Heavenly Father whom he had served so nobly and so humbly. The poor eyes are looking down, but as if they were looking inward into the soul to realize the rapture—like Milton's “And joy shall overtake him like a flood.” The face is worn. I think sometimes the youth, the physical beauty in the old Italian pictures of Christ do not give the full meaning of “it behoved Him to have *suffered* these things that He might enter into His glory”; or else, like Titian's “Moneta,” it is the *mere* ascetic. But here it was the joy arising out of the long trial, the Cross out of which came the Crown. The expression was that of the winged soul, the child-soul as in the Egyptian tomb-paintings, rising somehow without motion (spiritually) out of the worn-out body. (He said on the Sunday, “I can't tell you how I feel: I feel worn out.”) All India will feel his loss. No one now living knows what he did there—in private, I mean, as well as in public—the raising of the people by individuals as well as by Institutions—the letters and messages from Sikhs to him, the Indian gentlemen who used to come to see him here and treated him as their father. The little curs here have barked and bit round the heels of the old lion. He heard them but he heeded not. And now he is gone to undertake yet greater labours, to bless more worlds in the service of God. Lady Lawrence wished to give every one something which had belonged to his

of the extraordinary degree in which prejudice and passion have gathered round my very name (as well, I am bound to say, as favour and affection) since the Eastern Question came up. Whether by my fault or not, I can hardly say : but such is the fact. In the line I have followed I must steadily persist to the end of the conflict ; but I have all along foreseen the likelihood that it would probably disable me, even if age and other circumstances did not, for rendering any other *serious* public service in the way of acting, which, it must always be remembered, is so different from that of objecting and censuring. . . . The whole Indian question will, however, force itself forward, and there will be plenty of hands to deal with it. Mr. Bright is coming here in two days, and I hope to have full conversation with him about it. Believe me, with warm regard and respect, sincerely yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Miss Nightingale continued the correspondence, and presently Mr. Gladstone called upon her to talk over Indian affairs, which were now beginning to assume some importance in his general campaign against the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone's visit was in May. On June 26 Lord Lawrence died, and Miss Nightingale was deeply moved :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Mr. Gladstone.*) July 6 [1879]. I see you were at Lord Lawrence's funeral yesterday, and you may care to hear the story of his last days from one who has been privileged to know and serve with two such men as Sidney Herbert and John Lawrence—very different, but alike in the "one thing needful"—the serving with all their souls and minds and without a thought of self their high ideal of right. Lord Lawrence's last years were spent in work : he did not read, he studied ; though almost blind, he waded with the help of a Private Secretary (who was a lady¹) thro' piles of blue books—chiefly, but not wholly Indian—bringing the weight of his unrivalled experience to bear upon them. Up to Tuesday night, tho' very ill (he died on Friday), he worked. On the Thursday before, he had spoken in the House of Lords on the Indian Finance question. The disease, tedious and trying, of which he died, was brought on by the London School Board work. He used to come home quite exhausted, saying that he could have done the thing himself in half-an-hour ; yet having entered, with a patience very foreign to his nature, into all the niggling crotchets of everybody on the Board. He gave the impression, I believe,

¹ Miss Gaster.

the first things which he cut out was the characteristic "Dramatis Personæ." His unfavourable opinion of the book as a literary work prevented the publication of it in 1874. "The style," he wrote (Aug. 11, 1874), "is too jerky and impulsive, though I think it is logical and effective. You must avoid faults of taste and exaggeration. The more moderate a statement is the stronger it is. But strength lies in paragraphs, in pages, in the whole; not in single sentences. The form should appear to flow irresistibly from the facts and reasonings. 'What does the man mean by talking to me about style when I am thinking only of the sufferings and oppression of 100,000,000 of Ryots?' Yes, but if you want to make the English people think about the Ryots you must be careful of the least indiscretion or exaggeration. You must make style a duty, and then your book will last." And again, "I find myself amid striking expressions, but I do not know where I am." He told her that she must rewrite the whole thing before publishing it. He offered to help her, and drew out a more methodical scheme; but she was impatient of his "passion for making heads"; besides, his heads "do not cover the ground that I must cover, and do cover ground that I don't want to cover." She was disheartened, and laid the book aside for a while; but at various times during the following years she resumed work upon it. The book was in two Parts, the first dealing with the Land Question, and being a plea for a reform of the Permanent Settlement, with an appendix (largely contributed by M. Mohl) "On Prussian, Austrian, and Russian Reforms in Abolition of Servitude." The second Part dealt with Irrigation as affecting Life or Death in India, with an appendix of statistical data. For the first Part she had prepared a series of illustrations of Indian agricultural life and customs. Many of the woodcuts were from sketches by the son of her old friend, Sir Ranald Martin. For the second Part she had prepared the Irrigation maps already mentioned. Meanwhile, the tables of statistics which she had compiled had, owing to the delay, become out of date. Some of her friends—Sir Bartle Frere and Sir George Campbell and Sir Arthur Cotton—urged her to revise the book and publish it; and there are

personal use. But it was found he had nothing. There were some old clothes, and a great many boots, patched ; but nothing else, not even a pin, except his watch, 20 years old, and his walking-stick, which she kept. The lady who served as his secretary after his blindness had his old shoe-horn, and told me this story with an infinite relish of its beauty. It was so characteristic of him. Pardon me if I have taken up your time with my thoughts of John Lawrence. I felt as if I were paying him a last tribute in commending his memory to you.

VII

“ O that I could do something for India ! ” She had done much, and was yet to do more ; but it was a constant regret of her later years that she had failed to carry through one piece of work which she had planned. This was a book on the allied questions of Indian Irrigation and Indian Land Tenure, to which, in her first draft, she had given the fanciful title *The Zemindar, the Sun and the Watering Pot as Affecting Life or Death in India*. Miss Nightingale had first written the book in 1874, and she had several copies privately printed. The earliest copies are prefaced by the following notes on “ Dramatis Personæ.” They introduce, besides the Minister on whom at this time she pinned her hopes, her principal informants, and they show the spirit of the book :—

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY : A real workman and born ruler of men. Secretary of State for India by the grace of God.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL : Ex-Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

SIR ARTHUR COTTON, R.E. : The most perfect master of the water question living.

COLONEL RUNDALL, R.E. : Head of Water Department of Bengal, then of all India ; now at home.

COLONEL HAIG, R.E. : Head of Water Department of Bengal ; now at home ill.

THE ZEMINDAR : Created Landlord out of Tax-Gatherer. Growing rich.

THE RYOT : Created Slave out of Landowner or Privileged Cultivator. Starving. For while “ wealth accumulates, men decay.”

Mr. Jowett revised the book many times, and among

years after the date of Miss Nightingale's paper on "The People of India," the area irrigated by "productive" canals had increased from 5 million acres to 9½ million, and since 1901 a consistent policy of "preventive" irrigation has been adopted.¹ The policy of introducing some element of representation and of admitting the natives of India more largely to administrative and judicial posts has slowly but steadily progressed since the years when Miss Nightingale turned her attention to such questions.

VIII

On all these matters, Miss Nightingale suffered much disappointment and felt great impatience. The positive and statistical bent of her mind inclined her to the conviction that for every acknowledged evil there must be a definite remedy. She wanted a positive policy, clearly laid down and immediately carried out. The attitude of successive Secretaries of State and Governments of India in the years under consideration in this chapter was different. There is a State Paper in which Lord Salisbury, when Secretary for India, wrote a Philosophic Defence of the Policy of Drift.² The immediate reference in the Paper was to the land question in Madras, but its argument is applicable to larger ground: it is entirely in keeping, as the reader will observe, with Lord Salisbury's letters to Miss Nightingale on the subject of Irrigation in India. "We must be content to contribute our mite towards a gradual change. . . . Sir George Campbell appears to dread this gentle mode of progression which he denounces under the name of drifting. I cannot accept the metaphor in its entirety, for I believe that there is still left some, though not a very important, influence for the helm. But with this reservation, I see no terror in the prospect of 'drifting.' On the contrary, I

1905. This is an exhaustive work on the subject, with maps, woodcuts, and statistics (such as Miss Nightingale had asked Lord Salisbury to obtain). An account of some later irrigation works may be found in the Engineering Supplement of the *Times*, May 21, 1913.

¹ Foreshadowed in Lord Curzon's "Statement on Famine" in the Legislative Council, Simla, October 19, 1900: see *Speeches of Lord Curzon* (Calcutta, 1900), vol. ii. pp. 25-27.

² India Office Memorandum, April 26, 1875.

in existence a series of proofs, in various stages, and belonging to various years, corrected by the three friends just mentioned and by many others. Lord Lawrence too had read the book carefully, and one of his last letters to Miss Nightingale contained a full discussion of many of the points involved in it. Clearly the book first written in 1874 required in 1879 large revision, and she could not bring herself to do it. In later years she used some of the material in other ways ; it served, indeed, as a quarry for many articles, papers, and private letters ; but she never ceased to regret that she had not been able to leave in permanent literary form her views on the questions discussed in the book. In her Will, made in 1896, she left special provision for the publication of " such part, if any," as her executors might think fit, of the " books, papers (whether manuscript or printed), and letters relating to my Indian work (together with two stones for Irrigation maps of India, and also with the woodcut blocks for illustration of those works)." By " those works " I take it that she meant principally the book written in 1874. I do not know whether her suggestion will be carried out. If it were, much revision and editing would be necessary. Indian reform moves, it is true, at a rate which " savours much of the periods of Indian cosmogony " ; but yet it moves. There is a good deal in Miss Nightingale's published and unpublished writings about India which might be collected and still serve as Tracts for the Times ; but there is at least as much which is now happily out of date. Of the reform of the Bengal Land System, projected by Lord Ripon, and carried into effect by Lord Dufferin, we shall hear something in a later chapter (VI.). Some of the principal Irrigation works which Miss Nightingale advocated were presently carried out with success, and to the great benefit of the country, notably the Swat river canal (1885), the Chenab canal (1887), and the Jhelum canal (1902). Her Irrigation map, " brought up to date by statistics at the India Office," was published in 1900 ;¹ and maps brought up to a later date are accessible.² Twenty

¹ In *General Sir Arthur Cotton : His Life and Work*, by his daughter, Lady Hope.

² See *The Irrigation Works of India*, by Robert Burton Buckley, C.S.I., Chief Engineer, Indian Public Works Department (retired), second edition,

CHAPTER V

HOME LIFE IN SOUTH STREET AND THE COUNTRY

Life made strait
On purpose to make sweet the life at large.
BROWNING.

"You live," said Lord Napier and Ettrick, in calling upon Miss Nightingale one day, "between a Palace and a Park, and have one of the best views in London." A pilgrim who makes his way to No. 10 South Street and looks up to the tall, unpretentious house, now marked by a tablet recording the residence of Florence Nightingale in it, will not see the Palace, and may wonder how she can have had any view at all. The principal rooms, however, are at the back of the house, and on the upper floors command a view of the Park, across the grounds of Dorchester House—the finest of London's Italian "palaces." Miss Nightingale was fond of the view, especially in spring mornings, but in the afternoons she moralized her landscape. In a letter to her father from South Street she quoted *Samson Agonistes*: "*Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.* Since I have lived looking on the Park, and seen those people making their trivial round, or rather their treadmill round, blind slaves to it, I have scarce ever had that line out of my head. It will be a material alleviation to me if I have to spend September in London that the 'mill' is gone. Also, tho' my whole life is laid out to secure it against interruptions, no one could believe how much it is interrupted. And September diminishes this. The *beggars* are out of town." How strict was Miss Nightingale's rule against interruption, even from her best friends, is shown amusingly in some notes of this date from Lady Ashburton and her daughter. "I wish,"

believe that all the enduring institutions which human societies have attained have been reached, not of the set design and forethought of some group of statesmen, but by that unbidden and unconscious convergence of many thoughts and wills in successive generations, to which, as it obeys no single guiding hand, we may give the name of 'drifting.' It is assuredly only in this way that a permanent solution of these difficult questions will be given to the vast communities of India. The vacillation of purpose, the chaos of opinion we are now deploring, only indicate that the requisite convergence has not yet been attained."

When statesmen assume only an unimportant influence on the helm, the need is the greater for independent workers to guide public opinion in a definite direction. In 1879 Miss Nightingale thought that her work as an Indian Reformer had failed; but she is entitled to an honourable place among the company of clear thinkers who prepared public opinion for the era of Indian reform which was inaugurated during Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty, and whose persistent advocacy helped to produce at last "the requisite convergence" of opinion in favour of Irrigation as the best, if not the only or all-sufficient, preventive of famine. The "fanaticism," which she shared with Sir Arthur Cotton, is not now so "visionary" as it once seemed. "Lord Napier," she wrote,¹ "calls Sir Arthur Cotton a splendid madman. And so he is. But all these must be splendid madmen who initiate any great thing, any great work, which does not recommend itself to the present knowledge, or ignorance, of minds which do not see so far as the splendid madmen of this age, who will be sensible men to the next age and perhaps a little in arrear to the age after that."

¹ Letter to Sir Bartle Frere, February 16, 1869. The Lord Napier of this letter was Lord Napier and Ettrick.

read together in some religious book of his choosing. He was of the old evangelical school, but in such matters except in opinion they did not disagree.

II

Miss Nightingale's manner of life made her messenger an important member of the South Street staff. She had taken a great and liberal interest in the Corps of Commissionaires established in 1859, and a Commissionaire was in her regular service, acting both as Cerberus and Mercury. Miss Nightingale's messenger must have been a familiar figure, with his notes for Dr. Sutherland, at the War Office, and, for the Matron, at St. Thomas's Hospital. For the rest, Miss Nightingale kept a staff of maidservants. Her own particular maid for many years was Temperance Hatcher; but at the time with which we are now concerned she had married one of Miss Nightingale's Crimean protégés, Péter Grillage,¹ who for some years had been a manservant at Embley. Miss Nightingale was much attached to this exemplary pair, constantly sent presents to them and their children, corresponded with them almost to the end of her life, and remembered them in her Will. At an earlier date Mr. Jowett in letters written after visits to Miss Nightingale—letters known as "roofers" by "the younger gown"—refers gratefully to the care of neat-handed Temperance. Miss Nightingale took infinite pains in the selection of her maids. Kind Mrs. Sutherland did much of the work in this sort for her, and when she was away in the country Mrs. Sutherland was often asked to keep an eye on South Street. Miss Nightingale's love of method and precision, her fondness for having everything in black and white, appear in many a formidable schedule of duties and requirements which she drew up for the information of applicants. Perhaps these had the effect of weeding out the unfit; for, with some exceptions, Miss Nightingale was well served: as was meet and right, for good mistresses make good servants, and she was solicitous of their comfort and welfare. She was an excellent housekeeper; and here again she

¹ See Vol. I. p. 304.

wrote Lady Ashburton, "that you would let me sit like a poor old rat in the corner, while you are at dinner; it is much wholesomer not to eat in solitude; but I know I shan't get in, so I can only leave this at the door." "Mother bids me add a P.S. to my letter and ask with her dear love if you could see her any time to-day; she will talk through the keyhole and not detain you five minutes."

"The nicest little house in London," No. 10 was called by Lady Verney, whose own house was only a few doors off. The proximity did not altogether facilitate Florence's measures for security against interruption. There was underlying affection between the sisters, but at times each was acutely conscious of the other's shortcomings. Also each thought that the proximity was more valuable to the other than to herself. No. 10 had been taken by Mr. Nightingale on the advice of Sir Harry and Lady Verney, who thought it would be well for Florence to be near them. Florence, on her part, felt that she was often very useful to her sister. Their common friend, Madame Mohl, was sometimes in perplexity to decide which sister's hospitality to accept. "Go to the Verneys, if you prefer," wrote Florence on one occasion; "but *we* shall have to do for you all the same. You know what her housekeeping is. *We* shall have to send in clean sheets, and food, and scrub down the floors." In one respect, the proximity of the two houses was certainly convenient to Florence. Sir Harry and Lady Verney took a willing share, as we shall hear presently, in the entertainment of Florence's nursing friends; and Sir Harry, the chairman of the Council of her Training School, was within easy call. She was not, however, accessible at all times in person, either to her sister or to her brother-in-law, any more than to others; much of the communication between them was by letter or message. In later years, however, a morning visit from Sir Harry was part of the day's routine. When still in full health, he was one of her chief links with the great world, bringing her its news and carrying out her behests with pride and alacrity. He was her senior by nineteen years, and he lived to be ninety-three. In his old age one of his great consolations was a morning call upon his sister-in-law, during which they

comfort, but to make it interesting and brightening as well. If the Verneys were in residence at No. 4, Miss Nightingale laid them under contribution for our entertainment, and right kindly did they both respond. Sometimes the guest went there to dinner, dining alone with Sir Harry and spending the time before and after with Lady Verney, then in some degree an invalid, in the drawing-room. The conversation there was amusing, relating to a world not centred in hospitals, for Sir Harry loved to talk of his early days in France and Spain. Lady Verney would sometimes take you driving with her, and as she was of the great world you were likely to have a peep at its attractions. Perhaps the carriage would be stopped while she chatted with Dean Stanley; or it would pause to allow of cards being left at some great house. Then Lady Verney would turn and tease her guest from the hospital about coming to town in the season and leaving cards at the French Embassy. Or Sir Harry would include you in his party, going to visit Miss Octavia Hill in *her* London Courts, and houses not at all resembling the Embassy. Or he would take you to the House of Commons when the Irish members were lively, and you would see Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Parnell, and have an exciting story to bring home to the Chief. Or it might be that you were taken to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society where Stanley, surrounded by Dr. Moffat, Sir Samuel Baker, and other great travellers, was telling a crowded audience amid breathless silence how he crossed the Dark Continent.

“ But these pleasures which Miss Nightingale lavished on her workers and in which she shared only by sympathy, were not the event of the day to her visitor. The chief privilege was always the interview with herself. It was usually arranged to begin at half-past four and often lasted through several hours; sometimes with a short interval. At times Miss Nightingale was well enough to come down to the drawing-room and rest on a couch there while she received her guests. Couch or bed was always strewn with letters and papers, and a pencil was ever at hand. It was cheerful to find her on the couch, relieved from the imprisonment of the bed. She was dressed then in soft black silk

brought into play the methodical and critical habits which she had practised in larger spheres. I have seen a book in which a young cook entered the day's *menu* and, on the following morning, the mistress wrote comments on each course—for the most part kindly and encouraging, but sometimes trenchant; as in this note upon *stewed cutlets*, "Why was the glue-pot used?" ; or this upon a dish of *minced veal*, "Meat hard, and remember that mincing makes hard meat harder." Miss Nightingale was a small, though delicate, eater; it was for her visitors that she took most pains. Cakes of different kinds, fresh eggs, and coffee used to be sent regularly to St. Thomas's Hospital, to two wards every week; and meat soufflés and jelly were sent weekly to two invalids at Lea Hurst and one at Liverpool. If a nursing friend was coming to South Street, who was likely to want "feeding up," or, suffering from overwork, would require to have her appetite coaxed, Miss Nightingale would draw up the *menu* herself, and write out her own *recipes* for particular dishes. She had not served in the East with the great Soyer in vain. Her father, after his first visit to South Street, pronounced "Florence's maids and dinner perfect"; and the Crown Princess, going down to lunch by herself after seeing Miss Nightingale, sent word that the luncheon was "a work of art."

III

Of Miss Nightingale as a hostess, and of the pleasures of South Street to her nursing visitors, one of her pupils who was often invited gives this account:—"Early tea, if you would accept it, was brought to you; and following close upon the housemaid, came Miss Nightingale's own maid to inquire how you had slept; and then to ask if you had any plans for the day or would like any visitor invited to lunch or otherwise. When this had been ascertained there came, by note or message, proposals for the vacant time; and an hour was appointed for your visit to her: that is, for the visit in chief, for you might have other glimpses of her during the day. She was always on the look-out to make your visit not only restful and restoring by all manner of material

of ease, their interest in one another, their thousand sweetnesses. Not the less was her sympathy given to the older patients, while the Nurses had, if possible, a still larger place in her regard."

IV

The room in which these treasured interviews took place was either the drawing-room, or Miss Nightingale's bedroom on the second floor—both at the back of the house. The bedroom had a crescent-shaped outer wall with pleasant French windows and flower-balconies. The bed stood between the windows and the door, with its foot facing the fireplace, and behind the bed was a long shelf conveniently placed for books and papers. There were always flowers in the room. Those in pots on a stand were provided by Mr. Rathbone (as already related) until his death; and a box of cut flowers was sent every week from Melchet Court by Lady Ashburton. The walls were white and there were no blinds or curtains; the room seemed full of light and flowers. What impressed visitors was the exquisite cleanliness and daintiness of all the appointments which served as the frame to their mistress. "It always seemed a beautiful room," says one visitor, "but there was very little in it beside the necessary furniture, which was neat, but cheap and simple, except a few pieces which had come from Embley and Lea Hurst. A large arm-chair, in which Miss Nightingale would sometimes sit, stood between two of the three windows. There were few pictures on the walls—a photograph of Lord Lawrence's portrait, a water-colour of an Egyptian sunset, and one or two other gifts. The two things of most meaning were a long chromolithograph of 'the ground about Sebastopol,' as she called it in her Will¹—this was opposite her on the right; and, on the mantelpiece, exactly facing her bed, a framed chromolithographed text, 'It is I. Be not afraid.' The drawing-room was loftier and more severe, and on the walls were some fine engravings and photographs of the Sistine ceiling. There were many bookcases in the drawing-room, the back drawing-room, and

¹ She directed her executors to place it, with other Crimean memorials, "where soldiers may see them."

with a shawl over her feet ; always the transparent white kerchief laid over her hair and tied under the chin. [The 'transparent white kerchief' was an exquisite little curtain of fine net, edged with real lace, often very fine ; for Miss Nightingale was of the old-fashioned persuasion that a gentlewoman cannot wear imitation lace. Some of her lace was Buckinghamshire, made in cottages near Claydon.] Whether sad or glad, there was a bright smile of welcome. Once or twice I found her with her Persian kittens about, but they were soon dismissed. If you had come only for the interview on business, that might occupy all the time ; though even on such occasions, business might be dispatched in time for other pleasant talk. But if you were staying in the house, though business was discussed and counsel given, a wide range was allowed to other conversation. Naturally you gave her an account of the day's doings ; she entered into them with zest and was led on to other subjects. Sometimes she would speak of India and the Ryots ; sometimes of Egypt and the Fellaheen ; it was rare for her to touch upon the Crimean episode : if she did so, it was generally to speak with affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Bracebridge. Miss Nightingale encouraged her pupils to speak at these interviews, and it was a common matter of self-reproach with me that whereas I went desirous and resolved to listen, I had occupied too much of the time talking. However it was perhaps her design and gave her the best opportunities of helping her pupils. She listened to all one said with an open mind and made much of any point of which she approved. But now and again she flashed out a dissent, in a tone of maternal authority, and gave you a forcible exposition from the point of view of her powerful intellect and wide outlook. She was enthusiastic, but she was not a prey to illusions. Sometimes when there was not a clear contradiction, there was a quiet questioning. Indeed many of her lessons were given in the form of questions. Among our happiest subjects of conversation were the children in the hospitals. Miss Nightingale seemed never to weary of hearing of them ; of their sufferings, their home circumstances, their pathetic knowledge of life, their heroic patience, their quaint sayings, their brave fun in intervals



Ernst Walter Dr.

*Florence Nightingale in her room, in South Street
from a photograph by Miss Rosanquet, 1906*

Miss Nightingale's talk was rather earnest, inquiring, sometimes searching, than sparkling or eloquent. "She is worse than a Royal Commission to answer," said Colonel Yule; "and, in the most gracious, charming manner possible, immediately finds out all I don't know."¹ Younger visitors sometimes felt in awe of her; she could flash out a searching question upon a rash generalization as formidably as Mr. Gladstone himself. She was interested in everything except what was trivial. Her intellectual vitality was remarkable; visitors who knew nothing of her special interests or pursuits were yet delighted by the stimulating freshness of her talk. She liked to keep herself *au courant* with all that was going on in the political and learned worlds. The letters to her from more than one Indian Viceroy show that the pleasant gossip from the lobbies or the Universities, with which she relieved her discourses on drains, was keenly appreciated. If the visitor talked of matters which appealed to her, she was instantly curious of detail. "Yes," she would say, leaning forward, "and what about this or that? and have you thought of doing so and so?" Or if some difficulty were propounded, "I wonder if I could help you at all? The person to speak to is Mr. A. or Mr. B. Do you think that he would be so good as to come and see me?" "I am sure he would feel honoured." "Then do you think I might write to him? or you will ask him? Very well, then we will see what can be done." And so a new network of helpful influence would be made. To younger visitors—a London clergyman, it may be, or a student, or a budding official—she would show something of the maternal solicitude that was conspicuous in her intercourse with nursing "daughters." "But you are not looking well to-day. You have been sitting up too late? Yes? Then you must promise me to take better care of yourself." Or, "Are you careful to take regular meals? No? Then you must let an old nurse give you some good advice." The humour which was characteristic of Miss Nightingale came more readily perhaps to her pen than to her tongue; but she always enjoyed a

¹ Memoir of Colonel Sir Henry Yule, by his Daughter, prefixed to the 3rd ed. (1903) of his translation of *The Book of Ser Marco Polo*, p. 65.

the dining-room, mostly full of Blue-books. As a little girl, I spent many hours in the dining-room while my mother was upstairs, and can bear witness that except Blue-books the only reading was *The Ring and the Book*."

Occasionally Miss Nightingale would be seen standing or moving about in her room ; what was then remarked was the grace and dignity of her bearing, though the " willowy figure " which distinguished her in earlier years had now become large. More often she received her visitors in bed or on her couch. What they then observed was the head, the face, the hands. Her head, in girlhood and early womanhood, had been remarked as small. Possibly it had grown somewhat, and something must be put down to the increased size of the face as affecting the appearance ; but at any rate her head in later years was certainly large. An Army Surgeon who visited Miss Nightingale frequently in the 'eighties and 'nineties tells me that he was always struck by the massiveness of the head, comparable, he thought, to Mr. Gladstone's. There was an unusually fine rounded form of the fore-part of the head just above where the hair begins. The eyes were not specially remarkable, though there was a suggestion of intellectual keenness in them. The nose was fine and rather prominent ; the mouth, small and firm. The hands were small and refined. Every one who saw her felt that he was in the presence of a woman of personality—of marked character, energy, and capacity. As her visitor entered, Miss Nightingale would bend forward from her bed or couch with a smile of welcome ; the visitor would be invited to an easy chair beside her, and talk would begin.

In her youth Miss Nightingale was a brilliant talker, as witnesses cited in an earlier chapter have told us. In later years, too, she had flashes of brilliance. Madame Mohl, whose standard was high, wrote to her husband from Lea Hurst in 1873 : " Mr. Jowett spent three days here. He is a man of mind ; I think he would suit you. He is very fond of Flo, which also would suit you. She is here, and her conversation is most nourishing. I would give a great deal for you to be here to enjoy it. She is really eloquent. Yesterday she quite surprised me." ¹ But for the most part

¹ *Julius and Mary Mohl*, p. 342.

her pet birds and squirrels, and used to write about them to Sir Harry's grandchildren. She took a great interest in elementary education, and insisted almost as much upon the importance of simple nature studies as upon that of physical training. "On very fine noondays in London," she wrote (Dec. 1888), "when there is nearly as much light as there is in a country dusk, the storm-like effects of the sun peeping out are more like the light streaming from the Glory in Heaven of the old Italian Masters than anything I know. And I wonder whether the poor people see it. And in old days when I walked out of doors, the murky effect at the end of the perspective of a long dull street running E. and W. was a real peep into heaven. I should teach these things in Board Schools to children condemned to live their lives in the streets of London, as I would teach the botany of leaves and trees and flowers to country children." Cheap popular books were much wanted giving account of "the habits, structure, and characters (what they are about, not classification) of plants as living beings"; and of birds treated in like fashion, and not from the point of view of ornithological classification. "I had a lovely little popular book with woodcuts, published in Calcutta," she wrote,¹ "on the plants of Bengal. The author, an Englishman, offered me to write one on English plants in the same fashion; but one of the most popular and enterprising of all our publishers refused on the ground that it would not tell in Board School examinations and therefore would not pay."

V

During the years following her father's death (1874), Miss Nightingale devoted much time to the society of her mother, and this took her for a considerable part of each year out of London. In 1874 she and her mother spent a month at Claydon (Aug.-Sept.), and then two months at Lea Hurst. In 1875 the experiment was tried of taking a house at Upper Norwood, and there Miss Nightingale lived

¹ Letter to the secretary of the Pure Literature Society, March 30, 1891.

joke in conversation—even, as we have heard already from one of her nursing friends, at her own expense. Sometimes she was teasing. A High Church young lady once went to South Street. She was delighted with her interview, but Miss Nightingale, she said, “laughed at High Church curates a good deal: she said they had no foreheads.” She sometimes quizzed even her greatest friends. She used to talk with humorous indignation of Mr. Jowett’s God as a “man-jelly,” in contrast with the future life of work which *she* looked forward to.

It was in the bedroom above described, or in the smaller room in front with which it communicated, that the greater part of Miss Nightingale’s life for forty-five years was passed. She seldom went out of doors in London. It was believed that occasionally, at times when her heart and nerves were giving her less than the usual sense of weakness, she went out on foot into the Park; but the belief was only whispered: it was a point of honour amongst her circle to respect her house-ridden seclusion. The secret may now be divulged, on the authority of many notes from Sir Harry Verney, that he lured her out now and then for a morning drive and stroll in the Park, especially in rhododendron-time, “to remind her of Embley,” as aforesaid. Miss Nightingale, except in the few travel-years of her youth, had little enjoyment from nature in its grander or larger aspects, but she knew how to find pleasure in the commoner sights and sounds; in flowers and birds, and in London skies. There was a tree in the garden of Dorchester House where the birds used to gather, and from which they flew to be fed at Miss Nightingale’s window. She had studied the dietary of birds as carefully as of hospital patients, and imparted the rudiments of such lore to the “Dicky-Bird Society.”¹ In the country she liked to have a view from her bedroom of trees and flowers, and often in the early morning watches she wrote down her observations. Her balcony at Lea Hurst gave her a great deal of pleasure. It is large, being the top of the drawing-room bow; you see a wide stretch of sky from it, and it commands the view described by Mrs. Gaskell.² At Claydon she had

¹ Bibliography A, No. 136.

² See Vol. I. p. 8.

pleasant to us and full of kindness. I remember his speaking of a quality in our hostess which always struck us ; I mean the thoroughness in all details of her hospitality, even to putting flowers in our rooms, gathered by herself in the garden. Miss Nightingale thought one of us was tired, and said she was not to get up too early in the morning. Mr. Jowett reminded us in this connection of the man who made a virtue of always rising very early and who was ' conceited all the morning and cross all the afternoon.' "

At Lea Hurst, during these years, Miss Nightingale devoted herself to her poorer neighbours, and threw into the task the thoroughness and system which characterized all her doings. She took a part in establishing a village coffee-room and a village library, and in organizing mothers' meetings. She gave doles to all deserving families. The *dossiers* which she kept of their characters and circumstances were as careful as those referring to the Nightingale Probationers. There are sheets and sheets amongst her papers, on which she entered the quantities of each kind of provision supplied to each family, as elaborate as the purveying accounts which she kept at Scutari. She was a sort of National Health Insurance scheme (non-contributory) for the neighbourhood ; for she employed a doctor to attend the sick and infirm at her expense, and to report fully to her on all the cases. There are fifty letters from him in this sort during a single year, and as many of a like kind from the village schoolmaster, whom she commissioned to give extra tuition to promising pupils. There were those who thought that Miss Nightingale wasted on these rustic cares energies that might swell the great wave of the world. Among the number was her old friend, Madame Mohl. " Now, my own Flo," she wrote (Oct. 16, 1879), " you believe me, I am sure, to love you truly ; therefore you will bear what I say, and also you believe me to have common sense : you can't help believing it, I defy you ! Now I declare that if you don't leave that absurd place, Lea Hurst, immediately, you must be a little insane—partially, not entirely ; and that if you saw another person knowingly risking a life that might be useful *dans les grandes choses d'ensemble* to potter after sick individuals, and if you were

with her mother for some weeks (June–July). “I am out of humanity’s reach,” wrote Florence to Madame Mohl (June 18): “in a red villa like a monster lobster: a place which has no *raison d’être* except the *raison d’être* of lobsters or crabs—viz. to go backward and to feed and be fed upon. Stranger vicissitudes than mine in life few men have had—vicissitudes from slavery to power, and from power to slavery again. It does not seem like a vicissitude: a red villa at Norwood: yet it is the strangest I yet have had. It is the only time for 22 years that my work has not been the first cause for where I should live and how I should live. Here it is the last. It is the caricature of a life.” The lobster-like villa was, however, soon given up. Mrs. Nightingale longed to be taken to her home—though, strictly, hers no longer, and from July to October she and Florence were at Lea Hurst. The year’s routine now became fixed. The care of Mrs. Nightingale in London was undertaken by her nephew, Mr. Shore Smith, and his wife. She lived with them in their house in York Place, and from July or August in each year to November or December the Shore Smith family, with Mrs. Nightingale and her companion, moved to Lea Hurst, and there also Florence went—sometimes going to Lea Hurst before the others arrived, and sometimes staying there when they were absent.¹ Mr. Shore Smith was “more than son and daughter to her,” Mrs. Nightingale said; and Florence, during her residence at Lea Hurst, devoted a stated number of hours each day—generally two or three in the morning—to companionship with her mother. In the country, as in South Street, Miss Nightingale constantly had nursing friends to stay with her. “At Lea Hurst,” writes the friend already quoted, “she was as good to us as in London. I remember being there once with another of her pupils, and she told us that the rooms assigned to us had been the nurseries of her childhood. Long drives were contrived for us; luncheon was packed in the waggonette, and excursions were mapped out. During our visit Mr. Jowett came for a few days; he was very

¹ As on one occasion when a case of smallpox occurred among the servants at Lea Hurst. Miss Nightingale went immediately to superintend the nursing of the case, and would let no one else come. See Bibliography A, No. 83.

said; "so few of us have. You are so good—so much better than the rest of us. You do me so much good."

Something of the same impression was made by Miss Nightingale upon all who visited her, whether at Lea Hurst or in her upper room at South Street. She was often lonely and despondent, and accounted herself, as we have heard, the weakest of human vessels, the lowest of God's servants. To those who knew her well, she was a tower of strength. Mr. Jowett used to say that he never saw Miss Nightingale or received a letter from her without feeling strengthened for his duties. The thought of her working in solitude was constantly with him. "I think no day passes," he wrote to her, "in which I do not think of you and your work with pride and affection." If men admired Miss Nightingale, women worshipped her. To many a devoted woman, who had learnt from her example and who was inspired by her friendship, she was "My Mistress and Queen," or "My Hero Saint." Women of the great world laid at her feet an almost equal adoration, and young girls had something of the same feeling. "I used at first to be shy with her," says one of them, "but when I was older and talked more freely, I found her the most charming person to talk to. She always seemed interested and glad to see one. I always used to come away with a sort of buoyant feeling. She seemed to raise one into a different atmosphere." "I shall ever remember my visit to you," wrote her "ever affectionate Luise" (the Grand Duchess of Baden) in 1879, "as one of those moments coming directly out of God's hand and leading men's hearts up to Him in thankfulness. It belongs to those things which are in themselves a sanctuary."¹ And Lady Ashburton, who still came sometimes to see the friend of earlier days, her "Beloved Zoë," wrote: "I like to think of you in your tower—so high up above us all"; and, again, "I am humbled in the dust when I think of what you say of me—poor, wretched, profitableless me, and yourself the guiding-star to so many of our lives."

¹ The Grand Duchess's knowledge as a nurse proved useful when her father, the Emperor William, was wounded in the attempt made upon his life by Nobiling in 1878. The Empress Augusta sent, through Miss Lees, her kindest remembrances to Miss Nightingale with one of the bandages made for the Emperor by the Grand Duchess.

in a lucid moment you would say, 'That person is not quite sane or she has not the strength of will to follow her judgment in her actions.' " Miss Nightingale was not well pleased by this letter. She felt something of the sort herself; but it is one thing to doubt our own wisdom, and quite another to hear it doubted even by our oldest friends. Miss Nightingale replied that she was doing her duty, which was a duty of affection, to her mother, and Madame Mohl, with ready tact, explained her letter away by saying that the real reason of it was only a selfish impatience to see her dear "Flochen" in London.

Miss Nightingale's mother was now very old; her mind was barely coherent; and it would perhaps have been much the same to her if Florence had not been by her side. Yet the actual presence was a great comfort; and Miss Nightingale, whose calls in earlier life had estranged her somewhat from her mother, was the more anxious to be with her now. There were gleams of brightness in the mother's manner which touched the daughter deeply. "Her mind," she afterwards wrote, "was like the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—darkened, blotted, effaced, and with great gaps; but if you looked and looked and accustomed your eye to the dimness and the broken lights, there were the noble forms transparent through the darkness."¹ Mother and daughter had much converse on spiritual things. At other times, pride and pleasure in her famous daughter were mixed in the mother's mind with the regrets of earlier years. "Where is Florence?" she once asked, in the daughter's absence; "is she still in her hospital? I suppose she will never marry now." She loved to have Longfellow's poem read to her; "it is all true," she would say, "all real." When Florence came, the mother loved her presence dearly. "Who are you? Oh, yes, I see you are Florence. Stay with me. Do not leave me. It makes me so happy to see you sitting by me. You come down to teach us to love; but you have so much that is important to do, you must not stay with me." "Oh, are you my dearest Florence? I ought to kiss your hand, I am sure." The daughter's wit cheered her mother. "You have a right to laugh," she

¹ Letter to "Aunt Mai," Feb. 5, 1880.

elected chairman for the subjects of Final Examination at Oxford, I insisted on Social Physics being one ?

(To Madame Mohl.) SOUTH ST., Dec. 19 [1873]. . . . You asked me what Mill's *Autobiography* was like : and as it is a book impossible to describe, I send it to you. I think it almost the most curious and interesting of modern books I ever read ; but curious just as much for its nonsense as for its sense. I should think the account he gives of his intellectual and moral growth from the age of three quite unique : quite as singular as if a man were able to describe all his anatomy and physiology in a state of growth from the time he was three. But quite, quite as extraordinary as this is his own stupidity in not seeing that very many of his moral and intellectual, and especially of his religious, opinions were fixed inalterably for him by the process he underwent, so that all his reasoning afterwards upon them was *unreasoning* : fixed as much beyond his power to change, or even to see that a change was desirable or possible, as the eyes of a man who becomes stone-blind in his youth, or the right arm of a man who is paralysed on that side, or &c., &c., &c. He has written me pages and pages, which I never could understand—from a man so able—till I read his *Autobiography* : that—there being Laws was no proof of there being a Law-giver ; that—if evil were to produce good, there ought to be *more* of it ! Then, you see he says in his book that his wife was to be applauded, because she had thrown aside the " monstrous superstition " that this world *could* be made on the best possible design for perfecting Good thro' Evil ! . . . And I still think the *Autobiography*, its high tone, its disinterested nobility of feeling and love of mankind, one of the most inspiring (modern) books I know. But then please to remember : when Mill left the India Office he might most materially have helped all my Sanitary Commissions, Irrigation and Civilizing Schemes for India. He did nothing. He was quite incapable of understanding anything but schemes on paper, correspondence, the literary Office aspect in short, for India. As for that jargon about the " Inspiration " coming from " woman," I really am incapable of conceiving its meaning : if it has any at all. I am sure that my part in Administration has been the very reverse of " Inspiration " : it has been the fruit of dogged work, of hard experience and observation, such as few men have undergone : correcting by close detail work the errors of men which came from what I suppose is called their " inspiration " : what I should call their Theory without Practical knowledge or patient personal experience.

(To Madame Mohl.) SOUTH ST., Feb. 27 [1875]. . . . Do read Pascal's *Provinciales*. There is nothing like it in the

VI

The friends to whom Miss Nightingale wrote most regularly on matters other than business, and in whose visits she took the greatest intellectual pleasure, were, next to Mr. Jowett, Monsieur and Madame Mohl. Her letters to them show some of her more general interests:—

(To M. Mohl.) Feb. 16 [1868]. . . . I see Mad. Blanchecotte is publishing her *Impressions de Femme*—what is that? Do men publish their *Impressions d'Homme*? I think it is a pity that women should always look upon themselves (and men look upon them) as a great curiosity—a peculiar strange race, like the Aztecs; or rather like Dr. Howe's Idiots, whom, after the "unremitting exertions of two years," he "actually taught to eat with a spoon."

(To M. Mohl.) SOUTH ST., Nov. 24 [1872]. . . . Insensible, cruel, aggravating man! you break off just where I want to hear. The only thing that amuses me is Papal Infallibility. The only thing that interests me not painfully (out of my Chaos)—always excepting Livingstone, East African Slave-trade, Central African exploration—is Prussian Politics. Not that I suppose you to be very well satisfied with them, but I want to *know* about the doings—Bismarck, Old Catholics, Infallibilists—this extraordinary conflict between the old man at Rome and the Junker-Devil-statesman, Bismarck; also about the struggle with the Upper House and the de-feudalizing Bill. I am athirst to know *your* mind about these things. . . . Have you seen Stanley's *How I found Livingstone*? I have desired the publisher to send you a copy. It is, without exception, the very worst book on the very best subject I ever saw in all my life. . . . Still I can't help devouring the book to the end, though it tells little more of Livingstone than what Livingstone in the despatches has told himself already. But then Stanley and his newspaper have discovered and relieved Livingstone, when all our Government, all our Societies, all our Subscriptions, all the Queen's men could not set Livingstone up again! . . . Quetelet has sent me his last books—*Anthropométrie* and *Physique Sociale*—with a charming letter. I answered by a violent and vehement exhortation to him to prepare his second edition at once—the first (1869) of the *Physique Sociale* being entirely exhausted.¹ Did I tell you that when Mr. Jowett was

¹ The actually first edition had been issued in 1835, when the title of the book was *Sur l'Homme et le Développement de ses Facultés, ou Essai de Physique Sociale*. In 1869 it was much enlarged, and Miss Nightingale treats it as a new book.

you and bless you for all the support you have always given me. Believe me, very gratefully, (signed) E. A. PARKES.

(*Miss Nightingale to Dr. H. W. Acland.*) 35 SOUTH STREET, March 17 [1876]. The death of our dear friend, Dr. Parkes, fills me with grief: and also with anxiety for the future of the Army Medical School at Netley. He was a man of most rare modesty: of singular gifts. His influence at the School—there was not a man who did not leave the better for having been under him—is irreplaceable. But the knowledge and instruction he has diffused from the School as a centre has extended and will extend wherever the English language is spoken, and beyond. Dr. Parkes died like a true Christian hero “at his post,” and with the simplicity of one. I think I have never known such disinterestedness, such self-abnegation, such forgetfulness of self. His death was like a resurrection. When he was dying, he dictated letters or gave messages to everybody: *all* about what ought to be done *for the School*, for the spread of hygienic knowledge, for other useful and Army purposes: *none* about himself. . . . On March 9, when it was evident he could not last many days, he commended *the School* to Sir William Jenner and dictated a letter to me about hygienic interests, merely saying of himself that he might be “summoned to his last account” before I received it. On March 13 he rallied. I was allowed to send down a Trained Nurse. On March 15 he died. . . . Let us, as he went to the sacrifice of himself (he was only 56) with joy and praise—as the heroes of old—so part with him. But let us try to save what he would have saved. . . .

The Professors at the Army Medical School had written to Miss Nightingale in alarm at a report in the newspapers that the institution was once more threatened. She begged Dr. Acland, who was a friend of the War Secretary (Mr. Gathorne Hardy), to do what he could; and meanwhile she took direct action herself. She drew up for Mr. Hardy, as she had done years before for Mr. Cardwell, the case for the defence of the School; she added personal entreaties of her own; and she sent Sir Harry Verney to present the documents to the minister in person. “Mr. Hardy listened attentively while I read your papers,” reported Sir Harry. “I emphasised passages underlined by you, indeed showing him your marks and initials. He said that he had not decided the matter, and I replied, ‘And Miss Nightingale wants to get hold of you before you do.’ I shall congratulate you most earnestly, my dearest Florence, if your representa-

world; it is as witty as Molière; it is as closely reasoned as Aristotle; it has a style transparent like Plato. You said you had not read it. I have a great mind to send it you. I read it every year (as Lord Morpeth said he did Miss Austen's novels) for the pure pleasure it gives my imagination. Voltaire said, did he not? that tho' Pascal was "fou," he fixed the language.

Nothing that she read in these years pleased her more than Mr. John Morley's fine address on "Popular Culture," now included in his *Miscellanies*, which first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for November 1876. She wrote to him to express her grateful admiration and to ask if she might be allowed to distribute copies of the paper. Mr. Morley, who had already arranged for a cheap reprint, sent her several copies.

In January 1876 came the death of M. Mohl—to Madame Mohl an irreparable loss; she was never the same woman after it; to Miss Nightingale also a heavy loss. "I am grieved to see," wrote Mr. Jowett to her (Jan. 7), "that you have lost a friend, one of the best and truest you ever had. His death must bring back many old recollections. Your father told me of his fetching you away from the Convent when you were ill, and, as he thought, saving your life." But it was not only that his death revived affectionate recollections. M. Mohl had a great admiration for Miss Nightingale's intellectual powers. He loved to talk and correspond with her on politics, literature, and philosophy, and she regarded his studies in Eastern religion as a real contribution to "theodiké," one of her principal preoccupations.

Miss Nightingale lost another friend a few weeks later, whose death greatly moved her:—

(*Dr. E. A. Parkes to Miss Nightingale.*) SOUTHAMPTON, March 9 (dictated). Your letter reached me on what must be, I believe, my deathbed. Perhaps before you receive this I shall be summoned to my account. For what you say I thank and bless you. About two months hence the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will publish a little book on "the personal care of health." A copy will be sent to you. I had small space, only 26 pages, but I put in as much sanitary information as I could, of a very simple kind. I hope it may be a little useful to you. It is addressed entirely to the poor. And now thank

anyhow by its own bad weight ; and we should not have let Russia act alone in the coming freedom. May God give liberty to the Christian provinces to work out *their own* salvation !

Miss Nightingale's interest in the Eastern Question, moved by the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, had been heightened by her close friendship with Miss Paulina Irby. Of the women friends whom Miss Nightingale saw frequently, and with whom she corresponded regularly, Miss Irby was one of the few who could in any intellectual and spiritual sense be called her equal. Miss Irby was a woman of the highest cultivation, an excellent scholar ; a woman of most generous kindness and simplicity of mind who truly thought no evil.¹ There was a sort of innocence in her that seemed to disperse difficulties of itself, and Miss Nightingale's papers contain references to occasions on which Miss Irby's friendly offices resolved many worries. She was a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, and Florence had first met her at Embley in 1869. She was one of the many women who revered the name of Florence Nightingale, and she had spent some months at Kaiserswerth. She was enraptured by making the personal acquaintance of her heroine, and was used to say henceforth that any good she was able to do was owing to Miss Nightingale's example and sympathy. The good that Miss Irby did was great ; in promoting education among the Slavonic Christians of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and in relieving the distress among orphans and refugees. During the years 1874-79 Miss Irby was often in England, to collect funds and for other purposes connected with her work in the East. Miss Nightingale helped her much therein, and thus became very familiar with some aspects of the Eastern Question. This interest, combined with her detestation of the forward policy on the Indian frontier, formed a link of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone.

¹ It is unfortunate that no record of this admirable woman exists except a slight article in one of the Reviews. Her letters were, I am told, destroyed at her death in 1912 ; those from Miss Nightingale among the rest. A very large number of letters from Miss Irby is preserved among Miss Nightingale's papers.

tions save the School, for I know that such success cheers you more than anything else." Three weeks later, the minister returned the papers to Sir Harry, announced that the School would not be touched, and said he might tell Miss Nightingale that he would make the appointments she had suggested.

Some unfinished letters from M. Mohl, found in his blotter after his death, were sent to Miss Nightingale by Madame Mohl, who leaned much on her "Flochen's" sympathy in her loss:—

(*To Madame Mohl.*) LEA HURST, August 6 [1876]. DEAREST VERY DEAREST FRIEND—Indeed I do think I was worthy of him if always thinking of him, rejoicing in his progress in perfection and (formerly) grieving with his troubles and cares (but now he has *none*, now he is *always* making glorious progress, else this world is a nonsense), made me so. But why do you distress yourself (your loss is great enough, immeasurable, irreparable, for this world) with saying such things about not having made the most of him while you had him? *He* would not have said so. You found him a melancholy man: you made him a happy one. You gave zest to his life: all that it wanted. He always felt this himself: he could not bear to be without you. O thank God and say (like the Lord of Ossory about his son): I had rather have my dead son than any one else's living one. Who has been so blest as you? Where will you find so perfect a man? And you felt it, I know you did. And he felt your feeling it. . . . For M. Mohl's glorious life on earth I thank God: but I thank Him yet more, because this was only a beginning of life infinitely more glorious—as Milton says: "death, called life, which us *from life* doth sever." Fare you well. May God be with us all. Your old Flo. It is 20 years to-day since I came back from the Crimea. It is 15 since I lost Sidney Herbert.

(*To the same.*) SOUTH ST., Feb. 7 [1878]. DEAREST FRIEND, EVER DEAREST—Indeed I do: I think daily and nightly of him and of you: the world is darker every year to me, and darker without him: for it seems as if a great light were gone out of it. And the people who survive seem so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable compared with those I knew once, loved once. . . . No: we shan't give a doit to help the Turks. What! crush all those struggling young peoples, Slav and Greek, back under the hideous massacres and oppression and corruption of the Turk? We could not if we would. I don't feel very hopeful: for the worst Eurasian Government, we are allowing the worst European Government to substitute itself. Turkey was falling to pieces

never shall be, though I do not give up ambition. But I have been too much distracted by many things; and not strong enough for the place. I shall go on as quietly and industriously as I can. If I ever do much more, it will be chiefly owing to you: your friendship has strengthened and helped me, and never been a source of the least pain or regret. Farewell. May the later years of your life be clearer and happier and more useful than the earlier! If you will believe it, this may be so.

In Mr. Jowett's example, his friend found strength and help, even as he did in hers. "He offers himself up to Oxford," she used to say of him with admiration; and she offered up all her powers to the causes she had espoused. There were still to be many years during which she was able to work unceasingly for them. Her life was to be not less useful than before, and perhaps, as increasing years brought greater calm, her life was also clearer. But happiness, as the world accounts it, she neither attained nor desired. She had a friend who was losing his devotion to high ideals, as she thought, in domestic contentment. "O Happiness," she said of him, "like the bread-tree fruit, what a corrupter and paralyser of human nature thou art!"

VII

Was Miss Nightingale's life happy or unhappy? Her sister used to say to her, thinking of her many political acquaintances: "You lead such an interesting life." Mr. Jowett told her that her life was a blessed one, and that she ought so to think it. He always sent her a New Year's letter, and on the last day of 1879 he wrote to her thus:—

(*Benjamin Jowett to Miss Nightingale.*) I cannot let the new year begin without sending my best and kindest wishes for you and for your work: I can only desire that you should go on as you are doing, in your own way. Lessening human suffering and speaking for those who cannot make their voices heard, with less of suffering to yourself, if this, as I fear, be not a necessary condition of the life you have chosen. There was a great deal of romantic feeling about you 23 years ago when you came home from the Crimea (I really believe that you might have been a Duchess if you had played your cards better!). And now you work on in silence, and nobody knows how many lives are saved by your nurses in hospitals (you have introduced a new era in nursing); how many thousand soldiers who would have fallen victims to bad air, bad water, bad drainage and ventilation, are now alive owing to your forethought and diligence; how many natives of India (they might be counted probably by hundreds of thousands) in this generation and in generations to come have been preserved from famine and oppression and the load of debt by the energy of a sick lady who can scarcely rise from her bed. The world does not know all this or think about it. But I know it and often think about it, and I want you to, so that in the later years of your course you may see (with a side of sorrow) what a blessed life yours is and has been. Is there anything which you could do, or would wish to do, other than you are doing? though you are overtaxed and have a feeling of oppression at the load which rests upon you. I think that the romance, too, which is with the past, did a great deal of good. Like Dr. Pusey, you are a Myth in your own life-time. Do you know that there are thousands of girls about the ages of 18 to 23 named after you? As you once said to me "the world has not been unkind." Everybody has heard of you and has a sweet association with your name. It is about 17 years since we first became friends. How can I thank you properly for all your kindness and sympathy—never failing—when you had so many other things to occupy your mind? I have not been able to do so much as you expected of me, and probably

for their redress. The Queen made no response, but presently she sent a copy of the *Life of the Prince Consort*. The *Life* contains much information about the famous Proclamation to the People of India, in which the Queen and the Prince Consort had been personally concerned, and Miss Nightingale made use of the fact when she next had an opportunity of addressing her Sovereign on Indian subjects.

Meanwhile, Miss Nightingale was suffering from nervous collapse, and the doctors ordered sea air. She went for three weeks to the Granville Hotel, Ramsgate, but the change did her little good. "The doctors tell me," she wrote to Miss Pringle (March 28), "I must be 'free' for at least a year 'from the responsibilities which have been forced upon me' (and which, they might say, I have so ill fulfilled) and from 'letters.' But when is that year to come? I believe, however, I must go away again for a time, if only to work up the arrears of my Indian work, which weigh heavily on my mind." She went in April for a few weeks to Seaton, where Lady Ashburton had placed Seaforth Lodge at her disposal. She was not to be disturbed, but her hostess came from Melchet for a few days, and had, as she wrote, "the deep joy of communion with my beloved." In the following month Miss Nightingale spent some days at Claydon, where in subsequent years she often stayed for a longer time, taking much interest in local affairs there. Her sister was now and henceforth an invalid, suffering sadly from rheumatic arthritis. Nothing cheered her so much, said Sir Harry Verney, as her sister's society, and now that Mrs. Nightingale's death made visits to Lea Hurst less imperative they hoped that Florence "would treat Claydon more as a home" than heretofore. She did as she was bidden, and for several years paid an annual visit to Claydon, where "Florence Nightingale's room" is still shown. For the rest, Miss Nightingale's life continued on the old lines,¹ and whether at Claydon or in South Street the Sabbatical year of freedom from responsibilities, letters, interviews, and Blue-books did not come.

¹ Except that in March 1881 she spent ten days at the Seaford Bay Hotel.

CHAPTER VI

LORD RIPON AND GENERAL GORDON

(1880-1885)

I thank God for all He is doing in India through Lord Ripon.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (1884).

General Gordon was the bravest of men where God's cause and that of others was concerned, and his courage rose with loneliness. He was the meekest of men where himself only was concerned. You could not say he was the most unselfish of men: he had no self.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (1886).

“SOUTH STREET, *Feb. 2* [1880]. DEAREST—My dear mother fell asleep just after midnight, after much weariness and painfulness. The last three hours were in beautiful peace and all through she had been able to listen to and to repeat her favourite hymns and prayers, and to smile a smile as if she said, ‘I’m dying: it’s all right.’ Then she composed her own self to death at 9 last night: folded her hands: closed her own eyes: laid herself down, and in three hours she was gone to a Greater Love than ours. . . . Do you remember what Ezekiel says: ‘And at eve my wife died: and I did in the morning as I was commanded.’”¹ Miss Nightingale’s mother had almost completed her 93rd year. Queen Victoria sent a message of sympathy to which Miss Nightingale replied with particulars of the last hours such as Her Majesty was known to like, and she asked leave to address a letter to the Empress of India on the condition of that country. Permission was granted, and “doing in the morning as she was commanded” Miss Nightingale turned from thoughts of her mother’s death to the grievances of the Indian peoples and composed in general terms a plea

¹ Letter to Miss Pringle.

responsibilities, and the reader must supply a background of the various kinds of work described in earlier chapters. She was still busy with details of Indian sanitation, for the *Sanitary Annual* was still submitted to her revision. She was still consulted on questions of nursing administration and hospital construction. "They are in difficulties," wrote Sir Harry Verney (Jan. 30, 1881), in forwarding an application of this kind; "so they appeal to you—the Family Solicitor to whom we all turn when we get into a scrape, but your Family is a large one—the whole human race." She still filled the part of Lady Bountiful, with more than that lady's usual care for detail, to her poorer neighbours in the country. The Working-Men's Institute at Holloway (near Lea Hurst) referred to her the question whether playing-cards should be admitted. She was in favour of the cards, but a majority of the Committee were against them, and, before giving her opinion, she conducted an inquiry as elaborate and far-searching as if it were a case of cholera. And more assiduously, rather than less, did she devote herself to the affairs of the Nightingale School and its old pupils. There are years at this period during which as many as 400 letters from nurses were preserved in this sort, and there are Sisters to each of whom more than fifty letters were written. She introduced the innovation of sending her probationers to the National Training School of Cookery, and she looked over their notes on the lessons, founding thereon hints to the teachers. The extension of trained nursing in workhouse infirmaries called for more Nightingale nurses. "Yesterday," she wrote to Madame Mohl (June 30, 1881), "we opened the new Marylebone Infirmary (760 beds). We nurse it with our trained nurses, thank God! I have each of these women to see for three or four hours alone before she begins work." It was during this period that Miss Nightingale paid her first visit to the new St. Thomas's Hospital. She drove there on January 27, 1882, and inspected the quarters of her Training School and one of the Hospital wards. "Just one week has elapsed," wrote the Matron (Feb. 4), "since you honoured us with your more than welcome presence, and I cannot go to bed to-night until I have thanked you

II

In the spring of 1880, Miss Nightingale was intensely interested in the elections. Her dislike of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, her recent intercourse with Mr. Gladstone, her hopes for India, her interest in the Verneys, as well as her own sympathy with liberal ideas and the Liberalism traditional in her family, made her a stout partisan. "I hope, dearest," she wrote to a nursing friend (March 28), "you care about the elections. You are in the thick of them. Sir Harry with patriotic pluck is in his 79th year fighting a losing battle at Buckingham.¹ But what delights me is that the Liberal side find that the labourers and the working man have waked up during the last 6 years to interests entirely new to them. Then, 6 years ago, we could hardly get a hearing: now men jam themselves into small hot rooms, struggling for standing-room while for 3 hours they listen to political talk. Whether we win or not, such interest will never die." When the Liberal victory was complete, she was eager, like the rest of the political world, to know who would be Prime Minister, and more anxious than other people (except the few personally concerned) to know who would succeed Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India. Sir Harry Verney sent her the latest rumours from the Row in the morning and from the Clubs in the afternoon. She must have been greatly pleased when Lord Ripon's appointment to India was announced; but curiously there is no note about it, nor any record of a visit from him, nor at this stage any correspondence. They were, however, old friends; and as soon as Lord Ripon set to work in India, correspondence, at once cordial and confidential, began. Advocacy of Lord Ripon's Indian policy was indeed one of the absorbing interests which occupied Miss Nightingale during the years covered in the present chapter. Her other main pre-occupation was the state of the Army Medical and Hospital service—a matter which became urgent in connection with the campaigns in South Africa, Egypt, and the Soudan.

These two branches of work now occupied the front; but they did not cause Miss Nightingale to abandon other

¹ Sir Harry, however, won the battle.

great people, who have all the power to remedy these little defects, who pride themselves on the prestige of our name, whose time must hang so very heavily on their hands, can remain year after year heedless of the sick and afflicted. I speak from experience when I say that both in China and Soudan, I gained the hearts of my soldiers (who would do anything for me) not by my justice, &c., but by looking after them when sick and wounded, and by continually visiting the Hospitals. . . . [If you cannot help us], well! I fall back on my verse "If thou seest the oppression of the poor and violent perversity of judgment marvel not at it, for He that is higher than the Highest regardeth it."

Miss Nightingale took the matter up at once. She put the case into form, and submitted it, through Sir Harry Verney, to the Secretary for War, Mr. Childers, who promised to look into it. Presently he called for a report on hospital nursing by orderlies, and in August the Departmental answer was forwarded to Miss Nightingale. "I have seen such answers," she wrote,¹ "at the Crimean war time. 'The patient has died of neglect and want of proper attendance; but by Regulations should not have died; therefore the allegation that he is dead is disposed of.'" In this case the allegations were not disposed of, as we shall hear presently.

Early in May General Gordon left England as private secretary to Lord Ripon, and before starting he sent one of his "little books of comfort" to Miss Nightingale. He resigned the incongruous appointment almost as soon as he had reached India, and after a special mission in China returned to England. He saw Miss Nightingale and announced his intention of going to Syria. Miss Nightingale upbraided him. His past claimed more of his future than a tour of curiosity in the East. Why should he not return to India in an unofficial character? She could tell him of much work to do there:—

(General Gordon to Miss Nightingale.) SOUTHAMPTON, April 4 [1881]. You have written most kindly and far too highly of me, for I find no responding tone in my heart to make me claim such praise. I will explain exactly how I am situated.

¹ To Captain Galton, August 21, 1880.

for all the admiration in which you speak of *your Home* and the pretty Alexandra Ward. No words of mine can ever express the delight it gave us to welcome you, our dearly loved Chief, to the Home and School which has for more than 20 years borne 'her honoured name.' The time was drawing near when pupils of the School were to follow in the footsteps of their Chief and do nursing service in the East.

III

In April 1880 a notable addition was made to Miss Nightingale's hero friends. General Gordon introduced himself to her in order to introduce his cousin, Mrs. Hawthorn. She was the wife of a Colonel in the Engineers, and devoted herself to good work in military hospitals. She had been painfully impressed by the inefficiency of the orderlies, and had begged General Gordon to "go to Miss Nightingale" in the matter. The character of "Chinese Gordon" was already most sympathetic to Miss Nightingale, and the personal touch now heightened her admiration. She gained at the same time in his cousin a friend to whom she became warmly attached, and who served as eyes and ears for her in a way which enabled her to forward useful reforms. General Gordon's letters appealed strongly to Miss Nightingale as those of a kindred soul:—

(*General Gordon to Miss Nightingale.*) April 22 [1880]. In these days when so much is talked of the prestige of England, &c., &c. I cannot help feeling a bitter sentiment when one considers how little we care for those near and how we profess to care for those afar off. You wrote some kind words on your card when I called, and I am much obliged for them, but I do not think that I have done $\frac{1}{10}$ part or suffered anything like the nurse of a hospital who, forgotten by the world, drudges on in obscurity. (*April 29.*) I do not know the details myself. I took up the paper on the entreaties of my cousin, feeling sure that the truest way to gain recruits to our army would be by so remedying the defects and alleviating the sufferings of soldiers that universally should it be acknowledged that the soldier is cared for in every way. Decorations may popularise the army to the few, but proper and considerate attention to the many is needed to do so to the public. To my mind it is astonishing how

Nightingale some of his little books.¹ She never saw or heard directly from him again; but from Brussels, on the day before his fateful interview with the British Cabinet in London, he wrote to Sir Harry Verney (Jan. 17, 1884): "I daily come and see you in spirit—you and Miss Nightingale." And from Khartoum (Feb. 26): "I am among the ruins of a Government, and it is not cheerful work. However, many pray for me, and if it is God's will, I shall hope to get all things quieted down ere long. There is not much human hope in my wish, but I force myself to trust Him. Indeed one ought to be content with His help, and in fact can lean on no other, for I have none. Unless He will turn the hearts of men towards peace, I have no hope. I wish I could have called and seen you and Miss Nightingale, but I had no time." After his death, she took for some years a lively interest in the management of the Gordon Boys' Home. It was at a meeting in connection with it that her words, quoted at the head of this chapter, were read.²

IV

During the years 1881 and 1882 Miss Nightingale was very busy with Indian questions, and when Lord Ripon's policy was disclosed, he became a hero to her almost comparable to General Gordon. In forwarding to Lord Ripon a copy of one of her Indian pieces, she sent her "deepest reverence and highest hopes for all the great measures by which the Viceroy is bringing peace to the people of India and fulfilling England's pledges. And the love and blessing of India's people be upon him!" Readers of the present generation, who do not remember the political controversies of thirty years ago, and who are familiar with experiments in Indian reform, more daring in some respects than any which Lord Ripon attempted, may wonder at Miss Nightingale's enthusiasm. But it was very natural to one holding

¹ Namely, *Short Notes* (Bible readings), and thoughts on the Holy Communion entitled *Thou shalt not eat, Take eat*. Miss Nightingale's presentation copies of Gordon's privately printed booklets included also his *Remarks on Expenditure in India* (1881).

² Letter read at a meeting held at Aldershot in support of the Gordon Boys' Home, August 30, 1886.

I consider my life done, that I can never aspire to or seek employment, when one's voice must be stilled to some particular note ; therefore I say *it* is done, and the only thing now left to me is to drift along to its natural end and in the endeavour to do what little good one may be able to do. Syria is, to me, no land of attraction, all lands are indifferent. I go for no desire of curiosity, but simply because it is a quiet land and a land where small means can do much good. That is all my reason for going there. I would have gone to the Cape. I would have gone to India as you suggest, but I would never do so if I had to accept the shibboleth of the Indian or Colonial official classes. . . . My life is truly to me a straw, but I must live. Would that it could go to give you and all others the sense that they are all risen in Christ even now, even if it was at the cost of my eternal existence—such is the love I have for my fellow-creatures, but the door is shut. I cannot live in England ; for though I have many many millions in my Home, I am only put on short allowance here, tho' it is ample for me with my wants. I cannot visit the sick in London : it is too expensive. I can do so in Syria, and where the sick are, there is our Lord. I would do anything I could for India, but I feel sure my advent there would not be allowed.

The time was presently to come when Gordon's wish was in a way he knew not to be granted, and his death was to be an inspiration unto many. For the present, Miss Nightingale hoped for the Cape or some other Colonial duty rather than Syria ; and Sir Harry Verney wrote to Mr. Gladstone on the matter, mentioning her name. This she had not intended. Never reluctant to intervene in cases which might be considered within her competence, she had the strongest objection to weakening her influence by any appearance of meddling in matters wherein she had no better right to express an opinion than anybody else. She scolded Sir Harry severely for his indiscretion ; but Mr. Gladstone sent a friendly answer (April 26) : " he will make the circumstances known to Lord Kimberley who, he is sure, will, like himself, desire to turn Colonel Gordon's services to account." Gordon, meanwhile, whose rapid changes of intention must at this time have been puzzling to his friends, had accepted a military appointment at Mauritius, which, however, was soon followed by one at the Cape. Before leaving England, he again sent Miss

Nightingale. It has been thought by some that Lord Ripon attempted too much and allowed too little for Lord Salisbury's "periods of Indian cosmogony." But in these matters some one must begin; and if some of the hopes raised by Lord Ripon's pronouncements have been doomed to disappointment, the fears of his more frantic opponents have been in at least equal measure belied by the event. Miss Nightingale was among those with whom hope ran highest. Her fundamental doctrine of human perfectibility by Divine order encouraged her to see in Lord Ripon the Providential instrument of vast changes. She approved whole-heartedly of all that he actually proposed, writing him letters of enthusiastic encouragement, and she also plied him with suggestions of further reforms. In particular, she sent him a scheme—in which Captain Galton, Dr. Sutherland, and Sir Richard Temple collaborated with her—for village sanitation in India. She regarded his Viceroyalty almost as the beginning of the millennium.

Miss Nightingale, however, was no idle or vague enthusiast. She was one of those who, while they fix their eyes on the stars, keep their feet firmly planted on the ground. She was as indefatigable as ever in mastering every detail, a process in which Lord Ripon's supply of Minutes and other documents provided abundant material, and she continued to see and correspond with every available Anglo-Indian or Indian who could help her, or whom she could hope to influence. There were two main lines on which her activities moved. "India says," she wrote, "'We want all the help you can give us from home.'" So, then, she devoted herself, in the first place, to the support of Lord Ripon's policy. She was constant in inspiring sympathisers at home to fresh exertions. She suggested meetings and propaganda. She wrote articles and assisted others to write. She was in constant communication with Sir William Wedderburn. She made the acquaintance of Mr. A. O. Hume, "the father of the Indian National Congress." She saw Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Mr. Lalmohun Ghose, and other Indian gentlemen. But Miss Nightingale had no fanatical belief in the value of legislative reforms in themselves. They are worth no more than the public opinion

her views at the time. The admiration which she felt for Lord Ripon and his policy was equalled by the passionate detestation felt by the larger, if not the better, part of Anglo-Indian opinion. The opposition to the "Ilbert Bill," named after the member of the Legislative Council who introduced it, was intensely bitter; that to some other branches of Lord Ripon's policy, hardly less so. Miss Nightingale was behind the scenes both at Calcutta or Simla and in London: in India by confidential communications from Lord Ripon himself, in London through friends in the India Office. She knew how uncertain was the support he received in his own Council, and how strong was the opposition in the Council in Downing Street. He was a good man fighting against adversity, and she was eager to do what she could to help him. His reforms were also hers. She had spent years of labour in mastering the intricacies of land tenure in India. For years her heart had been full of the grievances of the cultivators. And now Lord Ripon had prepared Land Reform Bills for Bengal and Oudh which, if passed, would give the ryot security against oppression. She had thought much and written something on Indian education.¹ It was "not enough," she had said, "to read Locke and Mill." She wanted an education which would teach the peoples of India to be "men," which would encourage them to the better cultivation of agriculture and industries, which would enable every *patel* (village headman) to understand and enforce the principles of sanitation. And Lord Ripon had appointed an Education Commission (1882), from which some useful reforms followed. As for the "Ilbert Bill," which sought to confer upon duly qualified native judges powers equal to their position, it was in Miss Nightingale's eyes a measure of simple justice and duty; it was an honest fulfilment, within its scope, of the Proclamation of 1858, in which the Queen declared her pleasure, that as far as may be "Our subjects of whatever race or creed be impartially admitted to Our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge." Lord Ripon's measures in the direction of local self-government similarly appealed to Miss

¹ See Bibliography A, No. 100.

culture could be taught at Oxford?" These things have of late years been done both at Oxford and at Cambridge. Then Miss Nightingale discussed with Mr. Toynbee the importance of familiarizing the students with the agrarian conditions in India, "so as to open the minds of these future administrators and judges to the real significance of their position and its responsibilities." To this end she induced her friend, Sir George Campbell, to give a course of lectures at Oxford. Of her own writings during this period¹ the most considerable was an elaborate exposition and defence of Lord Ripon's Bengal Land Tenure Bill, of which, as of his other measures, the fate was hanging in the balance. This Paper—entitled in her fanciful way *The Dumb shall speak, and the Deaf shall hear, or, The Ryot, the Zemindar, and the Government*—was read (by Mr. Frederick Verney) at a meeting of the East India Association at Exeter Hall on June 1, 1883, with Sir Bartle Frere in the chair. It was well reported; there was a full attendance of distinguished Anglo-Indians, and a lively discussion followed. Miss Nightingale printed her Paper as a pamphlet and distributed it widely. The discussion showed much difference of opinion, but every speaker paid a tribute to Miss Nightingale's knowledge and devotion. There was one who was able from personal experience to recall the thoughts of the audience to other scenes wherein she had won her first renown. This was Surgeon-Major Vincent Ambler. "I was sick in hospital at Balaclava," he said, "and she nursed me through a long illness of Crimean fever. She was with me, I might almost say, night and day, and it is to her good nursing and energetic attention I owe my recovery. Previous to my illness I had had experience of her friendship when at Scutari, where the hospitals were crammed with dead and dying, and cholera was carrying off hundreds of victims a day; it was amid such scenes as this that I constantly beheld Miss Nightingale." Scenes not quite so terrible, but yet not entirely different, had been witnessed at this time in other fields of war; and Miss Nightingale, though no longer able to be in the midst of them herself, played some part, nevertheless, in ministering to the sick

¹ For the particulars, see Bibliography A, Nos. 97-99, 109-111.

and the individual effort which they express or inspire. If Lord Ripon's policy was indeed to inaugurate a millennium in India, there must be a new zeal alike in Anglo-Indian administration and among the more educated classes of India. In her interviews with the latter, she was constant in impressing upon them how much each one might do in promoting sanitation and education. She took a lively interest in the Zenana mission. She saw Mrs. Scharlieb when that lady went out to practise medicine in India, corresponded with her, and gave her introductions. Lord Roberts came to see her (June 1881) before taking up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief in Madras. Mr. Ilbert had seen her before going out as judicial member of the Governor-General's Council, and they kept up a correspondence. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff similarly called on his appointment to the Governorship of Madras (June 1881), and throughout his term of office he wrote reporting progress on all matters likely to interest her.

Miss Nightingale was particularly interested in agricultural development and education. She saw much of Sir James Caird, and corresponded with Mr. W. R. Robertson, the Principal of the Agricultural College in Madras. Candidates selected for the Indian Civil Service were now given the option of a year's study at the University before going out, and at Balliol Mr. Arnold Toynbee was appointed a lecturer to them. Miss Nightingale made his acquaintance, and corresponded with him. "I know nothing," she wrote (May 30, 1882), "that tells so soon, so widely, so vigorously as Indian Civil Service administration. Balliol sends forth her raw missionaries; and in four years from the time he was an undergraduate, see what a man may do!" "Could not some instruction be given," she suggested (Oct. 20, 1882), "in agriculture and forestry," so as "at least to direct your students' attention to what are the peculiar wants of India, a knowledge often absent in her rulers? In agricultural chemistry, in botany (as regards plants and woods), in geology (as regards soils and water-supply), in forestry (as regards rainfall and fuel), in animal physiology (as regards breeds, fodder, and cattle-diseases), there is much ignorance in India. What if Scientific Agri-

not spruce or showy, but alert, silent, steady. And not a man of them all, I am sure, but thought he had nothing in what he had done to be proud of; tho' *we* might well be proud of *them*. Royalty was there with its usual noble simplicity to bid them an unobtrusive welcome. The men, not the Royalty, were to be all in all on that occasion. A more deeply felt and less showy scene could not have been imagined.

So Miss Nightingale noted at the time, and presently she included her description in one of the letters which she sent every now and then at the Commanding Officer's request for him to read out to the men of the Volunteer Corps at Romsey, near her old home. She used the incident again in an address to the Nightingale Probationers (1883). A few days later (Nov. 18, 1882) there was a Royal Review, on the Horse Guards Parade, of the troops returned from the Egyptian campaign, and Miss Nightingale was present, at Mr. Gladstone's invitation, on a stand erected in the Prime Minister's garden. She was seated between him and Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. Gladstone, in recalling the occasion, used to say that "there were tears in Miss Nightingale's dear eyes as the poor ragged fellows marched past." Her presence on this occasion was observed, and she was invited accordingly to attend the opening of the new Law Courts by the Queen (Dec. 4). She was given a place on the dais, and the Queen, noticing her, sent a message to say "how pleased she was to see Miss Nightingale there, looking well."

Lord Wolseley's Egyptian campaign of 1882 was short and sharp, and from the combative point of view admirably managed, but there was a good deal of sickness among the soldiers. The fighting during these years (1880-82), both in South Africa and in Egypt, put to the test the re-organizations of the Army Medical and Hospital Service which had taken place since Miss Nightingale was "in office" with Sidney Herbert. The result of the test was far from satisfactory. There were, indeed, no scandals on the scale of the Crimean War, and the death-rate during the Egyptian campaign may fairly be cited as proof that great improvements had been effected since that time.¹ But there were

¹ The rate was 24.39 per 1000.

through her pupils, and in seeking to remedy defects in administration which the test of war had once more revealed. To these scenes, leaving Lord Ripon's measures trembling in the balance, we must now turn.

V

The Egyptian campaign of 1882 called for female nurses, and Miss Nightingale worked at high pressure in selecting them, and arranging details of their outfit. "I have been working some days," she told Mrs. Hawthorn (Aug. 3, 1882), "from 4.30 A.M. till 10 P.M." Mrs. Deeble, of Netley, was in command of the female nursing corps, twenty-four strong, in which several old pupils of the Nightingale School at St. Thomas's were enrolled. They wrote repeatedly to their "Chief" at home, and she sent them constant messages of advice and encouragement. "A thousand thanks for your dear kind letter, which seems to have given me fresh vigour to combat against our many difficulties." "How good and kind you are to send me that welcome telegram. A few words now and then from you are so cheering." There are hundreds of such notes. The spirit of an old campaigner revived in Miss Nightingale as she read of stirring deeds, whether earlier in South Africa or now in Egypt. Nor had her "children" in the army altogether forgotten their old friend. There were four men, wounded at Majuba, who were detained for some weeks in hospital at Netley. They spent their time of convalescence in making a patchwork quilt, and asked that it should be sent from them "to Florence Nightingale." In November 1882 the Guards began to return from Egypt. A regiment of them (Grenadiers) was under the command of Colonel Philip Smith, a nephew of Sir Harry Verney, who persuaded Miss Nightingale to drive to the station to see their arrival. She was deeply moved:—

November 13 [1882]. For the first time for 25 years I went out to see a sight—to Victoria Station to see the return of the Foot Guards. Anybody might have been proud of these men's appearance—like shabby skeletons, or at least half their former size—in worn but well-cleaned campaigning uniform;

State carries out the Report, some of the most useful improvements will have originated with you."

Miss Nightingale found in the evidence a justification of her forebodings during past years. It disclosed evils comparable in kind, though not in extent, to those at Scutari and in the Crimea.¹ Supplies procurable had not been procured. Hospital equipment was incomplete. The cooking was defective, and so forth. These defects were due, Miss Nightingale considered, to the undoing of Sidney Herbert's work. The Purveyor's Department, reorganized by him and her, had been abolished. For the rest, their whole scheme of reorganization had been based on the regimental system, which had now been abandoned for a unitary system, though in time of war some return to the former was a necessity. Miss Nightingale did not wholly condemn these changes in themselves. What she complained of was that they had not been thought out in all the details or in terms of war. This was what she meant when she noted the progress of reorganization during previous years, and pronounced it lacking in administrative skill.² She now said that the changes must be accepted, and threw herself into the work of lending aid towards improvement. She saw and corresponded with the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, Dr. T. Crawford, than whom, she said, "we have not had such a man of unflagging energy since Alexander."³ She made friends with many other army doctors. Among them was Surgeon-Major G. J. H. Evatt, who had seen service in India, and was now at the Royal Military Academy. He assisted Miss Nightingale in suggestions for the reorganization of the Army Hospital Corps in India, which she sent to Lord Ripon. She was consulted on revised regulations for various branches of the medical service. She was in constant communication with her old associates, Captain Galton and Dr. Sutherland, and she urged the former to keep the question of reform to the front by writing in the papers and magazines.

¹ See especially the evidence of Lord Wolseley himself, summarized at pp. 35-36 of the *Report of the Army Hospital Services Inquiry Committee*, 1883.

² Her points may be followed in detail in the article referred to below, p. 340, n.

³ Letter to Captain Galton, Nov. 28, 1883.

grave defects, and Miss Nightingale played an active part both in bringing them to light and in striving for their prevention in future. She was in close touch with the hospital arrangements both in Natal and in Egypt through her friends among the lady nurses and lady visitors. From Natal, one of the latter, Mrs. Hawthorn, had sent her many particulars, supported by evidence, of neglect in the hospitals. Miss Nightingale wrote a memorandum on the subject, which she submitted, again through Sir Harry Verney, to the Secretary for War. Mr. Childers appointed a Court of Inquiry (June 1882), presided over by Sir Evelyn Wood, to investigate the charges. The Committee reported that "improvements in the system of nursing are both practicable and desirable." "This is rather a mild opinion," wrote Sir Robert Loyd Lindsay (Lord Wantage) to Miss Nightingale (Oct. 23, 1882), "considering that all the independent evidence went to show that the orderlies were often drunk and riotous, that they ate the rations of the sick, and left the nursing of the patients to the convalescents." The Egyptian campaign followed, and many cases of neglect were alleged. The Committee was reconstituted (Oct. 1882) on an enlarged basis, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Morley, with instructions to inquire, with special reference to the Egyptian campaign, into the organization of the Army Hospital Corps and the whole question of hospital management and nursing in the field. Miss Nightingale had a close ally during this inquiry in Lord Wantage, who was a member of the Committee. She suggested witnesses to him; and sent him elaborate briefs for their examination. She was furnished day by day with the minutes of evidence; and when the time came for preparing the Report, she wrote successive papers of suggestions, which Lord Wantage submitted to the Chairman. "I think," wrote Lord Wantage (May 5, 1883), "that the Report, although dealing with details, and not going much beyond them, will be of service. And I am bound to say many of the best suggestions come from you, and for these I beg to thank you most sincerely"; and, again, in sending her an early proof of the Report (June 12): "I can only repeat once more how valuable your aid was to me during the enquiry. If the Secretary of

the Presidency towns, to Native Magistrates and Judges who, after long trial of their judicial qualification, in corresponding positions, have shown themselves worthy to be entrusted with this duty and have risen to that grade where for their official responsibility such powers are required. It is no new experiment, but has been tried on the Bench of the High Courts and in the Chief Magistracies of the Presidency towns." Miss Nightingale then went on to refer to the Queen's "noble proclamation" of 1858, and to connect the Ilbert Bill with it. "The Queen has proclaimed that she will admit the natives of India to share in the government of that country without distinction of race and creed. She has invited them to educate themselves to qualify for her service as Englishmen do. In face of the greatest difficulties they have in competition with our ablest young men gained honourable place, and by trial in long service have proved themselves efficient and trustworthy." It would be disastrous, Miss Nightingale went on to argue, if, in deference to clamour, the Queen's Government were to draw back from giving effect to Her Majesty's gracious assurances:—

(*Sir Henry Ponsonby to Miss Nightingale.*) OSBORNE, August 13 [1883]. The Queen hopes you will forgive her for not answering your letters herself. Her Majesty has been so constantly interrupted in writing that she has entrusted to me the duty of conveying to you her thanks for the two very interesting communications you have been good enough to address to Her Majesty.

With regard to the "Ilbert Bill" which is now being so vehemently discussed, The Queen cannot but deplore the acrimony with which the question has been treated; but as it is a matter under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, The Queen is unwilling to express any opinion upon the measure at present.

It gave The Queen sincere pleasure to confer the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon you, who have worked so hard and who have effected so much in the Sanitary Departments of the Army, and The Queen is very grateful for your observations on the Military Medical questions, and has read with much interest the paper in the *Fortnightly Review*¹ to which you called her attention. Her Majesty considers your remarks of the highest

¹ "The Army Hospital Service," by Captain Douglas Galton, in the *Review* of July 1, 1883.

VI

In the middle of 1883 Miss Nightingale was in the thick of her two main preoccupations—the defence of Lord Ripon's Indian policy and the reform of the Army Hospital Service—when an opportunity came to her for putting in a word on behalf of each of these causes in the highest quarter. The decoration of the Royal Red Cross had been instituted by Royal Warrant on April 23, 1883, and Miss Nightingale's attendance was requested at Windsor on July 5 to receive the decoration for her "special exertions in providing for the nursing of the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors." She was invited to dine and sleep at the castle on the occasion. The Queen, whose observant eye had noticed at the opening of the Law Courts that Miss Nightingale was attended by Sir Harry Verney, hoped that he would again accompany her. The state of her health compelled Miss Nightingale to decline the invitation¹; with the greater reluctance because there were two subjects—India and the Army Medical Service—on which the Queen had permitted her to speak on a previous occasion and on which she would now have highly prized the opportunity of speaking again. She begged to be permitted to write to Her Majesty instead. The permission was given, and Miss Nightingale sent a letter upon the state of the Army Medical and Hospital Services. A second letter contained an expository vindication of Lord Ripon's Indian measures. In this connection it had been intimated to Miss Nightingale by a friend that she would do well to describe in a few words what the Ilbert Bill really was. The Queen had doubtless read voluminous dispatches "about it and about," and perhaps been addressed on the subject by copious Ministers "as if she were a public meeting," and like the greater number of her subjects may have felt little the wiser. Miss Nightingale condensed into the following words the nature of the Bill and the case for it: "The so-called 'Ilbert Bill' is intended to give limited powers to try Europeans, outside of

¹ The decoration was accordingly sent to her by the Secretary of State on July 17. It is now placed, in accordance with directions in Miss Nightingale's Will, in the Museum of the United Service Institution.

which the care and kindness of such ladies confers upon the sick or wounded soldier, I regard their presence in all our hospitals as a most wholesome check upon the whole personnel in them. I am sure that the patients in a ward where there was a lady nurse would always receive the wine, food, etc., ordered them by the doctor, and the irregularities of the orderlies, such as those complained of by Mrs. Hawthorn, could not take place. I am therefore of opinion that it was very wrong to have prevented that lady from entering the wards at Pietermaritzburg, and I think it would be desirable to call attention in the Queen's Regulations to the great advantage of procuring the aid of lady nurses at all stations, both in peace and war." ¹ All this is precisely the doctrine preached by Miss Nightingale when she said that the most important function of the female nurse was the education of the male orderly. Lord Wolseley, in the Memorandum just quoted, was speaking from personal experience in South Africa. Subsequent experience in Egypt confirmed his opinions, and in his evidence before the later Committee of Inquiry he was even more emphatic. "The employment of lady nurses to a very large extent in every hospital on service" was the surest way to efficiency. The female nurses at Cairo, Ismailia, and Alexandria were of the "greatest assistance." "It was delightful to go into a ward where there was a female nurse. Their presence made the greatest difference." "If I might so describe them, although it is not perhaps a complimentary way of describing them, they are the best spies in the hospital upon everybody." ²

VII

The nurses were soon to have another opportunity of proving their usefulness; but we must first return, with Miss Nightingale, to Lord Ripon's Indian reforms, the fate of which was in the middle of 1883 still uncertain. "Which way," she wrote to friends likely to know, "do you think

¹ Memorandum by the Adjutant-General printed at p. 1 of *Proceedings of a Court of Inquiry into the Army Hospital Corps employed in South Africa, War Office, June 1882.*

² See Questions 6166, 6214, 6215.

value, and fully concurs in your opinion that the Hospital Services should be carried out in a manner calculated to relieve the Medical officer from the care of details not belonging to his Medical work. The abolition of the Purveyor's Department and the change from the Regimental to the General system—which The Queen much regrets—were both effected on the recommendation of the Medical officers, and The Queen observes that those who gave evidence before the late Committee of Enquiry consider these steps to have improved the efficiency of their Department. These matters have been prominently brought to Her Majesty's notice lately, as the selection of a new Commandant to Netley Hospital is now under consideration, and the comparative advantages of naming a Combatant or Medical officer are being discussed.

The Queen was extremely sorry to have missed the opportunity of seeing you at Windsor, but trusts that on some future occasion she may be more fortunate. I am to repeat to you Her Majesty's thanks for your letters, and to assure you that The Queen will always be glad to receive any communications from you.

The practical interest which Queen Victoria took in Army matters may have been a factor in the prompt attempt to remedy the evils to which Miss Nightingale had called attention. In the following year Miss Nightingale obtained, through Lord Wantage, a statement from the War Office (Oct. 17, 1884) "showing how far the recommendations of Lord Morley's Committee had been carried out." There were very few of the evils left unremedied—at any rate on paper.

There was one feature of the Hospital Service upon which the inquiries above mentioned threw nothing but praise, and that was the female nursing. Lord Wolseley, whose service dated back, like Miss Nightingale's, to the Crimean War, was particularly emphatic on this point. "I have always thought," he said, "that the presence of lady nurses in our military hospitals was a matter of the first consequence. When, as a General, I have inspected hospitals, I always felt I could not really 'get at' the patients; few men would dare to speak against the orderlies of a hospital, no matter how you may question them, but they would tell what they think very freely to a lady nurse who is attendant upon them. Apart from the incalculable boon

things. But he says, 'Give me your instructions and I will obey them. I will study them on my way out. Send me what you think. Supply the powder and I will fire the shot.' Give me quickly what instructions you think I should send him." This letter reached Dr. Sutherland on a Friday, and she had commanded him to send in his notes "before Monday." But, as ill luck had it, the Doctor was busy "in working at the cholera bacillus with a beautiful Vienna microscope purchased with this object." That would occupy him on Friday and Saturday, and Sunday was Sunday; so "the Viceroy must wait." The reader who remembers an earlier chapter will be able to imagine Miss Nightingale's wrath. Notes and telegrams, now withering, now pleading, followed fast upon each other. "I did not know the bacillus was of more consequence than a Viceroy." "If you did a little on Sunday, the Recording Angel would drop not a tear but a smile." But Dr. Sutherland was not to be cajoled into abandoning either his science or his Sabbatarianism; and on the former point he put in a very good plea in mitigation of judgment. If Dr. Koch's cholera bacillus turned out well, the discovery would save many more lives than Lord Dufferin, however carefully instructed, was likely to do. Miss Nightingale did not believe in the bacillus but allowed herself to be appeased, especially as it turned out that Lord Dufferin was not leaving London till a day or two later than she had supposed. So, she and Dr. Sutherland collaborated in indoctrinating their fifth Viceroy in the truths of their Sanitary gospel. There is a formidable list in her hand of "Papers for Lord Dufferin." As he was as good as his word, he must have had a strenuous voyage. On starting he sent to her one of his pretty little letters:—

(*Lord Dufferin to Miss Nightingale.*) S.S. "TASMANIA," Nov. 13 [1884]. MY DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE—I duly received the papers you were good enough to send me, and you may be quite sure of my studying them with the attention they deserve. I well know how well entitled you are to speak with authority in reference to Indian questions, and I can well believe that you have thought out many conclusions which it would be of the greatest benefit to me to ponder over. I hope you will

the storm is going?" She had urged the Viceroy "not to yield to the storm which raged round him," and he had assured her that he had no inclination whatever to do so, though he would not be unwilling to admit reasonable amendments to his proposals. The Viceroy's letters showed Miss Nightingale that his policy would need all the support that those in England who agreed with it could give. The storm-centre was the Ilbert Bill, and Lord Ripon's letter had prepared Miss Nightingale for coming events. "Reasonable amendments" were ultimately accepted, and the "Ilbert Bill" was passed (Jan. 1884). The compromise was that Europeans tried before native judges should have the right of claiming a jury. "The so-called compromise is, in fact, a surrender," wrote one of Miss Nightingale's Radical friends; but for her part she held that the Viceroy had wisely yielded somewhat on a less important point, in order to improve the prospects of his more important measures. With these, from time to time, Lord Ripon reported satisfactory progress. After some difficulties with the India Office, he was allowed to establish an Agricultural Department in Bengal. The prospects of the Land Tenure Bills were favourable.¹ The local self-government Bills were passed. Educational reforms had been made. Then, presently, it was announced in London that Lord Ripon had resigned and would shortly return to England. Miss Nightingale was much perturbed, and accused her friend of "deserting the Empire." Lord Ripon in reply sent her a long letter of explanation, the gist of which was that he had exhausted his powers of usefulness in India, and that, by retiring now instead of serving his full term, he would be more likely to obtain a sympathetic successor. The successor was soon appointed, and early in November Lord Dufferin came to see Miss Nightingale. "My visit from Lord Dufferin," she wrote to Dr. Sutherland (Nov. 6), "took place yesterday. We went over many things—Sanitation, Land Tenure, Agriculture, Civil Service, etc. etc. And I am to send him a Note of each. But about sanitary things he says he is perfectly ignorant, especially of Indian sanitary

¹ They were ultimately passed with some amendment by Lord Ripon's successor.

He ought, she said, to receive a popular welcome as enthusiastic as any accorded to a conquering General. As there were no signs of any preparation in that sort, she worked very hard, though with very little success, to organize a welcome in the form of laudatory articles in various newspapers and reviews.¹ She herself wrote an enthusiastic appreciation, but she was unwilling to sign it. The editors were willing to publish anything to which Miss Florence Nightingale would give her name, but for articles in praise of Lord Ripon's policy without that attraction there was no demand. As soon as it was disclosed that what was offered was only an unsigned article, or an article signed by some nominee of hers, the editors, with one consent, discovered that exigencies of space prevented its insertion. And this was not surprising; for Khartoum had fallen, and the Government was tottering. Miss Nightingale was as keenly interested as any one else in those things; but there were few beside herself to whom the standing problems of Indian administration were matters of "life and death," no less passionately interesting than the fate of a hero or the fall of a ministry.

VIII

Lord Wolseley had been appointed to command a Gordon Relief Expedition in August 1884. There were already female nurses in Egypt. Some had been retained at Cairo after the Arabi Campaign of 1882. Others had been sent to Suakin during the "military operations" of 1883. More were now sent by the Government, and some were ordered up the Nile to Wady Halfa. Miss Nightingale felt this to be a great event. "Luther says," she wrote to Miss Pringle (Claydon, Oct. 11, 1884), "that he looks and sees the firmament which God has made without pillars, and we wretched men are always afraid that it will tumble down unless we make our little pillars half a foot high. It is 34 years since I was at Wady Halfa. How little I could ever have thought that there would be trained nurses now there! O faithless me, that think God cannot make His firmament without

¹ The only success was with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which published a welcoming article (by Mr. F. Verney) on January 22.

forgive me for adding that one of the pleasantest "sweets of office" I have yet tasted has been the privilege I acquired of coming to pay you that little visit.

Meanwhile, Miss Nightingale, in the hope of completing the new Viceroy's education, had written an account of her interview to Lord Ripon, so that when they met he might know on what points his successor most needed indoctrinating. Lord Dufferin had not long been gone when an opportunity offered itself for another effort at evangelization. At the end of November Mr. Gladstone called upon Miss Nightingale. He had come without an appointment, and she was unable to see him; but assuming, for her purpose, that he had proposed to discuss Indian questions, she sent him a written statement of her views on various matters, and asked leave to write again with more special reference to Lord Ripon's splendid record. Mr. Gladstone thanked her (Dec. 6) for the valuable letter; said that the best use he could make of it would be to commend it to the attention of Lord Kimberley¹; and added that he would be very glad to hear her views about Lord Ripon's administration. She had wanted to interest Mr. Gladstone, and was disappointed that he had only passed her letter on to Lord Kimberley, who, she thought, meant the India Council, a body not sympathetic to the Ripon policy. But, as she had been given the opening, she made another attempt. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, in general sympathy with Lord Ripon, but she wanted the Prime Minister to give greater prominence and emphasis to Indian internal reforms in his speeches. She did not succeed. "I wish I could hope," wrote a friend who knew both India and Mr. Gladstone well (Jan. 4, 1885), "that you could make some real impression on him; but at his age and at this time, when his hands are so full, what can you expect? He has never given his mind to India, and it is too late now." It was not only Mr. Gladstone who was preoccupied at this time with other things than the welfare of the Indian peoples. Miss Nightingale soon discovered this. Lord Ripon was nearly due in England.

¹ Who had been transferred from the Colonial to the India Office in December 1882.

I was then Sister of one of the surgical wards at King's College Hospital. It was on a Saturday in February, about midday, just as I was due to attend the operation cases from my ward, that a one-armed commissioner appeared at the ward door: "A note for Sister Philippa from Miss Nightingale," he said. The request it contained was characteristic of the writer—decisive, yet kindly. Would I leave in three days' time for service in the Soudan? if so, I must be at her house for instructions on Monday at 8.30 A.M., at Marlborough House to be interviewed by Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales) at 11 A.M.; and immediately afterwards at Messrs. Cappers, Gracechurch Street, to be fitted for my war uniform. Would I also breakfast with her on Wednesday, so that she "might check the fit of my uniform, and wish me God-speed." Months afterwards, when the war was over, and we were quietly chatting over things at Claydon, how she enjoyed hearing the numerous trivial details of that three days' rush! Again and again she would refer to that afternoon when I had to stand by the patient's side in the operating theatre, mechanically waiting on the surgeons, outwardly placid, yet inwardly, as I told her, in a fever of excitement, not so much at the thought of going to the front, as at the fact I had been chosen by her to follow in her footsteps.

On the Monday above referred to, punctually at half-past eight, I arrived at South Street, wondering what my reception would be, but before ten minutes had passed all wonder and speculation had given place to unbounded admiration and (even at that early acquaintanceship) affection for the warm-hearted old lady who counselled me as a nurse, mothered me as an out-put from her Home, and urged me to spare no point—myself specially—where the soldiers were concerned. "Remember," she said, "when you are far away up-country, possibly the only English woman there, that those men will note and remember your every action, not only as a nurse, but as a woman; your life to them will be as the rings a pebble makes when thrown into a pond—reaching far, reaching wide—each ripple gone beyond your grasp, yet remembered almost to exaggeration by those soldiers lying helpless in their sickness. See that your every word and act is worthy of your profession and your womanhood." Then she asked me to accept an india-rubber travelling bath as "her parting gift to a one-time probationer who had once reminded her that cleanliness was next to Godliness,"¹ and in

¹ The writer—Sister Philippa Hicks (Mrs. Large)—was the "cheeky probationer" above quoted, p. 252. Afterwards matron of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital (1888); founder of the first "Co-operation for Nurses," at 8 New Cavendish Street (1892); gave up nursing to be married (1898).

pillars." But Miss Nightingale's religion enjoined, as we know, "working with God." The ultimate issue did not rest upon the little pillars; but they must be set up for what they are worth none the less, and Miss Nightingale threw herself, heart and soul, into forwarding the Egyptian nursing campaign. Presently more nurses were sent out on private initiative—some by the National Aid Society, others by a committee of ladies. On February 20, 1885, Lady Rosebery called at South Street. She and Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Salisbury, and other ladies, with the Princess of Wales, were proposing to establish a Committee of their own to send additional comforts for the sick and wounded, as well as additional nurses. In order to secure unity of administration, and in loyalty to Lord Wantage's Society, Miss Nightingale advised against any separate organization, and the Committee, which she then agreed to join, was reconstituted as "The Princess of Wales's Branch of the National Aid Society." The Superintendent of the nurses sent out by the Government was one of Miss Nightingale's dearest pupils, Miss Rachel Williams, whose acquaintance we have made already under her pet-name of "The Goddess." She had been in indifferent health and much worried. She stayed in South Street while arrangements were pending, and Miss Nightingale announced the departure to Miss Pringle (March 4): "Our darling has started this morning by the *Navarino* with seven nurses for Suez. If you had seen, as I did, how, the moment it was settled that she was to have this work, the cloud and the load were lifted off her, and she became again the Goddess and her youth returned, you would have felt, as she said, that Providential Goodness had opened and guided every step of her way. As soon as her appointment was made she looked as beautiful and bonny as ever."

The rapidity of Miss Nightingale's decision, her memory for matters of detail, her thoughtfulness for others even in trivial things, her kindness of heart interlacing the practical instinct, the mingled playfulness and gravity of her manner—these things are all illustrated in the reminiscences of another member of the party which sailed for Egypt in the *Navarino* :—

“is tenderness and trust.” No words better describe our Chief than these.

Sister Philippa was only one of the many war-nurses to whom their Chief showed this tender friendship. During their service abroad, she was constant in letters of encouragement and advice :—

(*To Miss Williams, at SUEZ.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, July 3. . . . The Orderlies are not hopeless but untrained. Government are now doing all they can. In my day they *were* hopeless. They place them now under the Sisters. The great business of the Sisters *is* to train them. It is the more aggravating when there are so few Sisters that they *can't* give time to train these men who are essential in the Field. O how I wish I could send you several Sisters at once! But I am altogether puzzled. Your telegrams, which I suspect were not dictated by you, say “Sufficient.” Would that I could help you to nurse the Typhoids! I am sure you *are* doing great good among the Orderlies, even tho' you do not know it. The very fact that they see you think neglect a crime does good. How well I know their fatal neglects with Typhoid cases! But 30 years ago women Nurses were just as bad. See the difference now. There is a Miss Williams. Cheer up: fight the good fight of faith. I need not say this to my dear, for she *is* fighting it. God bless her! When I am gone, she will see the fruit of her labours. Three cheers for her! A Dieu. To God I commend you. Would I were His servant as you are. I wonder whether you have had my letters. I have written by every mail.¹

(*To the same.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, July 17 [1885]. Yesterday the Guards Camel Corps and the Heavies marched into London, after having been reviewed by the Queen at Osborne. Sir Harry went to see them inspected by the Commander-in-Chief at Wellington Barracks: (I would have given anything to have seen the Meeting with their comrades if I had been well enough to go.) And he said it was the most affecting thing he ever saw. These were the men who marched across the Bayuda Desert—a handful of men taking tender care of their handful of wounded, attacked by twelve times their number—and reached the Nile below Khartoum; but when the steamer reached Khartoum, Khartoum had fallen and Gordon was dead. There is a picture of Gordon called “The Last Watch,” where he is watching on the ramparts, the last night. It is very fine. He is unseen and

¹ She had indeed, and more. I have counted the letters. There were sixty-five to Miss Williams during her service in Egypt.

spite of the merry twinkle in her eye as she said this, there were tears of anxious kindness as she added, "God guard you in His safe keeping and make you worthy of His trust—our soldiers."

I saw nothing more of her till Wednesday morning. The troop-ship in which we were to go out left Tilbury Docks at 11 o'clock, and I was to breakfast with Miss Nightingale at half-past seven. It was rather a rush to manage it, but it was well worth any amount of inconvenience to have that last hour with her, and it was a picture that will always remain above all others in my memory. Propped up in bed, the pillows framing her kindly face with its lace-covered silvery hair, and twinkling eyes. I often think her sense of humour must have been as strong a bond between her and the soldiers as her sympathy was. The coffee, toast, eggs, and honey, "a real English breakfast, dear child," she said, "and it is good to know you will have honestly earned the next one you eat in England." "And suppose I don't return to eat one at all?" I asked. "Well! you will have earned that too, dear heart," she answered quietly. Who can be surprised that we worshipped our Chief? Other nurses were going out in the same ship as I, and when we entered our cabins we found a bouquet of flowers for each of us, attached to which was "God-speed from Florence Nightingale."

Six months after, in the glare and heat of an August afternoon, when the Egyptian campaign was a thing of the past, a ship-load of sick and wounded soldiers glided slowly into the docks at Southampton. While I was helping to transfer some of the most serious cases to Netley, a telegram was handed to me. It was from Miss Nightingale: "Am staying at Claydon, cleaners and painters in possession of 10 South Street, but two rooms, Mrs. Neild [the Housekeeper], and a warm welcome are awaiting your arrival there. Use them as long as you wish." On arriving at South Street I found it all just as she had said, and by the first post next day came a letter from Claydon, *such* a home welcome! It was well worth all the heat and glare of a Soudan summer, all the absence of water, and presence of insects, and the hundred and one other uncomfortable things that flesh is heir to during similar circumstances, to get such a letter of welcome as that. It ended up with "make South Street your headquarters till your work is finished" (there was much detail to complete in connection with the National Aid Society before I could leave London), "and then come to me at Claydon." So after a couple of weeks' work in London, I went to Claydon, and there, during a month's rest in one of the most beautiful of England's country homes, I learned to know and understand Miss Nightingale, to realize what the friendship of a character like hers means. "The essence of Friendship," says Emerson,

ministrative conduct of the nursing service at the front which she could have ordered better. There was a paragraph in a newspaper about the attractions of "afternoon tea in the nurses' tent" which pained her (though the reference here was not, I think, to any of her own Nightingale nurses). Encouraging, cheery, helpful to others, she was in herself sad and almost sombre. It was in vain that Mr. Jowett still enjoined her to dwell upon all that she had been able to do, upon the many blessings which had attended her work. "You will have felt General Gordon's death," he wrote (Feb. 22), "as much as any one. What poor creatures most of us seem in comparison with him! But not you, not you!" But the note which she struck in her next Address to the Probationers was all of humility. Old friends and comrades were dying. In 1882 a dear friend of her girlhood—Madame Mohl—died in Paris. In the same year Dr. Farr died—one of the founders in this country of her favourite science of statistics, and an associate of hers in work with Sidney Herbert. One of the most valued of her allies in later Indian work—Sir Bartle Frere—died in 1884. In the previous year a yet older friend, and one of her wisest counsellors—Sir John McNeill—had died. He had sent her a copy of the last piece he wrote; the preface to a new edition of Sir Alexander Tulloch's *Reply to the Chelsea Board*, in which Sir John in turn replied to the version of that affair given by Mr. Kinglake.¹ Her letter to him, sent "with the deepest affection and veneration," was in a sombre vein. The correspondence recalled old days, but again "How little permanent progress had been made!" She only, she began to feel, was left; and she so unworthy! What opportunities she had been given! How little use she had been able to make of them! There were "dark nights of the soul" when such self-reproaches were grievous. But some years of life would perhaps still be granted to her. She would consecrate them the more devotedly to higher service. "To-day," she wrote (Christmas Day, 1885), "let me dedicate this poor old crumbling woman to Thee. Behold the handmaid of the Lord. I was Thy handmaid as a girl. How have I back-slidden!"

¹ See on this subject, Vol. I. p. 337.

alone ; there is the far-off look in his eyes of solemn happiness at his reunion with God, so near, of deep grief for the poor black populations whom he has to leave to their misery, and whom he has failed to extricate ; and yet of abiding, faithful trust in God that He will do all things for the best. It was his constant prayer—first for God's glory, then for these people's welfare, and his own humiliation—that is, that he should feel the more, himself being humbled, the indwelling God in himself. Have the little *Lives of Gordon* reached your men yet ?¹

Florence Nightingale was living her Crimean life again in the life of her pupils. Many a little incident recalled the old days to her. One of the nurses wrote that in her hospital the supply of soap had given out. "Send to Cairo," Miss Nightingale answered, "for any quantity you like, and I'll pay, but only if you can do it without embroiling yourself with the authorities." Another of her pupils was nursing in the Citadel Hospital at Cairo. "I am on night duty now," she wrote, "and I don't dislike it at all : in fact I enjoy trotting about this weird old place all by myself in the solemnity of the night ! and now and then hearing a low voice saying, 'Sister, would you mind doing so and so,' 'Sister, can you give me something to ease my face,' etc., etc., and then feeding the hungry enteric patients at stated times who open their mouths in turn like so many little birds !" The picture drawn in this letter, and the zest which it showed, pleased Miss Nightingale greatly, and she passed it on to old pupils at home. They were thrilled. Lucky Sybil ! they said ; she is doing work like the Chief's at Scutari ! another Lady with the Lamp amid the glimmering gloom ! And Miss Nightingale, who received from the medical authorities of the Army most satisfactory reports on the services rendered by her nurses, rejoiced in their successes and usefulness. She would have smiled upon any pupil "at the first stroke which passed what *she* could do."

Yet with thankfulness that she had been able to show the way to others, there was mingled something of the wistful regrets of old age. There was much in the ad-

¹ Miss Nightingale had obtained leave to make a cheap reprint of Mr. C. H. Allen's *Popular Life of General Gordon* for free distribution at her expense among the soldiers.

Almighty, Irresistible—for Love is irresistible—whose work and none other's this is, conduct it always, as He has done, while I have misconducted it. May He do *in* us what He would have us do. God bless you, dearest Aunt Mai. As ever your old loving FLO.

And in this month, too, Florence Nightingale was to die; but nearly a quarter of a century of life was first granted to her, and for the greater part of the time she remained in full possession of her faculties. Though she might be an "old lady" to young nurses, others remarked that she looked wonderfully fresh and youthful for her years. If old age had set in, her powers had by no means failed, and in many directions her work, though sometimes sore beset, continued to prosper. We will take first in our survey her work in the nursing world.

The "change of matrons" at St. Thomas's Hospital, caused by the retirement of Mrs. Wardroper, was hardly such a tragedy as it seemed to Miss Nightingale. Mrs. Wardroper had done her work, and there were younger women competent to fill the place. Mr. Jowett often begged Miss Nightingale to remember that "there is no necessary man—or woman"—"not even," as, greatly daring, he once added, "yourself." But in this case the Chief of the Nightingale School was not yet retiring, and she would still be able to supervise it—perhaps even more closely under a new Matron. For many years Miss Nightingale continued to maintain the intimate touch with her School that has been described in an earlier chapter: seeing the Sisters constantly, making the personal acquaintance of nurses, conferring with their medical instructors, reading their diaries and examination-papers. Her heart was even more closely in the work when she secured the appointment, as Mrs. Wardroper's successor, of her dear friend, Miss Pringle. Presently, however, there came what was a heavy blow to Miss Nightingale. Miss Pringle joined the Roman communion, and it was necessary that she should retire from the Matronship of St. Thomas's. The months of unsettlement before the conversion was made were full of grief to Miss Nightingale. Indeed her notes and meditations suggest that the "loss"

CHAPTER VII.

“ THE NURSES’ BATTLE ” ; AND HEALTH IN THE VILLAGE

(1885-1893)

Nursing cannot be formulated like engineering. It cannot be numbered or registered like population.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (1890).

What can be done for the health of the home without the woman of the home? In the West, as in the East, women are needed as Rural Health Missioners.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (1893).

THE period of Miss Nightingale’s life covered in this chapter includes the year of Queen Victoria’s Jubilee ; which was also what Miss Nightingale used to consider *her* Jubilee Year. She fixed her effectual call at February 7, 1837. In 1887 she had thus completed fifty years vowed to service. In August, a month of many memories to her, she looked back over the past and around her in the present, and was in a despondent mood :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Mrs. S. Smith.*) CLAYDON HOUSE, Aug. 5 [1887]. DEAREST AUNT MAI—Thinking of you always, grieved for your suffering, hoping that you have still to enjoy. In this month 34 years ago you lodged me in Harley St. (Aug. 12). And in this month 31 years ago you returned me to England from Scutari (Aug. 7). And in this month 30 years ago the first Royal Commission was finished (Aug. 7). And since then, 30 years of work often cut to pieces but never destroyed. God bless you ! In this month 26 years ago, Sidney Herbert died, after five years of work for us (Aug. 2). In this month 24 years ago, the work of the second Royal Commission (India) was finished. And in this month this year it seems all to have to be done again. And in this month this year the work at St. Thomas’s Hospital seems all to have to be done again—changing Matrons—after 27 years. And in this month this year my powers seem all to have failed and old age set in. May the Father

to the Institute. In an introduction which she contributed in 1890 to a book giving account of these matters,¹ Miss Nightingale struck a warning note. "The tendency is now to make a formula of nursing; a sort of literary expression. Now, no living thing can less lend itself to a formula than nursing. Nursing has to nurse living bodies and spirits. It must be sympathetic. It cannot be tested by public examinations, though it may be tested by current supervision." The Royal Jubilee Institute in some ways advanced Miss Nightingale's cause, but she had misgivings. "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*; yes, but of which King?" Was the oriflamme, which was now beginning to wave above the nursing sisterhood, "of heavenly fire, or of terrestrial tissue?" "We are becoming the fashion," Miss Nightingale was fond of saying; "we must be on our guard. Royalty is smiling on us; we must have a care." Such misgivings were speedily to be justified.

The nursing world was for some years rent in twain by a dispute about Royal Charters and Registration. The controversy lasted for seven years (1886-93); Miss Nightingale was in the thick of it, and during the more critical period of the dispute (1891, 1892) it was her main public preoccupation. In 1886 the Hospitals Association² appointed a Committee to inquire into the possibility of establishing a General Register of Nurses. The Committee violently disagreed; in 1887 the majority retired, and the minority founded the British Nurses Association with a view to carrying forward a scheme of Registration. In 1888 the Hospitals Association appointed a second committee which proceeded to collect opinions from the various Nurse Training Schools. These Schools were for the most part opposed to the idea of a General Register; but there was difference of opinion among leaders alike in the medical profession and in the nursing world. "I have a terror," wrote Miss Nightingale to Mr. Bonham Carter (April 20, 1889), "lest the B.N.A.'s and the anti-B.N.A.'s should form two hostile camps, judging one another by that test chiefly

¹ See Bibliography A, No. 120.

² An Association founded by Sir Henry Burdett, out of which came the Nurses National Pension Scheme (a scheme which Miss Nightingale much commended). She took a different view of his Directory of Nurses.

of her favourite pupil was one of the heaviest griefs of her life ; but she loved her friend too well for the sorrow to leave any abiding bitterness. Over and over again in her meditations she wrote down lines from Clough's *Qua Cursum Ventus*. Miss Pringle was succeeded by Miss Gordon, an old pupil of the Nightingale School ; she and Miss Nightingale speedily became the best of friends, and things went on much as before in the School. All these changes, with the delicate weighing of rival claims and sometimes with the worrying conflict of personal ambitions, caused Miss Nightingale heavy anxiety. Intensely conscientious, acutely sensitive, and seeing in every change a great potentiality of good or evil, she could not treat such things as mere matters of business. There have been Prime Ministers who could not sleep of nights under the sense of responsibility caused by ecclesiastical preferment ; and to Miss Nightingale the selection of a Superintendent or a Home Sister was even as the appointment of a bishop.

II

The movement for District Nursing, which was always near to Miss Nightingale's heart, and which, in conjunction with Mr. Rathbone and others, she had done much to promote, received considerable extension by the action of Queen Victoria in 1887. The bulk of the sum presented as the " Women's Jubilee Gift " was devoted by the Queen to " the nursing the sick poor in their own homes by means of trained nurses." She appointed the Duke of Westminster, Sir Rutherford Alcock, and Sir James Paget to be trustees of the Fund, and to advise upon its administration. Sir James Paget consulted Miss Nightingale, who, in several conversations, impressed upon him her view that the essential things were the training of nurses for the work, and the association of them in " Homes." The lines of the " Metropolitan District Nursing Association," which had for many years been largely supported by nurses trained in the Nightingale School and by grants from the Nightingale Fund, were adopted as the basis of the " Jubilee Institute for Nurses," and the Association presently became affiliated

that scheme was a matter of vital principle. She threw herself into the fray with an equipment of argumentative resource derived from her unequalled experience, and with a passionate conviction inspired by long brooding over a fixed ideal.

The objects of the British Nurses Association were "to unite all qualified British Nurses in membership of a recognized Profession"; "to provide for their Registration on terms satisfactory to physicians and surgeons as evidence of their having received systematic training"; "to associate them for mutual help and protection and for the advantage in every way of their professional work"; and "with a view to the attainment of these objects, to obtain a Royal Charter incorporating the Association and authorizing the formation of a Register."¹ It was around the second and the fourth of these objects that the principal battle raged. The case of the Association was *prima facie* a strong one. A Register of Nurses, duly certified as competent, would, it was argued, be a protection against impostors. The certification was to be by a Board which would insist on a certain standard of professional proficiency. Three years' training in a hospital was suggested as the preliminary test. The case, on the other side, as developed by Miss Nightingale and her allies, was that the apparent advantages of a Register were deceptive. Who was to be protected? Not the hospitals: they protected themselves, without any general register, by their own methods. If any one was to be protected, it must be the public; but the Register would rather mislead than protect them. The placing of a name on a register would, at best, only certify that at a certain date the nurse had satisfied the required tests; but the date might be long ago, and the fact of registration would tell nothing of her subsequent conduct or competence. The registration of midwives stood on a different footing from that of nurses; for in the former case, a certain definite technical skill is of the essence of the matter: in the case of nursing, character is as much of its essence as any technical qualification. As for the three years' training in a hospital, there were hospitals and hospitals, training-schools and training-schools; and who was to

¹ Proceedings of First General Meeting, February 24, 1888.

or alone. This would be disastrous. The Unionists and the Home Rulers show us an example of what this is. They are two hostile camps, dividing families. It is like a craze. The test, *e.g.* even of a good doctor or of an acquaintance is, to which camp does he belong? Even a doctor, canvassing for an appointment, is asked whether he is Home Ruler or Unionist. I can remember nothing so distressing since the Reform Bill, which I remember very well, when the two sides would not meet each other at dinner." I do not know that feeling between the pro-Registrationists and the anti-Registrationists went to the length of war-to-the-knife-and-fork; but the "Nurses' Battle" (as it was called in the newspapers) was hot and prolonged. From a fighting point of view, the two sides were fairly matched. On each side there were eminent doctors. The "anti's" had an advantage in that they included the greater number of those who had the longest and closest knowledge of nurse-training; but the "pro's" had a Princess at their head. The Princess Christian had accepted the presidency of the British Nurses Association; and when the time came for applying for a Charter, it was the Princess who petitioned the Queen. "This makes it awkward for us," said Mr. Rathbone to Miss Nightingale; and undoubtedly it did. There were courtly personages even among Miss Nightingale's devoted adherents who were inclined to trim; and there were other persons, who, having never perhaps thought out the questions, were predisposed to do as the Princess did. Let each man in the battle have such credit as is due for his personal loyalty. "In any matter of nursing, Miss Nightingale is my Pope," wrote Mr. Rathbone, "and I believe in her infallibility." "Nothing can save us," he said to Miss Nightingale herself, "except your intervention." She was not slow to give it. Suggestions were made by intimate friends—Sir Henry Acland and Sir Harry Verney—that she should see the Princess Christian and endeavour to come to terms; and later on, in 1893, when the Empress Frederick visited Miss Nightingale, they renewed the suggestion. But the Princess Christian had made no overtures; she was committed to the particular scheme advocated by the Association of which she was President; and, to Miss Nightingale, opposition to

certifying or registering spirit comes in on the one side, and the mercantile or buying-and-selling spirit on the other. This has come in the case of Nursing in about 30 years; for Nursing was born about 30 years ago. The present trial is not persecution but *fashion*; and this brings in all sorts of amateur alloy, and public life instead of the life of a calling, and *registering* instead of *training*. On the other hand, an extra mercantile spirit has come in—of forcing up wages, regardless of the truism that Nursing has been raised from the sink it was, not more by training, than by making the Hospital, Workhouse Infirmary, or District Home a place of moral and healthful safe-guards, inspiring a sense of duty and love of the calling.” The true way of “protecting the public” was “to extend Homes for Private Nurses on sound lines, aided by the Nurses’ Training Schools and Hospitals”; not, by means of a Chartered Register, to encourage nurses “to flock to the Institutions which gave the easiest certificate at the least trouble of training.” Miss Nightingale could not, then, regard the dispute as a trifle. It caused her days and nights of grievous anxiety. Her meditations are full of despondency and searchings of heart both bitter and self-reproachful. The Princess Christian, with the best intentions, was giving her name to undermine Miss Nightingale’s ideal. This could not justly be attributed in blame to the Princess; the fault must have been with her, Florence Nightingale, who had misused her opportunities, and had failed to impress her ideal on other minds. She was an unprofitable servant. But here, as in all things, the sensitive reproaches of the night-watches left no trace of themselves on the work of the day; or rather, they left their trace in greater activity and devotion.

It was in 1889 that the occasion came for resolute action. The British Nurses Association announced their intention of applying for a Charter, and proceeded to enlist public support. Miss Nightingale set to work on the other side. She made the acquaintance at this time of Miss Lückes, then, as now (1913), the Matron of the London Hospital, who was strongly opposed to the idea of registration. The acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship, and henceforth Miss Nightingale was looked to for support

guarantee the guarantors? The General Register would not raise the profession of nursing; it would do an injury to the better nurses by putting them on a level with the worse, and to the profession by stereotyping a minimum standard. The British Nurses Association had published a preliminary "register." Miss Nightingale analysed it, and found that in the case of nurses "trained" at one hospital, the private Register of that Hospital excluded nearly one-third of those entered on the B.N.A.'s register; and that another Hospital's Register included, as "duly certificated," only one-third of those entered on the B.N.A.'s register as trained thereat. "You cannot select the good from the inferior by any test or system of examination. But most of all, and first of all, must their moral qualifications be made to stand pre-eminent in estimation. All this can only be secured by the current supervision, tests, or examination which they receive in their training-school or hospital, not by any examination from a foreign body like that proposed by the British Nurses Association. Indeed, those who come best off in such would probably be the ready and forward, not the best nurses."¹ The much vexed question of "internal" or "external" examination was, it will be seen, involved in this dispute. But to Miss Nightingale a larger and a more vital issue was at stake. It was a conflict between two ideals—or rather, as she would have said, between a high ideal and a material expediency. Mr. Jowett, though he agreed in her view "that nurses cannot be registered and examined any more than mothers," was distressed that she was so greatly perturbed over what seemed to him so small a matter. "It is a comparative trifle," he wrote (May 26, 1892), "among all the work which you have done, and you must not be over-anxious." To Miss Nightingale it was not a trifle, but a trial—a possible parting of the ways. It was diverting attention from training-homes to examination-tests; it was sacrificing a high calling to professional advancement. "There comes a crisis," she wrote to Mr. Jowett (May), "in the lives of all social movements, rough-hew them as you will, when the amateur and outward and

¹ Letter from Miss Nightingale to Mr. Rathbone, read to the Privy Council: see p. 90 of the book cited below (p. 362 *n.*).

various letters, Memoranda, Statements. She enlisted support from the medical profession. Her old pupils, now in charge of nurse-training schools throughout the country, rallied round her. Two petitions, of special weight, were presented to the Privy Council against the Charter. One was from the Council of the Nightingale Fund, the body which had been the pioneer in promoting the training of nurses. The other was the "Petition of Executive Officers, Matrons, Lady Superintendents, and Principal Assistants of the London and Provincial Hospitals and Nurse Training Schools, and of Members of the Medical Profession and Ladies directly connected with Nursing and the Training of Nurses." The list of signatures, which occupies twenty-three folio pages, was headed by "Florence Nightingale." In the preparation of these documents, Miss Nightingale had a large share, though much of the work—especially in the instruction of the lawyers, in consultations and so forth—was done by Mr. Bonham Carter.

The Committee of the Privy Council sat in November 1892 to hear the case.¹ Of the first day's proceedings Miss Nightingale wrote an account in which, as will be seen, she did not let the Registrationist dogs have the better of it, but which betrays at the same time serious anxiety about the result :—

(*Miss Nightingale to Sir Harry Verney.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, Nov. 22 [1892]. Yesterday was the first day of the Privy Council Trial. We had to change our senior counsel at the last moment, because Mr. Finlay was engaged on an Election Committee. And our previous four days were, therefore, as you may suppose, very busy. We were fortunate enough to have Sir Richard Webster. Sir Horace Davey opened the Ball on behalf of Princess Christian. His speech was dull, and contained only the commonplaces we have heard for a year in favour of the Royal Charter. The Judges were: Lord Ripon (who only stayed half the time), Lord Monson, and two Law Lords [Lord Hannen and Lord Hobhouse]. They appeared to have been chosen as knowing nothing of the matter and as not having been on the Lords Committee on Hospitals. Our side, Sir Richard Webster, followed with a masterly speech—masterly from being

¹ A verbatim report of the hearing (Nov. 21, 28) was published in 1893 entitled *The Battle of the Nurses* (Scientific Press).

and sympathy by the Matron of the London, hardly less than by her of St. Thomas's. Other nurse-training schools came into line, and a manifesto was issued announcing their intention to oppose any petition for a Charter. There was desultory skirmishing for some time between the Registrationists and anti-Registrationists. There was a lively polemic in the newspapers. There were as many fly-sheets and pamphlets as if it were a theological dispute in a University.¹ In 1891 the British Nurses Association applied to the Board of Trade to be registered as a Public Company, without the addition of the word "Limited" to its name. The Memorandum and proposed Articles of Association were duly filed, and the foremost place was again given, among the declared objects, to a register of trained nurses, and to power to determine from time to time the test for registration. Miss Nightingale and her allies took up the challenge. Through Sir Harry Verney she approached the President of the Board of Trade (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach) with a statement of the case against the Association. A counter-petition was presented; and after full consideration the Board refused the application. The first engagement had thus resulted in a victory for Miss Nightingale. In the same year there was a Committee of the House of Lords to inquire into the London Hospitals. Mr. Rathbone, coached by Miss Nightingale, gave evidence on the question of the registration of nurses, and the Committee reported against it. A second victory! But the Registrationists now brought up their most formidable reserves. Permission was obtained from the Sovereign to use the title "Royal." Thus strengthened by favour in the highest quarter, the Royal British Nurses Association petitioned the Queen for a Royal Charter. The petition was referred in the usual course to a special Committee of the Privy Council, and the two sides marshalled their forces. A campaign fund was raised by the anti-Registrationists. Miss Nightingale appealed privately to the Lord President of the Council and wrote

¹ On Miss Nightingale's side two of the most effective pieces were: *Is a General Register for Nurses Desirable?* by Henry Bonham Carter (Blades, 1888), and *What will Trained Nurses gain by joining the British Nurses Association?* by Eva Lückes (Churchill, 1889).

they had won all, and even more than all, that they asked, and declared proudly that henceforth "members of the Royal Chartered Association will hold a higher position than any others." The *Hospital*, on the other side, argued that all this was ill-founded, but if the "British Nurses" wanted to be congratulated on nothing, "we are willing to congratulate them" (June 24). The fight before the Privy Council now became a fight in the press on the meaning of the verdict. The anti-Registrationists, headed by Miss Nightingale and the Duke of Westminster, put their interpretation in a quiet letter to the *Times* (July 3), which the Royal British Nurses Association hotly denounced as "untrue in fact and injurious in intention" (July 6). The fact was that the Lords of the Council had steered a middle course. They granted the Charter; but in it for the words "the maintenance of a list or *register* of nurses, showing as to each nurse registered," etc., they substituted the words "the maintenance of a list of persons who may have applied to have their names entered therein as nurses," etc. There was nothing in the Charter which gave any nurse the right to call herself "chartered" or "registered." What the promoters hoped we need not discuss; what the opponents feared was a Charter in such terms as would give the Corporation an authoritative, and perhaps ultimately, an exclusive right to register nurses, and thereby would give it also indirect control over nurse-training. No such Charter was obtained; and in this sense the opposition of Miss Nightingale and her friends had prevailed. The controversy is not dead; but, so far, her view has continued to prevail,¹ and the official registration of nurses is still a pious hope to its supporters, a heresy to its opponents. Miss Nightingale greatly deplored the feud, but sought to bring good out of evil. "Forty years hence," she wrote to Mr. Rathbone (Feb. 26, 1891), "such a scheme might not be preposterous, *provided* the intermediate time be diligently and successfully employed in levelling up, that is, in making all nurses at least equal to the best trained nurses of this day, and in levelling up Training Schools in like manner." "Great good may be done," she wrote to

¹ See the report of a deputation to the Prime Minister in the *Times*, April 29, 1913.

that of a shrewd man of sense, without rhetoric, and from his splendid getting up of our case at short notice. He put very strongly our contention that character, *unregistrable*, rather than technical training, makes the nurse, and other of our points. The Judges adjourned till Monday in the middle of his speech where he was saying as we do—What is the use of saying that a Nurse has had 3 years' training at such a Hospital? how can you certify the Hospital? He will resume this subject and others on Monday. The Judges asked all the questions—not to the point—that you can fancy men perfectly ignorant of the subject to ask, and which we have answered over and over again. Sir Richard Webster said to Bonham Carter at the end of yesterday, "The judges are dead against us." The Charter pledges itself to admit on the Register only nurses of three years' Hospital training—which the Judges pronounced could do no harm. But it provides for itself what may put into its hands the whole control of what constitutes training. Is it not wonderful these men do not see this? Well, "we are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs" (the Privy Council's). In all my strange life through which God has guided me so faithfully (O that I had been as faithful to Him as He to me!), this is the strangest episode of all—to see a number of Doctors of the highest eminence giving their names to what they know nothing at all about. Sir James Paget told me himself that the names were asked for at a Court Ball,—following each other like a flock of sheep; to see their Council of Registration made up of *Sirs*, only one of whom knows anything about nurse-training (Sir James Paget himself asked me, why can't nurses lodge out as students do!); to see these able, good, and shrewd men ignoring that such a thing is sure to fall into a clique. They have let Princess Christian fall into such an one already. She is made a tool of by two or three people. "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong in battle." O God of Battles, steel thy soldiers' hearts against happy-go-luckiness, against courtiership, fashion, and mere money-making on the part of the Nurses and their Societies! P.S. This trial will cost us £700 at least.

The Committee took time to consider their advice to Her Majesty. In May 1893 the decision was announced. The Committee advised Her Majesty in Council to grant a Charter in accordance with a Draft revised by them. On June 6 the Charter was granted.

Each side claimed the victory. The *Nursing Record* (June 15)—an organ of the Registrationists—claimed that

subordination to the Army Sisters"—nurses with the larger experience under those with the smaller. This seemed to Miss Nightingale a mistake; and she noted other details in which the scheme appeared to her inadequately considered. She pointed these things out faithfully to the Princess, but the correspondence on both sides was cordial. The letters from the Princess made Miss Nightingale exclaim, "How gracefully Royalty can do things!" And on her part she desired to be conciliatory. "We should, I think, be earnestly anxious," she wrote, "to do what we can for Princess Christian as she holds out the flag of truce, in order to put an end as far as we can to all this bickering, which does such harm to the cause."

There were thoughts in Miss Nightingale's mind throughout this controversy still deeper than any which have yet been noticed. She had an esoteric conception of Nursing which made her regard the view of it as a registrable business in the light almost of sacrilege. "A profession, so they say; we say, *calling*." And not only a calling, but a form through which religious satisfaction might be found. Her view comes out in a letter which she wrote to Mr. Jowett in 1889 in the course of a discussion with him upon the necessity of external forms for the religious life: "You say that 'mystical or spiritual religion is not enough for most people without outward form.' And I may say I can never remember a time when it was not the question of my life. Not so much for myself as for others. For myself the mystical or spiritual religion as laid down by St. John's Gospel, however imperfectly I have lived up to it, was and is enough. But the two thoughts which God has given me all my whole life have been—First, to infuse the mystical religion into the forms of others (always thinking they would show it forth much better than I), especially among women, to make them the 'handmaids of the Lord.' Secondly, to give them an organization for their activity in which they could be trained to be the 'handmaids of the Lord.' (Training for women was then unknown, unwished for, and is the discovery of the last thirty years. One could have taken up the school education of the poor, but one was specially called then to hospitals and nursing—both sanitation and

Mr. Jowett (May 1892), "by rousing our side to an increased earnestness about (1) providing Homes for Nurses while engaged in their work of nursing, and (2) full *private* Hospital Registers, tracing the careers of nurses trained by them." There were no years in which Miss Nightingale herself gave more thought and trouble, than in 1891-3, to personal care for the affairs of the Nightingale School.

In a Paper which Miss Nightingale was invited to contribute to a Congress on Women's Work, held at Chicago in 1893, she treated the whole subject of nursing.¹ This paper embodies in a methodical form her characteristic views, and in it she takes occasion in several places to touch obliquely upon the controversy described in preceding pages. "A new art, and a new science, has been created since and within the last forty years: And with it a new profession—so they say; we say, *calling*." She dwells on the conditions necessary to make a good training school for nurses. She dilates upon the dangers to which nursing is subject. These are "Fashion on the one side, and a consequent want of earnestness; mere money-getting on the other side; and a mechanical view of nursing." "Can it be possible that a testimonial or certificate of three years' so-called training or service from a hospital—*any* hospital with a certain number of beds—can be accepted as sufficient to certify a nurse for a place in a public register? As well might we not take a certificate from any garden of a certain number of acres, that plants are certified valuable if they have been three years in the garden?" Then there was "imminent danger of stereotyping instead of progressing. No system can endure that does not march. Objects of registration not capable of being gained by a public register!" The whole paper is written with a good deal of gusto. The volume in which it appeared was dedicated to Princess Christian.

In the following year Miss Nightingale had some correspondence with the Princess, who, as President of the Royal British Nurses Association, had made a scheme for enrolling a "War Nursing Reserve" through the Hospitals, and had written to consult Miss Nightingale about it. The Hospital Sisters were according to this scheme to be placed "in

¹ Bibliography A, No. 131.

There were one or two men around the Minister who heartily approved; there were more who shook their heads. The Minister must have been listening, they thought, directly or indirectly, to a certain lady's "beautiful nonsense." He was too impressionable. He was anxious to do things, in spite of the claims of economy. He was too much in a hurry. They took him in hand in order to quiet him down. They thought to have succeeded in making him satisfied to leave things as they were. The other side became conscious of a change. "It is essential," wrote one of them to a certain lady, "that you should see him at once." The lady, who was the hope of one side and the fear of the other, was Miss Nightingale. The Minister need not be identified; for these things, though true also of a particular case and time, are here given as a general allegory. For thirty years and more, through all changes and chances in the political world, Miss Nightingale was a permanent force, importuning, indoctrinating, inspiring, in the interests of better sanitary administration.

For some time after the early months of 1885 the political situation was very unsettled. The Government formed by Lord Salisbury after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone in June was only a "Cabinet of Caretakers," and it was not worth Miss Nightingale's while to approach any of them. Besides, she instinctively recognized the Secretary of State for India as a hopeless subject. She was right. Lord Randolph Churchill was all against Lord Ripon, and all for economy. When Lord Salisbury's Government was in turn overthrown, after the general election in December, Miss Nightingale, through various channels, approached Mr. Gladstone, and begged him to send Lord Ripon to the India Office. He returned polite but evasive answers, and so controversial an appointment was obviously improbable. Lord Ripon went to the Admiralty. The excitement of the first Home Rule Bill followed; the Government was defeated; another general election was necessary, and all was in confusion. Dr. Sutherland, anxious to retire from the public service (for he was now nearly 80), was pressing Miss Nightingale to devise measures for safeguarding his department after he was gone. She pressed him to stay on yet a while.

nursing proper.) This was then the 'organization' which we had to begin with, to attract respectable women and give religious women a 'form' for their activity. . . . When very many years ago I planned a future, my one idea was not organizing a Hospital, but organizing a Religion." Now, "handmaids of the Lord" cannot be certified by external examiners, nor can a religious service be guaranteed by registers.

Does this view of the matter seem a little transcendental? It was in accord, at any rate, with another of Miss Nightingale's fundamental doctrines, which in its application to the controversy had a severely practical force. Nursing, she held, is a progressive art, in which to stand still is to go back. No note is more often struck in her Addresses to Nurses. She held, as may already have been gathered from the foregoing summary of her case, that the Registrationists, consciously or unconsciously, had lost hold of that essential truth about nursing. It was right that precautions should be taken against impostors, and that the fullest inquiries should be made. Miss Nightingale's objection was not to the precautions, but to their misleading nature; not to the tests, but to their inadequacy. The only real and sufficient guarantee, in the case of an art in which the training, both technical and moral, is a continuous process, was, she held, that the public should be able to obtain a *recent* recommendation of the nurse, who was to be passed on from one doctor, hospital, or superintendent to another with something of the same elaborate record of work and character that she herself required in the case of Nightingale Probationers and Nurses.

III

The fate of Miss Nightingale's work in the cause of Public Health both in India and at home was chequered during these years, even as was that in the cause of trained nursing, but here again substantial advance was made in several directions. There was once a Secretary of State who entered the India Office possessed by a strong and personal interest in sanitation. There was some excitement in the Office.

nurses, with lady superintendents in each case, were to be sent out from England at once. The selection of nurses was entrusted to Surgeon-General Arthur Payne, who in the following month had several interviews with Miss Nightingale. Thus, after twenty-two years, was the scheme which she had put before Sir John Lawrence brought to fruition. Miss Nightingale saw the Superintendents before they went out, and letters from them were now added to the pile of those which she received from hospitals throughout the world, reporting progress or asking advice. Miss C. G. Loch wrote from Rawalpindi (April 12, 1888) describing how she had found that, as Miss Nightingale always said, the education of the Orderlies was the most important thing for the nurses to do.

The official introduction of female nursing into the Indian military hospitals was by no means the only satisfaction which Miss Nightingale received during Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty. He had declared himself ignorant of Indian sanitary things, but had promised to learn; and not only was he as good as his word, but Lady Dufferin was keenly interested also. She founded the "National Association for Supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India." Miss Nightingale had long been interested in the subject, and Lady Dufferin consulted her at every stage. One of the first things needful, Lady Dufferin had written (Sept. 19, 1885), was a supply of Sanitary Tracts. "In using the word tract, I am thinking of some little books in Hindustani written by A.L.O.E. which I am obliged to read as part of my studies in the language. They are stories with a moral, and I don't see why something of the kind might not be published with health as a moral." Miss Nightingale took great pains in collecting suitable raw material, and during the remainder of Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty wrote to her by almost every mail.

IV

Yet more was to be "fired," during Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty, of sanitary "shot" supplied, as he had requested, by Miss Nightingale; but we must now turn back

“During the political earthquakes of the last 8 months, still continuing, no permanent interest can be expected,” she wrote to him (July 20, 1886), “in those who are so little permanent. The subject excruciates me.” Lord Ripon, who came to see her ten days later, thought that the times were unpropitious generally for good causes—an opinion which defeated Ministers are apt to hold. “There are waves in these matters,” he said. “The thing is to come in upon the crest of the waves. You would have done nothing for the Army and Sanitation if it had not been for the crash in the Crimea. Now, the wave is against India.”

Miss Nightingale, however, did not allow herself to be tempted into inactivity by this wave-theory. For the moment, indeed, there was nothing to be done with Ministers at home; but she had not been neglectful of cultivating relations with Anglo-Indians and Indians in positions of influence. In 1885 she had added Sir Neville Chamberlain and Sir Peter Lumsden to her list of Anglo-Indian acquaintances. Lord Reay had called upon her (March 1885) before leaving to take up the governorship of Bombay, and she corresponded with him frequently on sanitary subjects. In October, Lord Roberts came before going out to India as Commander-in-Chief. Miss Nightingale took great pains with this interview, Dr. Sutherland having furnished her in advance with an admirable synopsis of what might still be done to improve the health and welfare of the troops. Lord Roberts’s command was fruitful of some reforms in which Miss Nightingale had been a pioneer. He established a club or institute in every British regiment and battery in India. He closed canteens. He opened coffee-stalls. He established an Army Temperance Association.¹ No letter which Miss Nightingale received in her Jubilee Year can have pleased her more than one which the Commander-in-Chief in India sent her from Simla on August 6. In this letter Lord Roberts told her that the Government of India had sanctioned the employment of female nurses in the Military Hospitals. A commencement was to be made at the two large military centres of Umballa and Rawalpindi, and 18

¹ See his *Forty-one Years in India*, chap. lxvi.

referred. But he was impatient to retire. At any moment his health might become worse, and he might send in his resignation before arrangements had been made for the appointment of a successor. So long as he remained at his post, no changes were likely to be made; but if he retired, it was very probable that no successor would be appointed, and that the whole system would collapse. That the heads of the Army were ignorant of Dr. Sutherland's services, had been burnt in upon Miss Nightingale's mind a few years before. In discussing some matter of army nursing with the minister of the day, she had suggested the reference of it to Dr. Sutherland. "Who is he?" said the minister; "I have never heard of him." At the India Office it was much the same. "I don't think," wrote a friend (Sept. 8, 1886), "that this office in general appreciates the importance of those reviews of Indian sanitary matters of which Dr. Sutherland has been the real author hitherto." The whole system would lapse, he feared, unless she was able to do something.

Nor was this all. The sanitary service in India itself was in danger. The annexation of Burma had made retrenchment necessary; a Finance Committee was at work in recommending economies; and Miss Nightingale received private information that the Sanitary Commissioners were marked down by the Committee for destruction. The whole edifice thus seemed to be crumbling. This was what she had in her mind when, in the Jubilee retrospect quoted at the beginning of the chapter, she said that the work of thirty years had all to be done again.

She turned with all her old energy to efforts commensurate to the threatened calamity. In accordance with her usual method, she first consulted many influential friends (Lord Ripon amongst others), and then acted with great energy. She wrote a long statement to Lord Dufferin (Nov. 5). "I have sent your letter *in extenso*," he replied (Jan. 18, 1887), "to the head of the Finance Committee. You should understand that it does not at all follow, because the Committee recommend a thing, that their recommendation will, as a matter of course, be accepted by the Government. On the contrary, I will go most carefully into this

to London, where, partly from circumstances and partly of necessity, Miss Nightingale was presently engaged in a vigorous campaign. There is a large bundle of correspondence during these years upon a matter which is referred to in some of the letters as "The Sutherland Succession." Now, Dr. Sutherland was in Miss Nightingale's eyes the indispensable man. Not any longer in the personal sense, as described in an earlier chapter; for he was now a very old man, and was only able to help her on rare occasions. She had already found a successor in this personal sense, or rather she had put Dr. Sutherland's place into commission. Sir William Wedderburn was during these later years her most constant collaborator in Indian matters, and for the rest she relied upon Sir Douglas Galton.¹ She had often chafed at Dr. Sutherland's delays, but I expect that when Sir Douglas succeeded to him she may in one respect have parodied to herself the well-known Cambridge epigram, and said, "Poor Dr. Sutherland! we never felt his loss before." For Sir Douglas Galton, though devoted also to Miss Nightingale's service, was an exceedingly busy and much-travelling man, and she had to be content with the crumbs of his time. "As it was some time in the dark ages," she wrote (May 13, 1887), "since I saw you last—my memory impaired by years cannot fix the date within a decade—I seize the first day you kindly offer." And again (Dec. 3, 1889): "I must take your leavings, as beggars must not be choosers. Yes, please, your dog will see you to-morrow on your way from Euston for as long as you can stop." Miss Nightingale relied greatly on Sir Douglas Galton's advice; she had a very high opinion, not only of his thorough knowledge of all sanitary subjects, but of his sound judgment generally. From the personal point of view, then, Dr. Sutherland was gone already; but in his official capacity he was still indispensable. He was the mainspring of the system of sanitary administration, both for the home Army and for India, which Miss Nightingale had built up. He was the one paid working member, and he was also the working brain, of the Army Sanitary Committee, and it was to that Committee that Indian sanitary reports were

¹ Captain Galton was knighted in 1887.

aptitude for administrative detail. She saw Mr. Smith several times, and at his request had an interview with the Chaplain-General.¹ It seemed as if the work, which she had done with Sidney Herbert, might be resumed with Mr. Smith, when there was a thunder-clap from a clear sky. Lord Randolph Churchill resigned. The Ministry was for a while in confusion, and Miss Nightingale in despair. "We *are* unlucky," she wrote to Sir Douglas Galton (Dec. 23). "As soon as we seem to have got hold of two Secretaries of State, this Randolph goes out! The Cabinet will have to be remodelled, and perhaps we shall lose our men. All the more reason for doing something at once." Of her two "men," the one was taken, the other left. Mr. W. H. Smith became First Lord of the Treasury, but Lord Cross remained at the India Office. "I am very sorry to give up the War Office," said Mr. Smith to Miss Nightingale, "but I am told it is my duty, and duty leaves no choice." She begged him to indoctrinate his successor, Mr. Edward Stanhope. She was already acquainted with him, and presently he came to see her. It was with peculiar satisfaction that she presently heard of the Government's intention to take a loan for four millions for the building of new barracks and the reconstruction of old ones. This was a resumption of the work of Sidney Herbert, thirty years after.²

An early intimation of this policy made Miss Nightingale the more anxious about the fate of the Army Sanitary Committee. If the sanitary condition of the barracks was to be improved, it was all-important that a strong Sanitary Committee should be in existence to supervise the work. At first, however, she had been unable to secure any promise about the Sutherland Succession. The War Office would

¹ It was a subject of recurring self-reproach to Miss Nightingale in subsequent years that she had not found time to follow up this latter opening and organize a new crusade for the spiritual and moral welfare of the soldiers. She had already done much in that sort; and Mr. Jowett's equally recurring comment was to the point: "Why complain because you cannot do more than you do, which is already more than any other ten women could do?"

² A succinct statement of such reforms, up to 1899, was compiled by Mr. Frederick on his retirement from the War Office and was issued as a Blue-book: *Record of Recommendations regarding Sanitary Improvements in Barracks and Hospitals together with the Actual Improvements carried out during the last 50 years.*

question in which you naturally take so deep an interest, and will be careful to have it thoroughly discussed in Council by my colleagues with the advantage of having had your views placed before them." A few months later came welcome news :—

(*Lord Dufferin to Miss Nightingale.*) SIMLA, August 20 [1887]. I write you a little line to tell you that the Indian Government have finally determined not to sanction the proposals of the Finance Commission for the abolition of the Sanitary Commissioners, about which you were naturally alarmed. There is no doubt that the Finance Commission was in a position to prove that these officers had been able to do very little, owing to the unwillingness, or rather the inability of the local Authorities to supply funds, and in some cases to their own listlessness and want of energy. We are now, however, taking the question up, and the result of the attack upon your protégés will be, not their disappearance, but their being compelled to give us the worth of the money we spend upon them. I am also inviting all the local governments to put the whole subject of sanitation upon a more satisfactory footing, and to establish a system of concerted action and a well-worked-out programme in accordance with which from year to year their operations are to be conducted. I cannot say how grateful I am to Sir Harry Verney for his kindness in writing me such interesting and pleasant letters. In them he tells me from time to time, I am afraid I cannot say of your well-being, but of your unflagging energy in the pursuit of your noble and useful aims.

Meanwhile Miss Nightingale had been busy with Ministers at home. In the latter half of 1886 Lord Salisbury's Government was firmly seated, and she received visits from the Secretaries of State for India and for War (Lord Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith). She found Lord Cross most sympathetic; he saw her from time to time during following years, and they had a good deal of correspondence. To Mr. W. H. Smith she paid her highest compliment; in some ways he reminded her, she said in her notes, of Sidney Herbert. Superficially, and in several of their real characteristics, no two men could be more unlike; but in certain respects Mr. Smith resembled her ideal of a War Minister. He had a sincere concern for the welfare, alike physical and moral, of the soldiers; and he showed a quick and industrious

mately it became in some sort out of date, because the Government of India took a step on its own motion, in accordance with the intention which Lord Dufferin had already communicated to Miss Nightingale (p. 373). By Resolution, dated July 27, 1888, the Government of India provided for the constitution of a Sanitary Board in every province, which would not only advise the Government and local authorities upon sanitary measures, but would also be an executive agency. The passages in which the latter point is insisted upon might have been written by Miss Nightingale herself.¹ Lord Dufferin's term of office was now drawing to a close. He had proved himself an apt pupil of the "Governess of Governors-General." As on the voyage out he had promised to do her bidding, so now on the voyage home he gave some account of his stewardship:—

(*Lord Dufferin to Miss Nightingale.*) SS. KAISER-I-HIND at sea, Dec. 26 [1888]. We are now on our way home and are having a beautiful passage, thanks to which we are all picking up wonderfully, and shall arrive in Europe quite rejuvenated. This is merely a line to apologise for having sent you the Report of a speech I made at Calcutta recently. I would not have troubled you with it, were it not that on page 15 I have tried to give a parting lift to sanitation.² My ladies go home at once, but I, alas, am compelled to take up my business at Rome, so that I shall not get my holiday for another two or three months. Amongst the first persons whose hands I hope to come and kiss will be yours.

Lord Dufferin was succeeded by Lord Lansdowne, who was introduced to Miss Nightingale by Mr. Jowett.

¹ The Resolution is printed at pp. 38-42 of vol. xx. of the annual *Report of Sanitary Measures in India* (1888). It contains on the administrative side a history of the movement which was set on foot by Miss Nightingale's "second Royal Commission" (1863). The Secretary of State's dispatch (Jan. 10, 1889), approving of the Resolution, is full of "the Nightingale influence" (vol. xxi. p. 173): Colonel Yule's Minute was forwarded as an enclosure with the dispatch (pp. 173-184).

² "The Government has recently given its serious attention to the subject of Sanitation, and has laid down the lines upon which, in its opinion, sanitary reform should be applied to our towns and villages. It has given Sanitation a local habitation and a name in every great division of the Empire; and it has arranged for the establishment of responsible central agencies from one end of the country to the other, who will be in close communication with all the local authorities within their respective jurisdictions" (Speech at Calcutta, Nov. 30, 1888).

not consider the matter until a vacancy occurred ; the India Office would do nothing until it knew what the War Office meant to do. In 1888 the long threatened thing happened. Dr. Sutherland resigned. No successor was appointed. The whole subject, she was informed, was under consideration, and then under reconsideration. Ultimately Mr. Stanhope, after interviews with Miss Nightingale, reconstituted the Committee (June 1890). Sir Douglas Galton remained upon it. Dr. J. Marston was appointed paid member in succession to Dr. Sutherland, and Miss Nightingale's friend and ally, Surgeon-General J. W. Cunningham (formerly Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India) was appointed as an Indian expert. Her friend Mr. J. J. Frederick retained his post as Secretary to the Committee. The danger was overpast.

V

Sanitary reports from India were still to be referred to the Committee, but Miss Nightingale and some of her friends thought that the time had come for an advance in India. Lord Cross was so sympathetic that the occasion seemed opportune for reviving her former plea for a sanitary department in India which should be more directly *executive*. Sir Henry Cunningham (a nephew of Sir Harry Verney) had been in communication with her for some years. He was a judge of the High Court of Calcutta, and had taken an active part in the cause of sanitation in that city. He now prepared a memorandum advocating a forward policy. Miss Nightingale's ally on the India Council, Sir Henry Yule, prepared another, which was so far approved by the Secretary of State that he ordered it to be circulated in the Office as the draft of a proposed dispatch to the Government of India. This draft was, in fact, the joint production of Sir Henry Cunningham, Colonel Yule, and Miss Nightingale. It went the rounds. It was minuted on. It was considered and reconsidered ; printed and reprinted. Sometimes the report to Miss Nightingale was that it would be adopted and sent ; at other times, that it had been postponed for further revision, recirculation, and reconsideration. Ulti-

an Indian section. Miss Nightingale then circularized the Native Association in Bombay, begging that representatives might be sent to the Congress, and papers be contributed by Indian gentlemen. This was done, and Miss Nightingale interested herself greatly in the Congress. "Sir Harry Verney," she wrote to Sir Douglas Galton (Aug. 1, 1891), "renews his invitations to Claydon to the native Indian delegates, 'three or four at a time.' I have seen Mr. Bhow-naggee, who seems to be acting for the other native gentlemen, not yet come, and asked him to manage this, as is most suitable to these gentlemen. I may hope to see them one by one, if I am able to be there. I have also seen (of Delegates) Sir William Moore and Dr. Payne and Sir W. Wedderburn. Mr. Digby seems to be doing a great work.¹ Do you remember that it is 30 years to-morrow since Sidney Herbert died?" The Congress was opened by the Prince of Wales (Aug. 10), whose speech on the occasion formed the text of many leading articles in the press. People talked, he said, of "preventable diseases"; but "if preventable, why not prevented?" It was, however, in the Indian section that Miss Nightingale was most interested, and she used it to promote her schemes. The Bombay Village Sanitation Act was failing to produce the desired results because there were no funds definitely allocated to sanitation. Sanitary education was making some little progress, but not enough, in view of the poverty of Indian villages, to make it likely that *additional* taxation would be borne. In these circumstances might not some portion of the *existing* taxation (the village "cesses") be appropriated to sanitation as a first charge? "Until the minimum of sanitation is completed, until the cess of a particular village has been appropriated to it, while typhoidal or choleraic disease is still prevalent, should not the claims for any general purposes be postponed?" Such was Miss Nightingale's case. She had a memorandum drawn up embodying it in short form, and canvassed for signatures to it among members of the Indian section of the Congress. Sir Douglas Galton, Sir George Birdwood, Sir William

¹ Mr. S. Digby was acting as Hon. Secretary to the Indian Section of the International Conference.

She saw Lord Lansdowne twice before he left for India, and they corresponded frequently on sanitary affairs. "He did much for us in every way" is her comment on his Viceroyalty.

VI

The constitution of the Sanitary Boards in India proceeded with due regard to "the periods of Indian cosmogony," and Miss Nightingale watched their formation and their proceedings carefully, putting in words of encouragement, expostulation, or reminder, whenever and wherever an opportunity was offered or could be made. It was soon apparent that the great obstacle to sanitary progress among the masses of India lay, where perhaps for many generations it is still likely to lie, in the immobility of immemorial custom, especially in the villages. Education was making some slight impression, but the force of passive resistance, combined with lack of funds, prevented the hope of any rapid or signal advance. Recognition of these factors now led Miss Nightingale to concentrate her efforts upon Village Sanitation, and a scheme for combining the power of education with a financial expedient formed the motive for the last of her Indian campaigns.

Miss Nightingale had been watching with the closest attention the Bombay Village Sanitation Bill, a measure first projected in 1887. She analysed and criticized it, and sent her views to Lord Cross at the India Office, and to Lord Lansdowne and Lord Reay in India. Her main objection was to the exclusion from the scope of the Bill of the smaller villages, an exclusion which did not figure in the revised draft of 1889. She wrote letters for circulation in India to Native Associations in explanation and support of Village Sanitation.¹ There was some slight stirring of Indian opinion, and Miss Nightingale's next concern was to give to it articulate expression in London. The holding of an International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in the autumn of 1891 furnished an opportunity. Sir Douglas Galton was Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the Congress, so that there was no difficulty in arranging for

¹ See Bibliography A, Nos. 115, 118, 119, 122, 123.

having to some extent a claim on Provincial revenues," and it promised "to press this claim upon Local Governments and Administrations as opportunity offers." A covering letter to Miss Nightingale from the Secretary of State (May 9, 1894), while informing her that Mr. Fowler "is disposed to accept the view taken by the Government of India," expressed the belief "that India will benefit by the renewed attention which your action has caused to be given to the important subject of rural sanitary reform." There are passages in some of the replies from Local Governments, enclosed in the dispatch, which bear out this belief.

Miss Nightingale, on her own part, was diligent in appeals to Indian gentlemen to bestir themselves. She had an ally at this time in Sir William Wilson Hunter, who, in his fortnightly summary of "Indian Affairs" in the *Times*, sometimes enforced her points or called attention to her writings. She had urged her friend to write a detailed description of the actual working of Indian administration, and this he did in 1892.¹ The Preface to his book was a dedicatory letter to Miss Nightingale. In it he says that the book was written at her request, describes its scope, and thus concludes: "Now that the work is done, to whom can I more fitly dedicate it than to you, dear Miss Nightingale—to you whose life has been a long devotion to the stricken ones of the earth—to you whose deep sympathy with the peoples of India no years of suffering or of sickness are able to abate?" In her own pieces written at this date, Miss Nightingale preached more especially the gospel of Health Missionaries for Rural India.² Some reference to progress made in this respect will be found in a later chapter (p. 406). She believed in State action, but no less in Self-help, and this point of view is emphasized in a retrospect of her work for India which she wrote, or partly wrote, probably as hints for some vernacular publication, in 1889.³

¹ *Bombay, 1885-1890: A Study in Indian Administration.*

² Bibliography A, Nos. 132, 135.

³ The document, unfortunately not complete, is in part typewritten (with a few pencilled notes in Miss Nightingale's hand) and in part in the handwriting of a lady who at this time rendered her some secretarial assistance.

Guyer Hunter, Sir William Wedderburn, Dr. Corfield, and Dr. Poore were among those who signed it. Miss Nightingale then forwarded the Memorandum, with a covering letter going more fully into the case, to the Secretary of State. She wrote at the same time to the Governor-General and to the Governor of Bombay. Lord Cross received the communication very sympathetically, and forwarded it at once (April 1892) to the Government of India. Lord Lansdowne then circulated Miss Nightingale's dispatch among the Local Governments, and during following years a formidable mass of printed Papers accumulated, "Reporting on the Proposals made by Miss Nightingale, relative to the Better Application of the Proceeds of Village Cesses to the purposes of Sanitation." The official view, though not unsympathetic to Miss Nightingale's object, was opposed to her financial expedient; it was thought that other purposes, especially the improvement of roads, etc., had a claim prior to sanitation. "It seems clear," wrote Sir William Wedderburn to her (July 7, 1893), "that you have most effectively drawn attention to the subject. The official replies are what we might naturally expect, but reading between the lines I think they admit the justice of our contention, and have been impressed by your action." Perhaps this was to some extent the case. "You have most effectively drawn attention to the subject"; that was, perhaps, the main service which during these years Miss Nightingale rendered to the cause of Indian sanitation. Certainly she was importunate in asking successive Governors-General for reports of progress; her importunity often caused them to jog the elbows of Local Governments; and she may thus not unjustly be credited with such gradual progress as was made. The final reply to Miss Nightingale's immediate suggestion was sent in a dispatch to the Secretary of State (Mr. Fowler) from the Government of India in 1894 (March 28), enclosing letters on her Memorandum from the several Local Governments. The Government of India declined for various reasons to adopt her suggestion; but admitting that something ought to be done, considered that "sanitation in its simplest form of a pure water-supply and simple latrine arrangements should be regarded as

tenure, usury, agriculture, and in all these matters connects State action with Self-help. "To the native gentlemen it is that Miss Nightingale appeals. She appeals to them also on the Sanitary point. And first of all it is for them to influence their ladies. Let them lead in their own families in domestic sanitation. Then, doubtless, the lady will lead in general sanitation in India as she does in England." Another passage gives incidentally an autobiographical summary. "Miss Nightingale has deeply sympathized with the honourable efforts of the National Congress which has now held three Sessions, in which its temperate support of political reforms has been no less remarkable for wisdom than for loyalty. But her whole life has been given deliberately, *not* for political, *but* for social and administrative progress."

VII

At the time when Miss Nightingale's Indian work was thus largely concentrated upon village sanitation, she was no less busily employed, though in a different way, upon work of a like kind at home. Her interest in local affairs at Claydon has already been touched upon, and this was much increased after the death of her sister in 1890. Lady Verney had been a sufferer for many years, but had borne her illness with unflagging spirit. In May 1890 she was in London, very ill, and was counting the hours to her removal to Claydon, but she would not give up a Sunday in town—a day which Florence now kept sacred for her sister. On Sunday May 4 Lady Verney was carried into Florence's room, and the sisters did not see each other again. On Monday Lady Verney was moved to Claydon, and there, a week later, on Florence's birthday, she died. "You contributed more than anyone," wrote Sir Harry (May 15), "to what enjoyment of life was hers. I have no comfort so great as to hold intercourse with you. You and I were the objects of her tender love, and her love for you was intense. It was delightful to me to hear her speak of you, and to see her face, perhaps distorted with pain, look happy when she thought of you." Miss Nightingale at once went to Claydon,

Some passages from the document, here rearranged, may fitly close this account of her later Indian work.

“ Miss Nightingale saw in the Queen’s Proclamation of 1858 a text and a living principle to fulfil. Every Englishman and Englishwoman interested in India were bound in duty and in honour to do their utmost to help British subjects to understand the principle and to practise the life. To this she has adhered through illness and overwork for thirty-one years. First attracted to India by the vital necessity of health for 200 or 250 millions, imperilled by sanitary ignorance, apathy, or neglect, she believed it to be a fact that since the world began, criminals have not destroyed more life and property than do epidemic diseases (the result of well-known insanitary conditions) every year in India. The protection of life and property from preventable epidemics ranks next to protection from criminals, as a responsibility of Government, if indeed it is not even higher in importance. The first thing was to awaken the Government. This was done by the Royal Commission upon the Sanitary State of the Army in India, which was the origin of practical action for the vast native population. But the difficulties were enormous. You must have the people on your side. And the people, alas, did not care. You cannot give health to the people against their wills, as you can lock up people against their wills. Impressed by these facts, Miss Nightingale saw the necessity of Sanitary Missionaries among the people—of sanitary manuals and primers in the schools (‘ Give me the—schools—of a country and I care not who makes its laws ’); of sanitary publications of all kinds, for man, woman, and child. The Sanitary Commissioner, in one instance at least,¹ has been a Sanitary Missionary, crying out, ‘ Bestir yourselves, gentlemen, don’t you see we are all dying ? ’ The people must be awakened, not to call on the Goddess of Epidemics, but to call upon the Sirkar to do its part, and also to bestir themselves to do theirs in the matter of cleanliness and pure water. Miss Nightingale found in Local Government the only remedy; in Local Government combined with Education.” The Paper touches also upon Miss Nightingale’s interest in irrigation, land-

¹ She refers no doubt to Dr. Hewlett.

to institute an order of health-missioners as such. The Health Officer for the district (Dr. De 'Ath) was first employed to train ladies for the work by means of lectures and classes. The instruction was practical as well as theoretical, for the doctor took his pupils with him to some of the villages, introduced the ladies to the village mothers, and pointed out particular matters in which knowledge sympathetically given might be invaluable to the cottagers. An independent examination followed, and the ladies who passed it satisfactorily were, after a period of probation in practical work, granted certificates as Health Missioners, in which capacity some of them were engaged by the Technical Education Committee to visit and lecture in the country villages. The scheme, started in the spring of 1892, was a simple one, but it involved Miss Nightingale, as huge bundles of documents attest, in much labour for two or three years. She enlisted recruits; collected the best that was known and thought about simple sanitary instruction; considered syllabuses and examination papers; corresponded with other Technical Education Committees; wrote memoranda and letters on the subject.¹ To the Women Workers' Conference, held at Leeds in November 1893, she sent a paper dealing exhaustively with the whole subject of Rural Hygiene—a paper which is unhappily by no means out of date to-day, though the work, in which Miss Nightingale was a pioneer, has branched out in many directions. "We want duly qualified Sanitary Inspectors," she wrote, and she was delighted when she heard a few years later of the good work done by some women sanitary inspectors in the north. Full qualification, practical training, she insisted upon; and then something else was wanted also. Her last word to the Health Missioner was the same as to the Nurse. "The work that tells is the work of the skilful hand, directed by the cool head, and inspired by the loving heart."

¹ See Bibliography A, Nos. 126, 133 134.

where she remained for several months. Sir Harry, now in his 90th year, relied greatly upon his sister-in-law, and for the remainder of his life she devoted herself to him with constant solicitude. He was never happy if many days passed without sight of her or hearing from her. The butler always put Miss Nightingale's letter on the top of his master's morning pile, and no mouthful of breakfast was eaten till he had read it through. When he was in the country and she in London, he was always wanting to run up to town for the day—to buy a new waistcoat, or to consult his solicitor: any excuse would serve so that he could see his sister-in-law in South Street. They used to say at Claydon that there was a sure way of discovering whether Sir Harry found a new guest sympathetic or not: if he did, the conversation was invariably turned to Miss Nightingale. Upon the death of her sister, Claydon became Miss Nightingale's country-home, and she brought her managerial thoroughness into play there. She looked into Sir Harry's affairs, interested herself greatly in the estate, inquired into the conditions of surrounding village life, made acquaintance with local doctors. These interests brought home to her the conviction that village sanitation was necessary to civilize England hardly less than India, and she saw that as in India, so in England, education must be one at least of the civilizing agencies. She set herself to make a beginning where her lot now happened to be cast, in Buckinghamshire.

The time was favourable to a new experiment. County Councils had been established by the Act of 1888. In 1889 they were empowered to levy and expend money upon Technical Education. By the Local Taxation Act of 1890 they received a windfall for the same purpose from what was known as the "Whisky Money." Funds were thus available, and the definition of "technical" education was wide. Why should not some of it be used for education in the science of "Health at Home"? Mr. Frederick Verney was chairman of the Technical Education Committee of North Bucks, and with Miss Nightingale, as he said, "to inspire, advise, and guide," the thing was done. She was already, as we have heard, possessed by the idea of the district nurse as health missionary. It now occurred to her

The correspondence begins on a formal note. Her correspondent will be "pleased to make the acquaintance of a lady so justly esteemed," etc., etc. The interview has taken place, or a few letters have passed, and then the note alters. Wives or sons or daughters have been to see her, or kindly inquiries and messages have been sent, and the correspondence becomes as between old family friends. Young and old alike felt the sympathetic touch of Miss Nightingale's manner. The name of Mr. J. J. Frederick has been mentioned in earlier pages. He was a junior clerk in the War Office when Miss Nightingale first made his acquaintance. Not many months had passed before she was helpfully interested both in his family and in various good works to which he devoted his spare time. There is much correspondence, during the years with which we were concerned in the last chapter, with Mr. (now Sir Robert) Morant, at that time tutor in the Royal Family of Siam. Miss Nightingale had made his acquaintance before he left for Siam; and he came to see her when he was on leave in England, "leave apparently meaning," she wrote (Sept. 24, 1891), "working on his Siamese subjects 23 hours out of the 24." She became almost as much interested in Siamese affairs as in those of India itself; but the letters show that the public interest was combined with a personal, and almost motherly, affection. Mr. J. Croft, on the staff at St. Thomas's, who had for many years been medical instructor to the Nightingale Probationers, resigned that post in 1892, and in returning thanks for a testimonial described the pleasure he had found in working under "so lovable and adorable a leader as Miss Nightingale." Colonel Yule had first made Miss Nightingale's acquaintance in an official capacity as the member of the India Council charged with sanitary affairs, but he soon came to love her as a friend. In 1889 he was ill, and wrote her a valedictory letter (May 2), in which, after giving advice about some official matters, he said: "As long as I live, but I am not counting on that as a long period, it will be a happiness to think that I was brought into communication with you—useless as I fear I have been in your great task: in fact my strength had already begun to fail. And so, dear Miss

CHAPTER VIII

MR. JOWETT AND OTHER FRIENDS

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others.—RUSKIN.

THE last chapter was largely concerned with Miss Nightingale's activity in public affairs and with acquaintanceships which she formed in connection with them. In such affairs she was forcible, clear-sighted, methodical. Sir Bartle Frere, on first making her acquaintance, had said to a friend that it was "a great pleasure to meet such a good man of business as Miss Nightingale." But she was many-sided, and even in her converse with men or women on public affairs she was generally something more than a good "man of business." Much of her influence was due to the fact that so many of those who first saw her as a matter of affairs became her friends, and that to the qualities of a good man of business she added those of a richly sympathetic nature.

This aspect of Miss Nightingale's life and character has already been illustrated sufficiently in the case of her relations with Matrons, Superintendents, and Nurses. It may be discerned clearly enough, too, in the account of her official work with Sidney Herbert and other of her earlier allies. But it was as marked in her later as in her earlier years, and in relation to the men as to the women with whom she was brought into touch. In reading her collection of letters from various doctors and officials of all sorts, I have been struck many times with a quick change of atmosphere.

flowers when her aunt died ; “ lovely, loving soul ; humble mind of high and holy thought.”

Miss Nightingale was not one of those persons who keep their tact and kindly consideration for the outside world and think indolent indifference or rough candour good enough for the family circle. I have been told a little anecdote which is instructive in this connection. Miss Irby came into the garden hall at Lea Hurst one day, fresh from an interview with Miss Nightingale. “ I must tell you,” she said, laughing, to one of Miss Nightingale’s younger cousins, “ what Florence has just said ; it’s so like her. She said to me, ‘ I wonder whether R. remembered to have that branch taken away that fell across the south drive.’ I said, ‘ I will ask her.’ ‘ Oh, no,’ said Florence, ‘ don’t ask her that. Ask her *whom* she asked to take the branch away.’ ” This is only a trifle ; but the method of the thing was very characteristic. Miss Nightingale was a diplomatist in small affairs as in great. She was careful not to run a risk of making mischief through intermediaries. She took real trouble to that end, and never seemed to find anything in this sort too much to do. Her influence with every member of her family was used to make relations between them better and more affectionate. With many of the younger generation of her cousins and other kinsfolk she maintained affectionate relations. She regulated her hours very strictly, as we have heard, but she found time, especially in her later years, to see some of these young friends repeatedly. When she did not see them, she liked to be informed of their comings and goings, their doings and prospects, their marriages and belongings. She held in deep affection the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough, and she loved tenderly her cousin, Mr. Shore Smith. She entertained a generous solicitude for Mr. Clough’s family ; and the family of her cousin, Shore, were especially close to her. A little note to Mrs. Shore Smith—one of hundreds—illustrates incidentally Miss Nightingale’s love of flowers and their visitors :—

10 SOUTH STREET, *April 24, 1894.* Dearest, I feel so anxious to know how you are. Thank you so much for your beautiful Azaleas which have come out splendidly, and the yellow tulips.

Nightingale, I take my leave : let it be with the words of the 4th Book of Moses, ch. vi., and those that come after us will put in your mouth those of Job, xxix."¹ His strength failed more rapidly ; and in his last illness he was glad to know that Miss Nightingale had not forgotten him. She sent him a message of fervent gratitude. " I will look at it not as misapplied to myself," he answered (Dec. 17, a fortnight before his death), " but as part of the large and generous nature which you are ready to apply to others who little deserve it. I praise God for the privilege of having known you. I am sunk very low in strength, and cannot write with my own hand, so use that of one of my oldest and dearest friends. God bless and keep you to the end, as you have been for so many years, a pillar in Christ's Kingdom of Love and of this state of England. Ever, with the deepest affection and veneration, your faithful servant, H. Yule." The strength of her older friend and fellow-worker, Dr. Sutherland, ebbed rapidly, and he did not long survive his retirement. He died in July 1891. He was in great weakness at the end, and was hardly able to read or to speak ; but his wife said that she had received a letter from Miss Nightingale with messages for him. To her surprise he roused himself once more, read the letter through, and said, " Give her my love and blessing." They were almost his last words.

II

The affectionate sympathy which Miss Nightingale gave to her friends was not lacking to her relations. In 1889 one of the dearest of them, her " Aunt Mai," had died at the age of 91. Her husband, the " Uncle Sam " of earlier chapters, had died eight years before ; and the widow's bereavement seems to have done away with such estrangement as there had been between her and her niece. They resumed their former affectionate correspondence on religious matters, and Miss Nightingale was again the " loving Flo " of earlier years. " Dearest friend," she wrote on the card sent with

¹ Numbers vi. 24-26 : " The Lord bless thee, and keep thee," etc. Job xxxi. 11-16 : " When the ear heard me, then it blessed me," etc.

Ghost in *Hamlet* is surely a very gross unpleasant dead-alive unburied man, with the most vulgar full-bodied sentiments, clamouring for vengeance on his murderer (not even so spirit-like as a dying man), quite unlike what his son describes him—a Thief and Impostor, I am sure, going to take the spoons. *Manfred*, to my mind, stands alone, and is the most spiritual view of immortality, of what hell and heaven really are, of any poetry in the world. One only wonders how Byron ever wrote it.

(To a niece,¹ who was going to College.) 10 SOUTH STREET, August 22 [1881]. MY VERY DEAREST R.—Aunt Florence is filled with you and your going to Girton. I can say nothing I would and, saying nothing, I would ask those greatest of the "heathens"—Plato, Aeschylus, Thucydides—to say much to you. Aeschylus, whose *Prometheus* is evidently a foreshadowing of, or, if you like it better, the same type (with Osiris of Egypt) as, Christ: the one who brought "gifts to men," who defied "the powers that be" (the "principalities" and "powers" of evil), who suffered for men in bringing them the "best gifts" (the "fire from heaven"), who *could* only give by suffering himself, and who finally "led captivity captive." It seems to me that I see in nothing so much the *history of God*—in the religions of the world which M. Mohl learnt Oriental languages to write—as in these great "heathens"—Persian, Chinese, Indian, Greek also, and Latin too, but specially Aeschylus and Plato; and perhaps, too, in Physiology—the *greatness* of His work, the silence of His work, what spirit He is of. His "glory" and poorness of spirit—and that to be "poor of spirit" constitutes His glory, if to be poor of spirit means utter unselfishness, perfect freedom from self and from the very thought of self, and from affectations and from "vain glory." My very dearest child, fare you *very* well—very, very well is the deepest prayer of AUNT FLORENCE.

(To a niece who had taken up vegetarianism.) 10 SOUTH STREET, Nov. 8 [1887]. DEAREST—I send you two "vegetables" in their shells. We shall have some more fresh ones to-morrow. A new potato is, I assure you, *not* a vegetable. It is a mare's egg, laid by her, you know, in a "mare's nest." No vegetarian would eat it. I send you some Egyptian lentils. I have them every night for supper, done in milk, which I am not very fond of. The delicious thing is lentil soup, as made every day by an Arab cook in Egypt, over a handful of fire not big enough to roast a mosquito. . . . Ever your loving AUNT FLORENCE.

(To a niece, who was full of the co-operative movement.) 10

¹ Not really a niece, but Miss Nightingale was "Aunt Florence" to all her cousins in the second generation; as also to the children of some old friends.

The smell of the Azaleas reminds me so of Embley. On a tulip sat a poor little tiny, tiny, pretty little snail of a sort unknown to me. He said: "I was so happy in my garden on my tulip, and I was kidnapped into that horrid box. And whatever am I to do?" So we carried him out and carefully put him among the shrubs in the boxes on the leads (lilacs). But my opinion is that he is very particular about his diet and that his opinion was that he could find nothing worthy of his acceptance there. He must either have been drowned in the water-spout, or dree'd the penalty of being particular. Now I return to our brutality in letting you go without even partaking of "Baby's bottle." My kindest regards to Baby and its Mama. Ever your loving F. N."

Miss Nightingale was godmother to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bonham Carter's son, Malcolm. With Norman, an Indian Civilian, a younger son of Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, she kept up a correspondence. She was much attached to Miss Edith Bonham Carter,¹ who had taken up nursing, and there were several other relations who saw her and in whom she was much interested. The number of family letters which she preserved is very large; and among them those relating to the family into which her sister had married are almost as numerous as those relating to her own kith and kin. For Margaret Lady Verney, in particular, Miss Nightingale entertained a deep admiration and a most tender affection. She was attached also to Sir Harry's younger son, Mr. Frederick Verney, who in these later years helped her in many of her undertakings, and whom she in turn helped greatly in his. A few of her own family letters, covering a large space of time, will best show the pleasantly affectionate terms, now grave, now gay, on which she placed herself with her relations:—

(To Mrs. Clough.) 35 SOUTH STREET, Jan. 2 [1873]. I lit upon the edition of Byron (without *Don Juan*) which we wished for. There are two vols. more than in our edition, which may be trash. But *Childe Harold*,—the descriptions of Greece in the Tale: Poems,—Chillon,—but above all *Manfred*: there is nothing like it in the world, especially the last scene. The Spirit there is really a spirit—the only spirit out of Job and Saul. The

¹ Daughter of Mr. John Bonham Carter (see Vol. I. p. 29).

how the Conservatives have got in by an enormous majority, and the Liberals are discomfited. But I am an old fogey, and have been at this work for 40 years. And I have always found that the man who has the genius to know how to find details, and the still greater genius of knowing how to apply them will win, and party does not signify at all. My masters¹—that is, Sir Robert Peel's school, never cared for place, but always worked for both sides alike. I learn the lesson of life from a little kitten of mine, one of two. The old cat comes in and says, very cross, "I didn't ask you in here, I like to have my Missis to myself!" And he runs at them. The bigger and handsomer kitten runs away, but the littler one *stands her ground*, and when the old enemy comes near enough kisses his nose, and makes the peace. That is the lesson of life, to kiss one's enemy's nose, always standing one's ground. I am rather sorry for Lord Salisbury. A majority is always in the wrong.

(*To Louis Shore Nightingale.*²) 10 SOUTH STREET, Dec. 21 [1896]. I have been thinking a great deal of what you said on both sides about a Church at Lea. I wish you could consult some one, not Church-y, like Harry B. C., upon it. What you say that, if the Church is to be done, the proprietors and trustees of Lea Hurst should not set themselves against it is true. The Church is like the Wesleyans, another Christian sect—not to be put down. On the other hand, the Church is now more like the Scribes and Pharisees than like Christ. The Bishops and the High Church look upon work among Dissenters as work among the heathen. They would upset all the present work in Lea and Holloway if they could. Christ would have laughed at the "Validity of Orders" difficulty of the present day. He would have no dogma. His Dogmas were, He tells us distinctly, Unselfishness, Love to God and our neighbour. He takes the Ten Commandments to pieces and shows us the spirit of them (without which they are nothing) in the Sermon on the Mount. He even ridicules Sabbath observance. What are now called the "essential doctrines" of the Christian religion He does not even mention. A High Churchman and especially a H. Ch.'s wife would upset everything. . . . Ever your loving AUNT F.

(*To Norman Bonham Carter.*) August 27 [1897]. . . . I wish you God-speed, my dear friend. India is a glorious field, provided you keep out of "little wars." As you are not a military man, there is just a chance that you may not have perverse views on this subject. I see Charlie sometimes. He is a very good fellow,

¹ She was writing, it will be observed, on the anniversary of Sidney Herbert's death.

² Younger son of Mr. Shore Smith, who had assumed the name of Nightingale in 1893.

SOUTH STREET, *July 14* [1888]. DEAREST—Your co-operative usefulness is delightful. If it is not in the lowest degree vulgar, I should ask if I might give them some books. But I suppose this is contrary to all Co-operative principle. Lady Ashburton is gone to Marienbad, to distribute Bibles and Tracts in Czech-ish. There is a very large Co-operative Estate about 20 miles distant on the borders of the Forest, which she has seen and believes to be entirely successful. And I have charged her to send me home (for you) details—and of course to prove its success. You see how my manners and principles have been corrupted by you, the youthful prophet. If you observe aberration, do not lay it at my door. It is sad how youth corrupts old age. Your faithful and loving old (co-operative) Aunt, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

(*To Mrs. Vaughan Nash.*) CLAYDON HOUSE, *Jan. 3* [1895]. I have never thanked you, except in my heart, which is always, for my beautiful book—Villari's *History of Florence*: its first two centuries. It does look so interesting, and I have always been interested in Florentine history above all others. I think it was from studying Sismondi's *Républiques Italiennes* when I was a young girl (book now despised—you rascal!) and from knowing Sismondi himself afterwards at Geneva. The end of this Villari does look so very enthralling, where he traces the causes of the decline and fall of the Florentine Republic—its very wealth and commerce assisting its ruin, and shows how its "Commune" could not develop into a "State" (that may help some reflections on Indian Village Communities). But I do not see that he shows—tho' as I am reading backwards, like the Devil, I may come to it—how different were the Florentine ideas of Liberty from ours. With them it was that everybody should have a share in governing everybody else; with us, that everybody should have the power of self-development without hurting anybody else. I remember Villari's *Savonarola* well: it must have been published 30 or 40 years ago. (I always had an enthusiasm for *Savonarola*.) It was heavy, learned, impartial, exhaustive. It was my father's book: he read it much. I think I told you that I possess copies of the last things that *Savonarola* ever wrote—Commentaries on two Psalms—not a word against his enemies and persecutions, or any mention of them, or indeed any lamentation at all, but all one long and fervent aspiration after a perfect re-union with the Father of light and love. Good Fenzi, Evelina Galton's husband, had these copies made for me from the originals in the Palazzo Vecchio.

(*To Norman Bonham Carter.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, *August 2* [1895]. . . . You will see by the accounts of the General Election

III

There was a time, as we have heard, when Miss Nightingale's friendship with Mr. Jowett, though it did not diminish, yet became sensible, on her side at least, of a certain discomfort ;¹ but that time was short. Later years brought occasion for a renewal of more effective sympathy ; and as old age began to steal upon them, the friends held closer together. Mr. Jowett was deeply interested in many of Miss Nightingale's later Indian interests—especially in those that related to education, whether in India itself or of Indians and Indian civil servants in this country. He introduced to her Miss Cornelia Sorabji, whom he befriended at Oxford. He talked and corresponded much with Miss Nightingale about University courses in relation to India. " I want to prove to you," he wrote (Oct. 14, 1887), " that your words do sometimes affect my flighty or stony heart and are not altogether cast to the winds. Therefore I send you the last report of the Indian Students, in which you will perceive that agricultural chemistry has become a reality ; and that, owing to you (though I fear that, like so many other of your good deeds, this will never be known to men), Indian Students are reading about agriculture, and that therefore Indian Ryots may have a chance of being somewhat better fed than hitherto." When Lord Lansdowne had settled down in India, Mr. Jowett thought that he might without impertinence write to his friend and tell him what he should do to become " a really great Viceroy." What should be suggested ? Perhaps Miss Nightingale would consider ? She took the hint most seriously : the education of Viceroys was a favourite occupation with her. Without disclosing the particular occasion, she took many advisers into council, and discussed with them what reforms might most usefully be introduced. She forwarded her views to Oxford, and they filtered through Mr. Jowett to Simla. Mr. Jowett continued throughout these years to see Miss Nightingale frequently, and generally stayed with her once or twice a year—either in London or at Claydon. In 1887 he was staying in South Street when

¹ See above, p. 240.

tho' a military man. But then his mind is not warped by "Frontier Wars." And I know at Dublin he did a good deal for the men. One of our nurses, Sister Snodgrass, who died just after she had gone out to foreign service, was some years in Dublin military fever wards. She did so much for them, and got many of her orderlies to reform their lives. When they heard of her death, they cried like children. I know how hard worked you are. So am I. But your Father helps me with his excellent judgment. God bless you.

(*To Louis Shore Nightingale.*) 10 SOUTH ST., Dec. 23 [1898]. I send a small contribution to your journey. I approve of Switzerland, but wish you could prick on to Italy. I always do. If you make a bother about this bit of paper, you will find that, in the words of the immortal Shakespeare, "Ravens shall pick out your eyes and eagles eat the same." I have the Doctor coming this afternoon, whom I dare not put off, from considerations of the same nature. If you are so good as to come, please come at 5—for only half an hour, that is till 5.30.

Multiply such letters largely; add to them letters of a like kind, *mutatis mutandis*, addressed to her "children" in the nursing world; bring further into count her solicitude for servants and dependents: and it will be seen how faithfully Miss Nightingale followed the words placed at the head of this chapter—words which she had copied out as "A New Year's Greeting" for 1889. She had a soft place in her heart even for criminals who spitefully used her. In July 1892 burglary was committed in her house in South Street. It was in the early morning, and she espied the burglar resting for a moment with his spoils (some of her plate and her maid's money) in a hiding-place behind the house. If her maids or the police or both had been more alert, the malefactor would have been arrested. Her sense for efficiency was outraged, but she relented when the Inspector came to see her. "Perhaps it was just as well that you didn't catch the man," she said with a twinkle, "for I am afraid you don't do them much good when you lock them up." She was fond of the police, and during the Jubilee year admired from her window their handling of the crowds. She noted the long hours; made friends with the Inspector at Grosvenor Gate, and sent supplies of hot tea and cakes for his men.

ascertain "the character of God." Law was "the thought of God." It was by the aid of statistics that law in the social sphere might be ascertained and codified, and certain aspects of "the character of God" thereby revealed. The study of statistics was thus a religious service. In the sphere of immediate application, she had pointed out thirty years before¹ that there were enormous masses of statistical data, already pigeon-holed in government offices or easily procurable by government action, of which little or no use was made. Statistics, said Lord Brougham, in a passage already quoted, were to the legislator as the compass or the lead to the navigator; but the actual course of legislation was too often conducted without any such compass or lead at all. "The Cabinet Ministers," she now wrote,² "the army of their subordinates, the Houses of Parliament have for the most part received a University education, but no education in statistical method." The result was that legislation is "not progressive, but see-saw-y." "We legislate without knowing what we are doing. The War Office has on some subjects the finest statistics in the world. What comes of them? Little or nothing. Why? Because the Heads don't know how to make anything of them (with the two exceptions of Sidney Herbert and W. H. Smith). Our Indian statistics are really better on some subjects than those of England. Of these no use is made in administration. What we want is not so much (or at least not at present) an accumulation of facts as to teach the men who are to govern the country the use of statistical facts." She gave particular instances of the kind of questions which she desired to see thoroughly explored by the statistical method. What had been the result of twenty years of compulsory education? What proportion of children forget all that they learnt at school? What result has the school-teaching on the life and conduct of those who do not forget it? Or, again, what is the effect of town life on offspring, in number and in health? What are the contributions of the several classes (as to social position and residence) to the population of the next generation? Some of the questions

¹ See Vol. I. p. 435.

² In a letter of 1891 to Mr. Jowett.

he was taken ill. Miss Nightingale found him "a very wilful patient"; he would not take the complete rest which she and the doctor considered essential; and she had to enter into a secret plot with Robert Browning to keep him from the excitement of seeing friends. "I am greatly ashamed," he wrote on his return to Oxford (Oct. 13), "at the trouble and interference to your work which I caused. The recollection of your infinite kindness will never fade from my mind." She sent him elaborate instructions for the better care of his "Brother Ass," the body. "How can I thank you enough for your never ending kindness to me? May God bless you 1000 times in your life and in your work. I sometimes think I gossip to you too much. It is due to your kindness and sympathy, and you know that I have no one else to gossip to." From this time forward Miss Nightingale was constantly solicitous about her friend's health, and entered into regular correspondence with his housekeeper, Miss Knight, who was grateful for being allowed to share her anxieties with so high an authority on matters of health. During Mr. Jowett's illnesses, Miss Nightingale had daily letters or telegrams sent to her reporting the patient's condition in much detail. This was her regular practice in the case of relations or friends for whom she was solicitous. Such bulletins were especially numerous during the fatal illness of her cousin, Miss Hilary Bonham Carter. Miss Nightingale thought, no doubt, that her request for daily particulars would keep the nurses up to the mark; and sometimes it was that she had herself recommended the nurse. There were bulletins of the kind sent to her about Lady Rosebery, whose acquaintance she had made, as already related, in 1882. Lord Rosebery was during some years an occasional caller at South Street.

The friendship of Miss Nightingale and Mr. Jowett was to have been commemorated between themselves in an interesting way, for Mr. Jowett desired to contribute towards a scheme which occupied much of Miss Nightingale's time during 1890 and 1891. It was connected with one of the ruling thoughts of her life. She was, as I have said, a Passionate Statistician. Statistics were to her almost a religious exercise. The true function of theology was to

Mr. Jowett, moreover, was very ill in the same year—having a serious heart attack, from which he barely recovered and which was premonitory of the end. At the beginning of October he spent a few days at Claydon with Sir Harry Verney and Miss Nightingale. On returning to Oxford he was worse. “You will be tired of hearing from me,” he said to her in a dictated letter of farewell (Oct. 16), “and I begin to think that I may as well cease. Many interesting things have been revealed to me in my illness, of which I should like to talk to you. I never had an idea of what death was, or of what the human body was before, and am very far from knowing now. I am always thankful for having known you. I try to go on to the end as I was. I hope you will do so too; it is best. I hope that you may continue many years, and that you may do endless kindnesses to others. Will you cast a look sometimes on my old friends, Miss Knight and Mrs. [T. H.] Green, and my two young friends, F. and J.? It would please me if you could say a word to them from time to time. But perhaps it is rather drivelling to try and make things permanent which are already passing away. Ever yours affectionately, B. J.” He thought that he was on the point of death, and in a will made at this time he bequeathed “£2000 to Miss Nightingale for certain purposes.” It was the sum which he had meant to contribute to the “Nightingale Professorship of Statistics.” He rallied, however, and begged her to do as she had offered, and come over from Claydon to see him. “I am delighted to hear,” he wrote (Nov. 18), “that you will do me the honour to come to Balliol to see me. Acland will send his carriage for you to the station. It will be a great event for me to have a visit from you.” Mr. Jowett was spared for nearly two years, and he still came from time to time to see her. “I want to hold fast to you, dear friend,” he wrote (May 26, 1892), “as I go down the hill. You and I are agreed that the last years of life are in a sense the best, and that the most may be made of them even at a time when health and strength may seem to be failing.” In August 1893 Mr. Jowett was again very ill. He dictated a letter to Miss Nightingale, commending some of his friends to her once more. He rallied a little and came up to London

which she hoped to see solved by the statistical method came near to those with which a later generation is familiar under the name of Eugenics. Her friend M. Quetelet had made a beginning in the science of "Social Physics." Both he and Dr. Farr had hoped that she would carry on the work. She had often talked with Mr. Jowett on the subject, and now a scheme was suggested. She would give a sum of money, and he a like amount, and between them they would found at Oxford a Professorship or Lectureship in Applied Statistics. They agreed first to consult various friends and experts. Mr. Jowett seems to have discussed the matter with Mr. Arthur Balfour and Professor Alfred Marshall. Of Mr. Balfour, he wrote (Dec. 4, 1890) that "he has more head and power of thinking than any statesman whom I have ever known." Miss Nightingale on her side called into council Mr. Francis Galton, who took up the idea warmly and elaborated a detailed scheme. He raised, however, a preliminary objection. A Professor at Oxford or Cambridge of any subject which is not a principal element in an examination "School" is a Professor without a class, and often sinks into somnolence. He suggested that the Professorship would be more useful if attached to the Royal Institution. Mr. Jowett, who had perhaps entered into the scheme from interest rather in Miss Nightingale than in the subject, was not very helpful in matters of detail, but he was ready to acquiesce in any scheme which Miss Nightingale adopted. He made only two conditions; first, that he should be allowed to contribute; and next, that the Professorship should be called by her name. Mr. Galton went on with his plans which, as they were developed, were found to require a very large sum of money. Miss Nightingale, whose resources were in great part tied up by settlements, consulted her trustees. They did not deny that she could put down £4000,—the sum which Mr. Galton's scheme seemed to require as her contribution,—but they were not passionate statisticians and did not underrate the objections to such a gift. Meanwhile time was passing; Mr. Galton was busy with other things, and Miss Nightingale herself, being much occupied during this year (1891) with other affairs, laid the scheme aside.

Gardiner, who from time to time administered the Sacrament to Miss Nightingale in her room, and in whose work in South London she came to take a lively interest.

The Professorship which Mr. Jowett and Miss Nightingale were to have founded was never realized. Miss Nightingale had laid the scheme aside at the end of 1891—"with a sore heart," she said, for it had been "an object of a lifetime." Mr. Jowett, knowing that she had abandoned the scheme, had omitted his bequest in a new will made during his last illness. But when three years later she in turn came to make her will she still had the scheme in mind. It was a trust, she used to say, committed to her by M. Quetelet and Dr. Farr, and it was connected with memories of Mr. Jowett. She gave accordingly "to Francis Galton £2000 for certain purposes," and declared that "the same shall be paid in priority to all other bequests given by her Will for charitable and other purposes." Her hope was that the £2000 would suffice for some *educational* work in the use of Statistics, but Mr. Galton differed, and in the following year she revoked the bequest by Codicil. A pencilled note found among her Papers gives the reason: "I recall or revoke the legacy of £2000 to Mr. Francis Galton because he does not think it sufficient for the purpose I wished and proposes a small Endowment for *Research*, which I believe will only end in endowing some bacillus or microbe, and I do not wish that."

IV

Miss Nightingale's life, said Mr. Jowett, had been a large part of his. That his life had also been a large part of hers, this Memoir will have shown. Few men or women had known him so well, and into the inscription which she sent with her flowers she distilled her memories: "In loving remembrance of Professor Jowett, the Genius of Friendship, above all the Friend of God." Among the many letters which she received about his death none touched or interested her so much as those of Lord Lansdowne:—

SIMLA, October 11. Our dear old friend is, as far as his bodily presence in our midst is concerned, lost to us. It is a real sorrow to me. I had no more constant friend, and I cannot

to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Campbell. On September 18 he dictated his last letter to Miss Nightingale: "We called upon you yesterday in South Street, but finding no one at home supposed you had migrated to Claydon. Fare you well! How greatly am I indebted to you for all your affection. How large a part has your life been of my life. There is only time I think for a few words." On October 1 he died at the house of Mr. Justice Wright in Hampshire, to which he had gone a few days before. "Do you know," wrote Miss Nightingale to Mrs. Clough (Nov. 7), "that he sometimes felt glad in the society of 'Clough' during his last illness? He was in London at the house of those dear Lewis Campbells for doctoring and nursing from September 16 to 23rd. He was lying in the way he liked—silent, with Mr. Lewis Campbell sitting beside him—when suddenly he opened his eyes and said, 'Oh, is it you? I thought it was Clough.'" Pinned to Miss Nightingale's letter, there is one which Mr. Jowett had written, thirty-two years before, to Mrs. Clough on the death of his friend, her husband. In it he had said: "I loved him and think of him daily. I should like to have the memory of him, and also of Miss Nightingale, present with me in death, as of the two persons whose example I value most, as having 'walked by faith.'"

Miss Nightingale had other bereavements at this time. "I have lost," she wrote, "the three nearest to me in twelve months" (1893-94). In February 1894, Sir Harry Verney died, and she felt the loss of "his courage, his courtesy, his kindness." In August, her cousin, Mr. Shore Smith, died—"her boy" of the old days, whom throughout his life she had regarded with something of a mother's love; nor had she ever forgotten the fond and dutiful affection which he had shown towards her own mother. Miss Nightingale felt the three losses deeply, but a note of serenity marked her old age. "This is a sad birthday, dearest," she wrote a little later; "but let me send a few roses to say what words cannot say. There is so much to live for. I have lost much in failures and disappointment, as well as in grief; but, do you know, life is more precious to me now in my old age." The place left vacant by Mr. Jowett's death was in some respects filled henceforth by the Rev. Thory Gage

CHAPTER IX

OLD AGE—DEATH

(1894-1910)

The truer, the safer, the better years of life are the later ones. We must find new ways of using them, doing not so much, but in a better manner—economising because economy has become necessary, for bodily strength obviously grows less: that is the will of God and cannot be escaped or denied.—BENJAMIN JOWETT (*Letter to Miss Nightingale*, Dec. 30, 1887).

Let fruits of labour go,
Renouncing hope for Me, with lowliest heart,
So shalt thou come; for tho' to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation—very near—
Dwelleth Eternal Peace.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: *The Song Celestial*.

It was in the spirit of Rabbi Ben Ezra that Miss Nightingale faced old age, and for a few years after she had passed her 75th birthday she was able to enjoy "the last of life" with full zest. Something of her former vigour was lost, but something of tenderness and acquiescence was gained. Then her powers gradually failed; she was still in this world, but hardly any longer of it. The time for renunciation was come. There were several years of pensive evening; and then, the end—or, as Miss Nightingale believed with passionate intensity, the beginning of new work in another world. In her later years, a young cousin, in speaking to her of the death of a relation whom they both loved, said that now at any rate he was at rest and in peace. Miss Nightingale, who had been lying back on her pillows, sat up on the instant and said with full fire and vigour, "Oh no, I am *sure* it is an immense activity."

express the gratitude with which I look back to his unflinching interest in all that befel me and to his help and guidance at times when they were most needed. His saying that he meant to get better "because he had yet so much to do" is touching and characteristic. He was one who would never have sate down and said that his task was done, or that he was entitled to rest from toil for the remainder of his days. It would, however, be very far from the truth to think that his work was at an end because he is no longer here to carry it on with his own hands.

SIMLA, *October 25*. Of all the true and appreciative words which you have written of him, none seem to me truer than those in which you speak almost impatiently of the shallow fools who thought that he had "no religion." His religion always seemed to me nearer to that which *The Master* taught his followers than that of any other man or woman whom I have met, and I doubt whether any one of our time has done so much to spread true religion and Christianity in the best sense of the word.

All this was precisely and profoundly what Miss Nightingale felt about her friend. Of all men whom she had known, none seemed to her to have led a Christian life more consistently than Mr. Jowett. In her thoughts about him she had only one regret. It was that their friendship had never resulted in any formal re-statement of religious doctrine. She had not been able to put into any such form as satisfied him the scheme of Theodicy which they had discussed during thirty years, and he had devoted too much time, she thought, to criticism and too little to reconstruction. But in religious practice, how rich was his legacy—both in precept and in example! In letters of his later years, no thought had been more often expressed by Mr. Jowett than that of Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*—a poem which he was constantly recommending to Miss Nightingale. And there was another poem which he sent her: *The Song Celestial*, translated from the Mahâ-bhârata by Sir Edwin Arnold. "I think," he wrote (Nov. 6, 1886), "it expresses some of the deepest thoughts of the human heart." These two poems which Miss Nightingale read, marked, and learnt, were to set the note of her last years.

(*To Sir William Wedderburn.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, August 13 [1896]. . . . You have no business to be low-spirited about the future. There is Providence still. It is 40 years this month since I came back from the Crimea. See how poor I have been helped, though I have lost all my friends among Ministers. When I am low-spirited I read about the Duke of Wellington in the Battle of Waterloo or the Peninsular War. And I see how he held on. Alone he did it. And what was the end? He saved Europe. So it will be with you. You will save India.

(*To the Crimean Veterans.*) October 25 [1897]. MY DEAR OLD COMRADES—I think of you on Balaclava Day and many days besides. In peace as in war, I wish you the best wish: Quit ye like men! God, from whom the soldiers take their orders, has as much work for us to do for Him in peace as in war—thank His Love and Wisdom!—and to the last years of our lives which ought to be the best years of our lives. Never say "poor lives." Life is a splendid gift if we will but let Him make it so, here and hereafter, for Himself. God bless you all.

A few weeks before the date of her letter to the Crimean veterans, she had thanked God in her meditations for all he had given her—"work, constant work, work with Sidney Herbert, work with Lord Lawrence, and never out of work still." "I am soaked in work," she wrote to Sir Douglas Galton (Jan. 1897). "You see," she said to Mr. Bonham Carter (Sept. 1895), "I have my hands full, and am not idle, though people naturally think that I have gone to sleep or am dead." Once or twice, her death had been reported. On another occasion, a paragraph went the round of the religious press stating that Miss Nightingale having contracted a spinal complaint from her long hours of standing in the Crimea, had "now for some years been an in-patient at St. Thomas's Hospital." The paragraph brought a sheaf of letters from persons with "sure remedies" for spinal disease, from faith-healers, from mothers who had daughters similarly affected; and to the Hospital, many flowers and letters of consolation. "They know nothing," she wrote to Mr. Bonham Carter (July 6, 1897), "of what a press my life is, and often a hopeless press but for you." It was a busy life, and, until near its end, it was less subject to ill-health than in earlier years. She had outgrown the weakness of heart and nerves which had often been distressing

Miss Nightingale's fervour in preaching the gospel that a man's latter years should be his best appears in a series of letters which touch successively on three of the main interests of her life. The first is to the cousin who now for thirty-five years had been her right-hand man in all that concerned the Nightingale School; the second is to a politician with whose aspirations for a new era in India she had sympathized; and the third, to her old comrades in the British Army:—

(*To Henry Bonham Carter.*) 10 SOUTH STREET, March 4 [1894]. MY DEAR HARRY—F. N. did not know or did not remember—more abominable me!—that your birthday, a day we must all bless—was on Feb. 15. And don't say "alas!" when you say "it completes my 67th year." Your sun is still in the meridian, thank God! Mr. Jowett always said that the last years of life were and ought to be the best—and of himself he said (tho' he had, I fear, plenty of suffering in the last two years, and some ingratitude among those whom he had really created), that these years were his happiest—his energy never flagged. Sir Harry, an extraordinarily different man, has often told me that the last two or three were the happiest. And his energy, fitful as it always was, never flagged till the very last week of his life. Sidney Herbert worked till his last fortnight. And Mr. Gladstone—for this is like his death¹—will be lamented not because he worked at Home Rule to his last moment, but because to his last moment he maintained the House of Commons at what it was in the years I so well remember, its palmy days under the School of Sir Robert Peel, of whom he is the last. Now, haven't we cause to rejoice in your life ever more and more every year, and to thank you more and more, and to sing not the *Dies Iræ* but the *Te Deum* for your life. And a great many more besides us. Hoot, hoot, laddie! you are one of those who "open the Kingdom of heaven"—that which is "within" and here—"to all believers"; and *not* one of those who leap from a pinnacle of the temple knowing nothing, but just thinking that the "angels will bear them up"—like some I could name but refrain. And one at least of the "angels" is always a vulgar wretch. And the real "angels" who are working hard, and in detail entirely repudiate the "bearing up" of the leaper from the pinnacle. . . . Believe me, ever yours gratefully and affectionately, F. N.

¹ He had resigned the Prime Ministership on March 3, and made his last speech in the House of Commons on March 1. He was then 85.

the benefits which, through sanitary science, are gradually being extended to the masses here, both in town and country, and which are doing so much to promote their health and happiness. So I never lose an opportunity of urging a practical beginning, however small, for it is wonderful how often in such matters the mustard-seed germinates and roots itself." And she went on to describe the steps which her friend Mr. Malabari was taking to promote sanitary education, and even to institute Health Missionaries, in selected districts of Rural India. The Government of India was co-operating to some extent in such work. In a Paper written in 1894¹ she tendered "cordial acknowledgments to Lord Cross, Lord Kimberley, and Mr. Fowler, the successive Secretaries of State for India, also to Lord Lansdowne and Lord Elgin, the Viceroys, for the personal interest they have shown" in the matter of Village Sanitation. She especially commended the practical and helpful spirit shown in the Government of India's Dispatch of March 1895 instituting "Village Sanitary Inspection Books."

III

In the Army, too, Miss Nightingale continued to take a lively interest, and Sir Douglas Galton was still within—not always instant—call to give her information or advice:—

(Miss Nightingale to Sir Douglas Galton.) 10 SOUTH STREET, Nov. 24 [1895]. Oh you Turk, oh you rascal, Sir Douglas; not to tell me that you were in London, not to reward me for my good resolution in not troubling you. I would have asked but few questions, but these called for haste. (i.) Most important: How the troops for Kumassi are to be supplied with water, day and night, fit to drink? Spirit ration only as medicine? Are they to have salt pork and beef? Then about their shoes, stockings, and boots? Are these things now recognized at Head Quarters? Probably I am disquieting myself in vain. Lord Lansdowne is so overwhelmed with amateur schemes for W. O. reform—not that I am in that line of business now at all; but I do not like to write to him just now. (ii.) Barracks at Newcastle-on-Tyne, depot where 5th Fusiliers are quartered, said to be

¹ Bibliography A, No. 135.

in middle life, and though she still kept to her room, the impression which she now made upon all who saw her was of robust and vigorous old age.

II

All the active interests of her life still occupied her. She interested herself closely in the progress of sanitary reform in India, and it was not till 1906 that her secretary had to inform the India Office that Sanitary Papers could no longer usefully be forwarded to her. Lord Elgin, who succeeded Lord Lansdowne as Viceroy in 1894, had sent his private secretary, Sir Henry Babington Smith, to call upon her, and through him she had still corresponded with the Governor-General. Her days of vigorous campaigning were over; she became more reconciled, as she grew older, to those "periods of Indian cosmogony" of which Lord Salisbury, in the years of her impatience, had reminded her. She realized more fully than before that in India the progress of sanitary education must be slow. In 1898 she received the Aga Khan. "A most interesting man," she said in her note of the interview; "but you could never teach him sanitation. I never understood before how really impossible it is for an Eastern to care for material things. I told him as well as I could all the differences both in town and in country during my life. Do you think you are improving? he asked. By improving he meant Believing more in God. To him sanitation is unreal and superstitious; religion, spirituality, is the only real thing." And, besides, Miss Nightingale had now to accept limitations in what she could any longer hope to effect. These limitations, and the work within them which she still was able to do, are touched upon in a piece from her pen in 1896.¹ "I am painfully aware how difficult, how almost impossible, it is for any one at a great distance to do anything to help forward a movement requiring unremitting labour and supervision on the spot. But it is my privilege to meet in England from time to time Indian friends who are heartily desirous of obtaining for their poorer fellow-countrymen

¹ Bibliography A, No. 138.

a godson of hers¹ and told her with what pleasure he had done so "as a patient of yours in 1856." As for the Colonial Office, she noted a wise saw which some one told her: "If you get a private reply, the thing is done; if an official reply, all is up." Her reply was official, but nevertheless something was done; though not, I think, all that she wanted. Another matter which much occupied Miss Nightingale's mind at this time was the effect of the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, especially in connection with India. In 1896-97 a Departmental Committee was appointed to report upon the facts, and there was much discussion. Miss Nightingale was besieged by both sides for her opinion. She had found reason in the facts for some modification of her former opinions.² She was still opposed to the complete reintroduction of the old system, but she thought, on close examination of the facts, that the balance of advantage, moral and physical, lay with some amount of sanitary precaution. She signed, with a reservation,³ a memorial promoted by Princess Christian, Lady Jeune, and others, "expressing our anxious hope that effectual measures will be taken to check the spread of contagious diseases among our soldiers, especially in India." There was much abuse of Miss Nightingale, and some praying over her for such "backsliding." It was in connection with this matter that she wrote a characteristic comment upon one of her friends: "She does not want to hear facts; she wants to be enthusiastic."

Study of the facts, forethought, good administration: these were the things which constantly occupied Miss Nightingale's mind in relation to military, as to other, affairs. They were the things which had been indelibly impressed upon her by the Crimean War. In the year of the Diamond Jubilee, the enterprising Mr. Kiralfy bethought himself of a Victorian Era Exhibition, in which one section

¹ In later years Miss Nightingale was not quite so strict as formerly (see above, p. 73) in abstaining from asking such favours.

² See above, p. 75.

³ Miss Nightingale's signature was "subject to the addition of a request that an independent inquiry be at the same time set on foot at the several stations in India as recommended by the Governor-General in Council on Nov. 4, 1896."

in an awful state of bad drainage: not denied, but remedy "would cost too much." I know nothing of it personally. "Ladies Sanitary Association" dying to interfere. Sir Thomas Crawford dead, or I should have asked *his* advice. (iii.) We have another Nurse (a Sister of St. Thomas's) going out to India to join the Army Nursing Staff. Three are going out in three ships—they don't know where—each goes alone. (The I.O. sends them out like the famous *pair* of Painted Marmots who came over in *three* ships, on the crust of a twopenny loaf which served them for provisions during the voyage.) Mine asks me for an Army Medical Book. Don't misunderstand: the Nurses must not know anything about anything, to be looked well on by the Doctors, whose treatment is, I believe, what it was 40 years ago. But if there is a book which could put her up to things, not excepting the terrible increase of the vicious disease, do recommend it me if you can.

In 1895 came the reluctant retirement of the Duke of Cambridge from the post of Commander-in-Chief which he had held for nearly fifty years, and Sir Douglas suggested to Miss Nightingale that the old soldier might be pleased by a letter from her. "I should never have thought that myself," she said; but she had a soft place in her heart for the Duke, as we have seen,¹ and she took kindly to the suggestion. She sent a sympathetic letter in which, as an old servant of the soldiers herself, she ventured to thank the Duke for his many services to the British Army. "I have had such a very nice answer," she told Sir Douglas. The terms in which the Duke replied (Oct. 1) show that Miss Nightingale's kindly compliments had brought some balm to him in his "great grief and sorrow."

One of Miss Nightingale's latest interventions in administrative affairs was an urgent plea for improvement in the barracks at Hong-Kong, about which she had received private information in connection with the outbreak of bubonic plague in 1896. She prepared a careful summary of the case, and through Sir Douglas Galton made representations both to the War Office (Sir Evelyn Wood) and to the Colonial Office (Mr. Chamberlain). Sir Evelyn Wood, I feel sure, must at any rate have listened attentively to what she had to say. In 1898 he gave an appointment to

¹ Vol. I. p. 385.

Commissions." The Crimean relic served. At the Exhibition an old soldier was seen to go up to the carriage and kiss it. The bust was also bedecked. "Now I must ask you," wrote Miss Nightingale to her cousin Louis (Oct. 16, 1897), when the Exhibition was to be closed, "about my bust. (Here I stop to utter a great many bad words, not fit to put on paper. I also utter a pious wish that the bust may be smashed.) I should not have remembered it, but that I am told somebody came every day to dress it with fresh flowers. I utter a pious wish that that person may be saved. You (for I know not what sins), it appears, are my 'man of business.' What *is* to be done about that bust?" Miss Nightingale's private meditations were the more earnest for her compliance in what she regarded as a mere triviality. The Exhibition was to her an occasion for giving thanks to God. "How inefficient I was in the Crimea! Yet He has raised up Trained Nursing from it!"

Memories of the Crimea were much in Miss Nightingale's mind during these years. On Waterloo Day, 1898, she made an interesting note:—

What an administrator was the Duke! He chose the ground for the battle—he, not the enemy. By his constructive arrangements, having forced them to accept the ground *he* chose, he, who had no staff fit to help him, supervised everything himself. He made each Corps lie down on the ground he had chosen for it the next day; the ammunition each would require was conveyed to it under *his own* orders (how many a battle has been lost from want of ammunition!); he provided for every possible contingency. Nothing was neglected, nothing lost, nothing failed. And so he delivered Europe from the greatest military genius the world has seen. How different was the Duke from Lord Raglan, excepting that both were honourable gentlemen! Lord Raglan was told in a letter by a chance Doctor, a volunteer, a civilian, a man whom nobody had ever heard of, that if the men were not better huddled, better fed, better clothed, in a few weeks he would have no army at all. Lord Raglan rode down at once alone with the exception of a single Orderly, and got off his horse and went into his informant's tent and said, "You know I could try you by Court Martial for this letter." He answered, "My Lord, that is just what I want. Then the truth will come out. What signifies what becomes of me? But will you ride round first alone just as you are now at once and see whether what I have

should be devoted to Nursing. Great ladies took up the idea, and Miss Nightingale was besieged from many quarters to let herself be "represented" by photographs, busts, autographs, and "relics of the Crimean War." Miss Nightingale at the first attack was in her most withering vein. "Oh the absurdity of people," she wrote, "and the vulgarity! The 'relics,' the 'representations' of the Crimean War! What are they? They are, first, the tremendous lessons we have had to learn from its tremendous blunders and ignorances. And next they are Trained Nurses and the progress of Hygiene. These are the 'representations' of the Crimean War. And I will not give my foolish Portrait (which I have not got) or anything else as 'relics' of the Crimea. It is too ridiculous. You don't judge even of the victuals inside a public-house by the sign outside. I won't be made a *sign* at an Exhibition. Think of Sidney Herbert's splendid Royal Commissions which struck the keynote of progress in the British Army! Think of the unwearied toil of the Sanitarians! And you ask me for the photograph of a rat! and at the moment too when there is the Plague at Bombay!" But having delivered her mind in some letters to this effect, Miss Nightingale let her heart be persuaded. Lady Wantage, whom she held in affectionate admiration, climbed the stairs in South Street to press the suit in person, and Miss Nightingale surrendered. "Lady Wantage was so charming," she wrote, half-ashamed of the surrender, "and she wouldn't 'take' when I went off upon Royal Commissions *et id genus omne*, and she stuck to her point and she was so gracious and she is such a very good woman." So the "bust of Florence Nightingale" was lent, and her old "Crimean carriage," brought down from a loft in the country, was patched up to serve as a "relic." A distinguished writer (but he was a humorist) has averred that he once saw an Italian organ-grinder on his knees before a shop-window in St. Martin's Lane, having taken a dentist's showcase for relics of the saints. That was perhaps pushing things a little far; but "hope in the hem of the garment" is deeply rooted in men's hearts. "We want something to love," said one of Miss Nightingale's friends in supporting Lady Wantage's petition, "and one cannot love Royal

She chose the latter course. A little later, one of her allies was thought to be weakening. "I did my 'spiriting,'" she reported, "with that gentleness for which I am so remarkable! He gives in. He is a very striking man, and of great presence of mind; masterful too, but he is staggered by Princesses." She was hard at work, too, with advising on appointments. There was one part of the world, however—Buenos Ayres—of which Miss Nightingale began to wash her hands. "Of the last party, all were married within a year; what is the use of sending out any more?" At home there were "four successors wanted," she wrote (1896), "and four staffs howling." A matron in a country hospital was about to resign: "I had two letters and four telegrams from her on Tuesday and other days in proportion." The volume of her nursing correspondence during 1896-97 is, indeed, as great as at any previous time, and she still received regular visits from matrons, sisters, and nurses. "After looking over a mass of Sisters' Records, Probationers' examination-papers, case-books, and diaries, and having had the pleasure of many afternoons with Probationers and ex-Probationers," she found "much cause for thankfulness" in her School; but "as we are always trying to make progress," she went on to propose to her Council a series of detailed suggestions for reform. For some years, too, she was much occupied in advising Lord and Lady Monteaigle in a matter which they were promoting—the training of nurses for Irish Workhouses. Her affectionate concern in her nursing friends was constant. In the year of the Jubilee (1897) Queen Victoria invited her to come in a bath-chair to the forecourt of Buckingham Palace to witness the procession. She was unable to leave her room, but she remembered the nurses and purchased a number of seats for distribution among them. She was deeply interested in a nurse who volunteered for plague-service in India: "The deepest, quietest, most striking person I have seen from our present staff, and so pretty. Not enthusiastic except in the good old original sense: God in us. She is firmly and cautiously determined to go to the Plague." After a series of interviews with nurses and letters from them (1898), Miss Nightingale noted some impressions of

said is true?" Lord Raglan did so, and found that it was within the truth. And so the Army was saved. The men were dying of scurvy from salt meat; but the shores of the Euxine were crowded with cattle.

The outbreak of war in South Africa led her thoughts to another interest which had much occupied her at Scutari—the better employment of the soldier in peace:—

"London is full," she noted (October 1899), "of rumours of war with the Boers. I cannot say these rumours are frightful in my ears. Few men and fewer women have seen so much of the horrors of war as I have. Yet I cannot say that war seems to me an unmitigated evil. The soldier in war is a *man*: devoted to his duty, giving his life for his comrade, his country, his God. I cannot bear to say: Compare him with the soldier in peace in barracks; for you will say, Then would you always have war? Well, I have nothing to do with the making of war or peace. I can only say that you must see the man in war to know what he is capable of. If you drive past a barrack, you will see two heads idling and lolling out of every window. And the only creature who is doing anything is the dog who is carrying victuals to his wife who has puppies. And the moral is: Provide the soldier with active employment."

IV

She was unable to take any active part in connection with sending out nurses to South Africa; though many inquiries were addressed to her, and many nurses wrote to her from the scene of war. To the "Scottish Hospital in South Africa," she contributed £100—a gift which was partly inspired by affection for her "grateful and loving child," Miss Spencer, matron of the Edinburgh Infirmary, who was much interested in the scheme.

Miss Nightingale's interest in the work of her old pupils all over the country, in the education of her Probationers at St. Thomas's, and in the affairs of the nursing world in general, was unabated during the closing years of the century. The "Nurses' Battle" about registration was still active, and from time to time she was appealed to for aid. In 1895 certain overtures were made. "Shall I royally discard it," she asked, "or give them a buster?"

was not well pleased with all that she saw, but she was, of necessity and by discipline of character, less impatient. She could now regard with affectionate tolerance a wedding in her family of nurses. To one "child" she sent a present "With the very best marriage wishes of F. N., though sorry to lose you. Come and see me." She even forgave an old friend whose marriage many years before she had resented as "desertion." She saw much around her to criticize, but she was content to uphold her own ideals and her criticisms became less censorious. "Remember," she said to herself in her meditations, "God is not my Private Secretary." As old friends disappeared, she looked the more earnestly to the younger generation. Sir Robert Rawlinson, who for more than forty years had corresponded with her on sanitary affairs, died in 1898; Sir Douglas Galton, in 1899; Mr. Rathbone, in 1902.¹ She was anxious that Sir Douglas Galton's services should be rightly appreciated in the press, and took some measures to that end. "The man whom we have lost," she wrote privately (March 12, 1899), "Sir Douglas Galton, was the first Royal Engineer who put any *sanitary* work into R. Engineering. The head of these men at the War Office, the R. Engineers, himself said to me: 'our business is to make roads and to build bridges—we have nothing to do with health and that kind of Doctor's work,' or words to that effect. Sir D. G. opened his own ears and his heart and his mind, and put all his powers into saving life while working in his profession." "One does feel," she had written on All Souls' Day, 1896, "the passing away of so many who seemed essential to the world. I have no one now to whom I could speak of those who are gone. But all the more I am eager to see successors. What is that verse—that the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons (and daughters) of God. And I am thankful for the many noble souls I have known."

V

Gradually Miss Nightingale's powers failed. For the last fifteen years of her life she seldom left her room in South

¹ For Miss Nightingale's tribute to his memory, see above, p. 124.

types. She valued efficiency, but she deplored a tendency which she detected to substitute professionalism for heart. Who are the "ministering angels"? she asked. "The Angels are *not* they who go about scattering flowers: any naughty child would like to do that, even any rascal. The Angels are they who, like Nurse or Ward-maid or Scavenger, do disgusting work, removing injury to health or obstacles to recovery, emptying slops, washing patients, etc., for all of which they receive no thanks. These are the Angels. They speak kind words too, and give sympathy. The drabby Nurse, crying as if her heart would break, with apron over her head, because a poor little peevish thing who has never given her anything but trouble is dead—is an Angel; while the nurse who coolly walks down a Ward noting how many children are dead who were alive when she last made her round, is by no means an Angel."

In such thoughts Miss Nightingale had a constant sympathizer in the Grand Duchess of Baden, who wrote to her year by year, in terms of warm affection, reporting progress in German nursing—reports which told of professional improvement, but also, as the Grand Duchess thought, of some lack of high ideal. The Empress Frederick, too, continued to see Miss Nightingale from year to year, and their talk was very sympathetic. Of her allies at home, Mr. Bonham Carter was helpful, not only in the conduct of the Nightingale School but in the management of her private affairs. Mr. Rathbone retained to the last his devotion to her as the founder of modern nursing. "To have been allowed," he wrote (Dec. 27, 1897), "to work with your inspiration and wise counsels for more than 35 years as one of your agents in your great work is a thing I am deeply grateful for. I remain while life lasts your devoted friend, and in effort at least your faithful servant." "From the confinement of your room," he added, "you have done more to spread reform than you could have done with the most perfect health and strength." That was not the opinion of Miss Nightingale; she could only direct or advise; she had for many years been forced to leave action to others. The sense of this disability did not grow less, but as years passed, it was felt to be the common lot of the old. She

in bed ; but she used a particular brand—procured by her friend Mr. Frederick, of the War Office—hard, and not easily delible, and her handwriting is as good in pencil as with the pen. There were some variations in its manner. In middle life, as some one said of it, her writing “galloped across the page tossing its mane.” In youth and in age, it was extremely careful. The very latest examples which I have seen show only a slight quaver in the lines ; the formation of the letters and the spacing are as exact as ever. Then the sight failed, and the writing almost ceased.

From about 1901 or 1902 onwards she could neither read nor write except with the greatest difficulty. There were no longer papers on the bed. The hands were quiet. Her eyes rested on her friends with even more than the old kindness, but not with the old penetrating clearness. In 1902 Miss Nightingale was persuaded to accept the services of a companion, Miss Cochrane ; who, on leaving to be married, was succeeded in 1904 by Miss Elizabeth Bosanquet. Some diplomacy was necessary, and at first it was agreed that the post should be called that of “lady housekeeper.” In reality it was that of private secretary, with large initiative. Miss Nightingale did not easily yield to her infirmities ; she concealed them, too, so cleverly as sometimes to mislead visitors, who took a kindly “yes, dear” to express more intellectual apprehension and assent than really lay behind it. Lord Kitchener, who paid her a visit, remarked to Miss Cochrane after the interview how closely Miss Nightingale in her old age followed what was going on ; but she had known that Lord Kitchener was coming and had prepared herself by questioning Miss Cochrane fully and impressing on her own memory what her visitor had lately been doing. For some years she liked to feel that she was still in the movement of the world, and to have the daily newspaper read to her—thus submitting in old age to an exercise which had caused her much impatient disgust in youth. Her *Notes on Nursing*, written nearly half a century before, proved true in some respects of her own case, though not in others. She was indifferent to some of her maxims, and in the last years paid little attention to the gospel of the open window. But what she had observed in sick-

Street. Her last visit to Embley had been in August 1891. The property there was sold in 1896, "and I don't like being turned out of Hampshire," she said. Her last visit to Claydon was in 1894-95. To Lea Hurst, which had been let for 10 years in 1883, she never went after her mother's death, though she retained her interest in local affairs there to the end. Already in 1887 she had talked of herself as "almost blind"; and in 1895, in a note of symptoms about which to ask her doctor, she had included "want of memory." The loss at first was only of dates and names, but after a few years it became more general. Her eyesight, which had troubled her for some time, now failed. The long series of pencilled meditations ceased. In the later years of them though there was still much self-condemnation, there was more of peace and hope. "November 3-4, 1893. Thirty-nine years ago arrival at Scutari. The immense blessings I have had—the longings of my heart accomplished—and now drawn to Thee by difficulties and disappointments." "Homeward bound." "I have entered in."

Owing to her eyesight being the first among her powers to fail, there is one exception to the general statement that the failure was gradual. Her power of writing failed all at once. Miss Nightingale's handwriting, of which a facsimile has already been given, was very characteristic: clear, bold, and careful. She was possessed with the idea of doing everything that she undertook as perfectly as pains could enable her. In her handwriting every letter is well formed, every word has its clear space: paragraphs, insets, and intervals are arranged carefully to help the reader to the sense; yet all is done with an air of freedom and distinction. There is artistic feeling about the script; the distinctive formation of the *F* in her signature may be instanced. Few persons, I imagine, have ever written so much as Miss Nightingale did with her own hand, and the writing never deteriorated. Some of her best friends and helpers—Sidney Herbert, for instance, and Douglas Galton—wrote, when hurried, the worst hands; and she would often pencil, over their almost indecipherable scrawls, a fair copy of what she conjectured the words to be. Many of her own letters were in pencil, for she wrote much

a new topic, was a strain to her. The visits which tired her least were those of Matrons and nursing Sisters. She loved to hear of their work, their patients, and especially of suggestions they made for improvements. One of her nursing friends paused in the talk to ask, "But am I not tiring you?" "Oh, no," replied Miss Nightingale quickly, "you give me new life." To dictate any message on her own part was now beyond her. Of the messages sent to her, those which she longest retained the power of apprehending were from Crimean veterans.

VI

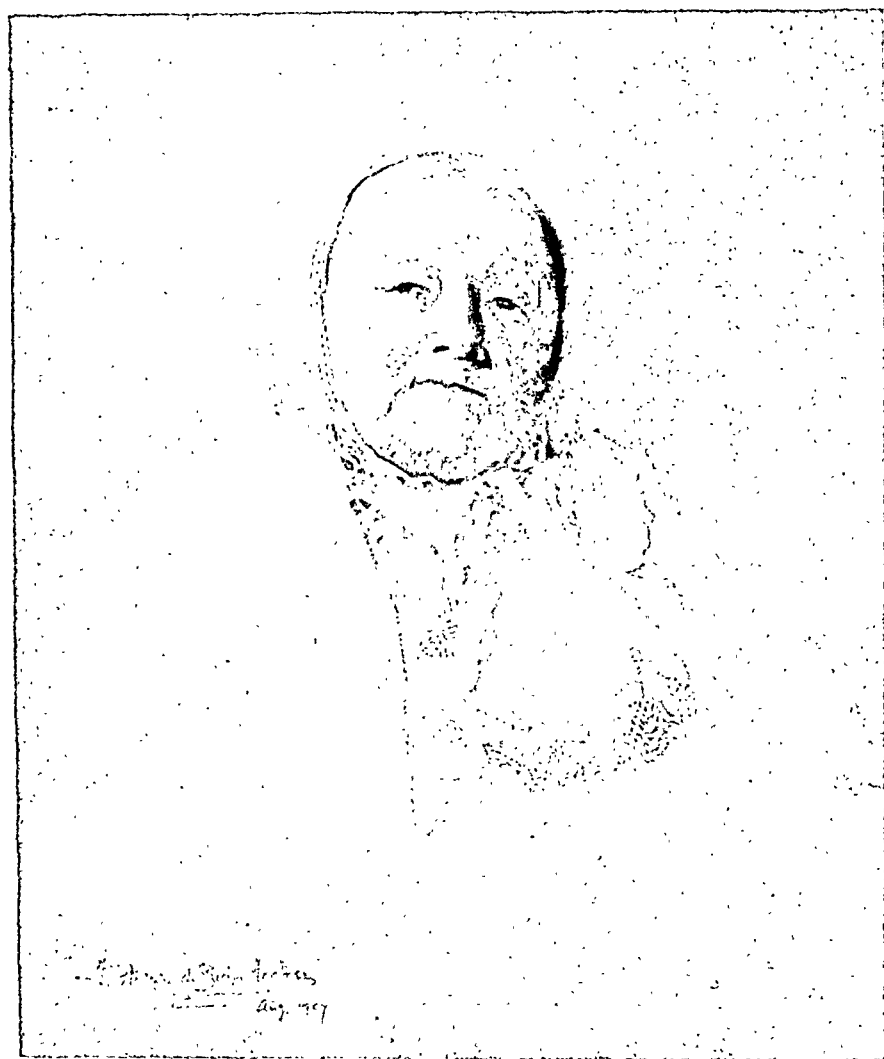
Memory, sight, and mental apprehension were rapidly failing when the crowning honours of her life (as the world counts them) were conferred upon her. On November 28, 1907, King Edward wrote with "much pleasure," to offer the Order of Merit "in recognition of invaluable services to the country and to humanity." A suitable reply was framed for her, and on December 5, Sir Douglas Dawson, on the King's behalf, brought the Order—then for the first time bestowed upon a woman—to South Street. Miss Nightingale understood that some kindness had been done to her, but hardly more. "Too kind, too kind," she said. On March 16, 1908, the Freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her—hitherto conferred on only one woman, Lady Burdett-Coutts. Miss Nightingale was able with great difficulty to sign from her bed her initials upon the City's roll of honour, but it is doubtful if she understood what she was being asked to sign. Perhaps it was better so. In the years of her strength she had ever a dread and a misgiving of the world's praises. In the days of her weakness, when power of work in this world had gone from her, she would have regarded such honours, had she understood them, as coming too late. She sought no glory-crown but the opportunity of doing New Work.

But the prizes of the world may be of real value to others than those who receive them. The signal honour conferred by the Crown upon Miss Nightingale had the effect of calling fresh attention to her work and her example. Not,

rooms about the tastes of others was recognized as true by those in attendance upon her. So long as she could see at all, she greatly loved to have flowers about her. Then, again, she had written that what those like who are past the power of action themselves is "to hear of good practical action by others." And that was what she found in her old age. She liked to have biographies read to her, and essays which recounted or commended vigorous doing. She was never tired of some pages in Mr. Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*, and would signify approval by rapping energetically on the table beside her. For several years her bodily strength was well maintained, and she suffered little, except from occasional rheumatism. She was rather a difficult patient, for she could not bring herself to believe that she needed care. She did not take kindly to the introduction of a nurse. The ruling passion of her life was strong; and when the nurse had tucked her up for the night, she would often reverse the parts, get out of bed and go into the adjoining room to tuck up the nurse. She could not realize that her secretary lived with her night and day; and when good-night was said, she would reply, "And now, my dear, how are you going home? do let me send for a cab." Her voice still retained its quality. In extreme old age she used to recite Milton and Shelley and pieces of Italian and French in rich, full tones. Sometimes she would sing, still in a sweet and gay voice, a snatch of an Italian song. Her voice seemed, says one who was much with her, to fill the room. "One day," says a cousin, "she was objecting to being helped in dressing, and I was summoned from the bottom to the top of the house by splendid easy shouts." But there was only occasional revolt. The abiding impression made upon all who served her was of an unfailing kindness and consideration.

She still received many visitors, in addition to her cousins and other kinsfolk. Among old friends, Miss Paulina Irby saw her the most frequently. Sometimes the visit was from a stranger, to whom the occasion had almost an hieratic impressiveness. Miss Nightingale liked best those visitors who had an abundant flow of vigorous talk. A pause in the conversation, which she might be expected to fill by starting





Florence Nightingale
1907

from a water-colour drawing by Miss F. Alicia de Biden Footner

Henry Walter Dr x

if she were able to realize it, must have warmed the soldier's heart in her. It was from Lord Roberts: "Allow me to offer you on behalf of Lady Roberts and myself sincerest congratulations on the honour the King has been graciously pleased to confer upon you. It is indeed an honour conferred upon the Order of Merit; all the members of which must feel proud to have the name of Florence Nightingale added to the list." The German Emperor, a little later, had a kindly thought. He had been staying in the New Forest. "His Majesty," wrote the German Ambassador (Dec. 10), "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." The Mayor of her native city, Florence, sent congratulations; the Patriotic Society of Bologna made her a Companion of Honour. From all parts of Great Britain, from the Dominions, from the United States, messages poured in. It was the story of "The Popular Heroine" repeated after fifty years. The beggars and autograph-hunters were insistent; the poetasters, industrious. A great tribe of Florences, named after the heroine of the Crimea, sent messages. Flowers, needlework, illuminated cards were offered. Companies of girl-scouts called themselves "The Nightingales." There were "Florence Nightingale Societies" in America. "Birthday letters to Florence Nightingale" became a favourite school-exercise. There were Crimean veterans who sent flowers or messages recalling stirring times in which they had "served with her," or who "in old age and suffering" desired to let Miss Florence Nightingale know that they held her "in lively and grateful remembrance."

In June 1907 there was an International Conference of Red Cross Societies in London. Queen Alexandra sent a message referring to "the pioneer of the first Red Cross movement, Miss Florence Nightingale, whose heroic efforts on behalf of suffering humanity will be recognized and admired by all ages as long as the world shall last." The Conference, on the initiative of the Hungarian delegates, resolved unanimously that "the great and incomparable name of Miss Florence Nightingale, whose merits in the

indeed, that these depended on adventitious aids to remembrance. To some men and women whose years are many it is fated that they should outlive their fame. It was not so with Miss Nightingale. To her it was given to become in her lifetime a tradition and almost an institution; and the longer she lived, the greater, the more widespread was her fame. Already on her 80th birthday (1900), Miss Nightingale had been the recipient of congratulations from Queens and Royal Highnesses, from schools and societies, and from nurses and nursing associations in all parts of the world. In the United States the name of Florence Nightingale was even more widely known and loved than in Great Britain, and already in 1895 the American Ambassador (Mr. Bayard) had begged the honour of an interview in order to tell her "how much revered she is in the United States." Perhaps the congratulations which might have pleased Miss Nightingale most—for she loved efficiency and had read *The Soul of a People*—were those which came from the Far East. From Tokio, on November 28, 1900, the Princess Imperial sent this letter: "The Committee of the Ladies of the Red Cross Society of Japan have the pleasure of presenting to you their hearty congratulation on the occasion of your 80th birthday. That the Address reaches you late in time is due to the great distance which separates your land from ours. But far as our country is from yours, the example of your noble efforts, now become historic, has not affected its inhabitants the less; for it is due to the impulse you have given to the humane work of nursing sick and wounded soldiers that the trained nurses of our Society, amounting to more than 1500 in number, as well as the members of our Committee, are applying themselves with eager zeal to the study and practice necessary for complete efficiency in the hour of need. May your day still be long that you may see the lasting influence of your work expand by its own virtue more and more in all the lands of the earth."

Miss Nightingale had thus not been forgotten when the Sovereign bestowed the Order of Merit; but the public honour set up a fresh cult of her name and work. Among the private congratulations sent to her, there was one which

written meditations, was "O Lord, how happy should we be, If we could cast our care on Thee, If we from self could rest." Once, the expression of an aspiration ; now perhaps, of attainment. The end came very peacefully. At the beginning of August, 1910, she had some ailment, but there seemed no cause for immediate apprehension. On August 13, she fell asleep at noon, and did not wake again. She died at about half-past two in the afternoon. She had lived 90 years and three months.

The offer of burial in Westminster Abbey was declined by her relatives. She had left directions that her funeral should be of the simplest possible kind, and that her body should be accompanied to the grave by not more than two persons. She was buried beside her father and mother in the churchyard of East Wellow, near her old home in Hampshire. The body was borne to the grave by six of her "children" of the British Army—sergeants drawn from the several regiments of the Guards. Her desire that only two persons should follow the coffin could not be fulfilled. The funeral arrangements were kept as private as was possible ; but there was a wealth of flowers from people of every kind, age, and degree, and the lane and churchyard were filled with a great crowd of men, women, and children, most of them poorly dressed.

The family grave is marked by a four-sided stone monument. On two of the sides are inscriptions, composed by Miss Nightingale, recording the burial there of her father and mother ; on the third, is an inscription in memorial of their elder daughter, Lady Verney, who is buried at Claydon. On the fourth side is a small cross with the letters "F. N.," and the words "Born 1820. Died 1910." The family, as she desired, set up no other memorial.¹ The

¹ Memorial services were held in St. Paul's Cathedral, in Liverpool Cathedral, and in many other places of worship. The English community in Florence have set up a symbolical memorial—designed by Mr. W. Sargent—in the Cloisters of Santa Croce. In this country there are to be several memorials. The Army Nurses have put up a memorial window in the chapel of the Military Hospital at Millbank. In Derby a statue (by Countess Feodora Gleichen) is to be set up ; any balance that there may be from the Memorial Fund is to be given to District Nursing in the county. A "National Memorial Fund" is to be devoted, in the first instance, to a

field of humanity are never to be forgotten, and who raised the care of the sick to the position of a charitable art, imposes on the Eighth International Conference of Red Cross Societies the noble duty of rendering homage to her merits by expressing warmly its high veneration."

In May 1910 there was a large gathering in the Carnegie Hall in New York, at which the public orator of America, Mr. Choate, delivered an eulogium, "testifying to the admiration of the entire American people for Florence Nightingale's great record and noble life." The meeting, assembled in honour of the Jubilee of the Nightingale Training School, was eloquent of the spread of her work, being representative of a thousand Nurse Training Schools in that country.

VII

The subject of these friendly manifestations was already passing beyond reach of the hubbub. Her sight was gone. Her understanding had grown more feeble. Her regular medical attendant was now Dr. May Thorne, whose skill and unremitting care did much to alleviate the last bed-ridden years. Sir Thomas Barlow was called in for consultations periodically. Visitors had now been restricted to two or three a week. Visits were found tiring, for she could not realize when the visitors were gone that they were no longer in the room. Nor did she always remember which of her old friends were still alive. She did not realize that Sir Harry Verney was dead, she would sometimes ask for him, and wonder why he did not come. Besides her own "nieces," she still saw Sisters from St Thomas's or other nursing friends, and occasionally was able by a question or two to show interest in what they said. One of the last to see her outside the immediate circle was Miss Pringle, her dear friend, the Pearl of an earlier chapter. "She was sitting up by the fire in the familiar room, her mind evidently busy with happy thoughts, and once or twice she spoke in a tone of satisfaction." This was in February 1910. She could no longer follow sustained reading, but still liked to hear familiar hymns. A favourite, if one may judge by the frequency with which verses from it appear in her latest

CONCLUSION

THE character and the life described in this book had many sides ; and though the essential truth consists in the blending of them all, it is necessary in the medium of recital in prose to depict first one side and then another. The artist on canvas exhibits the blended tints at one time. That is why the portrait by a great painter sometimes tells us more of a character at a glance than is gathered from volumes of written biography. But no artist painted a portrait of Miss Nightingale in her prime, and I must do as best I may with my blotching prose in an endeavour to collect into some general impression what has been told in these volumes. I begin with recalling some of the stronger traits ; they will presently be softened when I turn to other sides of the character which has been illustrated in this Memoir.

Florence Nightingale was by no means a Plaster Saint. She was a woman of strong passions—not over-given to praise, not quick to forgive ; somewhat prone to be censorious, not apt to forget. She was not only a gentle angel of compassion ; she was more of a logician than a sentimentalist ; she knew that to do good work requires a hard head as well as a soft heart. It was said by Miss Nightingale of a certain great lady that “ with the utmost kindness and benevolent intentions she is in consequence of want of practical habits of business nothing but good and bustling, a time-waster and an impediment.” Miss Nightingale knew hardly any fault which seemed worse to her in a man than to be unbusiness-like ; in a woman, than to be “ only enthusiastic.” She found no use for “ angels without hands.” She was essentially a “ man of facts ” and a “ man of action.” She had an equal contempt for those who act without knowledge, and for those whose knowledge leads

hymn sung over her grave was Bishop Heber's. She had never tired of quoting it in messages to her nurses and her soldiers, and those who had been about her in the closing years were often thrilled by the fire which she still put into her recital of the lines :

The Son of God goes forth to *war*,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?

statue (by Mr. Arthur G. Walker) in some public place in London and, then, to the Nurses' Pension Fund.

tired," he had said (Sept. 1867), "of hearing about Lord Herbert. That was one of the best friendships which there ever was upon earth. Shall I tell you why I say this? Because you were willing to have gone to India in 1857." Devotion to a common purpose in active life and equal zeal in the co-operative prosecution of it: these were the conditions which Miss Nightingale required in friendship. They were realized the most fully in the case of five years of her friendship with Sidney Herbert—a period of which she used to speak, accordingly, as her "heaven upon earth." It was the work with him, more than the charm of his conversation and manner (though he had both and though she was susceptible to both), that was the essence of her pleasure. She had as little taste for conversation as for knowledge that led nowhither. "There is nothing so fatiguing," she said, "as a companion who is always *effleurant* the deepest subjects—never going below the surface; as a person who is always inquiring and never coming to any solution or decision. I don't know whether Hamlet was mad. But certainly he would have driven me mad."

The same positive and purposeful spirit, attuned rather to the intellectual and active sides of human nature than to the emotional, coloured Miss Nightingale's preferences in literature—as in this letter to Madame Mohl (May 20, 1868): "'What does it pruv?' said the old Scotchwoman of *Paradise Lost*, and was abused for saying it. I say the same thing. *Paradise Lost* pruv nothing. *Samson Agonistes* pruv a great deal. Tennyson never pruv anything. Browning's *Paracelsus* pruv something. Shakespeare, in whatever he writes—in the deepest, highest tragedies, like 'King Lear' or 'Hamlet'—pruv everything and does most explain the ordinary life of every one of us." She was a great reader, but she preferred the literature of fact to that of imagination. "Wondering," she said, "is like yawning, and leaves the same sensation behind it, and should never be allowed except when people are very much exhausted."

There followed from all this a certain severity in Miss Nightingale's dealings with her friends; a certain inability to show tolerance or understanding for other points of view than her own. There was a lady, once a fellow-worker,

to no useful action. She was herself laborious of detail and scrupulously careful of her premises. "Though I write positively," she once said, "I do not think positively." She weighed every consideration; she sought much competent advice; but when once her decision was taken, she was resolute and masterful—not lightly turned from her course, impatient of delay, not very tolerant of opposition.

Something of this spirit appears in her view of friendship and in the conduct of her affections. Men and women are placed in the world in order, she thought, to work for the betterment of the human race, and their work should be the supreme consideration. Mr. Jowett said of Miss Nightingale that she was the only woman he had ever known who put public duty before private. Whosoever did the will of the Father, the same was her brother, and sister, and mother. "*The thing wanted in England,*" she wrote to Madame Mohl (April 30, 1868), "to raise women (and to raise men too) is: these friendships without love between men and women. And if between married men and married women all the better. . . . I think a woman who cares for a man because of his convictions, and who ceases to care for him if he alters those convictions, is worthy of the highest reverence. The novels—all novels, the best—which represent women as in love with men without any reason at all, and ready to leave their highest occupations for love—are to me utterly wearisome—as wearisome as a juggler's trick—or Table-turning—or Spiritual rapping, when the spirit says Aw! and that is so sublime that all the women are subjugated. Madame Récamier's going to Rome when M. de Chateaubriand was made Minister is exactly to me as a soldier deserting on the eve of a battle." The occasion of this letter was some gossip of the day about a great lady whose friendship with a politician was supposed to have cooled owing to some intellectual or political disagreement. "I have the greatest reverence for —; and I think hers was one of the best friendships that ever was—and for the oddest reason—what do you think?—Because she has broken it." What she said about Chateaubriand reflected, from a different point of view, something that Mr. Jowett had written to her in the previous year. "I am not at all

and character. She was intensely spiritual; she sought continually for the Kingdom of Heaven, and she conceived of it as a kingdom of the soul. Yet her aim may seem material; what she sought was a kingdom of more airy hospitals, more scientific nursing, brighter barracks, cleaner homes, better laid drains. It was after all a searching question which the Aga Khan put to her, as he listened to the tale of sanitary improvement during the fifty years of her active life. "But are your people better?" Are there more of them, we may conceive him as saying, who have attained to the kingdom of heaven in their souls? And unless you can show me that such has been the case, why have you, with your great influence and powers, devoted your life to this service of tables?

What reply she made to the Prince I do not know. The answer in her mind may be gathered from the course of her life, the nature of her speculations, and the bent of her character. At recurrent intervals she had formed thoughts for the main purposes of her life other than those which in fact she fulfilled. We have heard of her desire "to find a new religion for the artizans," and there are letters to Mr. Jowett in which she speaks of this desire—of the hope to establish on some sure foundation an organized creed and church—as the longing of her life. She had to abandon it, but never, in the most prosaic or material of her undertakings did she forget her spiritual ideals. She held, as her ideal of nursing shows, that "it takes a soul to raise a body even to a cleaner sty." She held also that the cleaner sty, though it might be the first thing needful, was not the end, but a means. "We must beware," she wrote, "both of thinking that we can maintain the 'Kingdom of Heaven within' under all circumstances,—because there are circumstances under which the human being cannot be good,—and also of thinking that the Kingdom of Heaven *without* will produce the Kingdom of Heaven within."¹

Miss Nightingale's own peculiar genius was for administration and order; and she had to employ her genius within the fields of opportunity which her sex and her circumstances offered. She was fond of quoting a passage which she found

¹ *Suggestions for Thought*, vol. ii. p. 205.

who accused Miss Nightingale roundly of having "no idea of friendship." The accusation was not true, but one can see what the lady meant. Miss Nightingale was apt to be a little over-exacting, and to drive her friends rather hard. Also she did not relish independence or opposition. "I like being under obedience to you," wrote one of her nursing friends, always very dear to her. Not indeed that Miss Nightingale had any weakness for gush—no one had less; but if a friend was otherwise admirable to her—by good sense and zeal, and so forth, the fact of the "obedience" was not other than an additional recommendation. She was inclined to resent any diversion on the part of her friends to other interests as desertion.

All this will, I think, sometimes be felt to be true by those who read the present Memoir. Yet it is only part of the truth; and because the final truth resides in the whole it is in a sense not true at all. The greatness of Miss Nightingale's character, and the secret of her life's work, consist in the union of qualities not often found in the same man or woman. She was not a sentimentalist; yet she was possessed by an infinite compassion. Pity for the sick and sorrowful,—a passionate desire to serve them,—devotion to her "children," the common soldiers—sympathy with the voiceless peasants of India: these were ruling motives of her life. She scorned those who were "only enthusiasts"; but there was no height of devotion to which a considered enthusiasm would not lead her. She had in equal measure cleverness and charm. She had a pungent wit, but also a loving heart. The sharpness often prominent in her letters was not always the expression of her real mind or manner. She shunned "the broad way and the green"; but Colonel Lefroy applied to her no less the later words: "they that overween, No anger find in thee, but pity and truth." She combined in a rare degree strength and tenderness. Masterful in action, she was humble, even to the verge of morbid abasement, in thought. She was at once Positive and Mystic. All this also will, as I hope, be found proven in the Memoir.

A curious, and a larger, question is raised by some of the apparent contradictions in Miss Nightingale's aim, thoughts,

it so without. There is no public opinion yet, it has to be created, as to not committing blunders for want of knowledge ; good intentions are supposed enough ; yet blunders—organized blunders—do more mischief than crimes. . . . To study how to do good work, as a matter of life or death ; to ‘agonise’ so as to obtain practical wisdom to do it, there is little or no public opinion enforcing this—condemning the want of it. Until you can create such a public opinion little good will be done, except by accident or by accidental individuals. But when we have such a public opinion, we shall not be far from having a Kingdom of Heaven externally, even here.”¹ “I never despair,” she had written some years before, “that, in God’s good time, every one of us will reap the common benefit of obeying all the laws which He has given us for our well-being.” And towards that end, it was the duty of each and all, according to their several opportunities, to “work, work, work.”²

Having found her appointed corner in the vineyard, Miss Nightingale devoted her life to it ; in equal measure, with careful adjustment of means to ends, and with intense devotion. “To make an art of *Life* !” she wrote to Madame Mohl (May 20, 1868). “That is the finest art of all the Fine Arts. And few there be that find it. It was the ‘one thing wanting’ to dear —. She had the finest moral nature I ever knew. Yet she never did any good to herself or to any one else. Because she never could make Life an Art. I used sometimes to say to her :—*Do* you mean to go on in that way for twenty years?—packing everybody’s carpet-bag. She always said she didn’t. But she always did. And if she did not go on for twenty years, it was only because Death came. I am *obliged* (by my ill-health) to make Life an Art—to be always thinking of it. Because otherwise I should do *nothing*. (I have so little life and strength.)” Miss Nightingale had come back from the Crimea full of honour. But she returned also seriously injured in health. How naturally might a woman of less resolute character have rested on her laurels, and sunk into a life of gracious repose or valetudi-

¹ *The Mythe of Life : Four Sermons on the Social Mission of the Church.* By C. W. Stubbs, 1880, pp. 86, 98. Mr. Stubbs (afterwards Bishop of Truro) quoted these passages from a letter written by Miss Nightingale to her sister.

² Letter to Sir Bartle Frere, June 27, 1868.

in one of Sir Samuel Baker's books of travel. "I, being unfortunately dependent on their movements, am more like a donkey than an explorer—that is, saddled and ridden away at a moment's notice." "I never did anything," she once said to a young friend, "except when I was asked." It will be agreed by all who have read this Memoir that Miss Nightingale interpreted her mandates in a spacious sense admitting of much initiative. Yet it is true in large measure that her work was the creation of circumstances, and was, in some fields, dependent on what she and Mr. Jowett used to call "temples of friendship" with political administrators.

Miss Nightingale's scope of action was thus limited; but the limits did not prevent the application of her fundamental ideas. "Perhaps," she wrote in one of her meditations (1868), "it is what I have seen of the misery and worthlessness of human life (few have seen more), together with the extraordinary power which God has put into the hands of quite ordinary people (if they would but use it) for raising mankind out of this misery and worthlessness, which has given me this intense and ever present feeling of an Eternal Life leading to perfection for each and for every one of us, by God's laws." Miss Nightingale did not suppose that human perfectibility, that the final union of man with God, was to be attained only by better sanitation. But she saw that this was the field open to her, and that it admitted of tilling by methods, which if applied to all departments of life would, as she conceived, lead to the one far-off Divine event. "Christianity," she wrote, "is to see God in everything, to find Him out in everything, in the order or laws as of His moral or spiritual, so of His political or social, and so of His physical worlds. . . . To Christ God was everything—to us He seems nothing, almost if not quite nothing, or if He is anything, He is only the God of Sundays, and only the God of Sundays as far as going to what we call our prayers, not the God of our week-days, our business, and our play, our politics and our science, our home life and our social life; our House of Commons, our Government, our post-office and correspondence—such an enormous item in these days—our Foreign Office, and our Indian Office. . . . The Kingdom of Heaven is within, but we must also make

her earlier years it was a daring novelty for a young woman to put her hand to any solid work in political administration or other organizing business. She knew all this by hard experience, and it emphasized her sense of special destiny. The manner of her life threw her at the same time, at each stage, though in different ways, in upon herself. During the thwarted years of her youth, she found little outlet except, as she said, in "dreaming"; in dreaming, that is, of the things she might do, in imagining herself in this position of influence or in that. When the opportunity came to her of doing great things, not dreaming them, her youth and early womanhood were already past. Miss Nightingale was thirty-four when she went out to the Crimean war. In the later years, the conditions in which she lived again encouraged, almost of necessity, a habit of introspection: a habit which was also confirmed by her mystical view of the duty of living an inner life of conscious self-realization. Returning from the East in a state of nervous exhaustion, she was absorbed in work which could not wait. She was haunted for many years by threats of early death. There were such things to be, such things to do. But she did them for the most part in loneliness and without any habitual companionship. Except during the five years of almost daily converse with Sidney Herbert, she enjoyed none of that influence, at once sobering and fortifying, which comes from the equal clash of mind with mind. The result was a strain of morbidness which found occasional expression in notes of excessive self-consciousness.

There was, however, a more constant note. The nobility of Miss Nightingale's character and the worth of her life as an example are to be found, not least in the fundamental humility of temper and sanity of self-judgment which caused her to aim with consistent purpose, not only at great deeds, but at the doing of them from the highest motives. She never felt that she had done anything which might not have been done better; and, though she must have been conscious that she had done great things, she was for ever examining her motives and finding them fall short of her highest ideals. There is a story told of a famous artist, that a friend entering his studio found him in tears. "I have

narian indolence ! She chose, however, the better and the rougher path. She framed a regimen which shut her off from many of the common enjoyments of life, which to some degree impaired the flow of her domestic affections, but which enabled her, through nearly fifty years of recurrent weakness, to follow her highest ideals and to devote herself to work of public beneficence.

The circumstances of her life as they were ordered for her, the manner of her life as she framed it to meet them, led to some other traits of character which, again, present at first sight a curious contrariety. "She is extremely modest," said the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria when they met her, and she made the same impression on all who came in contact with her whether in the region of public affairs or in that of nursing. She had a consistent and a perfectly sincere shrinking from every form of popular glare and glory. There are passages, however, in letters to her intimate friends which leave, on a first reading, a somewhat different impression. She craved for a full and understanding sympathy with her mission and her work. She was fully conscious, it would seem, of her great powers ; she did not always care, in private letters, to hide or to under-rate the extent of her influence upon men and affairs. She objected, in one letter to a friend, that Kinglake's chapter was intolerable because it posed her as "a Tragedy Queen" ; but there are other letters in which she dramatizes herself somewhat ; there is self-pity in them, and there is other self-consciousness. All this, which on a superficial glance may seem to present some difficult inconsistency, admits, I think, of easy explanation when the conditions of her life are remembered. She was intensely conscious of a special destiny, and the tenacity with which in the face of many obstacles she clung to her sense of a vocation enabled her to fulfil it. The sphere of women's work and opportunities has been so much widened in the present day, that readers of a generation later than Florence Nightingale's may require, perhaps, to make some effort of sympathetic imagination in order to realize how much of a pioneer she was.¹ In

¹ Some passages which I have quoted from Lord Derby's *Speeches* may assist in such an effort. See Vol. I. pp. 272, 305.

with Mr. Jowett, that the life of the secluded worker in the solitary bedroom in South Street was more impressive even than the better known episodes of Santa Filomena in the fever-haunted wards of Scutari, or of the Lady-in-Chief giving her orders as she trudged through the snow from hut to hut on the heights of Balaclava. But it is Miss Nightingale herself who, unconsciously, has said the last words on her Life and Character. In praising one of her fellow-workers, and, next, in giving counsel to some fellow-seekers after good, she used phrases which may well be applied to herself :—

“ One whose life makes a great difference for all : *all* are better off than if he had not lived ; and this betterness is for always, it does not die with him—that is the true estimate of a great LIFE.”

“ Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift. There is nothing small in it. For the greatest things grow by God’s law out of the smallest. But to live your life, you must discipline it. You must not fritter it away in ‘ fair purpose, erring act, inconstant will ’ ; but must make your thought, your words, your acts all work to the same end, and that end not self but God. This is what we call CHARACTER.”

produced a work," he said, "with which I am satisfied, and I shall never produce another." The premonition was true. No later masterpiece was produced. The inspiration of the ideal was gone. That inspiration never forsook Miss Nightingale in her pursuit of the art of life.

In life, as in other arts, what is spontaneous, and perhaps even what is unregenerate, have often more of charm than what is acquired or learnt by discipline. And in the case of Miss Nightingale, her elemental vigour of mind and force of will, will perhaps to some readers seem more admirable than the philosophy which she applied to her conduct or the acquired graces with which she sought to chasten her character. But however this may be, her constant striving after something which she deemed better, and the unceasing conflict which she waged, now with opposition of outward circumstance and now with undisciplined impulses from within, add savour and poignancy to her life.

No man knew her so well for so many years as Mr. Jowett, and the thought of her life never ceased to excite his admiration. "Most persons are engaged," he wrote at Christmas-time 1886, "in feasting and holiday-making amid their friends and relatives. You are alone in your room devising plans for the good of the natives of India or of the English soldiers as you have been for the last thirty years, and always deploring your failures as you have been doing for the last thirty years, though you have had a far greater and more real success in life than any other lady of your time." And again: "There are those who respect and love you, not for the halo of glory which surrounded your name in the Crimea, but for the patient toil which you have endured since on behalf of every one who is suffering or wretched." To us who are able to enter even more fully than Mr. Jowett into the inner life of Miss Nightingale, the respect and admiration may well be yet more enhanced, as we picture the conditions in which the patient toil was done, and remember the struggles of a beautifully sensitive soul in ascending the path towards perfection.

Such is the picture of Miss Nightingale which this Book has endeavoured to draw. As I wrote it I often thought

APPENDICES

- A. LIST OF WRITINGS BY MISS NIGHTINGALE.
- B. LIST OF WRITINGS ABOUT HER.
- C. LIST OF PORTRAITS OF HER.

(5) *Statements exhibiting the Voluntary Contributions received by Miss Nightingale for the use of the British War Hospitals in the East, with the Mode of their Distribution, in 1854, 1855, 1856.* London: Harrison, 1857. Octavo, red-paper wrappers, pp. 68.

One of the most important sources for many sides of Miss Nightingale's work in the East. The pamphlet contains plans, also, of the Hospitals at Balaclava and Scutari.

1858

(6) Letter to "the Colonists of South Australia," dated Jan. 28. Printed in the *Daily News*, August 26, 1858.

The letter was a reply to a Memorial adopted at a Meeting held at Adelaide, September 10, 1856, in support of the Nightingale Fund.

(7) *Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into Regulations affecting the Sanitary Condition of the Army, the Organization of Military Hospitals, and the Treatment of the Sick and Wounded.* Blue book, 1858.

Miss Nightingale's evidence, supplied in answer to written questions, occupies pp. 361-394. It was reprinted in her *Notes on Hospitals* (ed. 1, 1859). Appendix LXXII, was also her work (anonymous). The whole Report may, in a sense, be included among her "Works" (see Vol. I. Part III. Chapters I. and IV.).

(8) *Notes on Matters affecting the Health, Efficiency, and Hospital Administration of the British Army founded chiefly on the Experience of the late War. Presented by request to the Secretary of State for War.* London: Harrison & Sons, 1858. Octavo, pp. 567.

(9) *Subsidiary Notes as to the Introduction of Female Nursing into Military Hospitals in Peace and in War. Presented by request to the Secretary of State for War.* London: Harrison & Sons, 1858. Octavo, pp. 133. With 23 additional pages (separately numbered) of "Thoughts submitted as to an Eventual Nurses' Provident Fund."

These important reports (for which see Vol. I. pp. 343, 347) were not issued to the public. 500 copies of each volume were printed at a total cost to Miss N. of £501: 12s.

(10) Various articles (unsigned) in the newspapers on the *Hospital at Netley*.

In July and August Miss N. organized a vigorous press-campaign on this subject (see Vol. I. p. 383), and there is a large collection of cuttings amongst her papers. Some of the articles, etc., may have been written by friends. Those which are shown by her Papers to be hers are: "What is to be done with Netley?" in the *Examiner*, July 24, and "Netley Hospital" in the *Saturday Review*, August 28 (her own title for this latter was "Peel's Life Pills or the Elixir Vitæ"). Other articles, etc., probably hers, appeared in the *Builder*, July 24, the *Daily News*, July 28 (signed "Vigilans"), the *Lancet*, Aug. 14, and the *Leeds Mercury*, Aug. 21.

(11) "Sites and Construction of Hospitals." Three articles (unsigned) in the *Builder*, August 28, September 11 and 25, 1858.

These articles were reprinted in *Notes on Hospitals* (1859).

APPENDIX A

LIST OF PRINTED WRITINGS, WHETHER PUBLISHED OR PRIVATELY
CIRCULATED, BY MISS NIGHTINGALE, CHRONOLOGICALLY
ARRANGED

1851

(1) *The Institution of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, for the Practical Training of Deaconesses, under the direction of the Rev. Pastor Fliedner, embracing the support and care of a Hospital, Infant and Industrial Schools, and a Female Penitentiary.* London: Printed by the inmates of the London Ragged Colonial Training School, Westminster, 1851. Octavo, paper wrappers, pp. 32.

Published anonymously (see Vol. I. p. 93). There was another edition (no date), with a different imprint, "London: Printed for the benefit of the Invalid Gentlewomen's Establishment, 1 Upper Harley Street."

1854

(2) *Letters from Egypt. For Private Circulation only.* London: Printed by A. and G. A. Spottiswoode, 1854. Octavo, pp. 334 + 79. After p. 334, further letters follow with separate pagination. The letters were written in 1849 and 1850 (see Vol. I. p. 95).

1855

(3) *Evidence contained in Report upon the State of the Hospitals of the British Army in the Crimea and Scutari, 1855.*

This is the Report of the Commission of Three sent out by the Duke of Newcastle (see Vol. I. p. 176). Miss Nightingale's evidence is at pp. 330-331, 342-343; and there are numerous references to it in the text of the Report.

1857

(4) *Female Nurses in Military Hospitals.* A "tentative and experimental" Memorandum submitted by request to the Secretary of State. Printed in *The Panmure Papers*, 1908, vol. ii. pp. 381-384. This Memorandum was included, with a few slight modifications, at pp. 15-19 of *Subsidiary Notes* (see No. 9).

This edition, with much additional matter, was printed in larger type. Simultaneously, a "Popular Edition" was issued, in limp cloth, price 2s.

The publisher also issued a pamphlet (without wrappers), pp. 43, containing *Reviews and Notices of "Notes on Nursing."*

The book was reprinted by Appleton & Co. in New York, and *American editions* appeared in 1860, 1876, 1879, 1883, 1891, 1901, 1906, 1908, 1909.

In England the book was most widely distributed in a cheap form (see 1861).

For *foreign translations*, see Nos. 22 and 116 (Italian), 26 (German), 32 (French).

(18) *Proceedings of the International Statistical Congress, Fourth Session, 1860*. To this Congress (Second Section, Sanitary Statistics) Miss Nightingale contributed Papers, which were printed in various forms in its *Proceedings*, etc.

The *Programme* (quarto, pp. 210) contains her Paper on "Hospital Statistics" (p. 63), with an appendix containing her detailed "Proposal for a Uniform Plan of Hospital Statistics" (pp. 65-71).

The *Proceedings* on Tuesday, July 17, report (p. 2) the reading of her paper by one of the secretaries, and her suggestions were adopted, subject to some additions to the tabular form. The *Proceedings* of July 18 report further discussion on these additions. The *Proceedings* of July 19 contain (p. 5) a letter from Miss Nightingale concurring in the additions. The *Proceedings* of July 20 mention that a letter was read from her "on subjects of inquiry for next Congress" (see (2) below).

The *Report* of the Congress (quarto, pp. 548) contains (pp. 173, 174) (1) an account of Miss Nightingale's Papers and of the conclusions of the Congress thereon (see Vol. I. p. 431); (2) a letter from Miss Nightingale to Lord Shaftesbury on subjects of inquiry for the next Congress (pp. 177-178).

Miss Nightingale had copies of her Papers separately printed, with an abstract of the discussions of the Congress thereon. Quarto, in blue paper wrappers.

(19) *Suggestions for Thought to the Searchers after Truth among the Artizans of England*. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1860. 3 vols. Octavo, pp. 292, 411, 126.

For this book, printed for a very limited private circulation only, see Vol. I. pp. 470 *seq.* The second and third volumes have a slightly different title (see Vol. I. p. 478), *Suggestions for Thought to Searchers after Religious Truth*.

(20) *Note on the New Zealand Depopulation Question*.

I am not sure that this Note on the Aborigines of New Zealand has ever been printed; but it may have been. It was written at the request of Sir George Grey (see Vol. II. p. 78), and the manuscript of it was bequeathed by him with all his other papers to the Auckland Public Library. The collection includes several letters from Miss Nightingale. The Note was the work of Miss Nightingale in collaboration with Dr. Sutherland.

(21) *Note on Causes of Deterioration of Race*. A short paper, printed (probably in 1860), but not, so far as I have traced, published.

(22) *Cenni sull' Assistenza degli Ammalati. Quello che è assistenza, e quello che non lo è. Di Florence Nightingale. Tradotto dall'*

(12) "Notes on Hospitals." Two Papers read at Liverpool. Printed in the *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1858*, pp. 462-482.

These papers were also printed separately (brown paper wrapper), 8vo, pp. 22, with plan. They were reprinted in *Notes on Hospitals* (1859).

(13) *Mortality of the British Army, at Home and Abroad, and during the Russian War, as compared with the Mortality of the Civil Population in England: Illustrated by Tables and Diagrams.* (Reprinted from the Report of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the Regulations affecting the Sanitary State of the Army.) London: Printed by Harrison & Sons, 1858. Blue-book size, in stiff lilac paper wrappers, pp. 21.

This was a reprint of Appendix LXXII. in the Royal Commission's Report, where it is stated that "The Tables and Diagrams are furnished by Dr. Farr, F.R.S." They were prepared by him for Miss Nightingale (see Vol. I. p. 376).

1859

(14) *A Contribution to the Sanitary History of the British Army during the late War with Russia. Illustrated with Tables and Diagrams.* London: Printed by Harrison & Sons, 1859. Large folio, pp. 16 and diagrams.

Some copies had the imprint of J. W. Parker & Co. For a notice of this important work, see Vol. I. p. 386. 150 copies were printed.

(15) *Notes on Hospitals: being two Papers read before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Liverpool, in October 1858. With Evidence given to the Royal Commissioners on the State of the Army in 1857. By Florence Nightingale.* London: John W. Parker & Son, 1859. Octavo, pp. 108.

For the two Papers (pp. 1-22), see Vol. I. p. 417. The MS. of them (entitled severally "Notes on the Health of Hospitals" and "Sixteen Sanitary Defects in the Construction of Hospital Wards") is in the Liverpool Public Reference Library, bound in a volume with Miss Nightingale's letter of presentation. For the "Evidence" (pp. 23-88), see above, No. 7. In an appendix (pp. 89-108) three articles from the *Builder* are reprinted (see above, No. 11). There was a *second edition* of *Notes on Hospitals* in 1859. For the *third edition*, which was almost a new book, see under 1863.

(16) *Notes on Nursing: What it is and what it is not. By Florence Nightingale.* London: Harrison (1869). Octavo, pp. 70.

Issued at the end of December 1859, at the price of 5s. This book, the most largely distributed of Miss Nightingale's writings, sold very quickly (15,000 copies within a month of publication), and numerous editions were issued (see Vol. I. p. 448).

1860

(17) *Notes on Nursing: What it is and what it is not. By Florence Nightingale. New edition, revised and enlarged.* London: Harrison, 1860. Octavo, pp. 224. Price 6s.

(29) *Army Sanitary Administration and its Reform under the late Lord Herbert*. London: M'Corquodale & Co., 1862. A pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 11.

A paper read at the London meeting of the Congrès de Bienfaisance, June 13, 1862; a revised and enlarged version of the Privately Printed Memorandum of 1861 (No. 24). The Paper was also printed as vol. ii. pp. 103-111 of the Proceedings of the Congrès de Bienfaisance de Londres, *Session de 1862*. London: Trübner, 1863.

(30) *Deaconesses' Work in Syria. Appeal on Behalf of the Kaiserswerth Deaconesses' Orphanage at Beyrout*. Signed "Florence Nightingale, London, September 19, 1862." On a fly-sheet, folio.

(31) *Thomas Alexander, C.B., Director-General Army Medical Department*. A Memorial Letter by Miss Nightingale, printed in the *Weekly Scotsman*, September 13, the *Lancet*, September 27, 1862, and many other papers.

The letter was read by Lord Elcho in unveiling a public monument to Dr. Alexander at Prestonpans. "I can truly say," she wrote, "that I have never seen his like for directness of purpose, unflinching moral courage and honesty."

(32) *Des Soins à donner aux Malades : ce qu'il faut faire; ce qu'il faut éviter*. Par Miss Nightingale. Ouvrage traduit de l'Anglais avec l'autorisation de l'auteur. Précédé d'une Lettre de M. Guizot et d'une Introduction par M. Daremberg. Paris: Didier. Crown 8vo, pp. lxxx. + 301.

A translation of *Notes on Nursing* (1860). A biographical "Notice sur Miss Florence Nightingale" occupies pp. lxi.-lxxvii. For a reference to Guizot's letter, see Vol. I. p. 82.

1863

(33) *Report of the Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army in India, 1863*. Large-size Blue-book, 2 vols. At vol. i. pp. 347-370, "Observations by Miss Nightingale on the Evidence contained in the Stational Returns," dated Nov. 21, 1862, with illustrations; pp. 371-462, "Abstract of the same Reports," headed "Prepared by Dr. Sutherland," in fact prepared by him and Miss Nightingale.

For this Report, which was her work in further respects, see Vol. II. Pt. V., Chaps. II., III. The Report was issued in three different forms:

(1) As above.

(2) An octavo abridged edition (July 1863). This edition does not include either Miss N.'s "Observations" or the "Abstract."

(3) A revised abridged edition, issued by the War Office. This was prepared by Miss Nightingale and included her "Observations" (pp. 297-344), and a new "Abstract of the Evidence" (pp. 157-297) prepared by her. For the story of these three editions, see Vol. II. pp. 35-38.

(34) *Observations on the Evidence contained in the Stational Reports submitted to the Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army in India*. By Florence Nightingale. (Reprinted from the Report

inglese da Sabilla Novello. Turin: Fratelli Bocca, 1860. Octavo, pp. 96. Price 1 lira 50.

Miss Sabilla Novello was sister of Clara Novello and, like her (see Vol. I. p. 500), was devoted to Miss Nightingale.

1861

(23) *Notes on Nursing for the Labouring Classes.* By Florence Nightingale. London: Harrison, 1861.

Bound in limp red cloth, pp. 96, price 7d. The preface is dated "March 1861." An abridgment of the previous book; but with some additions, and with a supplementary chapter entitled "Minding Baby" (see Vol. I. p. 450). This cheap edition was reprinted in 1865, 1868, 1876, 1883, 1885, 1888, 1890, 1894, 1898.

(24) *Sidney Herbert.* A Paper—headed "Private and Confidential" (no other heading and no title)—on his Services to the Army. Privately printed. Blue-book size, pp. 5.

The substance of this Paper, considerably enlarged, appears in *Army Sanitary Administration* (1862). The Paper is dated "August 2, 1861" (the day of Sidney Herbert's death); it was written a few days later (see Vol. I. p. 408).

(25) *Miss Nightingale on the Volunteer Movement,* in a letter to Sir Harry Verney. Printed on a folio card, intended, no doubt, for exhibition in post offices, halls, etc.

The letter, dated October 8 (P.S. Oct. 9), 1861, was printed in the *Standard*, October 12, and copies were distributed by the Non-Commissioned Officers of the 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery at the Prize Distribution Soirée at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, October 18, 1861.

(26) *Die Pflege bei Kranken und Gesunden, . . . mit einem Vorwort des Geh. Sanitäts, Dr. H. Wolff, Bonn.* Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1861.

A German translation of *Notes on Nursing*, arranged for by Miss Nightingale's friend, Fräulein Bunsen, "with a very idiotic Preface," said F. N., "by a very clever man."

(27) "Hospital Statistics and Hospital Plans." A paper printed in the *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1861*, pp. 554-560.

Reprinted in 1862: see next item.

1862

(28) *Hospital Statistics and Hospital Plans.* By Florence Nightingale. Reprinted from the *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science (Dublin Meeting, August 1861)*. London: Emily Faithfull & Co., 1862. A pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 8.

This includes the Model Statistical Forms which were approved by the International Statistical Congress (see above, No. 18). It also gives plans of the "Herbert Hospital" at Woolwich, then being built.

p. 557). (2) How Men may live and not die in India, pp. 501-510 (discussion, pp. 557-558).

For the reprint of (1), see No. 40; of (2), No. 41.

(40) *Sanitary Statistics of Native Colonial Schools and Hospitals*. By Florence Nightingale. London: 1863. A pamphlet (lilac-coloured paper wrappers), pp. 67.

1864

(41) *How People may live and not die in India*. By Florence Nightingale. (Read at the Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at Edinburgh, October 1863.) London: Emily Faithfull, 1863. A pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 11, in lilac-coloured paper wrappers.

This Paper, of wide fame in its day, appeared in three forms: (1) In reports of the Social Science Association's Meetings (No. 39); also very fully reported in the *Scotsman*, October 9, 1863.

(2) In the pamphlet, above described, which, though dated 1863, was not issued till Jan. 1864. 250 copies were printed for private circulation only.

(3) A second edition, widely circulated, appeared in November 1864, published by Longmans, 8vo, pp. 18 (lilac wrapper), with a new Preface (dated August 1864).

(42) *Suggestions, in Regard to Sanitary Works required for Improving Indian Stations, prepared by the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission*. Blue-book (Suggestions, pp. 1-37), issued in 1864.

These Suggestions are signed by the members of the Commission. They were written mainly by Miss Nightingale. The MS. of the Suggestions as first sent to the printers, preserved among her papers, is in her handwriting, with some additions by Dr. Sutherland. The section (and numerous illustrations in an appendix) dealing with drainage and water-supply was contributed by Mr. R. Rawlinson. See Vol. II. p. 48. A revised edition was issued in 1882.

1865

(43) *Remarks by the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission on a Report by Dr. Leith on the General Sanitary Condition of the Bombay Army*. Parliamentary Paper, 1865, No. 329.

The original draft of this Paper was prepared by Dr. Sutherland and Miss Nightingale (see Vol. II. p. 54).

(44) *Suggestions on a System of Nursing for Hospitals in India*. A letter to the Secretary of the Sanitary Commission for Bengal, pp. 18. Signed "Florence Nightingale, London, February 24, 1865." Folio, pp. 18.

Introduction, pp. 1-3; detailed Suggestions, pp. 4-18. The Introduction (as is shown by a MS. amongst Miss Nightingale's Papers) was written by Sir John McNeill. Miss Nightingale's letter was included, as an appendix, in an Indian Official Paper (Simla, Aug. 29, 1866) (see Vol. II. p. 55).

of the Royal Commission.) London: Edward Stanford, 1863. Octavo, pp. 92, bound in red cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

This is a reprint of the "Observations," with all the illustrations (see No. 33). The Publisher said in a prefatory note: "On a subject of the highest interest to the country, it appears desirable that Miss Nightingale's views should be placed in the hands of the public, both in England and in India. Those who have Miss Nightingale's other volumes will thus be able to add to them a book which is second to none of them in charm of style, and will promote the reform of the sanitary condition of the British Army, as well as conduce to the wellbeing of the natives of India."

Extracts from the "Observations" and from "How People may live and not die in India" (No. 41) were printed in the *Soldier's Friend*, July 1, 1865.

(35) *Proposal for Improved Statistics of Surgical Operations*. Quarto, pp. 7; dated December 1863.

The proposal had been submitted to the International Statistical Congress held at Berlin in 1863 (see Vol. I. p. 434). The Paper was included in the *third* edition of *Notes on Hospitals* (No. 37).

(36) *Note on the Supposed Protection afforded against Venereal Disease by recognizing Prostitution and putting it under Police Regulation*. Folio, pp. 8.

Not signed, and headed "Private and Confidential." Miss N. printed 20 copies only (see Vol. II. p. 75).

(37) *Notes on Hospitals*. By Florence Nightingale. *Third edition, enlarged and for the most part rewritten*. London: Longmans, 1863. Quarto, pp. 187.

This edition comprised (1) the two Papers (rewritten) of the first edition (but not the evidence to the Royal Commission of 1857); (2) new chapters on Improved Hospital Plans, Convalescent Hospitals, Children's Hospitals, Indian Military Hospitals, Hospitals for Soldiers' Wives; (3) Hospital Statistics, A. General Statistics, B. Proposal for Improved Statistics of Surgical Operations; (4) an appendix "On Different Systems of Hospital Nursing."

Of these contents, (3) A. was substantially a reprint of No. 27; and (3) B. of No. 35.

Of (4) a separate edition, slightly altered, was issued (see No. 38).

The publication of this third edition led to a lively discussion in the medical press. The *Lancet* approved of Miss Nightingale's statistical method (Feb. 27, 1864). The *Medical Times* (Jan. 30) strongly attacked it. Dr. Farr defended it (Feb. 13), and a correspondence ensued for some weeks which was as heated as professional disputes generally are. The reviews in the general press were very numerous.

(38) *Note on Different Systems of Nursing*. A pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 5 (printed by Harrison & Sons).

This is reprinted, slight alterations, from the appendix in the *third* edition of *Notes on Hospitals*.

(39) *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1863*, containing two Papers by F. N.: (1) Sanitary Statistics of Colonial Schools, pp. 475-488 (discussion on the paper,

(1871), a book which ran into many editions (5th, 1872). The use of Miss Nightingale's Paper in that book was unauthorized, and she objected to the Memorials as one-sided and morbid, and giving no true account of Miss Jones's work. For this paper, see Vol. II. p. 140.

(52) *Memorandum on Measures adopted for Sanitary Improvements in India up to the end of 1867; together with Abstracts of the Sanitary Reports hitherto forwarded from Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.* Printed by the order of the Secretary of State for India in Council, 1868.

The Memorandum consists of (1) a résumé of the Sanitary Question from 1859 to 1867; (2) dispatch from Sir Stafford Northcote of April 23, 1868; (3) a review of the situation. Of these, (1) was written by F. N.; (2) was drafted by her, (3) was written by her (see Vol. II. p. 154).

1869

(53) "A Note on Pauperism." An article in *Fraser's Magazine*, March 1869, pp. 281-290.

See Vol. II. p. 164.

(54) *Report on Measures adopted for Sanitary Improvements in India during the year 1868 and up to the month of June 1869; together with Abstracts, etc.* Blue-book.

The Introductory Memorandum, pp. 1-8, was mainly written by F. N. (see Vol. II. p. 181).

1870

(55) Letter, dated May 25, 1870, to the Council of the *Bengal Social Science Association*, on being elected an Honorary Member thereof. Printed at pp. xiv., xv. of the *Transactions of the Association (Calcutta, 1870)*.

On her Indian work for 11 years.

(56) *Indian Sanitation.* Printed at pp. 1-9 of the *Transactions of the Bengal Social Science Association (Calcutta, 1870)*.

The address was sent with a covering letter, dated June 24, 1870. A note by the President of the Association says: "Our assistant-secretary, Babu Nilmoney Dey, has undertaken to translate this noble address to the People of India into Bengali, and it shall be the care of our Council to provide that, before the end of the year, its wise and benevolent monitions shall have free means of access to every native homestead, at least in this Presidency of India."

(57) *Report on Measures adopted for Sanitary Improvements in India from June 1869 to June 1870; together with Abstracts, etc.* Blue-book.

This includes two contributions by F. N., viz.:

"Paper on Sanitary Progress in India," contributed by request to the Report, pp. 40-46. "Letter to the Bengal Social Science Association," dated June 1870. Reprinted at pp. 288-291 of the same Report (see No. 56).

(45) *Nursing Association for the Diocese of Lichfield*. . . . By E. J. Edwards. London: Parker, 1865. A pamphlet, with letter from F. N. dated April 13, 1865, on p. 1.

(46) *The Organization of Nursing in a Large Town* (an account of the Liverpool Nurses' Training School). With an Introduction, and Notes, by Florence Nightingale. Liverpool, 1865. Octavo, pp. 103.

Miss Nightingale's Introduction occupies pp. 9-16. The book also contains (pp. 25-26) a letter from her, dated November 30, 1861, on the "Training and Employment of Women in Hospital, District, and Private Nursing."

A Swedish translation, by Frau Engelskau, appeared at Stockholm in 1869.

(47) *Note on the Aboriginal Races of Australia: a Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at York, September 1864*. London: Printed by Emily Faithfull, 1865. A pamphlet without wrappers, pp. 8.

The "Note" had previously been printed in the *Transactions* of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1864, pp. 552-558.

(48) *Death of Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth*. A quarto circular, pp. 4; three letters, dated Oct. 21, Nov. 21, Dec. 10, 1864.

The last letter was an appeal for a Fund to support his widow and children. The first two of the letters had already appeared in *Evangelical Christendom*, New Series, vol. v. pp. 535-536 (November), pp. 584-586 (December).

1867

(49) *Report of the Committee on Cubic Space of Metropolitan Workhouses with Papers submitted to the Committee*. Blue-book, 1867. Paper xvi. is Miss Nightingale's "Suggestions on the Subject of Providing, Training, and Organizing Nurses for the Sick Poor in Workhouse Infirmaries," pp. 64-79 (dated Jan. 19, 1867).

For this Paper, see Vol. II. pp. 135-6. Miss Nightingale had copies of it separately printed. Folio, pp. 16. Subsequently (1868) she issued an abridgment of the Paper: *Method of Improving the Nursing Service of Hospitals*. Folio, pp. 8 (some copies have an appendix, pp. 11). Some of the contents were again printed in 1874.

(50) *Workhouse Nursing*. A letter to Mr. William Rathbone, dated Feb. 5, 1864, printed at pp. 4-6 of *Workhouse Nursing: the Story of a Successful Experiment*. Macmillan, 1867.

For this letter, see Vol. II. p. 125.

1868

(51) "Una and the Lion." A paper in *Good Words*, June 1868, pp. 360-366.

An account of Miss Agnes Elizabeth Jones, "the pioneer of workhouse nursing" It was reprinted, with some slight alterations, as "Introduction" to *Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones, by her Sister*

(66) *Address from Miss Nightingale to the Probationer Nurses in the "Nightingale Fund" School at St. Thomas's Hospital and the Nurses who were formerly trained there. Printed for Private Circulation.* Quarto, pp. 12. Dated "May 23, 1873."

(67) *Notes on the New St. Thomas's Hospital.* [Being simply Notes on those things which should be avoided.] Headed "Private and Confidential." Folio, pp. 4.

(68) *Prison Discipline.* A letter, dated "September 1, 1873," addressed to the Rev. Dr. Wines and printed in the *Hartford Courant* (Connecticut).

The letter was reprinted in English newspapers, e.g. in *The Times*, October 11, 1873.

(69) *Voting Reform in Charities.* A letter to Sir Sydney Waterlow, dated October 30, printed in *The Times*, November 4, 1873.

(70) *Letter to the Nurses of the Edinburgh Infirmary.* Quarto, pp. 5. Dated Dec. 6, 1873.

(71) A letter (lithographed) addressed to specified (Nightingale) Nurses at the Edinburgh Infirmary, Christmas 1873.

1874

(72) *Life or Death in India.* A Paper read at the Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Norwich, October 1873. With an appendix on "Life or Death by Irrigation." London: Harrison & Sons, 1874. A pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 63, in lilac paper wrappers.

For a notice of this pamphlet, see above, p. 181. The Paper was printed in several different forms:

(1) In the *Transactions* of the Association, 1873, pp. 463-474.

(2) For private circulation, as a pamphlet (pp. 14, in white paper wrappers) entitled *How Some People have lived and not died in India.* London, 1874 (printed by Spottiswoode).

(3) With the appendix (written in May 1874) as above. Some copies are in dark-blue wrappers, and have "Spottiswoode & Co." in place of "Harrison & Sons."

(4) The Paper and appendix were printed at pp. 47-64 of the Blue-book, *Report on Measures adopted for Sanitary Improvements in India from June 1873 to June 1874.*

(73) *Address from Florence Nightingale to the Probationer Nurses in the "Nightingale Fund" School at St. Thomas's Hospital and the Nurses who were formerly trained there.* July 23, 1874. Printed for Private Use. Quarto, pp. 12.

(74) "Irrigation and Means of Transit in India." An article in the *Illustrated London News*, August 1, 1874; signed, and dated "July 30, 1874."

The article contains an incidental reference to the "India Council Bill of Lord Salisbury—that master-workman and born ruler of men." The article was reprinted in the *Homeward Mail*, August 4, and the *Journal of the National Indian Association*, September (pp. 215-219).

In the former of these Papers, Miss Nightingale criticized the introduction of conflicting disease-theories into sanitary reports, as tending to confuse the public mind and impede expenditure on sanitary improvement. Dr. Maclean, of the Netley Hospital, took exception to these views in the *Lancet* (Oct. 29, 1870), and Miss Nightingale replied in the issue of November 19, 1870 (p. 725).

(58) Letter on the Franco-German War and Red-Cross Nursing. Printed in the *Times*, August 5, 1870.

See Vol. II. p. 199.

(59) *Punishment and Discipline*. A letter to the National Congress on Penitentiary and Reformatory Discipline, Cincinnati, 1870. Printed in the *Transactions* (Albany, 1871), p. 636.

The letter dated "November 12, 1870," urges the expediency of making thieves pay by reformatory work for what they steal.

1871

(60) *Emigration*. A letter to the Rev. Horrocks Cocks, April 12, 1871. "Published by special permission of Miss Nightingale," on a fly-sheet, pp. 2.

(61) *Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions. Together with a Proposal for Organising an Institution for Training Midwives and Midwifery Nurses. By Florence Nightingale*. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1871. Octavo, pp. 110.

For this book, see Vol. II. p. 196.

1872

(62) "Observations on Sanitary Progress in India." Dated October 11, 1872. Contributed by request to the *Report on Measures adopted for Sanitary Improvements in India, 1872*, pp. 48-49.

(63) *Address from Miss Nightingale to the Probationer Nurses in the "Nightingale Fund" School at St. Thomas's Hospital. Printed for Private Circulation*. Dated May 1872. Quarto, pp. 8.

Copies were also lithographed from Miss Nightingale's MS. An address (or sometimes called a letter) was written in many succeeding years (see below under 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1878, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1884, 1886, 1888, 1897, 1900, 1905). For remarks on the addresses generally, and quotations, see Vol. II. pp. 263-268.

1873

(64) "A 'Note' of Interrogation." An article in *Fraser's Magazine*, May 1873, pp. 567-577.

(65) "A Sub-'Note of Interrogation.' What will our Religion be in 1999?" An article in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1873, pp. 25-36.

For these papers, see Vol. II. pp. 218-220.

The letter, dealing with irrigation as a preventive of famine, was reprinted as an appendix (pp. 25-30) to a pamphlet entitled *The Madras Famine*, by Sir A. Cotton. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

(83) *In Memoriam*. In remembrance of John Gerry. A small pamphlet, pp. 14, in mauve paper wrappers. Written and privately printed by F. N.

John Gerry was a young footman who died of smallpox at Lea Hurst on July 17, 1877. Miss Nightingale was in the house at the time and had two trained nurses in attendance on him.

(84) "The Indian Famine." A letter to the Lord Mayor, enclosing a cheque for the Mansion House Relief Fund, printed in the *Daily Telegraph*, August 20.

"The letter would be worth its weight in gold to the Fund," said the Lord Mayor in acknowledging it. It was an earnest appeal for aid to the ryot, than whom "there is not a more industrious being on the face of the earth."

(85) *Work in Brighton; or, Woman's Mission to Women*. By the Author of *Active Service, Work among the Lost*, etc. [Ellice Hopkins]. With a Preface by Florence Nightingale. Ninth Thousand. London: Hatchards, 1877.

The Preface, dated "October 1877," occupies pp. iii., iv., and is an earnest appeal for Rescue Work.

(86) *Lettre sur le devoir des Femmes de prendre une part active à l'œuvre du relèvement de la moralité publique, et considerations sur les résultats sanitaires de la réglementation dans l'Inde Anglaise*.

Read at a Congress in Geneva in the autumn of 1877. I have not been able to trace where it was printed.

(87) *A Letter to the Nurses of the Edinburgh Infirmary*, dated "New Year's Eve, 7 A.M." Quarto, pp. 3.

1878

(88) *Letter to the Matron, Home Sister, and Nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital*. Quarto, pp. 14.

Lithographed. Dated "New Year's Day, 7 A.M., 1878." This took the place of the usual address.

(89) "Who is the Savage?" An article in *Social Notes* (edited by S. C. Hall), May 11, 1878, vol. i. No. 10, pp. 145-147.

A description of life in the slums of a great city—suggesting an extension of Miss Octavia Hill's work, coffee-houses, co-operative stores, and rescue work. The MS. of this paper was offered for sale by an Edinburgh bookseller in 1913.

(90) "The United Empire and the Indian Peasant." An article in the *Journal of the National Indian Association*, June 1878, pp. 232-245.

(91) St. Thomas's Hospital. *Memorandum for Probationers as to Finger Poisoning*, etc. A fly-sheet, pp. 4. Dated "July 1878."

Drawn up by F. N. in consultation doubtless with the medical officers.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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(75) *Suggestions for Improving the Nursing Service of Hospitals and on the Method of Training Nurses for the Sick Poor.* Folio, pp. 18 (dated August 1874).

This Paper comprises: (1) "Method of Training Nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital (under the Nightingale Fund)." (2) "Relation of Hospital Management to Efficient Nursing." (3) "Structural Arrangements in Hospitals required for Efficient Nursing." (4) "District Nursing." Of these contents (1) and (2) and (3) were reprinted with some alterations from No. 49.

(76) *Letter to the Nurses of the Edinburgh Infirmary* (Dec. 1874). Quarto, on a single sheet.

(77) *The Zemindar, the Sun, and the Watering Pot as affecting Life or Death in India.* Folio, pp. 195; bound up in two Parts (pp. 1-84, 85-195).

For this work (never issued in any final form), see above, p. 295. Proof-copies, among Miss Nightingale's papers, show many variations in the title, e.g. for Part I., "The Zemindary System as affecting Life or Death in India," and for Part II., "Life or Death in India under Irrigation."

1875
(78) *Address from Florence Nightingale to the Probationer Nurses in the "Nightingale Fund" School at St. Thomas's Hospital and the Nurses who were formerly trained there.* May 26, 1875. Printed for Private Use only. Quarto, pp. 12.

1876
(79) *Address . . .* [as in No. 78]. April 28, 1876. Printed for Private Use only. Quarto, pp. 12.

(80) *Metropolitan and National Association for Providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor.* On *Trained Nursing for the Sick Poor.* By Florence Nightingale. A letter addressed to the *Times* of Good Friday, April 14, 1876. Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., 1876. A small pamphlet (without wrappers), pp. 12.

Other copies have the imprint, "Printed by Cull & Son, Houghton Street, Strand." There were articles on Miss Nightingale's letter in the *Saturday Review*, April 22, and *Punch*, April 29. The pamphlet was reprinted in 1881.

(81) The "Bulgarian Atrocities." A letter, dated September 15, in the *Daily News*, September 18.
An eloquent appeal for the Bulgarian Relief Fund, addressed to Sir John Bennett.

1877
(82) "The Famine in Madras." A letter to the *Illustrated London News*, June 29, 1877.

article, see Vol. I. p. 87 n.). The third describes the work of a Sanitary Commissioner in normal times with special reference to Bombay. Both the second and the third articles close with panegyrics of Lord Lawrence.

(98) Letter on *Co-operation in India*. Printed at pp. 219-221 of the *Journal of the National Indian Association*, May 1879.

(99) "Irrigation and Water Transit in India." Three articles in the *Illustrated London News*, May 10, 24, 31.

(100) *Can we educate Education in India to educate "Men"?* Three articles in the *Journal of the National Indian Association*, August, September, October 1879, pp. 417-430, 478-491, 527-558.

1880

(101) *In Memoriam*. A card (pp. 4), "from F. P. V. and F. N." in memory of Frances and William Edward Nightingale (F. N.'s mother and father).

The card was composed by F. N., whose choice of texts, etc., was characteristic—*e.g.* "Live for Him: then come life, come death, we are His." "God help us to use ourselves more entirely for Him in our work."

(102) "Woman Slavery in Natal." A letter from Miss Nightingale (dated Nov. 22, 1879) to Mr. James Heywood, printed in the *Aborigines' Friend*, April 1880.

(103) "Hospitals and Patients." An article put into type for the *Nineteenth Century* of September 1880, but not used.

1881

(104) *Letter from Florence Nightingale, May 6, 1881* [to the Nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital]. Lithographed, pp. 16.

1882

(105) "Hints and Suggestions on Thrift." A paper printed in a monthly journal entitled *Thrift*, January 1882, p. 4.

(106) *Training of Nurses and Nursing the Sick*. Articles occupying pp. 1038-1043, 1043-1049 of *Quain's Dictionary of Medicine*.

Copies of Miss Nightingale's article were separately struck off, as a pamphlet (without wrapper), pp. 12. In later editions of the Dictionary the articles were revised by Florence Nightingale Boyd. Extracts from the original articles were printed on a card for use in the Salisbury Infirmary, 1902.

(107) "Infection." By Sir J. Clarke Jervoise, Bart., with *Remarks* by Miss Nightingale. Second edition. London: Vacher & Sons, 1882. Pamphlet, in blue paper wrappers, pp. 63.

Miss Nightingale's "remarks," at pp. 62, 63, were on the first edition of the pamphlet (published anonymously in 1867). They are an attack on "the germ hypothesis."

(92) "A Water Arrival in India. By a Commissioner." An article, signed "F. N.," in *Good Words*, July 1878, pp. 493-496.

Describing, in the language as of a Royal Progress, the opening of the Kana Nuddee (Blind River) in the Hooghly District.

(93) *Opinions of Women on Women's Suffrage*. A leaflet (8vo, pp. 4, printed by A. Ireland & Co., Manchester); Florence Nightingale's opinion (dated July 1878) occupies p. 1:—

You ask me to give my reasons for wishing for the suffrage for women householders and women ratepayers. I have no reasons. The Indian ryot should be represented so that the people may virtually rate themselves according to the surveys of what is wanted, and spend the money locally under certain orders of an elected board. If this is the case: that we wish to give to the Indian native, peasant and Zemindar alike, such local representation *as we can* in spending the taxes he pays, is the educated English taxpayer, of *whichever* sex, to be excluded from a share in electing the Imperial representatives? It seems a first principle, an axiom: that *every* householder or taxpayer should have a voice in electing those who spend the money we pay, including, as this does, interests the most vital to a human being—for instance, education. At the same time I do not expect much from it, for I do not see that, for instance in America, where suffrage is, I suppose, the most extended, there is more (but rather less) of what may truly be called freedom or progress than anywhere else. But there can be no freedom or progress without representation. And we must give women the true education to deserve being represented. *Men* as well as women are not so well endowed with that preparation at present. And if the persons represented are not worth much, of course the representatives will not be worth much.

(94) "The People of India." An article in the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1878, pp. 193-221.

For this article, see above, p. 290.

1879

(95) *Letter from Florence Nightingale to the Probationer-Nurses in the "Nightingale Fund" School at St. Thomas's Hospital. Easter, 1879. For Private Use only. Quarto, pp. 4.*

This letter, dated "Easter Eve, 1879, 6 A.M.," was also lithographed in smaller form.

(96) *St. Thomas's Hospital: Memorandum of Instructions by Matron to Ward Sisters on Duties to Probationers. Dated "Easter, 1879."* A pamphlet of 4 pp.

Signed "S. E. W." (Mrs. Wardroper, the Matron), but written by F. N.

(97) "A Missionary Health Officer in India." Three articles in *Good Words*, July, August, September 1879, pp. 492-496, 565-571, 635-640.

The first and part of the second article describe Indian Famine relief. The rest of the second discusses, in connection with agrarian riots in the Deccan, the evils caused by the money-lenders (for an extract from this

(116) *Note sull' Assistenza ai Malati di Miss Nightingale Tradotta e Abbreviate da A. C. [Comparetti].* Lucca: Topografia Giusti, 1887.

1888

(117) *To the Probationer-Nurses in the Nightingale Fund School at St. Thomas's Hospital from Florence Nightingale, May 16, 1888. For Private Use only.* Lithographed, pp. 20 (with yellow wrappers).

(118) *Sanitation in India.* "Letter from Miss Nightingale," dated "London, July 27, 1888," published in the *Journal of the Public Health Society* [of Calcutta], October 1888, vol. iv. pp. 63-65.

1889

(119) *Village Sanitation in India.* A letter, dated February 20, 1889, to the Joint Secretaries of the Bombay Presidency Association. Quarto, pp. 3.

The same letter, similarly printed, was also addressed "To the Joint Secretaries of the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha." The letter was for the most part a critical exposition of the Bombay Village Sanitation Bill; it was noticed in the *Bombay Gazette Summary*, April 5, 1889.

1890

(120) *Sketch of the History and Progress of District Nursing.* By William Rathbone. With an Introduction by Florence Nightingale. Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty. London: Macmillan, 1890.

The Introduction occupies pp. ix.-xxii.

1891

(121) *Message to Nurses at Liverpool.* Printed at p. 11 of the *Sixty-third Annual Report of the Royal Southern Hospital.* Liverpool: 1904.

The message was sent in February 1891 on the occasion of the opening of the Nursing Home. One of the wards of the Hospital is named after Miss Nightingale.

(122) *Sanitation in India.* A letter, dated February 16, 1891, to the Joint Secretaries of the Bombay Presidency Association. Quarto, pp. 3.

The same letter was also addressed to the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha.

(123) *Sanitation in India.* A letter, dated December 1891, to Rao Bahadur Vishnu Moreshwar Bhide, Chairman, Poona Sarvajanic Sabha. Quarto, pp. 3.

These open letters, intended for "distribution to local associations and influential Indian gentlemen," attracted much notice in the Indian press. A selection of press comments upon them was printed in the

1883

(108) *From Florence Nightingale to the Probationer-Nurses in the "Nightingale Fund" Training School at St. Thomas's Hospital and to the Nurses who were formerly trained there.* May 23, 1883. Lithographed, pp. 13.

(109) *The Dumb shall speak, and the Deaf shall hear; or, the Ryot, the Zemindar, and the Government.* A Paper read at a meeting of the East India Association, and printed in its *Journal*, July 1883, pp. 163-211.

The paper was read by Mr. F. Verney, Sir Bartle Frere in the chair, on June 1. It was reprinted separately in the same year by the Association as a pamphlet (without wrapper, pp. 48).

(110) "Our Indian Stewardship." An article in the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1883, pp. 329-338.

A defence of Lord Ripon's policy. The article was largely the work of Sir William Wedderburn. "The article is an excellent one," she wrote to him (Aug. 1), "if only it had been signed by you, and not by me."

(111) "The Bengal Tenancy Bill." An article in the *Contemporary Review*, October 1883, pp. 587-602.

1884

(112) *Letter to the Nightingale Probationers*, dated July 3, 1884. Printed in the *Report of the Nightingale Fund for the year 1883*, which at p. 3 gave a report of the Annual Meeting (Lord Houghton in the chair) whereat the letter was read.

1886

(113) *To the Probationer-Nurses of the Nightingale Fund School at St. Thomas's Hospital. Florence Nightingale. New Year's Day, 1886.* (For Private Use only.) Small pamphlet (cream paper wrappers), pp. 16.

(114) *Florence Nightingale to Surgeon-Major G. J. H. Evatt.* A fly-leaf, so entitled, printed in connection with the "Woolwich Election, 1886."

The letter, dated June 24, 1886, commends the candidature of Surgeon-Major Evatt on the ground of his administrative experience and energy in "vital matters of social, sanitary, and general interest." He stood as a Liberal and was not elected.

1887

(115) *Village Sanitation in India.* A letter, dated February 22, 1887, to the Joint Secretaries of the Bombay Presidency Association. Quarto, pp. 3.

A similar letter was addressed to the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha.

1893

(131) "Sick-Nursing and Health-Nursing." A Paper in pp. 184-205 of *Woman's Mission: a Series of Congress Papers on the Philanthropic Work of Women by Eminent Writers*. Arranged and edited, with a Preface and Notes, by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 1893. A publication issued by the Royal British Commission, Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

The main part of the paper occupies pp. 184-199. Then comes an "Addendum" on District Nursing, with an account of the Bucks "Health-Nurse Training" system and "Syllabus of Lectures to Health Missioners."

(132) "Health Lectures for Indian Villages." A Paper printed in *India*, October 1893, pp. 305-306.

1894

(133) "Health and Local Government." An Introduction (pp. i.-ii.) to *Report of the Bucks Sanitary Conference, October 1894*. Aylesbury: Poulton & Co.

Miss Nightingale's Introduction was also separately printed as a small fly-leaf, pp. 2, headed *Health and Local Government, by Florence Nightingale*.

(134) *Health Teaching in Towns and Villages. Rural Hygiene. By Florence Nightingale*. London: Spottiswoode & Co., 1894.

A pamphlet, pp. 27. Reprinted from a Paper read at the Conference of Women Workers held at Leeds, November 7 to 10, 1893. The Paper is also printed in the *Official Report of the Conference (Leeds, 1894)*, pp. 46-60.

(135) *Village Sanitation in India*. A Paper for the Tropical Section of the 8th International Congress of Hygiene and Demography at Budapest. A pamphlet (without wrappers), pp. 8; signed "Florence Nightingale. London: August 20th, 1894."

The "Memorandum" of 1892 (No. 122) was reprinted as an Appendix.

1895

(136) *Birds*. A letter, dated Feb. 4, 1895, to "Uncle Toby" of the Dicky Bird Society, printed in the *Newcastle Chronicle's Weekly Supplement*, February 16.

1896

(137) "A Few Lines to Workhouse Nurses." A Supplement (pp. 53-57) to *Agnes Jones; or, She hath done what she could*. By Mrs. Roundell, London: Bickers & Sons, 1896.

A few sentences from Miss Nightingale's Supplement are reproduced in facsimile as a frontispiece to this little book.

Indian Spectator, July 10, 1892. There was also a notice of No. 121 in the *Times* of January 10, 1892, in the weekly review of "Indian Affairs" by Sir W. W. Hunter. "Miss Nightingale's letter forms," he said, "a brief, but practical code of village sanitation."

1892

(124) *Village Sanitation in India*. Letter from Miss Nightingale to the Secretary of State for India (Lord Cross), dated March 1892, enclosing a Memorandum signed by members of the India Committee of the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography (1891). Printed in *India*, July 15, 1892, pp. 200.

See Vol. II. p. 379.

(125) Introduction to *Behramji M. Malabari : a Biographical Sketch*, by Dayaram Gidumal. London : Fisher Unwin, 1892.

Miss Nightingale's Introduction occupies pp. v.-viii.

(126) Health at Home. Letters in the *Report of the Training of Rural Health Missioners and of their Village Lecturing and Visiting under the Bucks County Council : 1891-92*. Winslow : E. J. French. Pamphlet, pp. 50.

There are three letters by F. N. : (1) a letter (dated Oct. 17, 1891) to Mr. Frederick Verney on the importance of training rural health missioners ; (2) a letter, dated October 1892, to "Village Mothers," pp. 14, 15 ; (3) a letter, dated November 21, 1892, reporting on the experiment and urging its continuance (see Vol. II. p. 384).

(127) *Cholera : What we can do ?* By George H. De' Ath, medical officer of health for Buckingham. Buckingham : Walford & Son. Pamphlet, in green paper wrappers, pp. 19.

The last pages (18, 19) were contributed by F. N. An appeal to fight against cholera by preventive sanitation ; "for if cholera does not come we are winning the day against fever," etc.

(128) "Hospitals." Article in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, new edition, revised and partly re-written by F. N.

(129) *Royal British Nurses' Association*. "Remarks by Miss Nightingale on a Register for Nurses."

This was part of the case against the Royal Charter argued before the Privy Council in November 1892. Among Miss Nightingale's Papers are the original MS., a typed copy, and a MS. copy on brief paper made by the Solicitors for the opponents. I include it in the Bibliography, assuming that it was printed for the Privy Council.

(130) "Mrs. Wardroper." A memorial notice of the late matron of St. Thomas's Hospital, printed simultaneously, December 31, 1892, in the *British Medical Journal* (under the title "The Reform of Sick Nursing and the late Mrs. Wardroper") and in the *Hospital Nursing Supplement* ("A Nursing Worthy").

For extracts, see Vol. I. p. 458.

(145) *Appeal on behalf of the Invalid Hospital for Gentlewomen, Harley Street.* Letter in the *Times*, November 12, 1901.

Reprinted in the Annual Reports of the Institution for 1902, 1903, etc. The letter though signed Florence Nightingale, bears no mark of her style, and is not quite accurate in its account of her early association with the hospital (see Vol. I. p. 133). The letter is said to have been written for Miss Nightingale by Mrs. Dicey. The institution, re-christened "The Florence Nightingale Hospital for Gentlewomen," is now in new quarters in Lisson-grove.

1905

(146) *New Year's Message from Florence Nightingale to the Nursing Staff of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, January 1905.* Printed on a card.

"I pray with all my heart that God will bless the work abundantly in Edinburgh Infirmary, and enable the workers to do it for Him, in the love which we owe Him."

(147) *Message to the Crimean Veterans.* Printed at p. 47 of a pamphlet entitled *The Crimean and Indian Mutiny Veterans' Association, Bristol.* Bristol, 1905.

One of the last messages sent by Miss Nightingale. The anniversaries celebrated by the Veterans, she says, "have always been marked days to her also."

(138) "Health Missioners for Rural India." An article in *India*, December 1896, pp. 359-360.

1897

(139) *To the Nurses and Probationers trained under the "Nightingale Fund,"* June 1897. Octavo, pp. 17 (in plain white wrappers).

1898

(140) *A Letter from Florence Nightingale about the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada.* A small pamphlet, in white paper wrappers, pp. 4.

The letter, to Lady Aberdeen, is dated May 5, 1898. It is stated at the end of the pamphlet, "The original of this letter is written entirely by Miss Florence Nightingale's own hand." There is no imprint.

1899

(141) *The Soldier in War-time.* Letter to the Balaclava Survivors, printed in the *Daily Graphic*, October 26, 1899.

This letter uses some of the phrases quoted at Vol. II. p. 411.

1900

(142) *To all our Nurses, May 28, 1900.* Lithographed, pp. 12.

Miss Nightingale's hand-writing in this letter shows little sign of age. It is bold and clear.

(143) *Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.* Printed at p. 26 of an official and illustrated account, compiled by A. A. Gordon, of the *Edinburgh and East of Scotland Hospital for South Africa* (Blackwood & Sons).

For the occasion of this letter, see Vol. II. p. 411.

1901

(144) *In Memory of Robert James Baron Wantage, V.C., K.C.B.* A privately printed memoir, containing on p. 53 a letter from Miss Nightingale.

The letter, dated June 12, 1901, includes these words: "Lord Wantage is a great loss, but he has been a great gain. And what he has gained for us can never be lost. It is my experience that such men exist only in England: a man who had everything (to use the common phrase) which this world could give him, but who worked as hard, and to the last, as the poorest able man—and all for others—for the common weal. A man whose life makes a great difference for all: *all* are better off than if he had not lived; and this betterness is for always, it does not die with him—that is the true estimate of a great life." These words were quoted at the head of an article on Lord Wantage in the *Edinburgh Review*, January 1902.

1855-57

(7) *Various Broadsheets, Popular Songs, etc.*, about Miss Nightingale (see Vol. I. p. 266). A collection of them is preserved amongst her Papers. The following is the text of the most popular of the Songs :—

On a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread shore
 There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before ;
 The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
 Some crying for help—there was none to be found.
 Now God in His mercy He pitied their cries,
 And the soldiers so cheerful in the morning do arise.
*So forward, my lads, may your hearts never fail
 You are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.*

Now God sent this woman to succour the brave ;
 Some thousands she saved from an untimely grave.
 Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's beauteous and good,
 The wants of the wounded are by her understood.
 With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,
 Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn.
*But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
 They are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.*

Her heart it means good, for no bounty she'll take,
 She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake ;
 She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,
 She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
 The wounded they love her as it has been seen,
 She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their Queen.
*May God give her strength, and her heart never fail,
 One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.*

The wives of the wounded, how thankful are they !
 Their husbands are cared for by night and by day.
 Whatever her country, this gift God has given,
 And the soldiers they say she's an Angel from Heaven.
 All praise to this woman, and deny it who can
 That woman was sent as a comfort to man :
*Let's hope that no more against them you'll rail,
 Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.*

1856

(8) *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses ; the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.* By a Lady Volunteer. 2 vols. 1856 ; 3rd ed. in one vol. 1857.

The author, Miss Fanny M. Taylor, was a member of the second party of nurses, which went out with Miss Stanley.

(9) *Sayah ; or, the Courier to the East.* [By H. Byng Hall.] London : Chapman & Hall.

Contains a general tribute to Miss Nightingale, from one who visited Scutari.

APPENDIX B

LIST OF SOME WRITINGS ABOUT MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

(For the limited scope of this list, see the Preface, Vol. I. p. viii.)

1854

(1) Letter in the *Times*, October 24, by "One who has known Miss Nightingale."

(2) "Who is 'Mrs.' Nightingale?" A biographical article in the *Examiner* (reprinted in the *Times*, October 30).

These two communications fixed the popular idea of Miss Nightingale. For the article in the *Examiner*, see Vol. I. p. 164.

1855

(3) Bracebridge. "British Hospitals in the East." Report in the *Times*, October 16, 1855, of a lecture given at Coventry by Mr. C. H. Bracebridge, supplemented by a letter from him in the *Times*, October 20.

For a reference to this lecture, see Vol. I. p. 287. The report contains many particulars of Miss Nightingale's services and difficulties.

(4) *The "Record" and Miss Nightingale. Remarks on two Articles contained in the "Record" of February 1, and March 8, 1855.* London: Nisbet, 1855.

This pamphlet throws light on the *odium theologicum*, see Vol. I. Part II. Ch. VIII. Miss N. was denounced as "a semi-Romish Nun," an "Anglican Papist."

(5) Roebuck Committee. *Reports from the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol*, March 1, 1853-June 18, 1855.

For this Report, see Vol. I. p. 176.

(6) S. G. O. *Scutari and its Hospitals.* By the Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne. London: Dickinson Brothers, 1855.

This contains the best and fullest account by an eye-witness of Miss Nightingale at work at Scutari.

1861

(17) "What Florence Nightingale has done and is doing." An article [by Mrs. S. C. Hall] in the *St. James's Magazine*, April 1861.

Gives an account, *inter alia*, of the early days of the "Nightingale Nurses."

1862

(18) *Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy*. By Margaret Goodman. Smith, Elder & Co., 1862.

Miss Goodman was one of the "Sellonites" (see Vol. I. p. 159); she gives a somewhat detailed account of the nursing.

(19) *Statement of the Appropriation of the Nightingale Fund*. Reprinted, with slight additions, from a Paper read by Sir Joshua Jebb at the meeting of the Social Science Association, 1862. Pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 12.

Various other publications of the kind have been consulted—such as: *Deed of Trust and other Deeds relating to the Nightingale Fund* (London: Blades, 1878); and the *Annual Reports of the Committee of the Council of the Nightingale Fund* from 1862 to 1910.

(20) *A Trip to Constantinople . . . and Miss Nightingale at Scutari Hospital*. By L. Dunne. London: J. Sheppard.

The author was late Foreman of H.M. Stores at the Bosphorus.

1863

(21) Hornby. *Constantinople during the Crimean War*. By Lady Hornby. With Illustrations in Chromo-Lithography. London: Bentley, 1863.

Contains a few personal impressions of F. N. (see Vol. I. pp. 285, 296). Lady Hornby was wife of Sir Edmund Grimani Hornby, H.M. British Commissioner to Turkey during the Crimean war.

1864

(22) *A Book of Golden Deeds*. [By Charlotte M. Yonge.] Macmillan, 1864.

This book, which became very widely popular, had on its title-page a reproduction of the statuette of the Lady with the Lamp, and a reference to Miss Nightingale in its Preface.

(23) *A Woman's Example, and a Nation's Work: A Tribute to Florence Nightingale*. London: William Ridgway, 1864.

An account of the work of the United States Sanitary Commission (1861), inspired by American women. "All that is herein chronicled," says the author in a Dedication to Florence Nightingale, "you have a right to claim as the result of your own work" (see Vol. II. p. 9).

(10) McNeill. Speech by Sir John McNeill at the Crimean Banquet at Edinburgh, reported verbatim in the *Daily News*, Nov. 3, 1856.

An excellent appreciation of Miss Nightingale, with many particulars of her work at Scutari.

(11) *The Nightingale Fund. Report of Proceedings at a Public Meeting held in London, on Nov. 29, 1855. . . . Offices of the Nightingale Fund, 5 Parliament Street.* Pamphlet, in yellow wrappers, pp. 36 + 16 + 24.

Pages 1-36, report of the Public Meeting; pp. 1-16, "Appendix." Extracts from Leading Articles in the London Journals, etc.; pp. 1-24, "Addenda," Report of Public Meetings in the provinces, 1856, etc.

Circ. 1856

(12) *The Prophecy of Ada, late Countess of Lovelace, on her friend Miss Florence Nightingale.* Written in the year 1851. Music composed by W. H. Montgomery. London: G. Emery & Co. [no date].

The poem—"A Portrait: taken from Life"—is printed on the back of the song (see Vol. I. pp. 38, 142).

1857

(13) Davis. *The Autobiography of Elizabeth Davis, a Balaclava Nurse.* Edited by Jane Williams. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett, 1857.

Davis was one of Miss Stanley's party. She served as cook in the General Hospital at Balaclava. Though the work of an obviously uneducated and prejudiced woman, the book is useful as illustrating the intrigue against Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, and as reflecting the hostility which her strict discipline excited among some of the nurses. The book is not to be trusted. Miss Nightingale made very pungent remarks on this old woman's romancing about Lord Raglan and others.

(14) Pincoffs. *Experiences of a Civilian in Eastern Military Hospitals. . . .* By Peter Pincoffs, M.D., late Civil Physician to the Scutari Hospitals. William & Norgate.

Chapter vii., "The Providence of the Barrack Hospital," gives an account of Miss N.'s work. This is one of the most important authorities, being the testimony of an eye-witness and a medical man; but Dr. Pincoffs was not at Scutari till the middle of 1855.

(15) *Soyer's Culinary Campaign: being Historical Reminiscences of the Late War.* By Alexis Soyer. London: G. Routledge, 1857.

Also of much value, as the record of an eye-witness, and a participator in Miss Nightingale's work.

1860

(16) An unpublished MS., found among Miss Nightingale's papers, written by "R. R.," a Private in the 68th Light Infantry, giving an account of his attendance upon her. He had been invalided from the Crimea, and in January 1855 Mr. Bracebridge selected him for duty as messenger to Miss Nightingale: Vol. I. p. 256.

Nightingale, the First Pioneer of the Red Cross," with a letter from her dated September 4, 1872.

The letter was of thanks for a Paper read by M. Dunant in London on the work of the Red Cross (see Vol. II. p. 205).

(32) *The Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere*. By John Martineau. 2 vols. John Murray, 1895.

Contains some letters from Miss Nightingale.

(33) *The Story of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea*. Founded on letters written 1854-56 by Lieut.-Colonel Anthony Stirling. Remington & Co., 1895.

The importance of this book for an understanding of Miss Nightingale's work is pointed out at Vol. I. p. 167.

1897

(34) *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*. By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. 2 vols. John Murray, 1897.

This contains extracts from a large number of Mr. Jowett's letters to Miss Nightingale (though not so stated), as well as occasional references to her.

1900

(35) Howe. *Reminiscences: 1819-1899*. By Julia Ward Howe. Quoted, Vol. I. pp. 37, 43.

1904

(36) Aloysius. *Memories of the Crimea*. By Sister Mary Aloysius [Doyle]. London: Burns & Oates, 1904.

Personal recollections by one of the Irish Nuns, who went out, under Mrs. Bridgeman, with Miss Stanley's party.

(37) *Emma Darwin, Wife of Charles Darwin: A Century of Family Letters*. By her daughter, H. E. Litchfield. 2 vols. Privately printed, 1904.

Quoted Vol. I. pp. 15, 96, 446.

(38) Tooley. *The Life of Florence Nightingale*. By Sarah A. Tooley. London: S. H. Bousfield & Co., 1904.

Contains several letters, recollections by Crimean veterans, etc.

1905

(39) *William Rathbone: a Memoir*. By Eleanor F. Rathbone. Macmillan, 1905.

Numerous references to Miss Nightingale, and accounts of undertakings in which she was concerned with Mr. Rathbone.

1865

(24) *Florence Nightingale. A Lecture delivered in the Theatre of the Medical College, November 9, 1865.* By Major G. B. Malleson. Calcutta, 1865.

1874

(25) *Thomas Grant, First [Roman Catholic] Bishop of Southwark.* By Grace Ramsay [pseudonym of Kathleen O'Meara]. Smith, Elder & Co., 1874.

Chapter vii. gives a full account of the mission of the Bermondsey Nuns under Miss Nightingale.

1874-80

(26) *Life of the Prince Consort.* By Sir Theodore Martin. 5 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

The references to Miss Nightingale are in vol. iii.

1880

(27) *The Invasion of the Crimea.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. vi. "The Winter Troubles." Blackwood & Sons, 1880.

Chapter xi. is mainly devoted to an account of "The Lady-in-Chief" (Miss Nightingale).

1881

(28) *Narrative of Personal Experiences and Impressions during a Residence on the Bosphorus throughout the Crimean War.* By Lady Alicia Blackwood. London: Hatchard, 1881.

The narrative of one of Miss Nightingale's helpers (see Vol. I. p. 197).

1886

(29) *Life and Work of the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury.* By Edwin Hodder. 3 vols. (1886), popular ed. 1 vol. (1887).

This contains some references to the Crimean war, pp. 503 *seq.*, and letters from F. N., 505, 581.

1887

(30) Mohl. *Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl.* By M. C. M. Simpson. Kegan, Paul & Co., 1887.

Several references to Miss Nightingale ("F——"); also Lady Verney's recollections, cited at Vol. I. p. 21.

1895

(31) *Das Rote Kreuz*, No. 23, 1895. Published at Bern. At pp. 206-209 an article by Dr. Jordy, of Bern on "Miss Florence

Hopkins Hospital, May 19, 1910. By Henry M. Hurd, M.D., Baltimore, 1910.

An excellent appreciation of Miss Nightingale's work as the founder of modern nursing, as sanitarian, and as army reformer.

(48) *The Letters of John Stuart Mill*. Edited by Hugh S. R. Elliot. 2 vols. Longmans & Co., 1910.

Mill's Letters of 1860 (see Vol. I. p. 471) are at vol. i. pp. 238-242; his letter of December 31, 1867 (see above, p. 217), is at vol. ii. pp. 100-105.

(49) *Memoir of the Rt. Hon. Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., and of his second wife, Elizabeth Wilson*. By their Granddaughter. John Murray, 1910.

This contains some letters from Miss Nightingale.

(50) August 15, and later. *Obituary Notices* of Miss Nightingale in the newspapers. Those written with most knowledge were in the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

(51) "Some Personal Recollections of Miss Florence Nightingale," by "Lamorna" [with a series of letters from F. N.]. In the *Nursing Mirror and Midwives' Journal*, September 3, 1910, pp. 347-349.

(52) "Florence Nightingale, O.M., R.R.C." By Major C. E. Pollock, Royal Army Medical Corps. Reprinted from the *Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps*, October 1910. London: John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.

Contains several official documents (now at the Public Record Office) relating to Miss Nightingale's Crimean mission (see Vol. I. p. 188).

1911

(53) *The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall, M.D., K.C.B., F.R.C.S.* By S. M. Mitra. Longmans, Green & Co., 1911.

Of considerable interest (see Vol. I. p. 169).

1912

(54) *Eine Heldin unter Helden (Florence Nightingale)*. Von J. Friz. Stuttgart, 1912. Verlag der Evang. Gesellschaft.

From this book I have quoted at Vol. I. p. 92 n. It also contains a few letters from Miss Nightingale—chiefly to the Fliedner family.

No date

(55) Wintle. *The Story of Florence Nightingale*. By W. J. Wintle. London: Sunday School Union.

Contains some reminiscences by Crimean veterans.

1906

(40) Stanmore. *Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea*. A Memoir. By Lord Stanmore. 2 vols. John Murray, 1906.

Important correspondence between Sidney Herbert and Miss Nightingale is here given.

1907

(41) *The History of Nursing*. By M. Adelaide Nutting and Lavinia L. Dock. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1907.

An excellent account of "the evolution of nursing systems"; with a just appreciation of Miss Nightingale, and copious extracts from her writings.

(42) *The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837-1861*. Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. John Murray.

Quoted, or referred to, at Vol. I. pp. 217, 274.

1908

(43) Panmure. *The Panmure Papers*. . . . Edited by Sir George Douglas and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1908. 2 vols.

This collection, though it does not throw any light on the most important of Miss Nightingale's dealings with Lord Panmure, contains several letters of interest.

(44) *St. John's House. A Brief Record of Sixty Years' Work, 1848-1908*. 12 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C. A pamphlet.

Contains some account of the recruiting of nurses for the Crimean war, and two letters from Miss Nightingale.

1910

(45) Bibliography. *An Exhibit of some of the Writings of Florence Nightingale in the Educational Museum of Teachers' College, Columbia University, May 16 to June 1, 1910*. Pamphlet, pp. 8.

This catalogue contains (1) a brief "Biographical Note"; (2) a catalogue of the Writings by F. N. exhibited; (3) a short catalogue of "Writings about Florence Nightingale."

(46) *Exercises in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding by Florence Nightingale of the First Training School. Carnegie Hall, the City of New York, Wednesday, May 18th, 1910*. A pamphlet, pp. 24.

A report of various addresses, by Mr. Choate and others.

(47) *Florence Nightingale: a Force in Medicine*. Address at the Graduated Exercises of the Nurses Training School of the Johns

Miss Nightingale never wore ear-rings. If the portrait be indeed of her, and by a practised artist, it can hardly have been made from the life.

(6) *c.* 1845. Pencil sketch by Miss Hilary Bonham Carter. In the possession of Miss B. A. Clough. Reproduced in Vol. I. p. 38.

(7) *c.* 1850. Full-length, standing beside a pedestal, on which stands an owl. Engraved by F. Holl from a pencil drawing by Parthenope Nightingale (Lady Verney). Reproduced in the *Illustrated Times*, February 2, 1856, and as frontispiece to the *Victoria Miniature Almanack and Fashionable Remembrancer* for 1857.

(8) *c.* 1852. Large pencil head, copied about 1880 by J. R. Parsons from a drawing by Lady Eastlake. The original was in bad condition and is believed to have been destroyed. The copy is at Lea Hurst.

(9) *c.* 1852. Photograph, three-quarter face, almost profile; three-quarter length, seated, reading. A striped scarf. Enlarged from a daguerreotype. At Claydon.

(10) 1854. Photograph, seated, looking down, by Kilburn, then 222 Regent Street. Taken during Miss Nightingale's time at Harley Street. There were two positions as mentioned in the letter of Mrs. Sutherland noticed under No. 15, "looking down in one, in the other the eyes raised." These are the photographs which some of Miss Nightingale's family considered the best.

(11) 1854. A sketch; seated, reading a book; white flower in her hair; red cross on her neck. "H. M. B. C. del." [Miss Hilary Bonham Carter, whose initials, however, were J. H. B. C.] "Published November 28, 1854, by P. and D. Colnaghi: Colnaghi's Authentic Series." There was also published an uncoloured print of the same drawing, which in turn was adapted in various forms—as in a print published by W. Bemrose & Sons, lettered "Miss Florence Nightingale, the Good Samaritan of Derbyshire, reading the accounts of the dreadful sufferings of our brave wounded soldiers," etc., etc.

(12) 1855. Miss Florence Nightingale and Mr. Bracebridge on Cathcart's Hill, May 8, 1855. Lithographed by Day, and published. This drawing was made up by Lady Verney and Lady Anne Blunt from a slight sketch by Mrs. Bracebridge. Many other prints, still further removed from life, were published—such as: "Florence Nightingale in the Military Hospital at Scutari" (a coloured print published, March 16, 1855, by Read & Co., 10 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street); "Miss Florence Nightingale, the Soldiers' Friend" (drawn by Elston, published May 1, 1856, by Ellis, 51 Jewin Street, City); and "The Great Military Hospital at Scutari" (published, with a sentimental legend, Feb. 24, 1855, by Stannard & Dixon, 7 Poland Street).

(13) 1856. Oil picture of Miss Nightingale receiving the wounded at Scutari, by Jerry Barratt. Engraved as "Florence Nightingale at Scutari, A Mission of Mercy," by S. Bellin. The picture is in the possession of Sir Percy Bates, Bart.

(14) 1856. Photograph, three-quarter length, three-quarter

APPENDIX C

LIST OF PORTRAITS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ETC., OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Authentic likenesses of Miss Nightingale, except in her earlier years, are very few. When she had become famous, she shrank from publicity. She was very seldom photographed, and as a general rule she refused to sit for her portrait. The demand for portraits of her was great, and the demand created a supply. This list includes, however, with one probable exception (No. 5), only such portraits as are authentic.

(1) 1820-1. Water-colour drawing of F. N. as a baby on the knee of her Italian nurse. At Lea Hurst.

(2) 1828. Water-colour drawing of Mrs. Nightingale with her two daughters (Florence is the standing child). In the possession of Mrs. Leonard Cunliffe, daughter of Sir Douglas Galton. Reproduced as frontispiece to Vol. I.

(3) 1828. Water-colour drawing of Mrs. Nightingale with her two daughters, by A. E. Chalon. At Claydon. (Similar to, but not identical in costume with, the foregoing.)

(4) 1839. Water-colour portrait, by William White, of Florence Nightingale (sitting) and her sister, Parthenope, standing. In possession of Mrs. Coltman.

(5) *circ.* 1840. Small oil portrait by Augustus L. Egg, R.A. In the National Portrait Gallery (No. 1578). This picture was bought from Mrs. Salis Schwabe (an admirer of Miss Nightingale with whom she had a slight acquaintance) by Mr. William Rathbone, with a view to its presentation to the nation; and was given to the Portrait Gallery in 1910 by Mrs. Rathbone in accordance with her husband's desire. In view of these facts, and as the attribution to Egg agrees with dates, the Trustees accepted the portrait as authentic. Miss Nightingale's family, however, doubt whether it is so. There is no general resemblance. The face is plump, and all other portraits at that age show a thin face. The narrow ridge of F. N.'s nose is not given. The chestnut colour of the hair in the portrait is not true to life. The eyebrows are unlike. The expression is most uncharacteristic. All other early portraits, even quite slight ones, are remarkable for a peculiarly contained, self-possessed expression. The dress and ornaments are out of character; and



face, standing, by The London Stereoscopic Co. This photograph was taken at the request of Queen Victoria, and has often been reproduced.

(15) 1856. Plaster statuette ; standing, with a lamp in the right hand, by Miss Hilary Bonham Carter. At Lea Hurst. There are several replicas, or versions with some differences. One is at St. Thomas's Hospital ; another, in Mr. Henry Bonham Carter's possession ; another, at Claydon. A second version was, by advice of Mr. Woolner, R.A., made less full in the skirt. A small version, on a reduced scale (about 15 in. high), was also made, and is very widespread. There is a letter to Miss Nightingale from Mrs. Sutherland (June 1866), in which she says : " There are photographs of the statuette which (though it seems odd to say so) are more characteristic than the actual portraits, none of which but the ' owl ' one [No. 7], which you deprecate, give a real idea of what you were ten years ago."

(16) *c.* 1858. Photograph, full-length, full face, standing, by Goodman. This was generally considered by Miss Nightingale's family to be the best likeness ; reproduced in Vol. I. p. 394.

(17) 1862. Marble bust, by Sir John Steell. This bust, presented to Miss Nightingale by the non-commissioned officers and men of the British Army, has been placed in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in accordance with the provisions of her will. There is a replica at Lea Hurst.

(18) 1864. Commencement of a head by G. F. Watts, R.A. Miss Nightingale was persuaded by Sir Harry Verney to receive Mr. Watts on one or two occasions, who made a beginning only of a portrait. It is very slight, and Mr. Watts regarded it as so far a failure. He hoped to be able to resume the work, but abandoned the idea when Sir William Richmond made a portrait. The unfinished canvas is at Limnerslease.

(19) 1887. Oil portrait, half-length, by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A. At Claydon. Reproduced as frontispiece to this volume. 1887 was the year of the final sittings ; the portrait was begun at an earlier date.

(20) *c.* 1890. Photograph, side face, in veil, by Colonel G. Lloyd Verney.

(21) 1891. Photograph, three-quarter length, seated on a couch, full face, by S. G. Payne & Son, Aylesbury. Taken at Claydon.

(22) 1906. Two photographs of Miss Nightingale in her room ; by Miss E. F. Bosanquet. One of these, enlarged, is reproduced above, p. 306.

(23) 1907. Two water-colour drawings (and a replica), by Miss F. Amicia de Biden Footner. One is reproduced above, p. 404. These drawings of Miss Nightingale in her room at South Street are in possession of various members of the family.

(24) 1908. Chalk-drawing, by Countess Feodora Gleichen. At Windsor, made (from life) by command of King Edward VII. for a collection of portraits of members of the Order of Merit.

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