

As Miss Nightingale herself has written :

"Nursing is an art, and if it is to be made an art, it requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work ; for what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit ? It is one of the Fine Arts. I had almost said the finest of the fine arts."

Of the hospital at Scutari we read :

"The great barrack hospital there was a huge quadrangle, a quarter of a mile on each face ; its corridors rising storey above storey had a linear extent of four miles. The hospital, when the nurses landed, held 2,300 patients ; no less than two miles, that is, of sick-beds foul with every kind of vileness. The mattresses were strewn two deep in the corridors, the wards were rank with fever and cholera and the odour of undressed wounds. And to this great army of the sick and the dying, the wounded from Inkerman in a few hours were added, bringing the number up to 5,000. Into what Russell calls 'the hell' of this great temple of pain and foulness moved the slight and delicate form of this English lady, with her band of nurses.

Instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, aflame with energy, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the hospital. Clumsy male devices were dismissed, almost with a gesture, into space. Dirt became a crime, fresh air and clean linen, sweet food, and soft hands a piety. A great kitchen was organised which provided well-cooked food for a thousand men. Washing was a lost art in the hospital ; but this band of women created, as with a breath, a great laundry, and a strange cleanliness crept along the walls and beds of the hospital. In their warfare with disease and pain these women showed a resolution as high as the men of their race showed against the grey-coated battalions of Inkerman, or in the frozen trenches before Sebastopol. Muddle-headed male routine was swept ruthlessly aside. If the Commissariat failed to supply requisites, Florence Nightingale, who had great funds at her disposal, instantly provided them herself, and the heavy-footed officials found the swift feet of these women outrunning them in every path of help and pity. Only one flash of anger is reported to have broken the serene calm which served as a mask for the steel-like and resolute will of Florence Nightingale. Some stores had arrived from England ; sick men were languishing for them. But routine required that they should be 'inspected' by a board before being issued, and the board, moving with heavy-footed slowness, had not completed its work when night fell. The stores, were, therefore, with official phlegm, locked up, and their use denied to the sick. Between the needs of hundreds of sick men, that is, and the comforts they required was the locked door, the symbol of red tape. Florence Nightingale called a couple of orderlies, walked to the door, and quietly ordered them to burst it open, and the stores to be distributed !

Kinglake says that the part played by male officials and by Florence Nightingale's band of nurses in the hospitals of the Crimea constituted an interesting trial of both brain power and speed between the two sexes ; and he is inclined to pronounce, with emphasis, that in this duel of wits the feminine brain comes out best. Women supplied exactly that 'agile brain power, that organising or governing faculty' which the State needed, but which its male officials at the moment failed to supply. 'The males at that time in

England,' he says, 'suffered from a curious lameness in the use of brain power.' They had lost the faculty of initiative, and were slaves to custom."

And yet after forty-four years have elapsed and the world has rung with and realised the "commanding genius" of "the lady with the lamp," we still find our War Office devoid of any Nursing Board on which Miss Florence Nightingale has a seat. We still find the nursing of our sick soldiers in our latest war deputed to male orderlies, or dependent on the private efforts of the Red Cross Society. And looking West we are met by the ghastly waste of life in the hospital camps at Chicamauga and Camp Wikoff, owing to the almost criminal ignorance of the Medical Department of the United States Army. The genius of Florence Nightingale has given practical proof of the right of women to participate in the official management of every State Department responsible to the nation for the care of the sick, and this is the lesson which the "official mind" is slow to grasp, and which we intend to do our best to drive home.

E. G. F.

Appointments.

LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

MISS M. D. W. EWING has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the Birmingham and Midland Counties Training Institution for Nurses. Miss Ewing was trained at the Children's Hospital, Glasgow, and the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. She has also held the positions of Ward Sister and Night Superintendent at the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, and Sister in Charge at the Aberdeen Children's Hospital. For the last six years Miss Ewing has held the position of Lady Superintendent of the Broomhill Home for Incurables, Glasgow.

MATRON.

MISS KATHERINE ELPHICK has been appointed Matron of the Hereford General Infirmary. Miss Elphick received her training at King's College Hospital, and since its completion she has held the positions of Ward Sister at the General Hospital for Children, Pendlebury, Manchester, Ward Sister at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and Lady Superintendent of the North London Hospital for Consumption, Mount Vernon, Hampstead.

SUPERINTENDENT NURSE.

MISS L. GUMMER has been appointed Superintendent Nurse at the Workhouse Infirmary, Stapleton, Bristol. Miss Gummer was trained and certificated at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, and subsequently held the position of Sister in the Carnarvon and Anglesea Infirmary, Bangor. Recently, after gaining her certificate in midwifery at the General Hospital, Bristol, Miss Gummer has worked on the private nursing staff of that institution.

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