

simple nature. Skittish little top knots all frill and strings—dotted on a fluffy erection (generally very untidy) of hair—an excuse for a bonnet—flowing, brightly-lined cloaks, white aprons, bands and buckles, and those most incongruous open-work stockings, and high-heeled shoes. A white veil and a buttonhole, or in some instances a bunch of flowers in the waist band, bangles, brooches, and rings, make up, perhaps, a picturesque *tout ensemble*, but it is not *uniform*, and is not *nice*.

I have kept my eyes open, and this is the type of costume adopted by *Les autres*, not the plain, servicable, sober, not too becoming dress, in which a decade ago, trained nurses took their walks abroad. The outdoor uniform of the modern nurse is worn to attract, they must not complain, therefore, if it is assumed by women whose profession is comprised in that one word. Let us revert to the good old style, and no doubt we shall have the monopoly of its fashion.

Yours,
NEAT NOT GAUDY."

"THE ELECT OF MR. FARDON."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—We have now no clock in the Club Room of the Royal British Nurses' Association. And Why? *Three have been stolen*, one after another! It is high time the public took up the question of the characters of some of the present members of the Association, who use our Professional Association and bring us all into disgrace. Mr. Fardon and his colleagues are well aware of the character of some of these women, but so long as they subscribe to the powers that be, they are safe from molestation. There is one half-trained person on the new Council who should have been called upon long ago to resign her membership without delay, and yet respectable trained nurses have now to submit their testimonials for her inspection, and the Windsor Scandal, no doubt, will be slurred over in the same way. That those persons should be members of our Association is bad enough, but that Mr. Fardon should suggest their names and have them elected on to the Governing Body, is outrageous. It behoves members to be careful whom they sit near in the British Nurses Association Club-room, and never to lend money to a "fellow member."

Yours truly,

A LIFE MEMBER OF THE R.B.N.A.

A HOLIDAY LETTER.

HERCULANEUM.

A short time ago I had the opportunity of visiting the excavations at Herculaneum, and I was so much interested, and so surprised at the dearth of visitors to such a curious relic of centuries long gone by, that I should like to suggest to any readers of the **NURSING RECORD** who may contemplate a visit to Naples, that one morning should be set apart for Herculaneum. In these days of tram-cars it is easily reached, and though the distance is considerable, the charge is ridiculously small. Torre del Greco is the terminus of

the rails, but a little short of that a modest entrance bearing the inscription "Cavo del Ercolano" invites us to leave the heat, dust, and clatter of the 19th Century behind us, and to descend into the bowels of the earth, where the sun has not shone for more than eighteen hundred years. The long flight of steps by which we descend was made in 1750, the upper portion built, the lower hewn in the solid lava. It becomes colder and colder as we descend, and the only light comes from the feeble candles in our hands. At a depth of 69 feet we find ourselves in the theatre, which is supposed to have held from eight to thirty thousand spectators, and continuing our descent through the tiers of seats, we reach, at a depth of eighty-five feet from the level of the modern town above, the orchestra and wide proscenium. It is difficult to picture to oneself what the theatre must have been like in its palmy days, with its "nineteen tiers of seats in six compartments, and seven flights of steps ascending to a broad corridor, above which was situated a colonnade with three more tiers of seats," for in A.D. 79 the eruption of Vesuvius that smothered Pompeii in ashes, dealt more hardly still with Herculaneum, filling it and burying it in molten lava, which has to be quarried out in tunnels like coal in a mine. In the darkness, only slightly diminished by our flickering lights, it is difficult to distinguish the lava from the original masonry of the theatre, though in the green rooms traces of mural painting and drawing remain as a guide. These were not the only decorations, statues were found, and removed, some to the Museum at Naples, two to Dresden, for safer custody; and in one lava cutting the impression remains of a player's mask, quite clearly defined. Piercing through one section of seats is the huge shaft by means of which the buried building was discovered in 1719, when Prince d'Elbocuf of Lorraine, in search of water for his new Casino at Portici, caused a well to be dug, where at a depth of 90 ft. water was found, and enough of the old theatre was laid bare to lead to the search for more. Some carvings were found, but after a time work was stopped till 1737, when Charles III. began it again. Not very much was done then, but in 1750 the long narrow descent, used at the present day, was opened out. In 1755 a good deal was done by a learned society to make known the antiquities of the place. From 1806 to 1815 under Joseph Napoleon and Joachin Murat excavations went on, and were recommenced in 1828. A part of the Forum, a Basilica, and private houses, were found. In one room a library of three thousand rolls of papyrus was discovered. At the present day excavations are carried on to a small extent, but at some little distance from the theatre, and separated from it by an undisturbed lava on which stands part of the modern town. This portion, where the recent work may be seen, was buried in a less solid kind of lava, and has been laid bare to the sky. Here you walk down a street, like those in Pompeii, to the ancient shore, long since raised considerably above the level of the sea, which has retreated to a distance. It is in the deeper excavations, however, that the main interest lies, and I think few will regret a visit to these remains of a town older than Rome itself, which was inhabited by Oscans, the Aborigines of the country, by Etruscans and Samnites, before it became a fashionable resort for the conquering Romans.

M. A. C.

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