

Portsmouth, on "The Religion of the Respectable Poor," which district nurses should make a point of reading. It is refreshing to find a nurse taking a wide view of her responsibilities, and considering her patients from the human as well as from the professional side. Miss Loane thus sums up her experience on the subject under consideration:—"Many years' experience of the poorest of the respectable poor have convinced me that deep and true religion is commonly found among them, the chief tenets of which are: The existence of a Supreme Being intimately concerned with the life of men, and best served by loving submission and faithfulness to the homeliest duties; the spiritual efficacy of prayer, and triumphant faith in the immortality of the soul."

Writing under the signature of "Auspice Teucro" in the *Daily Graphic*, a correspondent says:—

"I read with interest your illustrated article on Miss Florence Nightingale, and it struck me that you might like to see a portrait of the man who did for the kitchens in the Crimea very much what Miss Nightingale did for the hospitals. I am, of course, referring to the celebrated chef, M. Alexis Soyer, a man who, in spite of a more than ordinary vanity and a marvelous belief in himself, won good opinions from all with whom he came into contact during his stay in the East. In February, 1855, M. Soyer offered his services to the Government, who accepted them and gave him full permission to inaugurate any improvements and reforms in a department in which the English soldiers were much less skilful than the French. It was in the hospitals at Scutari that M. Soyer first began his operations, and Miss Nightingale found in him a valuable ally, ready to carry out her suggestions for the furtherance of various schemes for the better dietary arrangements for the sick. M. Soyer introduced new stoves of his own invention that would economise fuel, and taught a staff of assistants to follow his system, showing them that good food might be provided more cheaply than had with good management. He wrote out exact instructions for the guidance of those whom he could not personally superintend, and soon M. Soyer's kitchen at Scutari became a model.

"One day he received a visit from General Vivian, and soon afterwards Miss Nightingale entered the kitchen. The vanity of the volatile Frenchman must have been flattered when the General said, 'M. Soyer, Miss Nightingale's name and your own will be for ever associated in the archives of this memorable war.' M. Soyer told the story himself, with evident satisfaction, in a book he subsequently wrote called 'Soyer's Culinary Campaign.' Three months after his arrival at Scutari Soyer went to Balaklava and initiated the Army cooks into the mysteries of 'mutton soup,' pork à la Omar Pacha, 'Cossack plum pudding,' and other dishes which went a long way towards making meals not only pleasant, but also wholesome.

"The opening of the Guards' kitchen at Balaklava was a grand affair, the commanders of both armies being present. All the food on that occasion was prepared from the common rations of the troops, and it was wonderful what palatable dishes were served up from very poor material. Many unsolicited testi-

monials were written as to M. Soyer's work. Colonel Daniel, of the Coldstream Guards, wrote to headquarters: 'I consider the arrangements relative to the small consumption of fuel, and the simplicity with which the cooking is conducted, will, when fully carried out, tend much to the health, comfort, and wellbeing of the soldiers.' M. Soyer stayed in the Crimea until he had obtained large supplies from England of culinary apparatus constructed on his own plans, and had made his system of procedure known throughout the British Army in the Crimea. He died in 1858, at the age of forty-nine."

Of the late Queen Victoria, *Truth* says:—

"One of her womanly faults was acquisitiveness. Dearly she loved to possess anything she admired—not because of its intrinsic value (owing to her upbringing she had but little sense of the money value of the articles she desired); but she longed simply to acquire anything which seemed to her interesting, or beautiful, or of historic import. Was she not the Queen? And did not such things come to her by a sort of right?"

"General Gordon's cherished Bible, and many another relic of the brave and good, found its home in that long corridor of Windsor Castle where the Queen would pass on her way to and fro, and linger for many minutes full to the brim with the content of possession. And yet some of these treasures had been surrendered unwillingly enough. One instance of the acquisitiveness of the Queen came under our own knowledge; and it is so long ago, and those that were pained by it have so long been dead, that it is no breach of confidence to tell the story now.

"One of Miss Nightingale's nurses came home from the Crimea a short time before her chief. Interest in our suffering soldiers had risen to fever heat; and a real live nurse who had ministered to them in their awful need was a creature to be fêted and flattered by the whole English world. This special nurse was a gentle and shy soul, without any wish for fame; but she was inordinately proud of a rug she possessed—a wrap made by her patients themselves for her comfort at 'the front.' It was composed entirely of shreds of the tattered uniforms—blood-stained bits many of them—which the men had worn on the battlefields. These shreds had been cunningly woven into a blanket, which their beloved sister—'our angel' they called her—might fold about her in the cruel cold of an Eastern night.

"One of Queen Victoria's ladies came across Nurse —, and heard the story of her rug. 'How Her Majesty would love to see it!' she said. 'I must tell her about it!' And presently came a request that the nurse and her rug should proceed to Windsor. The Queen was kindness itself. 'You will leave the rug for me to examine?' she said, as favours were poured on the nurse's gentle head.

"Weeks passed, and the rug was still at Windsor. In despair, the owner wrote to the lady-in-waiting, who promised to do what she could. More weeks went by, and another letter was sent. This time came a note: 'Her Majesty is pleased to accept the most interesting relic of her soldiers submitted to her by Nurse —, and encloses a five-pound note that she may replace the wrap, which must have been a comfort to her.' Yes, five pounds would buy a blanket quite as warm; but five hundred pounds would only faintly replace the value that rug was to its owner."

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