

greatest simplicity, and with modesty in regard to her position. She was an organiser and she ruled with quiet strength and love.

At her funeral she received military honours, and her coffin was followed by M. Mesureur, by the son and daughter of the great Dr. Charcot, M. Montreuil, and many doctors, students, and nurses.

In speaking of her, M. Mesureur, the *Directeur General* of the *Assistance Publique*, said: "All I should like is to be capable of describing the greatness, the dignity of this most beautiful existence, Mdlle. Marguerite Bottard will remain with us as the model of lay nurses. The doctors and students treat their patients from a scientific point of view, but where would science be in suffering, without the moral softening influence of love and gentleness. This Mdlle. Bottard with her *élite* soul and mind understood, and many of her children, as she called her patients, were restored to health from insanity and nervous diseases through the warmth of her love and by the good road of hope. Always the last to go to bed and the first to rise, nothing escaped her notice. Her orders were always given as advice, and no sooner given than executed, and by what a loving staff she knew how to surround herself! One of our first secular *surveillantes* she knew how to dignify with modesty this beautiful work of lay sister.

Ladies, let Mdlle. Bottard act as an example to you, as the living symbol of devotion and modesty.

When we open the new College for Nurses, her portrait shall be hung between those of St. Vincent de Paul, who founded this building, and Mdlle. Nicolle, also an honour to the Salpêtrière.

I salute in a last adieu the one who enters

into her rest after work so nobly accomplished."

What greater public honour could have been shown to a woman and a nurse? What greater, higher, and nobler incentive could have been put before the lay nurses of France, be they of the educated ones of the little new schools which have risen, of late, or be they those of lowly birth and limited education of the municipal hospitals, many of whom without having risen to the remarkable position held by this wonderful woman, have shown equal devotion and dignity.

The story of Maman Bottard's life is the story of a vocation found by faithfulness to the duties of a humble position. She entered the service of the Salpêtrière on January 12th, 1841, as a servant earning eight shillings a week, and her sympathy with and power of control over the insane soon became apparent. Sooner than subject them to disciplinary measures she would go in danger of her life, and it was not long before she exchanged the duties of servant for the more responsible ones of nurse. Of her fifty years' service it is related that "to note daily her self-devotion, strong sense, patience, and forbearance was to have a higher opinion of human nature."

Her jubilee at the Salpêtrière was arranged by Charcot himself, and was worthy of the occasion. Public and private persons, doctors, students and nurses combined to honour her, and the decorations bestowed upon her included the coveted Cross of the Legion of Honour, which may be seen pinned on the left breast in her portrait.

Such a life as Mdlle. Bottard's is one of which all nurses may be proud. In the words of M. Mesureur, we salute her in a last adieu.

E. R. W.



Mdlle BOTTARD.

*Chevalière de la Légion d'honneur.*  
1822-1906.

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