

a replica of the lamp used by Miss Nightingale in the Crimea (sent by the Army and Navy Male Nurses' Co-operation), carried out in red and white flowers, the handle being formed of lilies of the valley. At the rear of the hearse was the beautiful upright cross sent by the Matrons and Nursing Staffs of the principal London hospitals.

The mourners, who followed in three coaches, included Dr. S. Shore Nightingale, Mr. Vaughan Nash, private secretary to the Prime Minister, and a relative of Miss Nightin-

the Coldstream, Grenadier, and Scots Guards, under the command of a colour-sergeant, bore the casket on their shoulders to the train in waiting. The casket still draped in its white pall, was placed in the special coach bearing only the cross sent by the Queen Mother, of mauve orchids fringed with white roses and lilies, and the chaplet of crimson sword lilies sent by members of the family. So the second stage of the journey began as the train, with its precious burden, moved quietly out of the station on the journey to Romsey.



East Wellow Church, Hampshire, showing the Nightingale Tomb to the right of the porch.

gale, Mr. L. Shore Nightingale, and other near relatives, as well as the Commissionaire who served Miss Nightingale for many years. As the procession passed Buckingham Palace the guard turned out as the hearse passed by, and presented arms, and again at the Barracks in Birdcage Walk a similar mark of respect was shown, and so the procession passed on over Westminster Bridge, past St. Thomas's Hospital, where all the blinds were drawn, and the Union Jack drooped at half mast, to Waterloo Station where eight Guardsmen of

AT ROMSEY AND EAST WELLOW.

At Romsey rain was falling when the special train arrived at the station, outside which a number of the townspeople were waiting. A pathetic incident was the presence in the station of a former porter, now blind, who had known Miss Nightingale at Embley, and begged to be led on to the platform, to hear the footsteps of the bearers "bringing her home."

The little procession passed through the town to the tolling of the bell of the grand old Norman Abbey which Miss Nightingale loved

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