

HE KNEW MISS NIGHTINGALE.

"Is it true that he knew Miss Nightingale?" I asked this question in a small, humbly furnished room in Haggerston.

I asked it of an old man with long, white hair and curiously beautiful blue eyes.

"Why yes, gal, I should think I did. It was at Balaklava. I was a smart young fellow then. Everyone liked me." The blue eyes smile with reminiscent vanity.

"And Miss Nightingale?"

"Why I harnessed the mules for her when she drove to Scutari. I see her now. She stood holding the handle of the carriage door, waiting for me to finish. The've showed me pictures of her since then, but they ain't right. I've see'd her old trap, so I'm tellin' you what's natural. It was more like one of our old cabs. My mate what drove her lived in Hoxton; it's not so long since he died.

"Her hut wasn't a hundred yards from mine. O, gal, I can see her with her red lamp going from hut to hut. Here, there, and everywhere she was. She was a business little woman, and though there was plenty of sick and wounded, she got everything she could for them."

The blue eyes travel far beyond the confines of his little room and become wistful.

"If I were in Balaklava I could see that hut." They sparkle once more with the fire of youth as he exclaims, "I'd like to be out there now"—and fill with tears—"but I gets so tired."

He would like so much to hear again "The Old Folks at Home," as they used to sing it out there.

"I left my old folk, my old father and mother, to go out there."

Now he is old, and tired, and often lonely, but the memory of the "Lady with the Lamp" can still make the soldier stand at salute. H. H.

The French Minister of War, M. Millerand, has decided to send New Year's gifts to all the soldiers at the front—and well they deserve them. They will receive packages of delicacies, consisting of ham and sausage, champagne (one bottle among four), oranges, apples, and cigars.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

M. Maurice Barres announces, in the *Echo de Paris*, his intention to submit to a Committee of the Chamber of Deputies a proposal for the institution of a national fête in memory of Joan of Arc.

Those who consider that women should have no voice as to the declaration of war, which is no concern of theirs, should read the Address given by Professor Jacobs, of Brussels, to the Edinburgh Obstetrical Society, and published in the *Lancet* of December 19th. In describing the heavy

share of suffering borne by Belgian doctors who were trying faithfully to fulfil their duty by remaining at their posts, and to sustain their wives and children while doing their best to alleviate the general misery, Professor Jacobs said that one doctor had to live for three days on wayside herbs, and his wife shared his fate. Another was searching, in vain, for six or seven days for his wife and family in the country round. There were widows and orphans of doctors deprived of everything. A doctor and his son were shot before the eyes of the wife. As head of the Belgian Red Cross, Professor Jacobs visited a château, but found the Red Cross had not been respected; it had been completely destroyed, and the bodies of six girls—aged from 10 to 17—were lying on the lawn.

A convent containing 60 sisters had been entered by the German soldiers, and every one had been violated; on the evidence of the doctor to the institution, 25 were pregnant. Professor Jacobs had operated on the wife of a doctor living near Namur. Three weeks after the operation, when convalescing and still in bed, their house was entered by German soldiers; she was raped by seven of them and died two days afterwards.

Visitors to the Royal Academy this year will remember the beautiful bronze group by Mr. Richard R. Goulden, R.B.S., representing the late Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald surrounded by a group of happy children.

On Friday, 19th inst., this group, which has been



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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)