

NURSING ECHOES.

We are informed that the statue of Miss Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place, so long anticipated by the nursing profession, was unveiled in the early morning, when three workmen from the Office of Works arrived with a handcart and a few ladders; that they pulled the cords, disclosed the figure, and departed as quietly as they came.

Surely the present was a psychological moment to honour the genius of the noble woman to whom the whole nation—especially our sick and wounded soldiers—owe so deep a debt. In our opinion, no other than the royal hand of the Queen of these Realms should have touched that cord, and revealed to a grateful world the statue of Florence Nightingale, herself queen for all time of that wonderful company of workers for humanity evolved through her tender and scientific teaching. In these times of heart-ache, a simple ceremony would have sufficed, but it should have been an honourable ceremony, and one in which her handmaidens could have taken a part.

We visited the site on which the statue stands a few hours after the unveiling; one

little tribute only had been laid at her feet—a bunch of tulips from a grateful past pupil of the Nightingale School. Later in the week a wreath of crimson roses from the nursing staff of St. Thomas' Hospital, bearing the words

"With love from her Nightingale nurses and probationers," was placed upon the plinth. For the statue itself we have no words of praise: it is devoid of all artistic merit, clumsy, material, a quite inadequate conception of the Lady of the Lamp. Living in an age when women's dress was devoid of all grace, every picture of Miss Nightingale goes to prove that the prevailing fashion failed to obscure her simple elegance and great distinction, yet the artist has not only cast her in a clumsy mould, but depicted her in an ill-cut garment of the worst Victorian type, not realising her mystic personality, nor how inevitably personality affects the garments worn.

We have longed for a statue of Florence Nightingale to be set up; now we only wish those workmen would steal another march with their barrow, and wheel it away.

Boards of Guardians in London are making big preparations to provide for the wounded.



STATUE OF MISS NIGHTINGALE IN WATERLOO PLACE.

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