

Association, and the League of Red Cross Societies, while a wreath of rosemary bore the words "With love, and in grateful remembrance from her School."

In THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING of September 14th, 1912, our representative described a most interesting visit to Wellow in the company of Miss Take Hagiwara—then Hon. Vice-President for Japan of the International Council of Nurses, and now President of the Nurses Association of the Japanese Empire, Directress of the Nursing Service of the Japanese Red Cross, and a Vice-President of the recently established Florence Nightingale International Foundation—together with Mrs. Lily Watatani, Matron, Delegate of the Mitsui Hospital, Tokio, and Miss Yamamoto, Delegate from the Red Cross Society of Japan, to the Congress of the International Council of Nurses at Cologne in August, 1912. They were visiting this country before returning to Japan, and wished to lay a wreath on the grave of Miss Florence Nightingale. They were accompanied by Mr. K. Hiraiwa, who interpreted the questions and speeches of these distinguished nurses in the kindest possible way.

It is interesting to recall that Miss Nightingale has long been revered in Japan, that at her death her memory was honoured there at the same time that memorial services were held in this country, and that in the Red Cross Hospital at Tokio Miss Hagiwara spoke the tribute in the presence of Princesses of the Blood Royal, Peeresses, and other members of the aristocracy, and over 300 nurses.

At the conclusion of the article above referred to, our representative wrote: "The interior of the little church where Miss Nightingale so often worshipped, picturesque in the extreme outside, needs restoration. The frescoes on the walls have been plastered over at some period in their history, and the plaster has only been partially removed, giving the walls an uncared for appearance. It should be made a point of national honour to restore and beautify this simple village church."

We have therefore read with special interest the following notice written by a special correspondent of the *Times* from Wellow, on August 20th of this year, after a visit to the parish church of East Wellow, and an interview with the vicar, from whom he learnt that pilgrimages to the little churchyard continue to be made from all parts of the world. He wrote:—

"From the peaceful well-kept churchyard pilgrims pass to the church itself, which dates from the thirteenth century. The outer walls are coated with flints set in mortar and the roof of red tiles is surmounted by a wooden bell-tower. Large pillars of wood ornament the interior.

"The frescoes in the church have also attracted pilgrims in recent years. The Rev. E. G. Elton, a former vicar, has told how at one time these were covered by whitewash. Most have now been uncovered. They are in the chancel and the nave, but are so fragmentary that it is not always easy to distinguish what they represent. One section, opposite the south door, is stated to include a medieval castle and St. Christopher with his staff carrying the infant Christ across a stream, and also a princess spinning with a distaff and St. George arriving to rescue her. A fresco painting in the chancel is described as representing Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1235, and another as portraying the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, dating from about 1250.

"In their present state the frescoes scarcely add to the

beauty of the interior, and it has been urged that they should be restored.

"The Rev. T. Plant, the vicar, said to-day that it was difficult to discern some of the subjects that were supposed to be represented by the paintings, and as years passed they seemed to become more obscure. He had been vicar for nine years. The walls were uncovered before he came to the parish and there appeared to be a small part of the chancel still covered. Experts had seen the remains of the frescoes and had expressed the opinion that they could be restored. The work would have to be done with great care and skill. The subject had not been seriously considered by the Church Council because the cost of restoration would be greater than the parish of East and West Wellow could bear. 'It has been suggested that the work would cost at least £2,000,' said Mr. Plant. 'The restoration would therefore depend on support given outside our area.'"

We sincerely hope that this support will be speedily forthcoming. The restoration of Wellow Church both from its antiquarian interest, and also because in it Miss Nightingale worshipped in her youth, should be taken in hand. Moreover it is visited, as stated above, by pilgrims from all parts of the world, and national honour makes it incumbent that it should be maintained in dignity and beauty.

CONSTANCE AND "CAP," THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

We are indebted to Miss A. M. Bushby, the untiring Chairman of the History of Nursing Section of the British College of Nurses, for the following notice of a very interesting booklet "Constance and 'Cap,' the Shepherd's Dog: A Reminiscence," by the Rev. I. T. Giffard, formerly Rector of Long Ditton, Surrey, and previously Vicar of Wellow, Hants.

The booklet, which is now out of print, is, in fact, under pseudonyms, the well-known story of Miss Florence Nightingale and the Shepherd's dog, told by the Vicar who accompanied and assisted her on this historic occasion. It will be a cherished possession of the History of Nursing Section of the British College of Nurses.

Miss Bushby writes:—

"This little book is by the Rev. I. T. Giffard, sometime Vicar of Wellow, Hants, who was with Miss Nightingale and helped her to attend to 'Cap,' the Shepherd's dog, when his leg had been injured by some village boys who had thrown stones at the dog, and hurt it so badly that it was thought the leg was broken.

"Here is Mr. Giffard's description of Miss Nightingale:—
"At the time referred to she, with all the vivacity and cheerfulness natural to her age, was yet remarkable for a certain thoughtfulness of character which, coupled with very retiring manners, made her appear to be somewhat older than she really was. To those who knew her little she seemed to be more grave and reserved; to those who knew her well she seemed to be more sensible and solid than might have been expected from her years. One point, however, which was perhaps in those early days of her life among the most distinguishing traits of her character was the desire she felt, and the endeavours she used, to make and to see all about her happy, cordial, and confiding. This wish and these endeavours had ample scope for exercise among the poor villagers and their children, to whom (her father being Squire and proprietor of the parish) she was, of course, well known, and by whom she was much and deservedly beloved. Many there are who tell even now with grateful pride how, those long years since, some trouble was comforted, some difficulty was smoothed, some need was supplied by Miss Constance (Florence Nightingale).

"It happened on one fine afternoon in the remarkably

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