

fine month of October in the year 1837 (or '36 or '38, it little matters in which year). Mr. Easy (Rev. I. T. Giffard) having finished his morning's work . . . mounted his old pony and jogged over to the 'great house' just to get his look at the newspaper and his invitation to dinner. Observing that Constance had not gone out with her father, he proposed that she should get a little air and exercise that beautiful day by taking a ride with him about the park and estate. Constance was nothing loth, and very soon the saddling of 'Peggie' was completed, and off across the turf they trotted. During their ride they came upon Surly the Shepherd, and asked after his dog 'Cap,' only to be told he had been hurt by some boys. He, poor fellow, and 'Cap' were the only inhabitants of his lone cottage. His wife had been a subject of the worst of 'all the ills that flesh is heir to' and it had been necessary, some time previously, to remove her from home. (County Asylums were then almost wholly unknown: Hanwell was an experiment, and Conolly was, especially among his own fraternity, deemed a Visionary); and she had

use in that! . . . Surly carried no pocket handkerchief, yet he certainly did manage to 'wipe away a tear,' with his bare rough arm while he added, 'Poor 'Cap' he was as knowing as any Christian a'most, and a precious deal better to me!'

But 'Cap's leg proved not to be broken when carefully examined by Mr. Easy, who in his younger days had managed to pick up some little smattering of the knowledge of both medicine and surgery and was fond of practising his hand and trying his skill in the treatment of the little injuries, accidents, and ailments which were sure, from time to time, to happen among the poor people. Constance, however, felt that something must be done to relieve the pain in the swollen and injured limb and applied hot fomentations to 'Cap's' injured loin and thigh. Some days later, on a further visit with her father to the shepherd and 'Cap,' Surly broke out "Look at un, Miss, now do 'ee look at un! See how pleased he is to hear your voice! See, now, do see how he knows you be talking about un! I be glad, that I be, that I didn't kill un t'other day, and

I'm sure I be greatly obliged to you, Miss, and so I be to Mr. Easy there, for what you did for 'un! If it hadn't a bin for you, I should sartinly have hanged the best dog I ever had in all my life! Poor Old 'Cap!'"

"Well, it was twenty and more years ago that the events of this story took place; it was a poor lamed old dog that then interested the early sympathies and employed the early services of our young, simple, kind-hearted Constance. But oh! since those days, into ears and hearts of how many a poor wounded human sufferer have the same soft accents dropped like balm! 'What's in a name?' asked Juliet; let the question be answered by the proposing of another—'Who is there in the civilised world to whose mind the name about to be told will not instantly suggest all that is great and good?' The Constance of this tale was no other than FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."



The Shepherd's Cottage, Wellow, Hants.

been taken to one of those private receptacles of misery where—so, alas it was in those days—'Hope never came,' that comes to all."

" . . . His little daughter had been kindly placed where she could be better cared for than would have been possible under her father's roof. 'But how is it,' proceeded Easy (Mr. Giffard), 'that I see you at work without your dog; I don't think I ever did see that before'?" 'Oh!' answered Surly, "he'll never be no more use to me. I be going to hang him as soon as ever I have done my work here."

"'Hang him! Surly,' cried Constance, with surprise and horror in her look; 'did you say hang him. What hang poor 'Cap.' Oh, Surly, what can that be for?'"

"'What for?'" growled Surly. 'Because he'll never be good for nothing more. Somebody—one of your mischievous school boys, I almost knows it was—throw'd a great stone at him yesterday and broke the hinder leg of un. School-boys! They tells me you be going to make scholars on 'em all—I wish, with all your larning, you'd larn 'em to be good to the poor dumb creatures; there *would* be some

We are indebted to Miss Plant, the daughter of the Vicar of Wellow, the Rev. Thomas Plant, for the charming picture of the old shepherd's cottage where Miss Nightingale attended the injured dog "Cap."

#### THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE INTERNATIONAL FOUNDATION.

Mlle. Mechelynck, recently made director in the new University School in Brussels, and formerly an International student at Bedford College, has been nominated by the "Old Internationals Association" to represent it on the Committee of Management of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation. Miss Venny Snellman, the President of the Association, attended the Inaugural Meeting of the Foundation, but as the Board of Management will meet quarterly it was thought wise to nominate a delegate nearer to London than Finland. Mlle. Mechelynck is well known to many members of the Committee, and for her work for the I.C.N., and will, we feel sure, be warmly welcomed by them. We all owe her a debt of gratitude for her welcome in Brussels last summer, and for her active service in support of the Congress.

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