

called 'red-tapeism,' whereby living, wounded, sick soldiers, the defenders of their country's honour, were treated as so many bales of goods, to be packed aside in heaps and then forgotten. To correct such crying and shameful misdoings was Miss Nightingale's heavy task, almost single handed. She might indeed be well defined without any exaggeration a 'ministering angel' in these hospitals."

The book bears a written inscription showing that it originally belonged to the Rev. J. O'R. Blackwood, M.A.

MEDALS OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The following description of medals commemorative of Florence Nightingale noted in "Medicina in Nummis," by Dr. H. Storer will be of interest to our readers. If any of them are acquainted with other medals of Miss Nightingale other than those mentioned below we should be glad to be notified of them, together with a description.

Noted by Dr. H. Storer.

2611. *Obverse.* FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. In upright oval, with sprays of flowers at sides, half-length bust to left, seated and reading. Below, *Pinches, London.*
Reverse. AS A MARK OF ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE FOR HER DEVOTION TO THE QUEEN'S BRAVE SOLDIERS. In tied palm leaves, the Victoria Cross, irradiated, upon which a crown above V.R., the cross is encircled by an oval band on which BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL. Three stars above, and below the scroll CRIMEA. 37 mm. Bronze. Tin. White Medal.
2612. In wreath, the Geneva Cross. Attached is an oval pendant with MEMORIAM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, A.D. 1820-1919. Bust. For all countries, but to but one of each nation annually. So awarded in 1920.
2613. *Obverse.* AD MEMORIAM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, 1820-1910. Portrait.
Reverse. PRO VERA MISERICORDIA ET CARA HUMANITATE PERENNUS DECOR UNIVERSALIS. Silver. Enamel. Awarded by International Council of Red Cross Societies. First awarded in 1920.

THE MEMORIES OF CORNELIA SORABJI.

In "India Calling" Cornelia Sorabji, an Indian lady, relates an interesting memory of Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

"Of Jowett, however, I must record one more memory, before I turn to the world outside Oxford. When living in London I often went back on visits to Oxford: and the Master would ask me to tête-a-tête breakfasts or lunches at the Lodge. He had given me an introduction to Miss Florence Nightingale, and had asked me to write and tell him about my visit. And I wrote, no doubt garrulously, of the little old lady with rosy cheeks in a frilled night-cap whom I saw in bed, surrounded with flowers, her birds singing their hearts out in the aviary by the windows. When I lunched with him after this visit, he said suddenly, indicating the only picture of a woman in his study—it hung on the wall, a girlish figure in a short-waisted dress standing beside a pedestal on which sat the figure of an owl—"Would you recognise that for the little old lady in a frilled night-cap whom you saw last week?"

I was silent, not knowing what to say, and Jowett continued: "When she was like that I asked her to marry me."

Needless to say I was struck dumb; one had never thought of the Master in human terms, as having had a mother or sisters, for instance, or as dressing like other folk, or having been at any other age or in any circumstance save that at and wherein one knew him.

Jowett spoke again, elliptically—in his small abrupt voice: "It was better so."

When the "Life of Florence Nightingale" was published, a cousin of hers showed me an entry in F.N.'s Diary, which was surely a reference to this episode:—

"Benjamin Jowett came to see me. Disastrous!"
 "Nothing more."

ELEANORE OF PROVENCE.

BY ISABEL MACDONALD, S.R.N., F.B.C.N.

*Henry our King at Westminster took to wife
 The Earl's daughter of Provence, the fairest May in life;
 Her name is Elinor of gentle nurture,
 Beyond the Seas there was no such creature.*

So a poet of her time describes Eleanor of Provence, the consort of Henry III; Eleanor la Belle she was styled and all chroniclers agree that her beauty and her gifts warranted such description. She was the daughter of Raymond of Provence and sister of Queen Marguerite, the wife of St. Louis of France. From the point of view of temperament and mentality it might, at first sight, appear somewhat puzzling that she should have a place in the procession of Historic Royal Nurses, and indeed there is little reason to suppose that she felt any peculiar interest in the poor and the sick in her kingdom; it is, indeed, but due to her strength of will, her insistence upon her royal prerogatives, to all her intolerance of opposition, that this, perhaps the most unpopular in the long line of English Queens, has a niche of her own in the panorama of the story or the evolution and development of nursing. Avaricious she undoubtedly was, arrogant, extravagant, and a continual source of strife between Henry and his subjects; yet withal these very characteristics, unpopular as they may have made her, were in a way productive of good in that they drew out and developed certain qualities inherent in the English people which, but for the demands of their Sovereign, might have remained dormant for centuries. Furthermore, the Queen was a patroness of literature and the arts, and with these and other influences playing into the life of the people, it came about that the reign of one of the weakest Kings who ever sat on the throne of England was characterised by great progress, both in culture and in the development of trade and of sanitation.

Ere the thoughts of King Henry strayed to the land of Provence, he had, after his own vacillating fashion, sought the hand of more than one lady in marriage, and at last completed a contract of marriage with Joanna of Ponthieu. But nothing happens by chance, and one day it was the pleasure of a fair lady in Provence to make poetry and send her lines to Richard of Cornwall, brother of Henry of England, who was flattered beyond measure by this mark of admiration from one of the beautiful daughters of Raymond of Provence. He showed the poem to the King, whose imagination became immediately fired with a scheme in which the luckless Joanna was to play but a sorry part. The marriage contract was torn up almost before the ink was dry, and the Majesty of England proceeded solemnly and virtuously to find reasons likely to be acceptable to Papal authority, why such a marriage, as that which he had contemplated, should not take place. Just as seriously and pompously did he proceed to consult his nobles in matters matrimonial, and they dutifully betook themselves to consultation one with another. After lengthy consideration, they proceeded, strange as it may seem, to advise the King to look for a bride—well just precisely where he had thought of looking himself—among the roses of Provence. And so the answer to a poem took form in the arrival in Provence of three venerable personages—the Bishop of Lincoln, the Master of the Temple, and the Prior Hierle—all devout and honourable men, all of one mind to drive as advantageous a bargain

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