

her tolerably familiar. However, her efforts in this direction failed, and she determined to open a British Hotel at Balaclava, and to establish a mess table and comfortable quarters for sick and convalescent officers.

Mrs. Seacole, however, did not give up the main purpose of her long journey and was fortunate in being the possessor of a letter from a doctor (Dr. F.) to Miss Nightingale, the contents of which prevented the refusal of her request for an interview.

"In half an hour's time," she writes, "I am admitted to Miss Nightingale's presence. A slight figure in the nurse's dress, with a pale, gentle, and withal, firm face, resting lightly in the palm of one white hand, while the other supports the elbow—a position which gives to her countenance a keen, inquiring expression, which is rather marked. Standing thus in repose, and yet keenly observant—the greatest sign of impatience at any time, a slight, perhaps unwitting, motion of the firmly planted right foot—was Florence Nightingale—that Englishwoman whose name shall never die, but sound like music on the lips of British men until the hour of doom.

She has read Dr. F.'s letter, which lies on the table by her side, and asks in her gentle, but eminently practical way, "What do you want Mrs. Seacole—anything that we can do for you? If it lies in my power I shall be very happy."

Mrs. Seacole was thus emboldened to tell of her dread of the night journey by caïque, and the improbability of my finding the "Hollander" in the dark, and with some diffidence threw herself upon the hospitality of Scutari, offering to nurse the sick for the night. Now, unfortunately, for many reasons, room even for one in Scutari Hospital was at that time no easy matter to find; but at last a bed was discovered to be unoccupied at the hospital washerwomen's quarters.

Next we find Mrs. Seacole at Balaclava, spending her days on shore and her nights on board ship. She writes: "I wonder if I can ever forget the scenes I witnessed there? Oh! they were heartrending. I declare that I saw rough-bearded men stand by and cry like the softest-hearted women at the sights of suffering they saw; while some who scorned comfort for themselves would fidget about for hours before the long trains of males and ambulances came in, nervous lest the most trifling thing that could minister to the sufferers' comfort should be neglected."

Before she left the Crimea to return to England the Adjutant-General of the British Army gave Mrs. Seacole a testimonial in which he stated that she had "frequently exerted herself in the most praiseworthy manner in attending wounded men, even in positions of great danger." The simple meaning of this is, says Mrs. Seacole, "that in the discharge of what I conceived to be my duty I was frequently 'under fire.'"

In the first week in June the third bombardment of Sebastopol opened, and the Spring Hill visitors to the British Hotel had plenty to talk about. "Some such whispers were afloat on the evening of Sunday, 17th of June, and," says Mrs. Seacole, "excited me strangely." That night she set off for a long walk to Cathcart's Hill, three and a half miles away. She stayed there until past midnight, but when she returned home there was no rest for her, for she had found out that in the stillness of the night many regiments were marching down to the trenches, and that the dawn of the day would be the signal that should let them loose on the Russians.

So the tale goes on. Eventually Mrs. Seacole returned to England wounded, shaken in health, and bankrupt in fortune. "But what," she asks, "have I gained?" And adds, "I should need a volume to describe that fairly." So we leave her—a woman who did her duty, as she conceived it and was able to feel in spite of all that she was "happy in her fate."

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

Since our last issue a whirl of events!

A King and Queen Crowned.

Coronation Honours for all and sundry.

A Royal Duke in exile marries for love.

The Premier resigns office, and passes on with an Earldom and the "Garter."

A new Premier is approved without rivalry.

The late Cabinet values the services of all Ministers at £5,000 a year.

The Premier to enjoy an income of £10,000 and pension of £2,000 if desired.

Every member of Parliament "gets a rise" from £400 to £600 a year. Apparently all Parties approve this exaction.

The proletariat remain the most highly taxed people in the world. They also remain dumb on the question of largesse.

Poor working spinsters rally in London and demand Pensions of ten shilling a week at fifty-five.

The responsible Minister cannot see eye to eye with these vampires.

England gives asylum to 4,000 Basque children of the Roman Catholic faith. No one exclaims "no Popery."

For the first time a woman wins the Derby.

## COMING EVENTS.

*June 19th.*—The British College of Nurses Council Meeting, 39, Portland Place, London, W.1. 2.30 p.m.

*June 24th.*—General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Official opening of New Headquarters by Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal. 23, Portland Place, London, W.1. 3 p.m.

*June 25th.*—General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Monthly Meeting, 23, Portland Place, London, W.1. 2.30 p.m.

*June 29th.*—The Nightingale Training School, St. Thomas' Hospital. At Home, 4 to 6.30 p.m.

## JULY.

*July 3rd.*—British College of Nurses. Annual Meeting. 39, Portland Place, London, W.1. 3 p.m.

*July 3rd.*—The League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. A General Meeting, Lecture Room, Nurses' Home, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 3 p.m. Social gathering in the Great Hall.

*July 6th.*—The Grand Council, Florence Nightingale International Foundation, Meeting. 14, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. 10.30 a.m.

*July 7th and 8th.*—Red Cross Bazaar, in aid of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation in the Central Hall, Westminster.

*July 8th.*—Florence Nightingale International Foundation. Presentation of Certificates to International Students, 1936-1937. Bedford College. 3 p.m.

*July 12th and 13th.*—International Council of Nurses Meetings. Board of Directors. College of Nursing.

*July 14th and 15th.*—Meetings. Grand Council. Cowdray Hall.

## THE WORD FOR THE MONTH.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Broadbridge, attended Speech Day at Christ's Hospital, Hertford. Addressing the girls, the Lord Mayor said: "Just as now you feel you are not a single unit, but part of a school team, so, when you go into the world, you will discover that no man, or woman, can live to themselves. Cultivate a pleasing personality. Learn to mix well with your fellow-scholars, and you will find it pays in whatever career you adopt."

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