

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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Crimean Angel of Mercy

Florence Nightingale as She Was and Is—Story of a Noble Woman's Great Work—Some Striking Tributes.

To the present generation Florence Nightingale is merely a name, as Jenny Lind is a name, though their purposes in life were very different. Jenny Lind sang her way into the hearts of the people; Florence Nightingale nursed her way into the hearts of her countrymen. Florence Nightingale was born in 1820, at the Villa Colombaia, near Florence, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Shore Nightingale, of Lea, Derbyshire, were staying.

The very name, Florence Nightingale, most people suppose, was an assumed one—it is so fanciful, but it is the real name of the lady who has borne it for eighty-four years.

SERVICE IN THE CRIMEAN WAR. It is just fifty years since Florence Nightingale, with a band of thirty-eight nurses, started out for service in the Crimea. Her labors in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers have made her name a household word not only in every part of the British Empire but in every corner of the English-speaking world.

A London paper recently took the notes of its readers as to the most popular heroine in modern history. Fourteen names were submitted, and of the 300,000 votes given 120,778 were for Florence Nightingale. And it is furthermore related that at a dinner given to the military and naval officers who had served in the Crimean War, it was suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the late campaign would be longest remembered by posterity. When the papers were examined, each bore the same name—Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale received her name from the city in which she was born, the family name of Miss Nightingale, however, was Shore. Her father was William Edward Shore, but he assumed the name of Nightingale in 1815, to succeed to the estates of his mother's uncle, Peter Nightingale, of Lea. It was from her mother, we are told, whom she greatly resembled, that Florence Nightingale inherited the spirit of philanthropy and "the desire to break away in some measure from the bonds of estate which warped the country gentry in her early days and devote herself to humanitarian work."

Her father also believed that a girl could do something more than work in a shop, and while her mother trained her in the duties of a housewife, her father inspired her with a love for knowledge and guided her studies on lines much in advance of the usual education given to young ladies at that period.

HER EARLY DAYS.

Miss Nightingale's early days were passed at Lea Hall, and later her family removed to Lea Hurst, and they were living in the latter place when she returned from her work in the Crimea. In the stable at Lea Hurst there is still to be seen the old carriage used by Miss Nightingale in the Crimea.

The body of the carriage is of basket work, and it has special springs made to suit the rough roads, and there is a hoop which can be drawn over the entire vehicle. This carriage, filled with hospital supplies, was driven by mounted men who acted as postillions.

When Florence Nightingale was a small child she was interested in philanthropic work, and under her mother's direction visited the homes of the poor in her neighborhood and did much to alleviate their sufferings.

At a critical period of her life, when her mind was shaping itself for more important work, she met the lines of philosophy, Florence Nightingale met Elizabeth Fry, who was then approaching the end of her life. Mrs. Fry had been visiting prisons and institutions on the Continent, and had established a small training home for nurses in London. She had been studying the hospital system at home and spent some months in the leading London hospitals and visited those in Edinburgh and Dublin. The nursing in the hospitals in those days was not what it is to-day. It was in the hands of the coarsest type of women, not only untrained, but callous in feeling and often grossly immoral.

There was, says Miss Tooley, "little to counteract their baneful influence, the atmosphere of the institutions was, as the abodes of the sick and the aged, had special need of spiritual elevating character. The occasional visit of a chaplain could not very much to counteract the baneful of the unprincipled nurse ever the bodice."

DANGER TO CHARACTER.

"The habitual drunkenness of these women was then proverbial, while the dirt and disorder rampant in the wards was calculated to breed disease. The profession of the nursing of that day can claim a title so dignified, had such a stigma attaching to it that no decent woman cared to enter it, and if she did, it was more than likely that she would lose her character."

Mrs. Fry and Miss Nightingale were kindred spirits. At the suggestion of the Quaker lady Miss Nightingale

visited the hospitals on the Continent, where for centuries the Roman Catholic community had trained and set apart holy women for ministering to the sick poor in their own homes and had established hospitals supplied with the same type of nurse.

A large number of these women were ladies of birth and breeding, who worked for the good of their souls and the welfare of their church. Miss Nightingale saw no reason why the nurses of England should not be as efficient and responsible as the nurses of the Continent, and she enrolled herself as a voluntary nurse in the Deaconess' Institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. That was the first training school for nurses established in modern times.

It was a line written by the war correspondent, William Howard Russell, in the Times, that stirred Miss Nightingale to her depths, and decided her to go to the seat of war as a nurse. "Are there," he asked, "no devoted women among us, able and willing to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals at Scutari?"

The suggestion in these words was enough for Miss Nightingale. She decided at once that she would go and take a band of nurses with her. She received her commission from the War Office and set out on her mission of mercy.

LADY-IN-CHIEF OF NURSES.

The official position which the government had accorded Miss Nightingale was superintendent of the nursing staff in the east, and the title by which she eventually became known, was that of lady-in-chief.

It is a pity we could not have the story of her work in the field direct from the lips of Miss Nightingale, but in Miss Tooley's telling we have probably as near the direct story as we will ever have. Miss Nightingale was more than a nurse. She was a woman of great executive ability, and it was her gift for organization, as much as her actual nursing that accomplished such a great work.

Miss Nightingale now lives in London and for nine years she has been confined to her bed. Her mind remains unclouded, and she follows with something of the old eager spirit the events of the day, more particularly those which relate to nursing work. She is no longer able to deal personally with her correspondence, all of which passes through the hands of her secretary.

Nothing gives her greater pleasure than to chat over past days with her old friends and fellow workers, and she occasionally receives by invitation members of the nursing profession who are heads of institutions with which her name is connected.

DISTINCTION OF THE PAST.

Miss Nightingale still retains the distinction of manner and speech which gave her such influence in the past. Her friends marvel most at the almost youthful roundness and placidity of her face. Time has scarcely printed a line on her brow, and her eyes, which were once clouded by the stress of her work, are clear and bright, and she is more remarkable when it is remembered that she has been a suffering and overworked invalid ever since her return from the Crimea.

The lady-in-chief, as falling over the silver hair in long, lacy curls, has a charming face, which is singularly beautiful in old age. When receiving a visitor she seems, as one phrased it, "to talk with her hands," which retain the beautiful shape and which she has a habit of waving over her shoulders, as from a sitting posture, she inclines toward her friends in the course of conversation.

Hospitals and training schools have been established in the name of Florence Nightingale, but nothing, aside from her own work, has done as much to keep her memory green as the lines that Tennyson wrote to her as the lady with the lamp.

So in that house of misery, A lady with a lamp I see, Pass through the glimmering gloom, And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, The speechless sufferer turns to kiss Her shadow as it falls Upon the darkening walls.

On England's annals, through the long Hereafter of her speech and song, A light its rays shall cast From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand In the great history of the land A noble type of good, Heroic womanhood.

Those lines are almost as familiar as the name of the lady who inspired them.

A little charity to the living is worth a wagonload of flowers to the dead.

Gold buckled belts of chamois skin are novel.

REMARKABLE

BEAR STORY

A bear shot near Livingston Manor, Sullivan County, N. Y., a few days ago had one of its forepaws fast in a bear trap to which was attached a chain and log weighing probably fifty pounds. The trap had on a metal tag bearing the name of Henry Garrison, Millbrook, Greene County, N. Y. The bear, a male, weighed more than 300 pounds. When inquiries were made it was learned that the trap with the chain and log, which had been laid under a heavy stone, had been set in the Millbrook Mountains, a spur of the Catskills in Greene County, on December 12th. The next morning trap, chain and log were gone. The tracks of the bear were followed all that day, but that night there was a heavy snowfall and the trail was lost. The owner of the trap, failing to pick up the trail again, abandoned it. The bear plunged into the wilderness, and crossed the full width of Ulster County from Greene into Sullivan, traveling from 80 to 100 miles, dragging the trap, chain and log with him, and going on three legs. Several times his trail was picked up by hunters, but in the heavy snow which fell every night the tracks were lost again. Last week the brute must have passed through the full length of the main street of Dewittville, as there were bear tracks and the traces of a dragging log in the street next morning. When the animal was shot that part of the foot held in the trap was frozen hard as a stone, while the leg above the trap was warm and bloody. When the hunters who shot him tried to remove the trap they

QUEER INDUS-

TRIES IN PARIS

Some interesting sidelights on the queer means by which the outcasts of Paris manage to get a livelihood are given by a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine. Some of these unorthodox professions are very curious.

The most popular is the "ramasseur de nuit," the humblest member of the rag-pickers' corporation. He is generally a laborer out of work, and collects whatever he can find and judges saleable, from a scrap of paper or an orange-peel to a dilapidated glove. Take old boots, for example; however bad, they have a market value, for they always contain in the instep one sound piece that can serve again, and generally two or three more at the heel and the back.

Old provision tins, again, are full of money; the lead soldering can be removed and melted into oakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. There are about six thousand of this class of night-birds in Paris, and their earnings average eighteen cents a day, a respectable total of over \$1,000 daily for the lot.

Another queer night-bird is the "guardian angel."

The "guardian angel" is a person attached to the establishments of some "mastrokettes"—low bar-keepers, and certain public-houses, for the purpose of looking after the safety of drunken customers. He accompanies them to their homes, defends them in case of need, as often as not has to put them to bed and leaves them only when they are without the reach of mischief. He earns about fifty cents a day. Cases are also on record when grateful drunkards have



HON. J. P. WHITNEY

broke off the frozen part of the foot.

The marvel of the travels of the maimed brute is that he travelled nearly or quite 100 miles through the most tangled country in the Catskills, over mountains, through deep ravines, across several railroads, many highways, and mountain streams, and, though dragging a chain and heavy weight after him, did not either become entangled or free himself from the trap, break off his frozen foot, or be chased by hunters and hounds. He was finally shot in a neighborhood comparatively well populated. And this bear had his rumble within 125 miles of New York, the second greatest city in the world.

JAPANESE JUGGLERS.

The marvellous performances of the jugglers of Japan have been widely known ever since the isolation of the Island Empire was broken. More than thirty years ago Bayard Taylor, the American traveller and litterateur, told this story:

"I was witness to some astonishing specimens of illusion. After a variety of tricks with tops, cups of water, paper butterflies, the juggler exposed a fan, the spectators a large open fan, which he held in his right hand, then threw it into the air, caught it by the handle in his left hand, squatted down, fanned himself, and then turning his head in profile, gave a loud sigh, during which the image of galloping horse issued from his mouth. Still fanning himself, he shook from his right sleeve an army of little men, who presently, bowing and dancing, vanished out of sight. Then he bowed, closed the fan and held it in his two hands, during which time his own head disappeared, then, became visible, but of colossal size, and finally reappeared in its natural dimensions, but multiplied four or five times. They set a jar before him, and in a short time he issued from the neck, rose slowly in the air, and vanished in clouds along the ceiling."

Fear of darkness is more than superstition. It is at night, mostly, that evil men plot.

remembered the "angel" in their wills.

An important night-bird is the member of the "guilde des patte-mouillees." He deals in tobacco manufactured from stumps of cigars and cigarettes picked up in the street, and holds assays on the Place Maubert by the statute of Etienne Dolet, twice a week at three o'clock a. m.; on these days the square is called the "market of wet paws." The industry is quite remunerative, on a very modest scale, of course, and would be even more so were it not for the Government, who stepped in with characteristic greed, and on the grounds of the monopoly it holds proceeded to tax the tobacco collected with so much painstaking care.

At the last meeting of the St. Mary's council a letter was read from an undertaker who offered to furnish coffins for the council at greatly reduced rates.

crow, Secretary of War; Hon. G. Welles, Secretary of Navy; Hon. M. Blair, Post Master General; Hon. C. B. Smith, Secretary of Interior; Hon. E. Bates, Attorney General.

Died—Of scarlet fever, Mary Stark, daughter of Oliver V. Dolan; Maria Louisa, wife of Oliver V. Dolan, and Joseph, son of O. V. Dolan, all in the same week.

Valentine Mack, the fat boy recently exhibited at Barnum's museum, died on Wednesday. The boy was seven years of age and weighed 240 pounds and died of excessive fatness.

President Lincoln delivers his inaugural address at Washington. Soldiers were placed on the house-tops on the line of the procession, to act as sharpshooters in case of riotous proceedings.

Mr. R. M. Campbell will please accept our thanks for the present of oranges, the first in town this season. He informs us that in a few days he will be fully stocked with all the tropical fruits obtainable.

Married—In Hienheim, on Thursday Feb. 23, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Geo. Murray, of Princetown, Mr. Henry Greenwood, to Miss Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. John Law, farmer, both of Cauden.

Died—At her residence in the township of Chatham, County of Kent, on Monday, the fourth of March, Mary Ann Houston, deceased was the mother of James and Richard Houston, Reeve and Clerk and Treasurer of the Township of Chatham.

The Court of the quarter general sessions of the peace is and for this county, opened on Tuesday, March 12th. Present, Wm. Benj. West, Esq., chairman of the said court; Stephen Kinney, Richard Marsh, James Houston, Thomas Smith, James Smyth and Alex. Peak, justices of the peace; at the bar, A. D. McLau, clerk of the peace; C. B. Atkinson and Walter McCrae, Esqs. The Grand Jury was

"I will pay you liberally to move," said he. "I will pay you more than you can make in a year. I will pay you \$1,500."

"When do I get it?"

"Now."

"I'll take it."

"There they are."

The money was counted out and the Irishman folded it carefully, after reckoning the amount to verify it.

"I'll move, and I am much obliged to your client for this money," he said. "I sold the place yesterday."

Cleveland Leader.

The hours we pass with happiness in view are more pleasing than those crowded with fruition.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From The Planet files from Feb. 27, 1861, to March 13, 1861.

John Brown, Jr., delivered an address in Chatham.

President Lincoln is 51 years of age, and Jeff. Davis, 53.

Miss Gibb manages a prosperous millinery trade in Chatham.

Toll gates were placed on the Chatham and Camden plank road.

George Robinson, of Tilbury East, advertises for a lost horse.

Birth—In this town on Wednesday the 6th inst., the wife of Mr. John Baxter, of a son.

Wine called Valerio, two thousand years old, has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii.

Died—William Henry, youngest son and Jas. Robert, eldest son of R. C. and Mrs. McFadden.

Thomas King and R. O. Miller dissolve partnership, and R. O. Miller continues the business.

A farmer named Johnson, of Morpeth, was robbed of \$200 while paying a visit to Chatham.

Died—On Tuesday, the 26th inst., Eliza Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. R. Winter, of this town, aged six months.

The oil excitement is booming Raleigh, and port hole augurs are in great demand. Everyone is prospecting for oil.

A blind man in Ireland, who is as poor as he is sightless, recently buried his fourth wife. He was at last courting a widow.

Died—At Chatham, on Sunday, March 10, of scarlet fever, Matthew Napier, Oliver, youngest and only child of O. I. Dolan.

J. A. W. Hoag is secretary of "The Erie of Kent" Temple No. 435, I. O. of G. T. They met in the Temperance Hall, Pratt's block, King St.

The following is President Lincoln's cabinet: Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State; Hon. S. F. Chase, Secretary of Treasury; Hon. S. Cam-

A special meeting of the members of the County Kent Agricultural Society was held in the Chatham Arms Hotel, James Hart was the secretary.

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then called and sworn, A. B. McIntosh, foreman.

The oldest inhabitant has never before known the Thames to be as high as it has been during the recent flood. The rise this year is said to be fully a foot higher than during the great flood of 1852. The total raise has been about 12 feet. A large sized vessel could sail down Thames street in Chatham North.

On Wednesday afternoon the water reached its highest point. On Wednesday night it began slowly to recede. On Thursday night it had fallen nearly four feet. As yet the bridges have sustained no damage, although the water completely covered the top of the central pier of the Third street bridge. We would however suggest the filling of this pier with stone as soon as practicable. As it is now, the bridge is by no means as firm as it should be.

Last week and indeed this week, considerable excitement has existed in town concerning some newly discovered oil springs in the vicinity of Chatham. It seems that a farmer in the township of Raleigh of the name of John Broadbent, felt convinced that the much talked of earth oil existed in great quantities on his property. Upon a thorough investigation it is said Mr. Broadbent's suspicions have been fully confirmed. A person from New York, who has had much experience prospecting for this oil, and who is in the interests of some New York capitalists, hearing this, at once paid a visit to Mr. Broadbent for the purpose of purchasing the oil region. Mr. Broadbent, desirous of turning the discovery to his own account, came at once to town. The two passed each other on the road. Mr. Broadbent arriving in Chatham, once struck a bargain with one of our enterprising citizens. The New Yorker, finding that Mr. B. was not at home, retraced his steps at once to town. He was, however, too late. By ill luck, as it were, a fortune had slipped between the New Yorker's fingers. Mr. Broadbent, it is said, is perfectly satisfied with his own arrangement, and operations for prospecting the enterprise will be commenced without delay.

We are also informed that another spring—also that without doubt this oil is to be found largely in almost all of the townships in Kent.

THE COWBOY'S LANGUAGE

Stewart White says the cowboy has two kinds of vivid speech, one dependent on the apt use of a single word, the other consisting of elaborate phrase with humorous intention. A cowboy once said of the arrival of a tramp by saying: "He siffed to camp." Could any verb be more expressive? Does it not convey exactly the lazy, careless, out-at-heels shuffling gait of the hobo?

In Arizona a group of men gathered about a camp fire, all silent except a youth who talked of a good deal about himself. Finally one of the cow punchers grew tired of this bragging and drawled: "Say, son, if you want to say something big, why don't you say 'elephant'?"

"Fish in that pond? Why there's some fish in there big enough to rope," another advised. "I quit shoveling," one explained in the story of his life, "because I couldn't see nothing ahead of shoveling to dirt." The same drawled plowing as "looking at a mule's tail all day." One of the most ancient epitomes of the motifs of fiction was offered by an old fellow who asked a youth who was reading a novel: "Well, son, said he, 'what they doing now—kiss-ing or killing'?"

Occasionally a straight sentence in idiomatic English comes out in the midst of cowboy lingo. "If your brains were all made of dynamite you couldn't blow the top of your head off," said one.—Chicago Chronicle.

Revival Services

Park St. Church

conducted by the

Australian evangelists

Al! Welcome

Come