A.L. EVERYCHILD SERIES No. 7

DAYS BEFORE YESTERDAY

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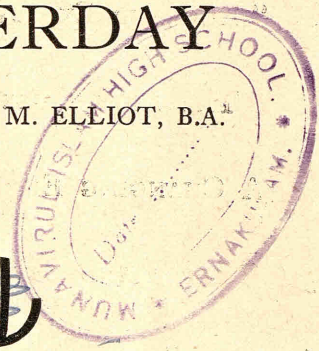
MARGARET M. ELLIOT

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A.L EVERYCHILD SERIES No 7

DAYS BEFORE YESTERDAY

By MARGARET M. ELLIOT, B.A.



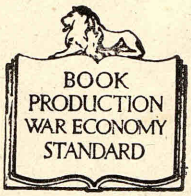


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2nd Impression



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DAYS BEFORE YESTERDAY

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No. 1

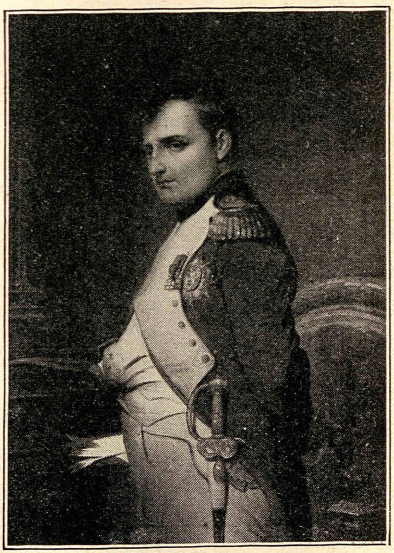
THE MAN WHO WANTED EUROPE

ABOUT a hundred and fifty years ago, in the streets of Paris, people may have seen an untidy little man, with a thin face, badly-combed hair, gloveless hands, and shabby, ill-blacked boots. Then few people noticed him, but before many years had passed that man was the Emperor of the French, and the terror of Europe. He was Napoleon Bonaparte.

During the last years of the eighteenth century there was a terrible revolution in France. The nobles had for years been spending a great deal of money on pleasure and fine clothes. The poor people had to pay heavy taxes, and were sometimes badly treated by the landowners. Sometimes they were almost starving.

The king, Louis XVI, was a kindly man, and his wife, Marie Antoinette, was a charming woman, but they did not realize what their people were suffering. Once, it is said, the queen was told: "The people are starving. They have no bread," and she replied, "Well, why don't they eat cake?"

At last the people planned a revolution. They began by storming a big, gloomy prison in Paris, called the Bastille. The Assembly, or Parliament, had just met for the first time in nearly two hundred years. New laws were passed, many of which were very good, but the revolution had begun, and the mobs had their way. The king and queen and great numbers of nobles were put to death.



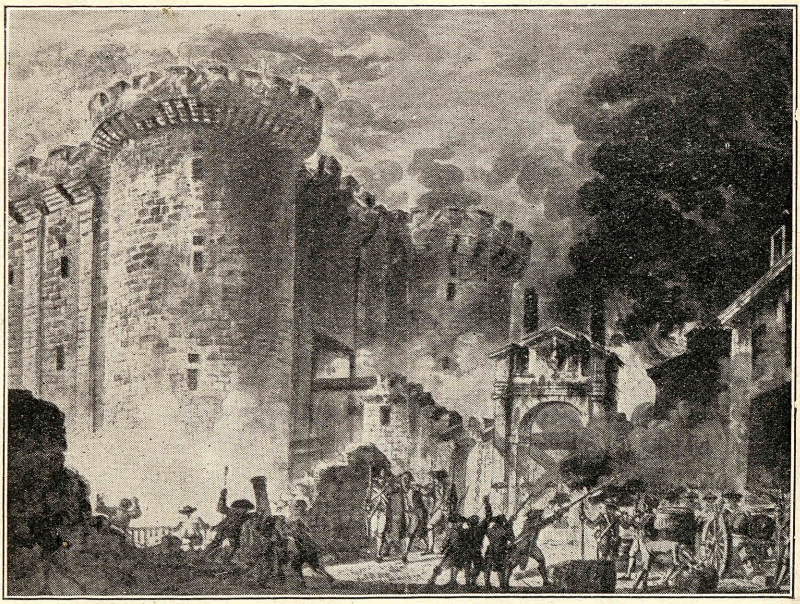
Napoleon, by Delaroche.
Photo., W. F. Mansell.

But when the people had seized the power they did not know how to use it. They wanted a leader. Just then Napoleon Bonaparte came to Paris.

Bonaparte was a soldier. He had been trained in a military school, but at first he had little chance of showing what a clever leader he was. Then Paris was threatened with a fresh revolution, and Bonaparte was sent to "manage the mob." He did this by firing on them with cannon loaded with

grape-shot—" a whiff of grape-shot to teach them a lesson."

Soon Napoleon was at the head of the French



The taking of the Bastille (Houet). *Bulloz Photo.*

army, fighting the foreign countries which feared the revolution would extend to them. His armies won great victories, but the more he won the more he wanted. He meant to be master of Europe.

After six years of military glory, Napoleon crowned himself Emperor of the French in the

cathedral in Paris. Two years later, he crowned himself with the iron crown of Lombardy in Milan cathedral. He made his brother Louis king of Holland, and his brother Joseph king of Naples. Germany and Poland submitted to him.

Two great powers, Britain and Russia, were still undefeated. Napoleon decided to make friends with Russia, and then subdue Britain. He met the Tsar and they made an agreement. They would manage Europe between them. Soon after this, British troops landed in Portugal, defeated the French army, and drove it back into Spain. A new and defiant Germany was rising, and Tsar Alexander deserted Napoleon and began to make great plans of his own.

Napoleon determined to crush Russia, and marched an army numbering more than half a million men across Europe. About half this force was French ; there were also Germans and Austrians. By the time Moscow, the Russian capital, was reached a quarter of the men had died. Perhaps Napoleon would have wintered in Moscow, but the Russians set fire to it, and burned the greater part of the city.

It was October. Napoleon turned his army westward to march back through country they

themselves had laid waste as they had advanced. First they struggled through mud; then came frost and snow, enemies too powerful for Napoleon.

The hungry soldiers could not be kept together;



The Retreat from Moscow (Yvon). *Bulloz Photo.*

they scattered in search of food, often to be killed by peasants in self-defence. Russian horsemen attacked them, and many dropped dead of cold or hunger. The Germans joined the Russians, and the Austrians went home. Of the splendid army

Napoleon had led out of France, only twenty thousand ragged, hungry men returned.

Napoleon's power was fading. He was defeated at a great battle, "The Battle of the Nations," near Leipzig, in Germany. Then his foes crossed the Rhine, while the British and Spaniards invaded France from the south. Napoleon resigned his crown, and was sent to the island of Elba. In another story you will read what happened to him later.

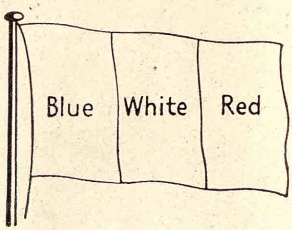
THINGS TO DO

1. Why were the French people so discontented at the end of the eighteenth century?

2. Tell the story of:
   (*a*) Napoleon in Paris.
   (*b*) The March to Moscow—and back

3. Draw a picture of a cannon.

4. Paint the French flag, the tricolor.



No. 2—" ENGLAND EXPECTS . . . . . "

IN Portsmouth Harbour lies an old battleship. She is a wooden sailing ship, very different from the smart grey ironclads that steam past her to-day, but she is very dear to every Briton. She is the *Victory*, the flag-ship of Admiral Lord Nelson, one of our naval heroes.

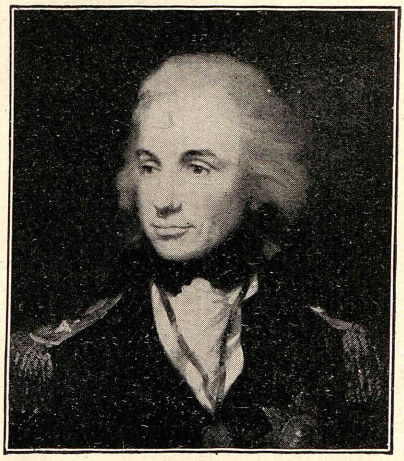
It was September (1805). The *Victory* lay in Portsmouth Harbour awaiting the coming of Lord Nelson. Crowds were waiting to wish him " God speed," for the Admiral was about to sail in search of the French fleet. The people were quiet and anxious, for the terror of Napoleon Bonaparte hung over Europe.

Napoleon had planned to invade England. He collected a great army, and intended to bring them across the Channel in two thousand boats. But he could not do this while English vessels held the seas, and kept his fleets shut up in various ports.

The French admiral at Toulon, in the south of France, was ordered to slip out of harbour and go through the Strait of Gibraltar, join with the fleet from Cadiz in Spain, and sail across the Atlantic towards the West Indies, to draw the British fleet after them. They were then to return and sweep

in triumph up the Channel, and enable Napoleon to land his army in England.

The French fleet did get out, and for a time Nelson lost it. Then he followed it to the West Indies, and back again. Instead of sailing boldly up the Channel, however, the French vessels were attacked by another British fleet and took refuge in a harbour in the north of Spain; later they retreated to Cadiz.



Lord Nelson.
National Portrait Gallery.

Now, Nelson was setting out again, after only a few weeks' leave.

Cheers broke from the crowd. Nelson was coming—a small, frail man, with a sad, stern face. One sleeve was empty, and one eye sightless; he had lost arm and eye in the service of his country.

The people pressed round him; some wept, others knelt to pray for blessings upon him. He stepped into his barge, and was pulled away to the *Victory*. Nelson had said farewell to England.

It was dawn on an October morning when the

two fleets came in sight of each other off Cape Trafalgar, in the south of Spain. Nelson was soon on deck, dressed in his Admiral's uniform, and



Nelson leaving Portsmouth to join the *Victory* before Trafalgar.

Courtesy of the Gresham Committee.

wearing four decorations which had been awarded to him. The stars of these orders sparkled in the sunlight, making him a mark for sharpshooters in the enemy's rigging.

During the morning the British fleet, helped by a feeble breeze, crept slowly towards the foe.

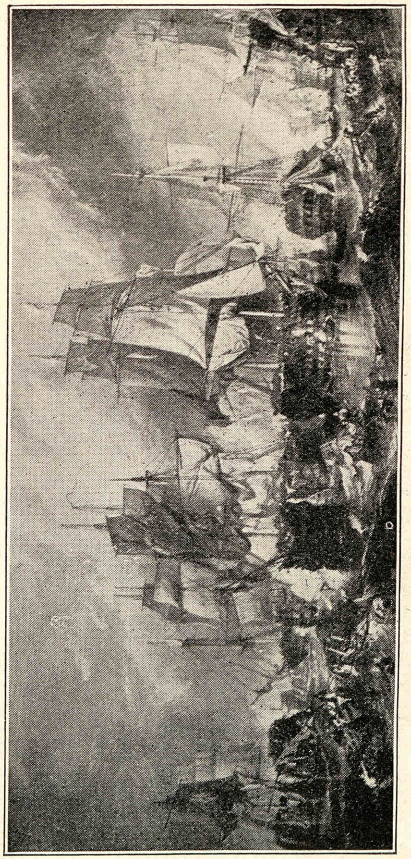


Photo., W. F. Mansell.

The Battle of Trafalgar (Stansfield).

Just before noon Nelson called the signal officer, and ordered him to give a signal or message to the fleet. There was no "wireless" in those days, and the message was given by means of flags. It read, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

A ringing cheer rose from the decks of the ships in answer to the signal. As the cheering died away the first cannon boomed out. One of the French ships had opened fire. A few minutes later the *Victory* led the British fleet into action.

The French guns poured a pitiless shower of shot upon the *Victory*, tearing away her mizzen mast, sweeping her deck, and shattering her steering wheel. One shot passed between Nelson and Captain



The Death of Nelson (Devis). *Photo., W. F. Mansell.*

Hardy as they walked on the quarter-deck. Nelson exclaimed, " This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

At last the *Victory* was alongside the French flagship. Then, at last, her guns replied, firing point blank, and tearing the timbers of the French

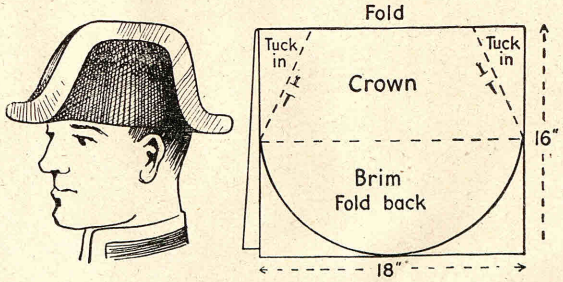
ship. Next the *Victory* bore down on another French ship which had several marksmen in the rigging.

Nelson and Hardy still paced the deck. They were turning at the usual point when Nelson fell, struck by a bullet from the rigging of the enemy. "They have done for me at last," he replied to Hardy's inquiry as to whether he was badly hurt.

It was true. The battle of Trafalgar was won; Napoleon would never invade England, but Nelson died as the last shots were fired.

THINGS TO DO

1. Write all you can about Nelson at Trafalgar.
2. Find Cape Trafalgar on the map.



3. Model an admiral's hat. A piece of paper 18 inches by 32 inches will make one big enough for yourself. Fold the paper as shown; draw the half-circle and cut out. Tuck in the triangles marked. Pin where shown, and fold back the brim. Make the hat in black paper if possible, and decorate with a star or a rosette.

No. 3 —" THE IRON DUKE "

WE have read of Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, which spoiled Napoleon's plans for invading England. The Duke of Wellington's victory at Waterloo ten years later put an end to the Emperor's schemes.

Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was born in Ireland. His own family thought him a very dull lad. His mother spoke of " my poor awkward boy, Arthur," while his brother called him " the biggest ass in Europe."

It was thought in those days that soldiering did not require brains, so Arthur entered the army. He soon showed that he was not nearly so stupid as his family had thought. He did good service in India, and then commanded the British troops in the Peninsula (Spain and Portugal). He drove the French out of Spain, and was made Duke of Wellington.

Napoleon was in exile on the isle of Elba. A king of the old family reigned in Paris, and Europe seemed safe once more. Then came the news that Napoleon had escaped and was in France, and that the soldiers were rallying round him. During the " Hundred Days " from February to June,

1815, Napoleon made his last attempt at conquest.

Wellington, the "Iron Duke," as he was called, was in Belgium with a large army. Marshal Blücher was there also at the head of thousands of Prussians.



The Duke of Wellington.
National Portrait Gallery

Napoleon decided to attack his enemies, and as he entered his travelling carriage to leave Paris for the army, he said, "I go to measure myself against Wellington."

On the evening of June 15th, a grand ball was given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond.

The Duke of Wellington and many of his officers were there, but as the music and dancing went on, one after another slipped quietly away to take up their stations with their men. By five o'clock in the morning the Duke was in the saddle.

Skirmishes took place that day and the next, but the real battle was on June 18th, at Waterloo.

After a wild, wet night, rain was still falling at dawn. The Duke, riding a small thoroughbred chestnut horse, passed along the lines, inspecting the men. Then he galloped back to the high ground where he could watch the enemy.

Just before noon the French attacked, and the battle raged all the afternoon. The French were driven back by British cavalry, and two of their eagle standards taken; but the cavalry were in their turn driven back by fresh French horsemen hurled forward by Napoleon. The attempt to break the British centre failed, but the British suffered heavy losses.

Meanwhile Blücher's Prussians were struggling through the mud to help the British. At one point on the march they almost gave up in despair. Worn out with dragging heavy guns through the mire, the men began to grumble. Blücher came to the spot and heard cries of, " We cannot get on ! "

" But you *must* get on ! " shouted the old field-marshal. " I have pledged my word to Wellington, and surely you will not make me break it. Keep going a few hours longer, and we are sure of victory."



The meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo.
Photo., W. F. Mansell.

The words of old " Marshal Forwards," as his men loved to call him, had effect. Slowly the Prussians advanced.

At last Napoleon sent his " Old Guard " of picked veterans into the fight. They reached the ridge of the hill and, to their surprise, saw no troops before them ; only a small band of officers, including Wellington himself. Suddenly a command rang out. The British guards sprang up from the ground

where they had been lying, and advanced four deep against the foe. The " Old Guard " fell back, and fled down the hill.

By this time the Prussians were in sight, and a general advance was made. The Prussians took up the pursuit of the retreating French, and Waterloo was won.

Napoleon escaped by the help of his faithful officers, but he gave himself up to the British, and was brought on the *Bellerophon* to Plymouth. Then he was sent into exile on the lonely island of St. Helena, where he died six years later.

THINGS TO DO

1. Print neatly :

WATERLOO — JUNE 18th, 1815

How many years ago was that ?

2. Write a few lines about the Duke of Wellington. Why do you think he was called " The Iron Duke " ?

3. Tell in your own words the story of the Battle of Waterloo.

4. Find St. Helena on the map.

No. 4—A CHANGING ENGLAND

LET us take a peep at England as it was about a hundred and fifty years ago.

In the north there are few people. They live in villages scattered over wide moorlands. There are few big towns.

In Yorkshire, pleasant, grey stone farm-houses and cottages nestle in the valleys, and on the lower slopes of the hills. The grassy hillsides are divided by stone walls into fields in which sheep and cattle graze, but especially sheep. Near every farm-house is a wooden frame on which a piece of cloth is hanging out to bleach.

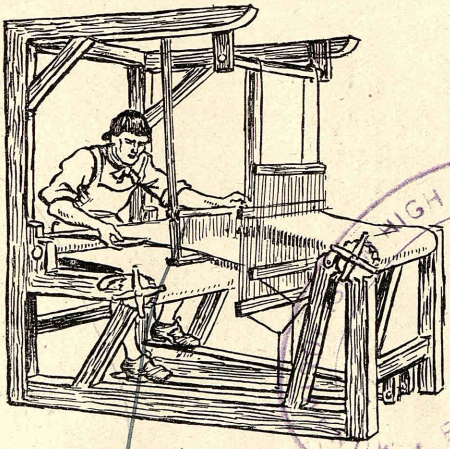
From the open doors comes the rattle of weaving looms, for every Yorkshire farmer is a cloth weaver. The looms stand in the ordinary room, and often a workman or a couple of apprentices are busy.

In the living-room of every cottage stand spinning-wheels, on which wool is spun into yarn for the weavers. Children learn to spin when they are only ten years old, and soon begin to earn wages. Few children go to school for more than a few years, if at all, and many people are unable to read or write.

Crossing the Pennines into Lancashire, we find

more spinning and weaving, but of cotton instead of wool. All the work is done in the cottages, or in the farm-houses between field work.

Further south, on the grassy commons of Staf-

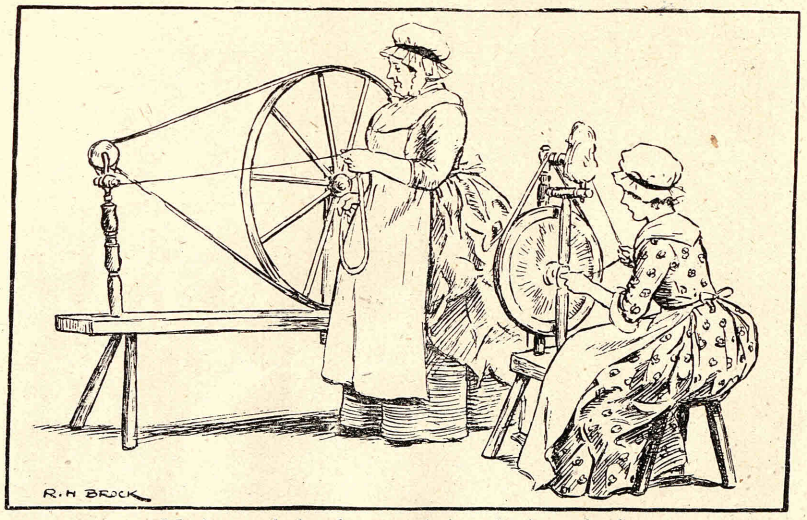


A Hand-loom Weaver at Work.

fordshire, are the scattered villages of the potters. Like spinning and weaving, pottery is a "family industry," and each "works" is managed by the owner and his family with, perhaps, a couple of workmen and a few boys. The clay that is now shipped from Cornwall to Liverpool has to be brought the rest of its journey by pack-horses, and these carry away the finished crockery.

In the south is a forest, the Weald of Sussex,

where woodmen are cutting down trees for ship-building. The smaller branches are sawn off for the charcoal-burners, who collect the wood and pile it into little stacks. They cover the outside



Mother and daughter at their spinning wheels.

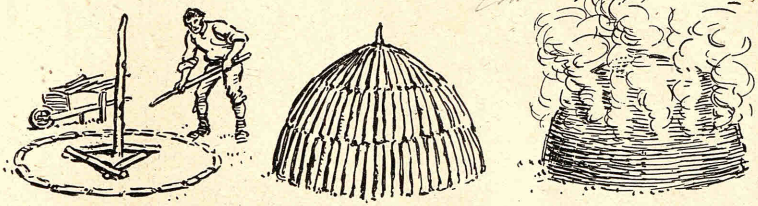
with straw and damp sand, leaving a big hole at the top and smaller ones in the sides. The wood is fired through the hole in the top, which is then covered. It smoulders without flame for six or seven days. When it is uncovered, the wood has changed to black charcoal, only one-sixth the quantity it was before burning.

The charcoal is carried to the iron furnaces, for

it gives more heat than ordinary wood, and coal has not yet come into use for smelting, or melting, iron ore. The great bellows that keep the furnace fire roaring are worked by a water-wheel, and so are the big hammers.

* * * * *

Fifty years have passed, years in which many

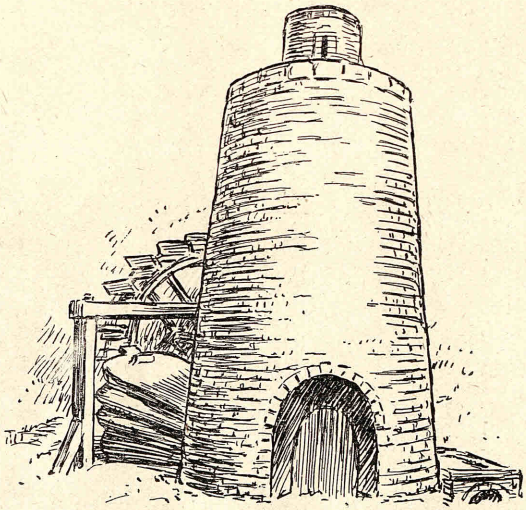


Charcoal Burning.

things have happened abroad. The American Colonists have won their independence ; France has had a revolution, and Napoleon has defied Europe. In England, too, many changes have taken place.

First a man made a new machine for weavers that helped them to weave more quickly. Other men made spinning-machines, so that the spinners could keep up with the weavers. Then a man, named James Watt, made a new kind of steam-engine. Soon, newer and bigger machines were made, and worked by *steam*.

The new machines were made of iron instead of wood. More iron was needed. With the new steam-engines to work the bellows, coal could be used for smelting the ore. There was no coal in Sussex, but



A Charcoal Blast Furnace.

there were both iron and coal in the Midlands. Great blast furnaces have begun to make the "Black Country," the last Sussex iron furnace has been raked out, and with it the fires of the charcoal-burners.

The north of England is busy now getting coal for the new furnaces and engines. In Lancashire and Yorkshire, too, new towns of ugly, badly-built

houses are springing up round the mills and factories where the new machines have been set up. In the cottages the spinning-wheels and looms are silent. Many villages are almost deserted, for without the spinning money and the earning of the looms the cottagers cannot make a living, and they have been forced to seek work in the new mills.

Where once were pleasant fields there are now ugly streets. Big chimneys pour out smoke and soot. The rattle of machinery has taken the place of the song of birds. The trees are blighted.

Already strange, puffing steamboats are seen on the canals and rivers, and in the harbours. Soon railway trains drawn by steam-engines will take the place of stage coaches and pack-horses. Yes, England has changed, but will change still more.

THINGS TO DO

1. Tell in your own words what you can about :
   (*a*) England of a hundred and fifty years ago ;
   (*b*) England fifty years later.
2. Draw two pictures to show something of the changes.
3. Model a big factory-chimney.
4. Can you think of any changes that have taken place in later years ?

No. 5—CLIPPER AND STEAMSHIP

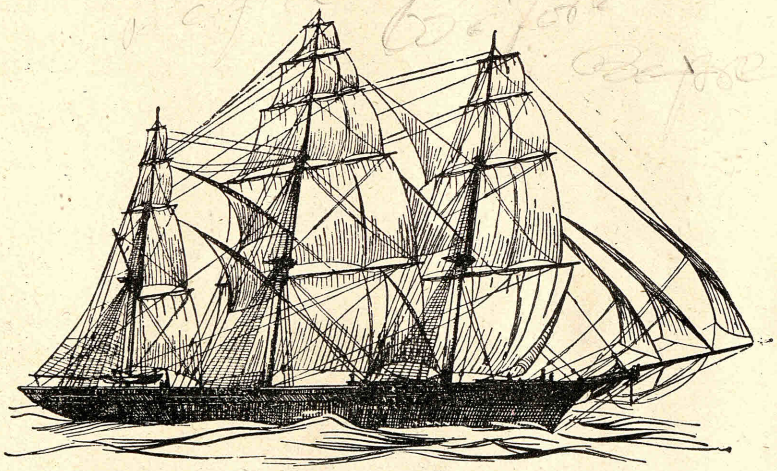
" She stagger'd to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood."

MUCH poetry has been written about sailing-ships. Many people think there is no more beautiful sight than a fine ship, all sails set, sunlight on her canvas, and dancing waves along her hull. Such were the ships of the East India Company—East Indiamen, as they were called. For years they traded with India and China without rivals. But merchants of Bristol, Manchester, and Glasgow wanted a share in Eastern commerce.

At last permission was given to these merchants, or " free traders," to trade with India, but the East India Company still had the sole right to trade with China, and to bring home cargoes of tea. China was at that time the only place from which we got tea.

The free traders managed to build ships at little more than half the cost of the East Indiamen. They were able to carry cargoes at a cheaper rate, and were ready to trade with all parts of the world. Before many years the China trade was opened to them, and a new kind of ship, the famous Chinese clipper, was on the Eastern seas.

The " clipper " was first built in America. It was sharper at the bow, and clipped, or cut, a passage through the water instead of buffeting it on one side as older ships had done. British shipbuilders copied the new style, and soon produced



A clipper in full sail.

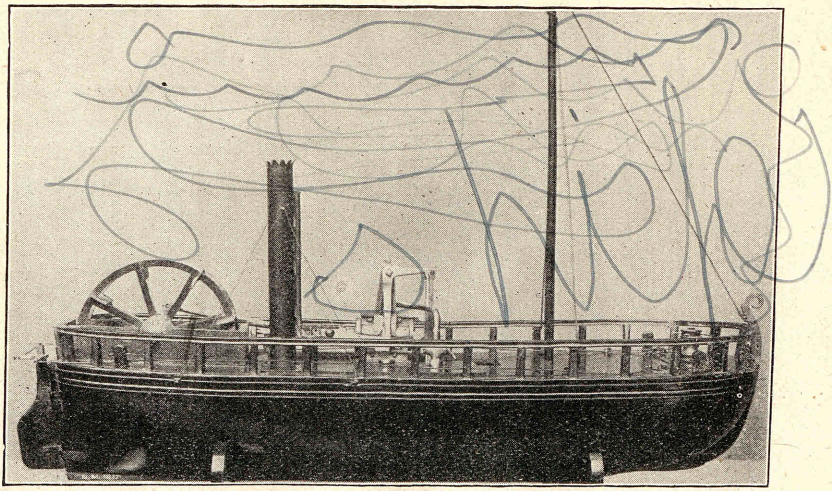
better clippers than the Americans. At one time, the Americans tried to capture the trade from the East to Europe, and many exciting stories are told of races between rival clippers bringing cargoes of tea from China.

The most famous of our clippers, the *Thermopylae*, made a record by sailing from the Lizard, in Corn-

wall, to Melbourne, in Australia, in sixty-two days.

No sooner had the clippers become famous than they were rivalled by steamships.

The first steamboat in Britain was the *Charlotte*

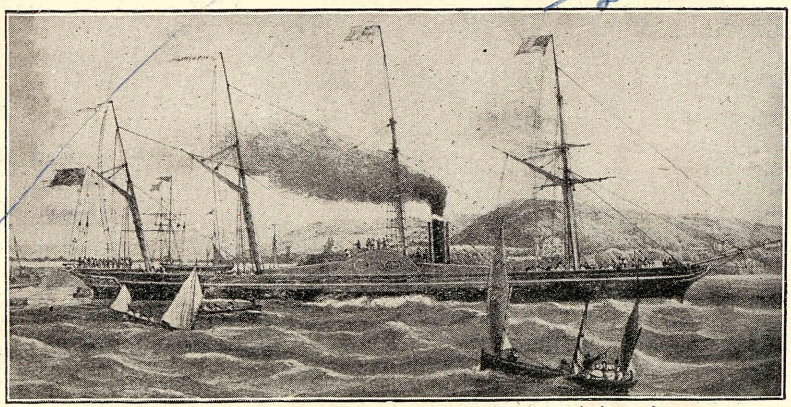


Model of the *Charlotte Dundas*, 1802. *Courtesy of Science Museum.*

Dundas, used for towing barges on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Then Henry Bell built the *Comet* which carried passengers on the river Clyde. When a steamboat appeared on the Thames, it was much disliked. A writer declared, "It was certainly very strange and striking to hear and see it hissing and roaring, foaming and spouting like an angry whale; but on the whole it rather spoilt the scene, and I

am glad it is found not to answer, and is to be given up next year."

But steamboats were not given up. Before long they were used on the open sea as well as on rivers and canals.



The *Great Western*, the first vessel to cross the Atlantic entirely under steam, passing Portishead Point (North Somerset) on her first voyage to New York. Length 256 ft. Width 35 ft. Width over paddle-boxes 59 ft.

From a picture in the *Science Museum*.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was called the *Savannah*, after the American port from which it started. It was thought unwise to depend entirely on steam, so the *Savannah* had sails as well as engines. As she was steaming along the Irish coast, a British sailing-ship saw the smoke, thought the American vessel was on fire, and sailed to the rescue. The British crew were invited on board

the *Savannah*, and were greatly interested in the engine and paddle-wheels.

Slowly steam took the place of sails. This was hastened by the opening of the Suez Canal by which steamships can take a short cut to the East. As there are many coaling stations on that route, it is not necessary to carry so much coal, and there is more room for cargo.

Sailing-ships have not quite disappeared. The famous "windjammers" are still used to bring corn from Australia. The time occupied on the voyage is not so important, and they can carry a profitable cargo.

THINGS TO DO

1. Draw a picture of:
   (*a*) a sailing-ship;
   (*b*) a steamship.
2. Write what you can about the "Chinese Clippers."
3. What sailing-ships are still in use for trade?
4. Write a little story about the *Savannah*, calling it "A False Alarm."
5. Model in clay a ship's anchor.
6. Find a verse of poetry about a sailing-ship and copy it neatly.

No. 6—THE FIRST RAILWAY TRAIN

ONE of the greatest discoveries of modern times was how to use "steam power." By that, we mean how to make steam do very heavy work, turn wheels, lift weights, work great hammers, and many other things. The first steam engines were used in collieries for pumping water out of the pits, and for lifting loads of coal. These engines did their work standing still, but in time a new kind of engine was made, one that moved along, and pulled a truck after it.

The first "moving" engine that was really useful worked at a colliery in Northumberland. It was called "Puffing Billy" because it sent out smoke in noisy puffs. "Billy" was such a novelty that a man, named George Stephenson, came from a neighbouring colliery to have a look at it.

Stephenson had always loved engines. As a small boy he had amused himself with little models made of mud and reeds. His father looked after an engine that pumped water from a coal-pit, and by and by George went to help him. Then he had charge of an engine himself.

He often shut himself up in the engine-room on a Saturday afternoon when other boys were playing

football, and took his engine to pieces. He cleaned every part very carefully, and found out just what it was for. In this way he learned a lot about engines.

After he had visited "Billy," Stephenson told the owner of the pit where he worked that he could make a better engine than that. The owner offered him the money to do it, and Stephenson made an engine that would draw eight trucks. Then he made other and better engines.

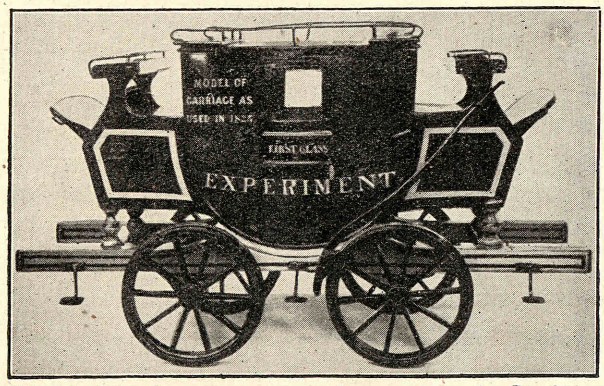
A few years later Stephenson was employed as engineer to make a railway from Stockton to Darlington. At the opening of this railway Stephenson drove the first train. A man riding a horse and carrying a flag went in front. When the train reached a piece of level ground, where the engine could go faster, Stephenson shouted to the man to get out of the way, put on speed, and "dashed" along at twelve miles an hour, about as fast as a boy now rides on his bicycle.

This railway was meant for coal, not for passengers. At first people were afraid to ride behind a steam-engine, but after a time a coach was added to the train, in which six passengers could ride inside and twenty outside.

This little railway was so useful that the people

of Manchester wanted one to bring cotton to their town from Liverpool, and they asked Stephenson to make it.

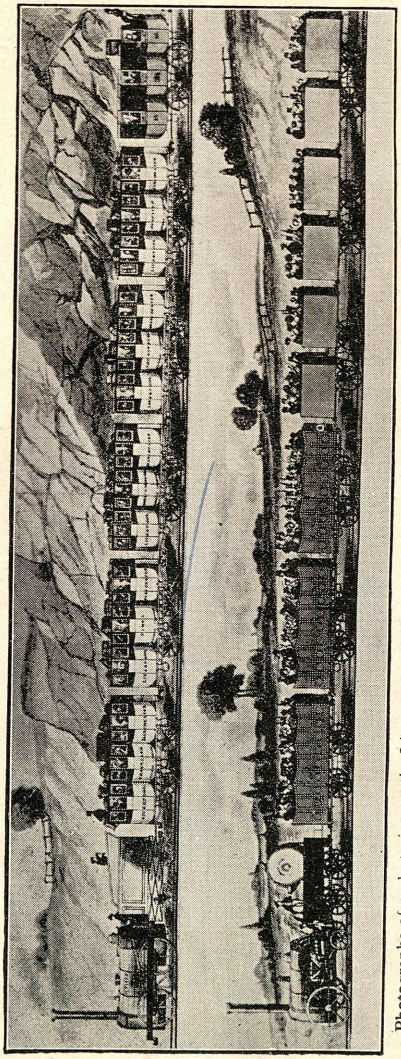
Many people did not believe in the new railways. They said that the engines would blow up or the wheels would fly off; that sparks would set fire to



Model of the first passenger carriage used on the Stockton and Darlington Railway. It was similar to an ordinary coach.
Courtesy of Science Museum.

houses and ricks; that rain would put out the engine fire and the train would stop, and that horses and cows by the side of the track would die of fright.

The editors of newspapers laughed at the idea of anyone *paying anything* to be dragged by a roaring steam-engine along a dreary track. Parliament was asked to make a law that the new engines should not travel more than eight or nine miles an hour,



Photographs of early trains on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The upper picture shows first class carriages, the lower second and third class. Notice that the guards sat outside, and that the luggage was carried on the top of the coaches.
Courtesy of L.M.S. Railway.

about the rate of a good stage-coach.

Stephenson was asked to go to the House of Commons to answer questions. "Suppose, now," said one gentleman, "one of the engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that be very awkward?" "*Very* awkward, for the *cow*," said Stephenson with a twinkle in his eye.

In spite of many difficulties the Liverpool and Man-

chester railway was begun—and finished. Often there were wild tales spread in Manchester by drivers of stage-coaches. These tales usually had to do with Chat Moss, a big bog which had to be filled in before the rails could be laid. "Chat Moss is blown up," was the cry at one time; and at another, "Hundreds of men and boys have sunk in the bog!" and again, "Stephenson has been swallowed up in the bog. That's the end of railways!"

But Stephenson *did* finish the railway, and won the prize of £500 offered for the best railway engine. His engine, the "Rocket," actually went at the rate of thirty miles an hour during part of its journey.

It was a glad day for Stephenson when the railway was opened, and he drove the first train carrying a number of important people. So the first railway began work, and now railway trains can carry us to almost any part of the world.

THINGS TO DO

1. Tell the story of George Stephenson's visit to "Puffing Billy."
2. Write what you can about the first railways. What did people say about them?
3. Draw a picture of a railway train.
4. Make a model in cardboard of the railway signal-post at your station.
5. Try to find out how many miles an hour some express trains go to-day.

No. 7.—"THE LADY WITH THE LAMP."

ONE Spring day just over a hundred years ago, a clergyman and a little girl rode along a lane in which was a row of cottages. The little girl jumped off her pony, and tried the latch of the last cottage in the row. The door was locked, but from within came a low angry bark, followed by a moan of pain.

The clergyman had heard from Roger the shepherd that his dog Cap was dying. His leg had been broken by a stone thrown by a thoughtless boy. They wondered if they could do anything for the poor animal.

"Well, Florence," said the clergyman, "I'm afraid we must leave poor Cap to his fate." But luckily Jimmy, the little boy next door, knew where Roger had hidden the key. Soon the three were busy lighting the fire, boiling water, and gently bathing the dog's leg.

When Roger came home at night, he was surprised to find Florence in the cottage. "Oh, Roger," she cried, "Cap is not going to die; look at him!" and Cap rose and crept towards his master with little yelps of welcome.

"Deary me!" said Roger. "What have you done to him, Miss Florence?"

Then Florence showed him how to bathe the dog's leg as the vicar had shown her. " Go on doing that to-night," she said, " and to-morrow, the vicar says, Cap will be almost well. He will soon be able to work again."

Presently the little nurse gave her patient a last patting and went home. That little girl was Florence Nightingale.



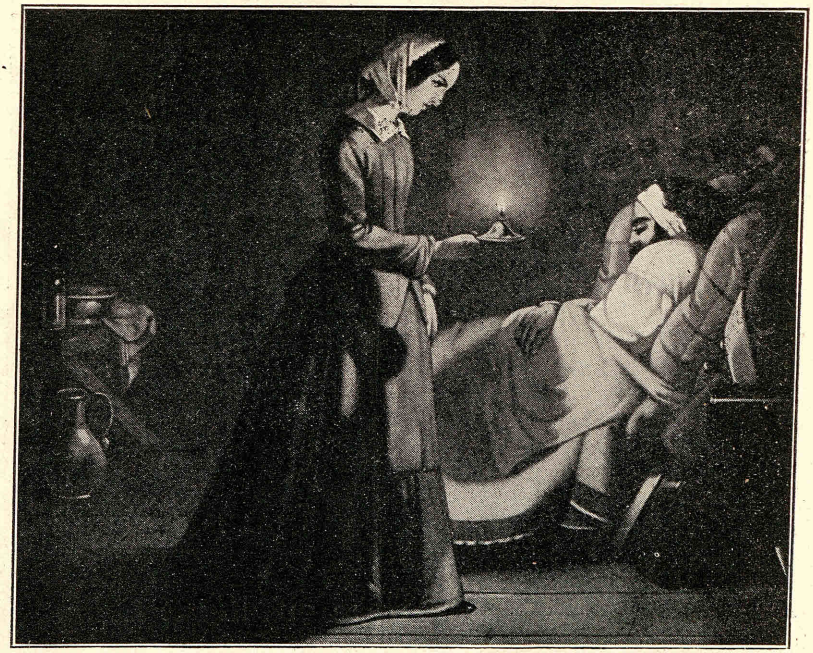
Florence Nightingale
National Portrait Gallery.

Twenty-four years passed. Florence Nightingale spent much time visiting hospitals. She studied nursing in France and Germany, for at that time there were few properly-trained nurses in England. Then war broke out in the Crimea—Britain and France against Russia.

When news reached England of the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the military hospitals, Florence Nightingale wrote to an old friend, Mr. Herbert, the Minister of War, offering to go out to help to nurse the soldiers. At the same time Mr.

Herbert was writing to her asking if she would go.

A fortnight later Miss Nightingale and a band of nurses left London. They crossed to France



Florence Nightingale in the Hospital at Scutari (Butterworth).
Photo., W. F. Mansell.

and reached Boulogne in the early morning. They were met by a crowd of strong fisherwomen, in crimson petticoats, snowy caps, and gold ear-rings, who pressed forward to carry their luggage. They

would take no money—they wanted to shake hands with the ladies who were going to nurse the French soldiers.

At Scutari the nurses found plenty to do. Another great battle had taken place, and six hundred men were wounded. Soon Florence Nightingale had ten thousand men under her care.

The soldiers wrote home telling of her kindness. When she went round the wards at night, her lamp in her hand, she would speak to some, and nod and smile to many more. If the men could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall by their beds, they were content.

Not until two years later, when the war was over, and the last soldier had left the hospital, did Miss Nightingale return to England. A man-of-war was ordered to bring her home, but she came secretly, calling herself Miss Smith. Her fellow passengers little guessed that the quiet, graceful woman with whom they chatted was the heroine of Scutari, " the Lady with the Lamp," as she was often called.

She arrived early one morning at the little country station near her home, and walked quietly up to the house, taking even her own family by surprise.

The people of Britain wanted to give her a present,

but she would take nothing for herself. Then a large sum of money was collected to open a Training School for Nurses.

Queen Victoria presented Miss Nightingale with a jewel in gold, enamel, and diamonds, and listened to her plea for better military hospitals. The Queen afterwards said, "What a head! I wish we had her at the War Office!"

The hardships in the Crimea broke Miss Nightingale's health, and though she lived to be over ninety, she was almost an invalid.

THINGS TO DO.

1. Tell the story of Florence Nightingale's first "patient."

2. Write what you can about Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea.

3. Draw a picture of a lighted lamp.

4. Make a Red Cross armlet such as ambulance men wear, using a strip of white paper, and cutting out a cross in red paper to stick on. (No fighting man is supposed to fire on the Red Cross. Why?)

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY E J. ARNOLD & SON LTD. LEEDS
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Distributors
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