ประวัติ
Florence Nightingale
1820 - 1910
The Story of Florence Nightingale

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By

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เพื่อเป็นอนุสรณ์แก่

คุณแม่ เอสเตอร์ ประทีปะเสน
1843-1928 (พ.ศ. 2386-2471)

นางพยาบาลและผดุงครรภ์ประกาศนียบัตรคนแรก
ของประเทศไทย

ในงานฉลองครบรอบหนึ่งร้อยปีของ
การสถาปนาสถาบันการ
สารสนเทศทางการพยาบาล
To the memory of

Mae Esther Pradipasena,

1843 -1928 (B.E. 2386 - 2471)

the first trained midwife and nurse

in the Kingdom of Siam, now Thailand.

In celebration of the centenary of the

founding of the Red Cross Society.
Florence Nightingale was one of the most famous women in the world. She was born in Florence, Italy on May 12, 1820. Her father and mother were wealthy upper class English people. The wars in Europe were over and many English people were enjoying travel away from the fog and cold of England. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale had gone to Florence, Italy. Here their second daughter was born and they named her Florence after the beautiful city of art and culture that they loved.

Florence had one older sister named Parthenope. This was a Greek name for the city of Naples, Italy, where she was born. The family always called her Parthe.

William Edward Nightingale was very rich. He received a large fortune from his uncle. This fortune could only go to a son. If Mr. Nightingale had no son, the money would go to his sister and to her son. He also had much money that could go to his daughters and his wife.

Florence Nightingale, หนึ่งในสตรีเรืองนามแห่งโลก ผู้หนึ่ง เกิดที่เมืองฟลอเรนซ์ ในประเทศอิตาลี เมื่อวันที่ 12 พฤษภาคม 1820 บิดามารดาเป็น คนมั่งคั่ง เป็นพวกผู้ดีชาวอังกฤษ ทำการใน ทริปุโฏาลศตวรรษเล็ก ชาวอังกฤษจำนวนมาก จึงขอบตาดินทางท่องเที่ยวทั่วทุ่งทุกทุกและ อาหารหน้าของประเทศอังกฤษ มร. และมิสซิสในดีเกิดขึ้นเมืองฟลอเรนซ์ ประเทศ อิตาลี บูรณะที่สองของผู้เกิดที่เมืองนี้ และได้ตั้งชื่อว่า ฟลอเรนซ์ ตามชื่อเมืองที่มี ศิลปะและวัฒนธรรมอย่างงามที่เขานิยม ฟลอเรนซ์ มีพี่สาวอันหนึ่งชื่อปาร์เธในปี ชื่อนี้เกิดขึ้นจากเรื่องของเมืองแปิญแห่งประเทศ อิตาลีที่เขากิตร ครอบครัวและมิสตรีฟอสึก เอาไว้ปาร์เธ

วิลเลียม เอน์เดิล ได้รับร่ำรวยที่มาจากลุง แห่งนี้จะ พินาศก่อนไปยังเมืองอิตาลี ที่เขานี้จะไปยังประเทศอิตาลีที่เขากิตร ครอบครัวและมิสตรีฟอสึก เอาไว้ปาร์เธ

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The Nightingales had two beautiful homes in the country. One was called Lea Hurst. They spent the summer there. The other was called Embley Park and they lived there the rest of the time. They went to London twice a year during the spring and autumn.

Florence was a pretty child. She was slim and graceful with thick reddish gold hair and grey eyes. Everyone called her Flo. Parthe was graceful too and had brown hair and brown eyes. They had lots of cousins so there were children to play with everywhere they went. They never did have a brother. Flo’s special friends were an older cousin named Marianne and a younger cousin named Hilary.

Florence’s mother was very beautiful. She was an expert housekeeper and conducted a beautiful home. She directed many servants and kept them busy. Her daughters had to learn to supervise a house, learn to cook, sew and embroider. They especially had to learn to make broth, gruels and jellies suitable for sick people. They took an interest in the families and children of their servants and tenant farmers. Mrs. Nightingale knew at once if anyone was ill. She went herself to see them, taking special food and new clothes and blankets if they were needed. She took her daughters with her so they would learn to be responsible for those dependent on them. Sick people
felt better right away when Florence came to see them. When she was home, Florence played with her dolls and bandaged them up as if they had broken bones.

Mr. Nightingale liked to live in the country. He looked after his many farms but he liked best to teach his two daughters. He was very well educated himself, having attended Cambridge University.

The girls had a governess when they were little but Mr. Nightingale could not find anyone educated enough for them when they were older. When Parthe was 13 and Flo 12, Mr. Nightingalge decided to teach them himself. He taught them Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, history and philosophy. The girls had a tutor for music and drawing. They had to work very hard at their lessons. Flo loved to study but Parthe did not. After two years Parthe did not work so hard yet she was jealous because Flo spent so much time with their father and became his favorite.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale entertained many famous people. It seemed as if there was a party every night. Mrs. Nightingale wore beautiful clothes from Paris. As her daughters grew up they too had beautiful dresses to wear. The Prime Minister was one of their special friends who came often to visit.
At these parties the children had a chance to visit with the guests. They early learned to talk easily, listen attentively, and keep silent when they had nothing to say.

Parthe and Flo learned to ride horse back. They had to ride side saddle as Queen Elizabeth does on state occasions. Flo was a fearless rider and galloped all over the countryside visiting friends.

One day as Florence who was now 16 years old, was out riding she saw the minister of her church with a little group of people by the roadside. A shepherd was kneeling there beside his dog, named Cap. These sheep dogs are very valuable and are trained to help look after a flock of sheep and drive them to and from pasture. Cap had broken his leg. The shepherd was afraid that he would have to destroy the dog. Florence jumped off her horse and ran over to the beautiful dog, for she loved all living things.

"Do not kill Cap," she said. "I can fix his leg and soon he will be well."

She took two small boards and made a splint for Cap’s leg and bandaged it tightly. Cap was carried home very gently. Florence cared for him and brought him food every day. After several weeks the bones had knit, Florence took off the splints and Cap could walk and run as well as before the accident. Florence became famous all around the countryside.

กายงาม ๆ เหมือนกัน นายกรัฐมนตรีของประเทศอังกฤษ เป็นแขกพิเศษคนหนึ่งที่มาเยี่ยมบ่อย ๆ ในการกินเลี้ยงพวกเด็กที่สอนมิโอการที่จะได้พบปะกับแขกที่มา เชิญให้เขียนรู้การสนทนาประ (;;)รธ์อย่างไม่เคยเชิน รู้จักฝีมือและนั้น ในเมื่อมีเรื่องราวอะไรที่จะชุดปรารภ้มและโพลที่มี เขต้องนั่งพลัสแบบของผู้หญิงเช่นเดียวกับกับพระราชินี อิชเช็ตี ทรงขาในงานพิธีทั่ว ๆ โพลเป็นคนมีกล้า หาญ และชอบที่ไปตามชนบทต่าง ๆ เพื่อเยี่ยมมิตรสาขาด้วยความกล้าฟลอเรนซ์อายุ 16 ปี เธอได้เห็นคนอื่น ๆ ที่ไปตามชนบทก็พบศาสนาธ์ ประจ้าคริสต์ที่สนิทกับคนกลุ่มหนึ่งข้างถนน คนเลี้ยงและกำกับเลี้ยงเหล่าสุนัข ๆ สุนัขเลี้ยงแกะเป็นประโยชน์มาก และเขาฝึกหัดไว้ข้าวคนเลี้ยงแกะและต้อนฝูงสุนัขไปทุ่งหญ้า เก้าสัปดาห์ คนเลี้ยงแกะการวางวางจะต้องสุนัขของคนเลี้ยง โพลเรานั่งข้างรถโคขากลับมา และเริ่มว่าไปที่สุนัขเพราะเธอชอบสัมมาชีพทุกชนิดเธอพูดว่า "อย่าเพิ่งกินแค็ปเลย ดิ้นรักษาขาของมันให้หายได้"

เธอถือมาไม่เลิก ๆ มาแสวงหาทำเป็นเสือหมายของแกะ และเอาสัตว์พันธุ์นั้น เขาสั่งเก็บกลับบ้านด้วยความระมัดระวัง โพลเรานั้นได้รักษาบาดแผลและนำ阿森纳ไปที่ศูนย์ทุกชนิด ยิ่งเหลาสัตว์ต้องมากระดูกเกิดกันติด สุนัข
In later years the shepherd used to say that Cap was
Flo’s first patient.

Flo and Parthe were now 17 and 18 years old. Their
mother decided that it was time for them to “come
out” in society and become young ladies of fashion.
That meant even more parties than they now had. It
meant that their house would have to be enlarged.
They decided to build six new bedrooms and a new
kitchen. While all this work was going on at Embley
Park, their parents took Flo and Parthe to Europe.

For all her studies and busy life, Flo was unhappy.
She wrote lots of letters, not only to other people but
little notes to herself — about things to do and the
way she felt. Flo felt that she was not doing anything
useful with her life. She saw the great contrast
between her life of ease and that of most of the
English people. She was unhappy because she did
not know what to do. She was not particularly
religious, probably no more so than many of you.
She went to church with her parents and helped at
the church bazaars but she did not feel close to God
and his son, Jesus Christ. And, then she had a most
unusual experience.
In one of the little notes to herself she wrote, “On February 7th, 1837, God spoke to me and called me to His service.” She had heard a voice outside herself speaking to her in human words. She did not know what she was to do, she only knew that sometime God would use her. It was the same kind of experience that came to Joan of Arc although Joan was told definitely at that time what she must do.

Now Florence became happier. She knew that eventually she would do something special with her life. She entered gladly into the family plans to go to Europe.

Mr. Nightingale had designed a special coach for traveling. It was pulled by six horses ridden by postilions to guide them. The coach was nicely upholstered inside to make it comfortable. There was even a folding table for eating and for writing although the roads were so rough no one could spend any time writing letters. On top of the coach there was a place for the servants to sit. They took three servants with them besides the coachman and the postilions. Their baggage was tied on behind.

The Nightingales left England on September 8th, 1837. They crossed to France. They did not go to Paris the first part of their tour because they wanted to spend several months there just before they
returned to England. They went to the south of France. The weather was fine and the girls spent most of the time sitting on the roof of the coach with the servants singing and enjoying the scenery. Every night Flo wrote in her diary and also wrote long letters home to her cousins. They spent some time in Nice, then went to Genoa, Pisa and finally arrived in the city of Florence, Italy, for a longer stay. Everywhere the girls went they were invited to balls, concerts and parties of all kinds. They spoke French and Italian and Flo was invited to sing, for she had a lovely voice. Parthe displayed her art work. Every day their father had them do their lessons including practicing on the piano. He took them to art galleries, museums and the opera. They admired the culture of Italy and the whole family became ardent supporters of the cause of Italian freedom. At that time Italy was ruled by Austria. When they were in Geneva, Switzerland, they came in contact with many political refugees from Italy who had no money. Many educated Italians had to work as servants.

At last the Nightingale family came to Paris and there they bought beautiful dresses for the ladies. Florence also made a very dear friend here – Mary Clarke. They went to parties all day. Mary Clarke was very fond of Flo and their friendship lasted as long as they lived. After eighteen months in Europe, the family returned to England.
Mrs. Nightingale was proud of her daughters, especially Florence, who everyone felt was someone special. She planned a gay social season for them and hoped for wealthy marriages. Their home was beautifully furnished with things they had bought in Europe. Once again all their relatives came visiting with lots of young children racing around the house.

At this time Flo’s cousin, Henry Nicholson, fell in love with her. She was fond of him, but only as one of her cousins and did not want to marry him. Henry was really very much in love and actually waited many years for Flo to change her mind. He never married and finally was drowned while traveling in Spain.

It was now three years since Flo had heard her “call from God.” She was again unhappy because she did not know what she was to do. She tried to improve herself in many ways and still kept up her studies.

Florence was greatly admired in society and was very popular. Another wealthy young man, Richard Monckton Milnes, fell in love with her and wanted to marry her but she only teased him. Flo was becoming aware of all the misery, disease and suffering among the poor in England. She felt that her “call” was to help them. She yet did not know
how this was to be done. She spent all her free time with the poor and sick around their estates and did not want to leave when it was time to go to London for gay parties.

In 1844, when Flo was 24 years old, she knew that her life lay with the sick people in hospitals. She asked Dr. Ward Howe, a great American philanthropist who was visiting in their home, if he thought it would be suitable for her to devote her life to hospitals. He told her to follow her heart. Quietly, by herself, she would visit hospitals and read what few reports there were on health.

Florence knew she could not mention hospitals to her parents. Hospitals were only for the poor who had no place to go when they were ill. Flo was shocked and dismayed at all she saw. The buildings were old, drafty, dirty and falling to pieces. The walls were damp and green with mold. Many of the patients just lay on mats on the floor, the only covering a cloth they had brought with them. There were no nurses. Any woman working there was a charwoman, the relative of a patient, or a woman from the streets. Many of them were drunk and disorderly. There was no clean bedding, no good food, no sanitation, no medicine and, of course, no ether or anesthesia of any kind. Florence studied every book she could find about medicine and the care of the sick.
Florence was allowed to “help” when any of her relatives were ill. No one mentioned the word “nursing.” She cared for a new baby whose mother had died, her young cousin, and finally her old nurse and one of her grandmothers during their last illness. Florence had proved that she was capable and competent. But she knew now that real training was necessary to become a nurse. Because her family knew the head physician, Flo at last asked to go to Salisbury Infirmary for three months to study nursing.

It was if she had thrown a bomb. “What did you say?” asked Mrs. Nightingale, half rising from her chair.

“I said I want to go to the Salisbury Infirmary for three months to study nursing,” answered Florence.

“Nursing! Are you mad? How dare you suggest it!”

“You can’t leave me, I’ll be all alone. You want to shut me out of your life. I hate you,” screamed Parthe.

“Certainly not, Florence,” said her father stiffly.

“You will disgrace us, I’ll never be able to look people in the face again. You can’t. You can’t. Such
low, immoral people,” said her mother, and then she fainted.

“You are mean and hateful. Yes, and I think really evil and bad to want to associate with the scum of the earth,” cried Parthe and she struck Flo across the face.

“Florence, help your mother,” said Mr. Nightingale.

“I am disgusted with you. Why must you forever try to be different from other girls?”

“It’s just that I feel I must help the poor and sick,” replied Florence.

“You can do it some other way. For a girl with your advantages, education and prospects there is enough to keep you busy here,” replied her father.

“Who will want to marry me, if they know that you are a nurse?” said Parthe.

After that her mother would not let Flo out of the house alone. Parthe was always with her, or a servant to watch her. Flo began to study Government books on Public Health and such hospital reports as she could find. She read in secret. She got up before it was light, wrapped herself in a blanket and hoped that no one would see the light from her candle. She put her information into many notebooks.
Mrs. Nightingale put Florence in charge of part of the housekeeping to keep her in the house. She had to count sheets and napkins and see to the polishing of silver. She was allowed to “help” if anyone was ill in the villages or on their estates.

In 1847 Florence went abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, friends of her family. At this time she had a mystical experience – a direct revelation from God – to submit to her parents and eventually her greatest work would be blessed.

In Rome, Florence met Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert who were interested in hospital reform. Flo, with her knowledge gained from her early morning study, was an expert. She was particularly interested in the hospital at Kaiserwerth, Germany. It was run by a Protestant religious group and she hoped to go there to study. But 1848 was a year of revolution in Germany. So that year the Bracebridges, with Florence went to Egypt and then to Greece. This was to get away from home again because Florence had finally told Richard Milnes she could not marry him. He had waited for her for nine years.

While in Athens, Florence rescued a baby owl from some Greek boys who were tormenting it. The little
owl was very fierce. Flo would hypnotize it to quiet it so the tiny creature would go back into its cage. When it was tame Flo carried it around in her jacket pocket.

On the way home the Bracebridges went to Germany and Florence spent two weeks at Kaiserwerth as she had longed to do for ten years. She found it a model institution of 100 beds with an orphanage, a primary school and an industrial school attached.

When Florence got home and her family found out that she had been to Kaiserwerth, they were very angry.

Her mother scolded and cried. Parthe had hysterics and fainted. They said Flo hated her family and must be forced to stay home.

She could look after the flowers in the living rooms. For six months she must do nothing but be a companion to Parthe.

Parthe was very jealous of her younger sister because Flo was interested in so many things. She knew many important people. She was witty and gay.

People liked Flo better than they did Parthe. Florence was a great success wherever she went.
She had many proposals of marriage. She could have had many more proposals from those who admired her if she had so much as fluttered her long eyelashes.

Parthe lived in Flo’s shadow.

If Flo went off to a hospital what life would Parthe have?

Parth became very demanding. She screamed and fainted to make Flo do what she wanted. Parthe was now 32 years old but still acted like a child. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale treated both girls as if they were only ten years old.

In 1851 interest in hospital reform became fashionable. Florence finally said she would take Parthe, who was ill – or thought she was – to Carlsbad, leave her there for a three months cure, and she would go on to Kaiserwerth for study. Her mother and Parthe did not like it, but Flo made up her mind and she went. At least, said her mother, no one would know where she was.

At Kaiserwerth Flo learned what true devotion to duty was. Here she said she learned to love life, and to work to save it. When she passed her examination it was with the highest mark ever given to anyone.
Flo’s mother and Parthe would hardly speak to her all the way back to England, but she did not despair. She knew what God wanted her to do with her life. She would become a nurse, even if she grew old before her parents would let her do more than give some soup to a sick tenant.

She must give another six months to Parthe. Walking with her, sewing with her, painting pictures with her, never leaving her for a moment.

If she went away alone, Parthe would scream and swear at Flo. She would have hysterics and faint and say it was all Flo’s fault. One day Flo received a letter. “Here is some news in which you may be interested. ‘The Institution for the care of Sick Gentlewomen in Distressed Circumstances’ wants to move. They need a larger place. They want to reorganize. They need a new superintendent. Will you come and take charge!”

Here was Flo’s chance. Without telling her family, she applied. She was accepted. When her mother and Parthe found out about the new position they were so angry they could not speak. They could not think of Flo going to London all by herself. She had to remind her mother that she was now 33 years old. Flo looked so young and beautiful everyone thought she was 20. She still wore beautiful clothes. Her hair curled. Her eyes sparkled. She liked to go to parties.
Finally, Mr. Nightingale gave in.

“Yes Flo. You may go to London,” said her father. “Father, you are a darling,” cried Flo throwing her arms around him. “How can you let her do this terrible thing,” said her mother. “I will never consent.” “How can you leave me by myself?” and Parthe stamped her foot and kicked the chair. “But Flo,” said her father, “you must take a chaperone with you.” “Oh yes, yes father.” “It must be someone respectable and trustworthy who will be with you all the time.” “Oh yes, father.” “Then you must take your personal maid.” “Oh yes, yes.” “You will need someone to look after your clothes.” “Who is going to pay for all this,” said her mother. “I can use my clothes allowance.” Said Flo. “Nonsense,” sniffed her mother. “What will you use for clothes?”

“I can give you an allowance of £500 a year,” said Mr. Nightingale. “No one gives me £500,” said Parthe. “It’s not fair.”
So Florence went to London with her maid and her chaperone. She would receive no salary and must pay all her expenses herself. £500 would be worth only about 28,000 baht – not very much for a society lady in England.

Flo was very happy.
She put the hospital in order.
It was clean and pleasant.
There was a diet kitchen.

The nurses were not permitted to go off duty unless there was a replacement. There were classes for nurses.

Flo ordered hospital supplies; sheets, gowns, uniforms, dressings, in large quantities. She also had big orders of medicine and had her own pharmacist.

She established a routine. She was used to having the servants at home obey her, so the servants in the hospital recognized the authority in her voice.

The place became the best hospital in England. Flo reduced expenses. The women who came to the hospital did not want to go away. Flo had to make a rule that they could not stay more than two months. If the patients needed more convalescent time, Flo would pay for it out of her own pocket.

In 1854 the Crimean War broke out.
Big Russia was fighting little Turkey.
England and France decided to help Turkey.
Many newspaper men want to the battle area to tell the people in England about the war. They also told them about the terrible condition of the wounded soldiers.

The hospitals were only deserted, tumbled-down buildings.

Soaked with rain, green with mold, hung with bats, and over-run with rats as big as cats.

The rats would bite the wounded soldiers too weak to push them away. Some soldiers could not even get into the building but lay uncovered in the mud on the ground.

In the hospital at Scutari there were no beds, no blankets, no dressings. Most of the wounds were not even cleaned out with water, for there was not enough water. Cholera had broken out. More soldiers died from wounds and disease than were killed in the war. The French had better military hospitals staffed by nuns. When the people of England heard about these conditions they were very angry. They told the Minister of War to do something about it.

The Secretary of War was Sidney Herbert. Florence had met him in Rome and the families had been friends ever since. He wrote to Florence asking her to organize some nurses to go to Crimea at Government expense and with Government sanction.
Florence had already been thinking about the lack of nursing. She wrote Mr. Herbert that she would go. The Government appointed Florence “Superintendent of Female Nursing of the General Military Hospitals.” It was a sensation. No woman had ever been active in the army. Florence became famous overnight. Flo’s parents said she must take Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge along with her for chaperones, and she did.

Florence set up a recruiting station for nurses in London.

Many women applied but most were unsuitable. Finally 38 women — all of whom had had some nursing experience — were chosen. They were given grey uniforms and white caps. They had only four days to get ready to go. Florence was to have complete authority over the band of nurses. They became known as “Miss Nightingale’s Women.” Many people in England thought it was a crazy expedition and scoffed at it. Only a few friends saw them off from London Bridge for France.

In France it was different.

The French people cheered them and scattered flowers.

The French people cheered them and scattered flowers.
Porters would take no money for carrying their luggage. Hotels would take no money for their lodging. The railroads would take no money for their tickets across France.

In Marseilles, Florence bought a large supply of medicines and necessities for a hospital. She took these things right along with her. The party sailed from Marseilles on October 27th in the Vectis. It was a dilapidated old ship, dirty and full of bugs.

They ran into a storm and had to shelter at the island of Malta. Everyone was seasick. They finally got to Constantinople (now called Istanbul) on November 3rd. They were to go to the Barracks Hospital across the Bosphorus at Scutari. There had been a big battle five days before and many wounded soldiers were expected.

Florence and her brigade of nurses were horrified at what they saw. Surrounded by a sea of mud, one part of the barracks had been burned out and another part had been used as a stable for horses. There were cellars but they were like dens for animals. In them lived many women and children.

Some were the wives of the soldiers and others were street women and camp followers. They were
waiting to take money off the dead soldiers. Florence

cleared them out. She gave them better quarters away
from the hospital and set them to work washing
clothes.

There were army medical supplies but they were
locked up.

“I want a roll of bandages and a tourniquet to stop
bleeding.”

“Fill out these five forms for the bandages. I cannot
give out a tourniquet.”

“Where can I get one?”

“In the other building, upstairs to the left.”

“These forms for the bandages must be signed.”

“No, no, by the doctor in the ward, then by the head
of the Department.”

“He’s not here. He went to Constantinople this
morning.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t give you any bandages.”

“Can’t you give me just a little to save this patient’s
life. I’ll pay for it myself.”

“I cannot give out government property without an
officially signed order. When the orders are signed, I
will send to the Quartermaster, eight kilometers
away, and request a roll of bandages.”
"I’m sorry, sir" said an orderly, "the patient has bled to death."

The military doctors in Scutari and the Crimea were opposed to Florence and her nurses. They decided to make life as hard as possible for them and "freeze" them out.

They were given six small rooms like storerooms for forty people. There were only two beds and a few chairs. They were given no food.

The doctors decided to pay no attention to Florence. She decided that she could not work until the doctors invited her to do so. However she began a diet kitchen in her own quarters.

Finally a series of disasters forced the doctors to invite Florence to help, and to use the things she had bought in Marseilles. First there was fighting and the partial destruction of the British army at Sebastopol. This was followed by the worst hurricane in the memory of the country. It destroyed a big ship which had just arrived, loaded with warm clothes, medicines and all kinds of provisions for the troops. The ship keeled over and sank while crowds watched from the shore. The only person with money available and with medical supplies was Florence. She could buy more provisions in Constantinople. Mr. McGrigor was Flo’s best friend; Dr. John Hall caused her the most trouble.
At this point, Queen Victoria came out strongly for Florence. Many of the minor officials who had been blocking all Flo’s efforts to help the soldiers were thereafter afraid to continue to persecute her.

All the time that Flo was struggling to get food and material for the sick men, she was also doing actual nursing. She cleaned wounds and took the worst cases herself. Every evening she went on inspection. It was a walk of six kilometers through the wards with beds on either side. Flo carried a little lantern which she put down while she bent over a patient. The men adored her and said “they felt better if her shadow fell upon them.”

Flo cheered up the soldiers.

She got them to write letters home.
She stood by them holding a hand when they came for an operation without any anesthesia.
They called her the “Lady in Chief.”
Florence started what is now called physical therapy.
She started schools for the patients as many soldiers could not read or write.

She opened recreation rooms and reading rooms.

She had them help roll bandages.
She started them on handicrafts.
She introduced exercises for amputees.
In May 1855, Flo decided to go on a tour of inspection of the other hospitals in the Crimea. Mr. Bracebridge and a party of nine, which included four nurses, went with her.

All the important generals came to pay their respects to her. She even went up to the front lines riding a spirited horse. No one knew that Florence could ride as well as a cavalry officer.

When the soldiers at the front saw her they cheered and cheered. They rushed to pick wild flowers and filled her arms full.
She was called “the soldier’s friend” because she always acted as if each single man, whether private or general, was valuable in God’s sight.

While visiting these hospitals, Flo became ill with Crimean fever, and later, sciatica. She had to have all her hair cut off. She had to stay in bed two months. This gave her a rest. Her hair grew back in little curls all over her head. This made her look younger and more beautiful than ever.

Flo had many troubles in hospital administration. Jealous doctors and clerks tried to discredit and humiliate her. She bore this persecution silently for the sake of the soldiers. They even accused her of neglecting the patients, although every night she walked through all the wards with her little lantern.
In England the mothers and wives of the soldiers loved and admired Florence. The returning soldiers told everyone what she had done for them. They made her a national heroine. Songs were written about her. Someone hastily wrote a book about her life and her “Christian and Heroic Deeds.” At the famous wax works of Mme. Tussaud, they made a wax figure of Flo bending over a wounded soldier. She was so popular that there was a public meeting to plan to honor her in some way.

Much honor and respect was given to Mrs. Nightingale because she was Florence’s mother. Parthe told everyone that she was Florence’s sister. They were invited to all kinds of parties by people who wanted to see them.

So much money came in that a Nightingale Fund was set up to start a training school for nurses according to Flo’s ideas.

Queen Victoria presented a beautiful diamond brooch (pin) which had been especially designed by the Prince Consort. It was a St. Georges Cross in red enamel with the word CRIMEA on it, and around it the words “Blessed are the Merciful.” Above the cross...
was a diamond crown. On the back was engraved the words “To Miss Florence Nightingale as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion toward the Queen’s brave soldiers, from VICTORIA R. 1855.”

All this time Florence was still in the Crimea.

She improved the life of the common soldier. She got them to save their money to send home.

Many asked Flo to keep their money for them as they did not trust the banks. No one ever stole money from Flo’s room.

Friends in England sent pictures, puzzles, books and games for the recreation rooms. The soldiers got up singing classes. They had a little theater. Outdoor sports were encouraged. Florence Nightingale taught the officers and officials to treat the soldiers like Christian men.

In July 1856 the last wounded soldiers were sent away from the Barracks Hospital. Flo and her Aunt Mai, who had spent a year with her, were soon to come home.

The government offered her a battleship to bring her home in state.

All the regiments that had been in the Crimea wanted to meet her with their military bands when she
arrived in England. But, Flo wanted to come home quietly.

She did not even tell her family when she was coming, but arrived home at Lea Hurst unexpectedly. Her father and mother and Parthe were in the drawing room. The housekeeper happened to glance out her upstairs window. She screamed and burst into tears and they all ran out to meet Flo as she walked up the drive.

Florence now set herself to help clean up the military hospitals for the common soldier. She knew that many soldiers were dying because of new infections they received in army hospitals.

She urged all manner of Public Health measures. She wanted nursing departments in all the hospitals.

England had had a Board of Public Health only since 1848.

She met the Queen and they became firm friends. Later a Royal Commission was set up by the Queen. In the following years Florence never really recovered her health.
She stayed in her room at home, or when she came to London, she took rooms at the hotel where the Nightingales always stayed.

Her friend, Sidney Herbert, who became Minister of War, would see important people of her. Those who came to see her were always won by her extraordinary charm. She did not seek fame for herself. All she wanted was that the men in the army should have the best care possible. She counted them all as her children.

Thousands of people wrote letters to her.
They sent congratulations and gifts of all kinds.

Some gifts were small and humble.
Other gifts were large and expensive.
There were many letters from gentlemen begging Flo to marry them.

People wrote poems about Flo.
They wrote songs about her and sang them in theaters.
They all wanted her picture.
Flo got Parthe to answer all the letters for her.

Florence continued to work. She wrote her report for the Government, a book called “Notes on Matters affecting the Health, Efficiency and Administration of the British Army.” She prepared all the facts and statistics for the Queen’s Commission. When she was well enough Flo went visiting hospitals and recommending improvements.
About this time a gentlemen, Sir Harry Verney, came to call on Florence. He was a very wealthy widower 56 years old with three grown children. He owned big estates and was a model landlord.

He was a pioneer in rural housing development and administration.

He was a Member of Parliament and a devout Protestant, active in the Bible Society and in Evangelical organizations. He came to see Flo because of his interest in hospitals and reform.

Finally he asked Flo to marry him. Flo liked him very much but did not want to marry anyone.

She refused him with charm and graciousness.

Sir Harry had met Parthe, who was always with Flo.

Sir Harry then asked Parthe to marry him, Parthe said, “yes.”

Parthe was now forty years old, still lovely to look at, but not as strikingly beautiful as Flo.

Sir Harry always admired Flo and helped her in many of her reform projects.
Flo kept on with her writing. She did a small book on Mortality in the British Army. She presented her statistical facts by means of pictorial charts, a method which Flo invented and which is used to this day.

When the Mutiny broke out in India in 1857, Flo said she would go to supervise the sick. Her friend Herbert, said that her health would not permit her to go. In 1858 Sidney Herbert became the Minister of War and could push through the hospital reforms so much needed. He died not long after that. Before he died, he sent a message to Flo saying he was sorry that “their work was only half done.”

Civil hospitals appealed to Florence for advice. She was now the leading authority on hospital reform and administration. Famous people from other countries came to consult her.

She wrote another book on hospitals and nursing.

Foreign governments asked her to approve plans for new hospitals. She even recommended pale pink for the color of the walls instead of dark green or muddy brown.
At this time Flo finally decided where to establish the Nightingale Training School for Nurses and a Training School for Midwives.

In 1861 the Queen wrote to Florence offering her an apartment in Kensington Palace for as long as she lived. That is where Princess Margaret now lives. Florence had to refuse because it was so far out from the center of London and hundreds of people kept coming to consult her. She wrote nine more small books.

In April 1861 there was war between the States in the United States. There was no organization for the care of the wounded. The Secretary of War wrote to Florence for advice. She sent him her reports, statistics and recommendations. The northern States soon had the advantage of hospital inspection, nurses, special diet and physical therapy. Flo wrote hundreds of letters to the United States Government. Charitable organizations interested in relief asked her for advice, too.

"Your influence and our indebtedness to you can never be known" wrote the Secretary of the United States Christian Union. Flo’s ideas carried out by Clara Barton during this war.

ในขณะนี้เธอได้ตกลงใจตัดขาดเกี่ยวกับสถานที่ตั้งโรงเรียนอบรมนางพยาบาลในติงเกลและสถานอบรมผดุงครรภ์แล้ว

ในปี 1861 สมเด็จพระราชินีได้ส่งพระราชหัตถ์เข้ามา อนุญาตให้ฟลอเรนซ์เข้าพักอาศัยในพระราชวังเคนซิงตัน เป็นที่ประทับของเจ้าฟ้ามาร์กาเร็ตในปัจจุบัน กล่าวถึงว่ากษัตริย์แห่งไออยู่ไกลจากใจกลางกรุงลอนดอน และประชาชนจำนวนมากมาปรึกษาหารือเธอ เธอได้แต่งหนังสือขนาดเล็กขึ้นอีก 9 เล่ม ในเดือนเมษายน 1861 ได้เกิดสงครามระหว่างรัฐต่าง ๆ ในประเทศอเมริกา ไม่มีองค์การสำหรับดูแลผู้ป่วยของกองทัพก็ได้ เลขาธิการกลาโหมให้เขาльцานหมายข่าวประกาศจากฟลอเรนซ์ เข้ายังรัฐบาลและสัมมติการต่าง ๆ และส่งจดหมายไปให้เขา ไม่นานรัฐบาลก็จึงได้ประกาศจากรัฐบาลให้มีการตรวจตรวจเวรพยาบาล นางพยาบาล อาหารพิเศษและการรักษาโรคเฉพาะ โฟลได้จัดตั้งหน่วยหลักย่อยสำรองรัฐบาล ประจำองค์การกุศลที่สนใจในงานบริพยาธิ์นี้ให้เข้ามามทานจากเธอหัวหน้าโรงพยาบาล เจ้าหน้าที่โรงพยาบาลหนึ่งนายได้เสนอเลขิกอนั้น เลขิกอนศาสตร์คริสเตียนในอนุญาตให้เขียนว่า "อัทธิพลของเธอและหน้าที่มุ่งมั่นของเธอ เข็นนิมมามกษัตริย์ที่จะล้าจ้าง" ในระหว่างสงครามต่าง ๆ กล่าว บาร์คันต์ได้นำเอาแนวทางความคิดของโฟลออกมาปฏิบัติ
Flo decided that she must live in London instead of the country. She was tired of living in a hotel.

She bought a house on 10 South Street, where she lived until she died.

She was an ardent “bird watcher” for she loved the beautiful, darting creatures. She had brought a bird back from the Crimea with her, to take the place of the little owl which had died.

Flo also liked cats. She had several at her London home.

Flo always said that the cats were easy on her nerves and did not make a lot of noise when she was trying to work. Sometimes she would give special kittens to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale both became ill.

Parthe, who had been with them all the time until her marriage, could not be spared from her own family.

So Flo went to Embly Park and was there nearly a year.

Her mother was almost blind and needed help.

Every day Flo worked at her desk for now she was interested in the Poor Law reforms in England and in the sanitary problems of India.
Every new Viceroy who went out to India always came to see Flo at her home in London.

The Queen “expected” them to talk with Miss Nightingale before taking their leave.

Now honor and credit were coming to Flo.

It was a young Swiss, M. Henry Dunant, who organized the Geneva Convention and founded the Red Cross. Its object was to treat all wounded soldiers as neutrals and serve all. This was later extended to include prisoners-of-war and people suffering from natural disasters such as hurricanes, tidal waves, earthquakes and fire.

In 1872 M. Dunant came to England to report on the work of the Red Cross Society.

He said, “Though I am known as the founder of the Red Cross and the originator of the Convention of Geneva, it is to an English woman that all the honor of that Convention is due. What inspired me... was the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea.”

Florence had to go again to Embly Park to look after her parents.
She said that organizing that house was almost as
difficult as organizing a hospital.

In 1874 her beloved father died and Florence
devoted most of her time to her mother, who was
now completely blind. Mrs. Nightingale died in 1880
at the age of ninety-two.

Florence now turned to her nurses in training at the
new school.

She took great delight in them. Many girls were from
good families; charming, intelligent and lovely.

Parents now urged their daughters to follow Flo’s
example, if they became interested in nursing. When
she thought that the nurses had worked too hard, she
had them come to her home for a weekend of rest
and good food. To be poor, to be in trouble, was a
sure way to Flo’s heart.

Flo was drawn back into the army work after the
death of her parents. She worked for the Ministry of
War and continually wrote to the Queen. She helped
select the nurses to be sent to Egypt and India.

Flo was sixty-five years old now and she had another
pet project. It was the promotion of district nursing.
Queen Victoria decided to use the money from her
Jubilee Fund for district home nursing among the poor. This was in honor of Florence.

Florence’s strength was failing. She remained at home all the time except for long visits to her sister. Parthe had become a famous hostess and a clever author of several books. Now she was crippled by arthritis, and died in 1890.

Flo kept a beautiful home. She dressed very stylishly. She entertained many important people for dinner. She had to spend most of her time lying on a couch even when she was receiving guests. Now she had time for her family. She enjoyed the visits of her grand-nieces and nephews.

They came to her for advice on all matters; from love affairs to examination papers. They all called her Aunt Florence. She kept up her interest in all her projects by writing hundreds of letters.

Flo’s eyes had bothered her for some time. By 1889 her eyesight was failing. By 1901 she was completely blind. Her memory became faulty. She gave up all interest in Government affairs, now that her friend, Queen Victoria, was dead.
Honors fell on Flo like rain.

France and Germany both conferred decorations upon her.

King Edward bestowed the Order of Merit; the first time it had ever been given to a woman.

There were tributes from the City of Florence in Italy, where she had been born.

There was a Florence Nightingale Society in the United States.

The International Conference of the Red Cross Societies, meeting in London in 1907, sent a message to Flo, saying that her “heroic efforts on behalf of suffering humanity will be recognized and admired of all ages as long as the world shall last.”

Thousands of training schools for nurses were founded in many countries. All were due to her efforts and to the Red Cross which had taken over her work.

But of this, Florence knew nothing.

Slowly she loosened her hold on life.

About noon on August 13, 1910, she fell asleep and did not wake up again.
She had become a national heroine, a legend during her lifetime, beloved around the world.
พิมพ์ที่โรงพิมพ์รุ่งเรืองรัตน์ 47 ถนนเพียงนาค พระนคร
นายพล รุ่งเรืองธรรม ผู้พิมพ์ผู้จ่ายมูล 2507