

is of course an absurdity, so there must be something wrong with this definition, too.

The fact is, wealth pertains to nothing in particular. It is what is called an abstract name, and has no independent existence. No one ever saw wealth, or handled it as a horse or a dog, or even "useful and agreeable things" may be seen or handled. To call "all useful and agreeable things" wealth, is just the same kind of error as we should make if we were to call wise men wisdom, or a running horse motion, or a high steeple height. Wisdom is what is common to wise men, the point in which wise men agree with one another. Wise men may be tall or short, dark or fair, handsome or ugly; there may be all sorts of differences between them. In one point, however, they resemble each other, and this resembling feature is called wisdom. Similarly, wealth is the point of agreement between wealthy countries or wealthy individuals. There may be all sorts of differences between such; in one respect, however, they agree—viz., in being powerful. Wealth is power, and its source is as varied as the forces that mankind have to oppose. This is why it has had so many meanings given to it, because

in the different stages of social development different kinds of opposition have had to be overcome. Thus, in an early and rude stage, such as that in which Europeans first found the American Indians, the wealthiest tribe and the tribe that numbered most members were equivalent. When the hunting-grounds and rivers of such a tribe failed to supply its wants, it picked up its traps and went to the territory of its neighbours. Though at that time a large population was a source of wealth, as the larger the population the more likely was a tribe to be able to help itself to whatever it wanted, still to-day we know that modern communities make no more frequent complaint than that they are too thickly populated, and are only too glad to have opportunities of sending some of their surplus members away. Thus it appears that what may be wealth one day, is not wealth but a source of weakness the next.

The question as to what wealth is, is very subtle, and we have been able to touch only the fringe of it here. We trust, however, that what we have put before the reader may lead him to think further upon these matters, for by-and-by we feel sure they will be forced upon every one's attention.

W. B. R.

#### THE EARLY HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



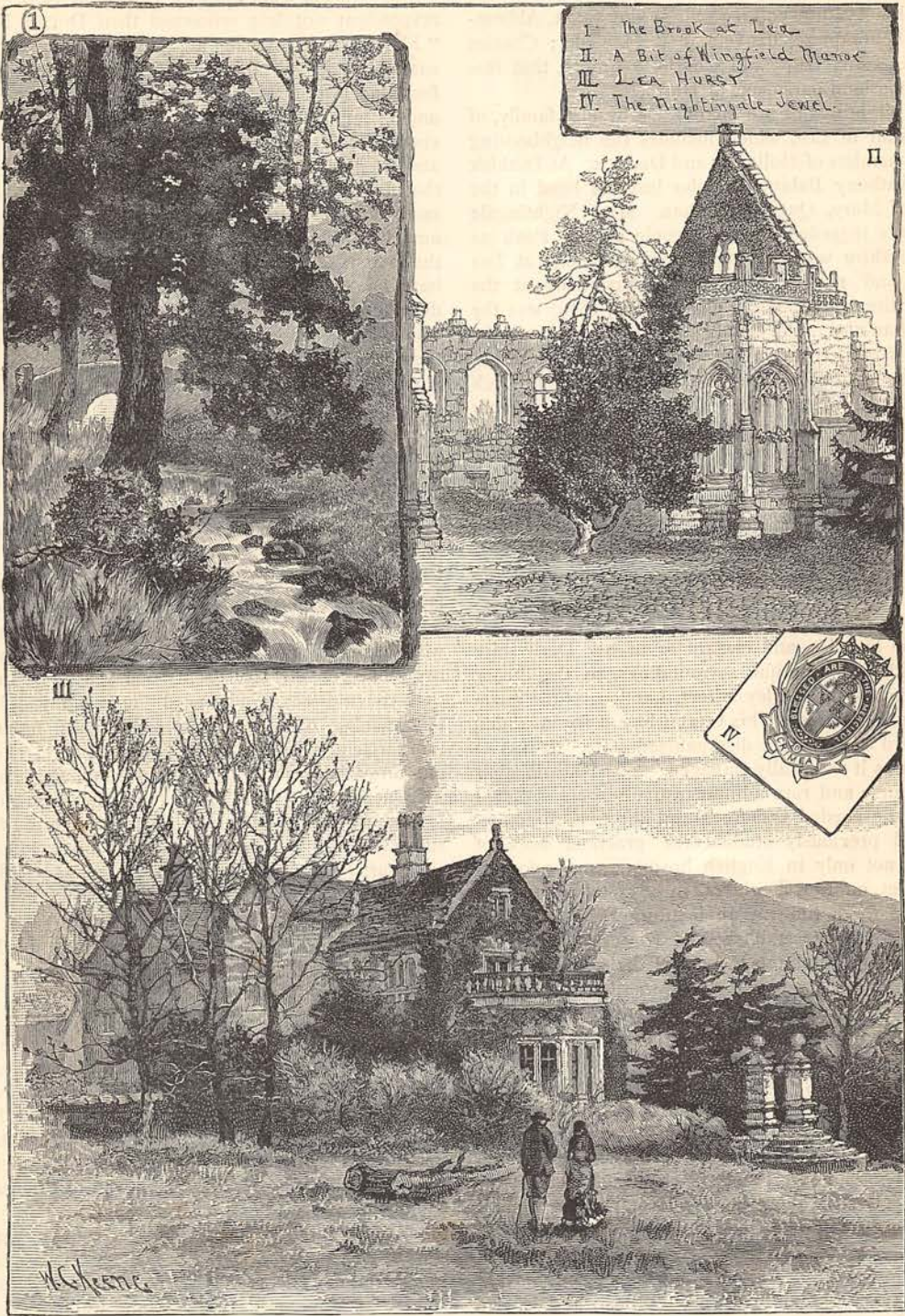
HERE is no more picturesque spot in the whole of the Peak district of Derbyshire than Lea Hurst, the early home of Miss Florence Nightingale, not even Hadon or Hardwick, Bolsover or Peveril's fortalice at Castleton, with their ancient glory, or Chatsworth, with its bewildering modern magnificence. Lea Hurst, regarded as a building, might belong to Tudor days, so

quaint are its square-headed mullioned windows, its clustering chimney-stacks, its high-peaked gables, its projecting oriels, surmounted by balustrade and battlement, its reposeful terrace and lawn, the whole tree-shaded and ivy-draped. It is somewhat disappointing to the artistic sense to be told that this time-toned-looking building of ancient architecture dates from the present century. But if the house were not picturesque and ideal in itself, it would still be worth climbing up the steep wooded scaur from Whatstandwell ("Hot Stannel"), or Cromford, to behold the diversified view of the Derwent Valley which Lea Hurst commands. There is nothing more pictorial in this panoramic shire.

Lea Hurst stands on a bold bluff, but higher hills are above and around it. It overlooks a deep and devious valley, where other valleys meet to diverge. Let us stand at the gateway which divides the hall gardens from the belt of green park, a quaint gateway that invites the artist to steal its lichened steps,

its moss-grown columns, with their orbs of stone, into his sketch-book. From this Pisgah-like plateau we look around. Behind us to the south-east rises the combe-like mass of Crich Cliff, tower-crowned, its limestone bulk now glistening white and anon grey, as sun and shadow play with the picture. Opposite, rising from the rocky gorge where the Derwent plashes voicefully over its mossy boulders, between steep and hanging banks, the woods of Alderwasley ("Arrerslee") climb dark and thick to the sky-line. The eye follows this hilly ridge to Cromford and Matlock, with all the beauty of blended wood and water, hall and hamlet, hill and dale, grace of green park and gleam of grey tor, that these names suggest. Closer at hand, and sheltering Lea Hurst from the north, are the mountain hamlets of Lea and Holloway ("Howy"). Not readily does the entranced eye take in the infinite range of this picture, exquisite at all times and in every season.

But what lends to Lea Hurst an enchantment that neither architectural harmony nor landscape loveliness can confer is its personal and human interest. The law of association has linked this quaint home and poetic country with the life and labours of one of England's "uncrowned queens;" and were the house gaunt and ungainly, and the scenery wanting in poetic grandeur, Lea Hurst would still be the haunt of pilgrims. As Longfellow, in a prose passage, has expressed it: "Even scenes unlovely in themselves become clothed in beauty when illuminated by the imagination, as faces in themselves not beautiful become so by the expression of thought and feeling." The genius and goodness of Miss Florence Nightingale have



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consecrated Lea Hurst, just as William Shakespeare has consecrated the half-timbered house of his home at Stratford-on-Avon; Wordsworth, Rydal Mount; Burns, his Ayrshire cottage; Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford; Tom Moore, his retreat at Mayfield; Charles Dickens, Gads Hill; and Charlotte Brontë, that isolated moorland parsonage at Haworth.

The Nightingales are an old Derbyshire family, of the Manor of Lea, which includes the neighbouring upland hamlets of Holloway and Dethick. At Dethick lived Anthony Babington, who lost his head in the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots. Miss Nightingale is always regarded by the people of the Peak as a Derbyshire woman, but she was not born at Lea Hurst, and resides there only occasionally at the present time. Her natal place (May, 1819) was the fair Italian city ("the City of Lilies") whose name she bears. But her early days were spent at Lea Hurst, and there her divine mission of mercy among the sick and afflicted began. Says Mrs. Roe, in a womanly biography: "When at Lea Hurst, if any suffered hurt in the lead-mines or stone-quarries, Miss Nightingale's hands were the first to offer help and solace. So highly was her skill in dressing wounds appreciated, that the country-women said, 'Our good young Miss is better than either nurse or doctor.' Mothers regarded her firm but quiet management of the village children, when sick and refractory, as something like magic." The Lady of Lea Hurst passed from the luxuries and elegancies of her Derbyshire hall, with its beautiful surroundings, to the dreary establishment in Harley Street, London, as the nurse of sick governesses. This establishment for invalided ladies had fallen into a disorganised state. It was as indigent as it was badly managed. Miss Nightingale's liberal purse and rare administrative powers supplied at once the needed resources and the wise direction. She had previously studied the practical work of nursing, not only in English hospitals and reformatories, but on the Continent, in 1851 taking up her residence for a time in an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy, established at Kaiserworth, on the Rhine. Then came the horrors of the Crimean War. All the world knows the self-sacrificing services rendered at Scutari by the modest and unassuming Derbyshire lady, with voice of velvet and will of steel. Her name will out-live those of the heroes of Alma, Inkermann, Balaclava, and Sebastopol. Who that has ever read the description of the eloquent war correspondent of the *Times* can forget his thrilling words?—"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be

observed, lamp in hand, making her solitary rounds." No less glowing an eulogium of Miss Nightingale's labours comes from another pen—that of a war correspondent not less renowned than Doctor Russell: "Florence Nightingale left her pleasant home, her easel, Greek Testament, and all the elegancies of feminine surroundings, to go forth, like a 'ministering angel,' into the fiery wilderness of war. She had to encounter brutal stupidity, cruel misinterpretation, and determined opposition; to mingle with the thieves that follow an army, and with sights and sounds of the most horrible description. It is difficult to realise to ourselves the horrors of those hospitals, as she saw them first—devoid of comforts, and even necessities, bare, cheerless, filthy, and noisome. . . . Unless delirious in agony, no soldier could have used evil words in the presence of his guardian angel. Some of them turned on their pillows when the lady with the lamp glided from ward to ward, to kiss her shadow as it floated over their beds."

While Miss Florence Nightingale's life-work will in history be associated with the Crimea, her devoted labours, despite enfeebled health, have never been suspended. Her interest in everything relating to the nursing of the sick, to sanitary progress, and philanthropic efforts, is unabating. As I write, I have before me a letter in her bold, clear, decisive hand. It is dated from London. Here are one or two sentences from this friendly epistle:—"Overwhelmed with business as I am, London has necessarily been my home for the last twenty-one years. I am sure that you bid me 'God speed' in all my objects—the training of nurses, which becomes more and more essential every year; the sanitary reform in our army and country generally; and, above all, the irrigation development to prevent famine in India, to save the lives of millions of our poor, starving fellow-subjects. . . . Over-worked as I am, my health is necessarily very bad; but I thank God, who still gives me work to do for Him. I am indeed literally a prisoner to my room, except when, once a year, I take my widowed mother to Lea Hurst, now no longer ours. . . ."

Miss Nightingale's own reference to Lea Hurst brings me back to the Derbyshire hills. A noticeable feature about Lea Hurst, of which I have omitted mention, is its easy accessibility, and its convenient contiguity to places that are of themselves inviting. A "hurrygraph" of the grey gables of Lea Hurst, perched on its rocky eyrie, is to be obtained by the traveller on the Midland Railway, journeying between Derby and Manchester, if he looks out of the carriage window on the left-hand side of the down line, just as the train is about to burst into the tunnel that burrows almost underneath the green undulations of Lea Hurst Park. The tourist from north or south may change at Ambergate Junction, and walk to Matlock (six miles), past Whatstandwell Bridge ("Hot Stannel") and Cromford, "the cradle of the cotton manufacture," taking Lea Hurst to the right half-way. Or, he may leave Ambergate and saunter by Crich Cliff to Wingfield Manor—haunted by the memories of the

captivity of the Scottish Queen, under the Earl of Shrewsbury and his masculine consort, "Bess of Hardwick," and of the struggles between Roundhead and Royalist, and now a ruin, beautiful in its desolation, as all the historic mansions are where Mary was confined in England—and may take from thence a pleasant field-path to Lea Hurst, dropping afterwards into the Matlock Valley. But which-

ever route he may elect, he will find scenic combinations that may fairly challenge in wild and alluring beauty any landscapes in these isles or in other climes.

Our illustrations include a representation of the jewel presented to Miss Nightingale by Her Majesty in recognition of her work amongst the sick and wounded of our troops.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

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### THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.



JUST now the return once again of this, the first of the winter months and, not unfrequently, a suddenly severe and snowy one, drives us, especially those of us who cannot boast of much in the way of green-houses and conservatories, to consider how far we can utilise and make the most of any spare space in our own homes for the preservation of many of our favourite flowers and ferns, with a view afterwards, perhaps, of keeping some of them for exhibition permanently in-doors. A few words then about the general treatment and management of plants in-doors may not be out of place in this month of November, when the outlook beyond the window-pane is anything but inviting.

Now, when at Michaelmas, although our stock of cuttings had been taken a month previously, we found ourselves busy among the flower-beds, stripping them very reluctantly of their gay attire, it seemed to us a thousand pities to have to discard for good and all so large a number of sturdy and well-grown geraniums. Yet certainly we are, for the most part, often obliged to do this from sheer want of space and house-room. Yet now we say, warmly, why not select a few of the best-grown, strongest and healthiest plants, a dozen or so that still have plenty of buds upon them, and resolve to take them up bodily, pot them off and keep them for in-door exhibition?

In getting them up then, and especially some of the finest-grown geraniums, you will naturally find that the roots have struck out a good deal, but avoid breaking or damaging them unnecessarily, and in potting them do not shake off all the soil that adheres to them, but allow it to remain on, though at the same time some new and nourishing compost had better be used when potting off, and not the now exhausted soil in your surrounding flower-beds: have the pots of a good size, new if possible, or well washed, and above all see more particularly to the drainage of your pots, as this is of the greatest importance, standing as they are about to do in-doors. Choose then a good dry room in your house for what we will call the floral exhibition room, with a south aspect if possible, well lighted and bright and, above all, one capable of plenty of ventilation.

Yet it was of the mere *preservation* of our garden

stock in general that we promised first to speak. Boxes of cuttings then, and plants that you have cut down to two or three dwarf arms and planted half a dozen or more all round the edge of a large flower-pot, all these you can stow away anywhere so long as they can have air, and avoid frost and damp. If however you wish to keep your floral room select, and as a sort of green-house, and do not therefore wish to litter your room with your dwarf plants and cutting stock, all this latter and more unsightly collection can go into airy cupboards or to any out-house or shed that you may have. Only bear in mind that, in the case of an unusually severe winter, it is impossible to guarantee with absolute certainty the preservation of *all* your collection.

During an intensely frosty January night a light and additional covering might be thrown over your dwarf stock, a piece of matting for example, or an old curtain, only see that you remove it in the morning. We think also that we have on a former occasion hinted at the experiment of digging a small pit in the garden itself, of sufficient area and depth to contain your cuttings, &c., and which can be protected by boards or tarpaulin; but all this is a source of trouble as well as expense, while the risk of damping off is very great, so that perhaps on the whole we prefer the original experiment, where there is no green-house, of trying to save all the stock in one of the rooms of the house itself.

One other precaution by the way we would give where we have a large collection of plants in a room: have no carpet down but a piece of floor-cloth, or something of a thoroughly water-proof nature, that will spare you the mortification of finding some morning that the water from some refractory plant has run through your floor and traced out an ugly and dirty-looking map on the ceiling of the room below.

And this allusion to such a possible catastrophe reminds us of the watering subject in general, and of the difficulties with which it is surrounded when carrying on gardening in a room of the house. Most of your plants will certainly have to stand in saucers, but when the watering has been given and the surplus water has run through into the saucer, pour it away at once, as it would certainly not do for your plants to stand in a saucer full of water, especially in the winter. Next, your plants in what we will still call the exhibition room should be on a raised stand, and not on the floor, so as by this means to obtain for them increased