

**Ms. account by Sarah Anne Terrot of nursing during the Crimean War,
published as Reminiscences of Scutari Hospitals**

Publication/Creation

1854-1855

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THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

VANCOUVER 8, CANADA

FACULTY OF MEDICINE
DEPARTMENT OF THE HISTORY OF
MEDICINE AND SCIENCE

May 21, 1971

Dr. Noel Poynter
The Wellcome Institute of the
History of Medicine
183 Euston Road
London
England

Dear Mr. Poynter,

I am pleased to hear that you are interested in the history of medicine and science. I am sure that you will find the material in the Department of the History of Medicine and Science very interesting.

Yours faithfully,
[Signature]

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Dr. Noel Poynter
The Wellcome Institute of the
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183 Euston Road
England

Dear Noel:

Further to my letter of yesterday acknowledging with thanks the receipt of "Reminiscences of Scutari Hospitals" by Sarah Terrot, published by Stevenson in 1898 in Edinburgh, I am writing to say that my wife and I have compared the contents of this book with the manuscript notes found in an exercise book in Cheltenham in a book stall recently and bought for sixpence, and they are one and the same materials. The printed version is slightly edited but 99% of the handwritten journal occurs in the printed version, so that Sarah Terrot is the eighth Selomite sister who went out with Florence Nightingale and whose name until now has been unknown.

In other words, the manuscript which General MacLennan holds at the Royal Army Medical College at Millbank is the original which, slightly edited went into the printed form, which you kindly sent.

Thus we now know the names of the eight nurses and things have come full circle.

I and my wife and our library here are most grateful to you and to General MacLennan for so kindly sending xeroxes of these two sources of the same material.

With warmest regards to all,

Yours sincerely,

William C. Gibson

William C. Gibson, M. D.
Department of the History of
Medicine and Science

Oct 26/5/71

cc: General A. MacLennan ✓
Derick Ashley, Esq.

LEUTENANT-COLONEL R.S. Blevett, MC, ES, D(ORST), KCMG, VMC, VMC.

Ext 47

Army Network : London, Milbank College

200/1(a)

10 November 1969

Dear Mr. Blevett,
I am very glad to hear of your return to the Army.
I hope you will find the work very interesting.
I am sure you will find it very rewarding.

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ARMY NETWORK - COLONEL R.S. BLEWETT, MB 35, D(ONST), KCMG, URBAN, MONT.

Ext 47

Army Network : London, Milbank College

10 November 1969

200/1(a)

Mrs H.J. Lewis
Hendre
Overton Park Road
Cheltenham
Glos. GL50/3HW

Dear Mrs. Lewis,

May I on behalf of Major-General A. MacLennan, the Curator of the RAMC Historical Museum, thank you most sincerely for your very generous gesture in presenting the "Crimea Diary" to our Corps.

I have browsed through part of it and it really is a most fascinating document. It will be a most valuable addition to our records.

With kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

R. MacLennan

Cornwall
Diary

Accompanied the "Cornwall" to our quarters.
Hatched the "Cornwall" and the "Cornwall" for the first time.
The "Cornwall" was the first of the "Cornwall" to be hatched.

Don't like the "Cornwall".

Don't like the "Cornwall".
Don't like the "Cornwall".
Don't like the "Cornwall".

Friday 6th 18, 1854

About 3 o'clock as I was walking with the poor little orphans by St John Church, Anna met me and put in my hands a note from Emma bidding me go at once to Plymouth. I gave the children into her care and went. There sister Emma told me she had had a telegram to send me, & Bertha & Amelia to London we accordingly left at 5 P.M. by the mail train. At Southampton Margaret joined us and told us a similar message had been sent to her & at Bristol S. Clara was added to the company. We made conjectures as to our destination but wide from the truth we fancied it was to more Cholera patients in London. Reaching London about 4 o'clock we drove to St Savours. There S. Clara, S. Ellis & S. Clara received us affectionately but did not tell us the purpose of our being called. In about an hour I was sent in to the staff who looked very ill & exhausted so as hardly to be able to speak. She merely said the soldiers in the East need nurses and some are going out, I wish some to go are you willing to be one? I answered yes and at

once returned to the others, S. Berna who did not know what we were come for said she knew from my looking happy it was something pleasant and I did feel thankful & happy, first to be employed, secondly to escape much perplexity & suffering I had of late endured. We went to bed & slept for two hours & then rose to go to Sidney Herberts for instruction. We drove to his house in Belgrave Square. There we met our sister nurses, 4 of them & the Hospital Nurses. The Nuns were already started. Mr Herbert spoke of our duties of subordination, modesty & propriety & of enduring hardness & restraint & of the absolute necessity of avoiding anything approaching to religious proselytism. He spoke sensibly and well. We there met Miss Nightingale & from the first moment I felt an impulse to love her and respect her. Her appearance & manner impressed me with a sense of goodness & wisdom. High mental powers well cultivated and devoted to the highest ends. A lady sent a railway bag to each nurse & lady which did us good service. On leaving we returned home and sat down busy with needlework in preparation. Next day Sunday we received A.C. S. Mary Gray & I in the evening were put under the charge of Miss Langston. On Monday the 21st

by 6 A.M. embarked at 8 London Bridge station. There we met again the 30 nurses & 5 nuns who were dressed in common black clothes not in their conventional habits. Mr & Mrs Bracebridge accompanied us. Miss Nightingale had preceded us to Paris. As the boat left the pier at Folkeston the crowd cheered and soon the coast of England was lost to our view. Some of us expressed affectionate regret on saying at the shores of England. But soon all mental emotions were put to flight and sounds & sights of joyous content succeeded. Miss Langston & I alone established a character as good sailors. The rest of our party with all the nuns & nurses all gave way & proved themselves unable to withstand the influence of a swell in the English Channel. But these sufferings were soon over, in a very few hours we were standing rather confused and giddy on the quay at Boulogne. We walked to the Hotel where a very tasteful meal awaited us & for which the host refused any payment. The poor women also insisted on carrying our luggage without payment. After resting a few hours we proceeded to Paris which we reached late at night. We slept at the Embassy but was too tired

4 too confused to remember much of the circumstances except that we had something to eat & then each retired to rest in a little clean white curtained French bed. We rose early next morning and met in addition to our party the 5 nuns from Brompton; they unlike our 5 Monmouth companions were in their costume & I was much struck by the appearance of one of them. Her pale face expressive countenance & large dark grey eyes were very interesting. She seemed in appearance the very ideal of a nun when I first saw her in the pale grey morning gown & further acquaintance only deepened the interest - she excited, tho' not perhaps fulfilling the exact ideal her scanty sort of beauty expressed. These nuns had started as soon as they knew that government would not reject their services sent by their Superior, but had waited for us at Paris being requested to do so by a telegram from government. The manner of these 5 nuns was very pleasing. There was no gloom, no formality, apparently, animated cheerful, simple affectionate, considerate & humble. They seemed to be living apostles of the Gospel of Christ. Known and read of all with whom they had intercourse. We drove through Paris a little before 7 & took the train to

Lyons, our party of 8 were together in one carriage. 5 of us were from Devonport & 3 from London and all except one were to the old friends. Miss Langston the lady at the head of our party, was the Superior of the London Sisters. I had known her for 10 years tho' latterly we had had little intercourse. She was a very worthy person, deeply loyal & respected by many, but not fitted in my estimation for a position of command. Her mind & character however estimable did not seem to qualify her for it. Next to her came Elizabeth Jean Devonport - a noble creature, but wanting in circumspection. She frequently allowed her enthusiasm to carry away her judgement. When interested in an object she pursued it unhesitatingly that in doing so she injured others equally desirable. She saw what came before her and was too absorbed in that to think of or care for other things. Next came Sister Bertha who was active, diligent & a good nurse so far as she can be without tenderness. Straight forward, her chief fault seemed to be a keen & rather harsh judgement & quickness to discern evil & sometimes to imagine it and often an utter insensibility to the counterbalancing good.

Sister Ethelreda came next. I had known her nearly 10 years previously then a gentle girl, very devotional and with a tendency to roam. She had suffered from severe smallpox in 1848 from subsequent ill health, & had been the object of much admiration in the London Sisterhood & considered a model of holiness. She was in delicate health & unfit for this work. I saw in her case the bad effect of such praise for I could scarcely recognise in the previous arrogant character she showed, the gentle retiring girl I once knew her to be. I blame her not so much as the unwise & unchristian flattery of which she had been made the object. Next came Harriet Corbett whom I did not know before, she conducted herself well throughout, she and I were so much alike that in general the Nurses could not distinguish us, and we were often taken one for the other and got blamed for each others faults. One day at the Hospital Mr Clarke said to me "What have you done with that flannel shirt you took?" I said I did not take a flannel shirt how dare you say so when all the Nurses saw you take it, finding further denial useless I went up stairs and mentioned this false accusation to ~~Mr Clarke~~

immediately said "it was I who took it" I asked her then to go down and clear up my character so she went to Mr Clarke and said "I took the flannel shirt" and now had you the face to go and deny it afterwards. Finding it impossible to distinguish our identity we submitted to the frequently abused and inconvenient consequences (I Eschewed this 1860 of consumption, in peace & joy), Margaret Goodman was the next a Devonport Probationer of the class called serving sisters. She had been a National School Mistress & was a person of strong good sense & good feeling, warm hearted rather rough in manner but of sterling worth and principles. She had a strong sense of the ludicrous was very straight forward and affectionate but rather hot tempered & apt to take dislikes. Clara was a gentle humble creature though a little quiet conceited & positive. She had in early life lost most of her fingers from chilblains badly managed yet she made the few that remained very useful. Miss Longston, S. Ethelreda & Miss Eschewed were from London, S. Cole's Sisters Rosina, Margaret, & Clara were from Devonport. Of the rest I knew nothing never having met them till that morning at

Mr Herberts. The 8 Nurses from St Johns seemed to me a very respectable well behaved lot of women. Mr Clarke & Mr Roberts seemed to have some command of the French, Mr Clarke was a character & a bully, Mr Roberts although considered a clever nurse, seemed an empty headed, empty hearted, frivolous woman. We dined at one of the Stations. On starting after dinner one of the officials a Policeman or Porter having heard who we were addressed Miss Langston (an old lady in spectacles & rather formidable in appearance) Ah Madame que je voudrais être un de vos malades a fin que vous me rappelliez à la vie & was very anxious not to waste his politeness asking each of us *entendez vous entendez vous ce que je dis*. On assuring him we did he began in English to shake hands and said good boy. We reached Lyons late on Tuesday and passed the night in an hotel. Early next morning we went down the Rhone to Salances. The country seemed very beautiful tho' the weather was wet & misty. From Salances he proceeded to Marseilles by train and remained there till Friday, as we had nothing to do I could not go out there two days was somewhat dreary, and the meals as being the great events of the

day & breaking its monotony acquired great importance. The rest of the day was spent in one bedroom we 8 generally assembled in the larger one & sat at needlework often in silence to the signal for meals was very welcome, when we went along intricate passages, down stairs & through a garden which led to the Salle à manger where we found assembled the Nurses, Nurses & generally Mr Bracebridge presiding.

One morning 5 persons appeared in a conventional dress of coarse white serge, with the linen head dress of Nurses. They looked very conspicuous and very far from attractive. Their dress was coarse & ill shaped & gave them altogether a ghastly & ungainly appearance. Their features & countenances being rather coarse & unpleasant. I did not feel inclined to rejoice in this acquisition to our party and wondered when they had sprung from. On examining them more intimately I thought I remembered the faces of some of them and on looking round at the rest of the party I found that the 5 Rosewood Nurses who were dressed in ladies common black dresses had disappeared their white figures taking their place. On considering these facts I began to recall the

features of our departed companions and compared them with the new comers and the result was a conviction that the change was only in dress and that the quiet well behaved ladies in black who had come with us from London still existed and seemed to purpose continuing with us in a new and to my mind by no means improved form. Some of us would hardly be persuaded that they were the same & Miss Langton remarked it seemed a slavish feeling alone could induce them to lay aside their costume to me the obligation to wear such seemed the worst slavery. However, every one to their taste, I liked the dress of the nuns from Barmore day the black nuns as we called them. But could have got reconciled to the dirty, dragging, clumsy, dress of the white which seemed mounted in defiance of all rules either of beauty or utility. From their travelling through France in another dress it was plain the ugly dress could be dispensed with and it did seem a great pity the dispensation could not be wanting till they returned to Norwood and the more so as it certainly impaired their usefulness, and contributed

to its being cut short. However their dress seemed the only ground for offence, in word and deed they were pleasing, inoffensive & courteous.

On Friday the 27th of Oct we sailed from Marseilles in the Beebe. It was a bright sunny evening as we left the quay in little boats & going up on deck found ourselves in a little steamer and were at once introduced to our quarters which were in the fore cabin where there were bunks for 40 which we fully occupied. They were divided into little recesses each containing 4 bunks like little shelves. We had the two innermost recesses nearest the forepart of the boat of course the most confined and furthest from fresh air tho' the most retired. The nuns had a little division for themselves at the foot of the cabin stairs, the nurse lay between us and them in bad weather the nuns were hard up for air and they had a large allowance of water which the boat constantly shipped and which came through the deck and down the stairs. Sick over come by sickness Sister Ph. de. & the pale faced nun was kept pretty hard at work swabbing. Miss Nightingale

being a very bad sailor retired as soon as we got on board and we saw little more of her till we reached Scutari. This we heard of her sufferings. There was a party of Doctors Dr. Spence who was soon afterwards drowned off Balaklava, Dr. Cumming and several others. Their berths were off the state cabin and much better than ours. We went at the expense of government and in fact took the steerage passengers although in the confined nature of the ship we had our meals in the stern cabin but after the cabin passengers as there was no room for all to sit down at once.

Sister Barbara knowing her tendency to sea sickness disappeared as soon as she got on board & took possession of her berth where she remained during the whole voyage in much suffering and much neglected, yet most calm & cheerful, taking a composed & bright view of our desperate circumstances. Miss L. & I were in the compartment with her the four others of our party opposite. My shelf was above Sister Barbara but I only passed the night

on it, preferring from experience of its horrors to dispense with sleep altogether and sit up rather than to undress & dress in such distressing circumstances, and be down in a close little box reminding one of a coffin, narrow & devoid of air and to feel bugs crawling in every direction. During the intervals of her sickness Sister Barbara employed herself in a general massacre so that before we finished our voyage she had nearly exterminated the inhabitants of her division, but the remedy seemed worse than the disease, dead & dying bugs and more offensive than bugs in the full vigour of life & in active exercise of their energies & faculties, so I left mine in undisturbed possession and spent the nights on the cabin floor till the second last when I got a berth in the stern cabin. Soon after we left Marseille the sun set, but most of us remained on deck some time after dark dreading the closeness of the cabin, but the weather being calm we were able to keep our skylight open & so passed a tolerable night, tolerable at least in comparison with our succeeding ones.

There was only one woman on board besides a
a stewardess who confined her services to the ladies
in the other cabin. One of our party, I told said to
me so you left as to our fate last night, indeed
said she I hope you did not expect me to cross the
deck at night for you I had enough to do for the ladies
in the cabin, when she found out however that she had
been ladies maid to I told said she became more
polite & it was very true she could not attend to pas-
sengers at both ends of the ship. she was poor thing
as attentive as she could be & particularly so to me
bringing me apples & cake because as she said
I had beautiful hair. But our attendants were
two boys or youths who acted as filles de chambre
to the victims in the victims 2^d cabin whose state
became gradually increasingly distressing.

Several were from the first confined then from
sickness. On Saturday morning we passed through
the straits of Bonifacio. The coast on either side
was exceedingly rocky, barren, & precipitous by no
means inviting. On leaving the straits a little
sea rose which washed the deck.

We found that the victim was particularly sick

fitted for swift sailing but not for open rough
sea. Saturday was a bright day but a little breeze on
Saturday evening as most of us were lying exhausted
in our bunks having eaten nothing we heard a refreshing
clatter announcing tea at the other end of the cabin
& the poor sick began to indulge visions of the relief a
cup of tea would afford and to indulge hopes of it leaving
them, but their hopes were vain they then raised a faint
cry for tea but in vain it was not heard no one thought
of them, no tea reached them & they had to practice
patience & resignation. He who was not sick kept
as much as he could out of the cabin for fear of
joining their numbers and so were absent when
this time occurred. I Bertha bore it bravely & I include
who suffered exceedingly from exhaustion & want
of air had recourse to Eau de Cologne & told me
she preserved her life by means of drinking it
during the passing her life for days. The ladies
who were our only attendants were not negligent
but with 50 women to wait on a large proportion
sick it was impossible for them to do much,
and those nurses & ladies who were able and
willing to wait on the others found difficulty in

getting them to water supplied. The sick were in general patient. One of the nurses who died at Scutari of fever Mr Hodge was most kind and attentive in waiting on any who needed her.

On Saturday night several of us who were well Miss Longston, Miss Corbitt & myself sat on deck all night in presence to enduring the sickly crowded cabin. Miss Nightingale and another lady who landed at Malta lay also on mattresses on the deck.

I sat on the bare deck leaning on Miss Corbitt & on trying to rise we found our clothes glued fast to the deck with tar. Sunday did not seem like Sunday. The men seemed more than usually busy preparing cargo to land at Malta. On Sunday night we again remained on deck and early on Monday morning before day break we reached Malta. Soon the boat was surrounded by Maltese boatmen offering their services and a little after day break Mr Braebridge appeared and invited us to go on shore. 5 men 7 of us and almost all the nurses went. Our boat ^{which} followed Mr Braebridge's boat seemed at first running right out to sea however he turned a point and ran

in to a bay. Where we landed on the rocks was difficult, one nurse plumped into the water but scrambled out again without much injury. Here we were immediately surrounded by noisy guides offering their services. Mr B- seemed to understand these perfectly & with equally vehement rebuffs got rid of them and took the office on himself marshalling us in procession, black sisters in front white sisters in rear, nurses intermediate, so we were march thro' the town, Mr B- running on before and talking to every respectable looking person he met & announcing to them the meaning of us, "those are ladies and nurses going to nurse the soldiers of the British Army in the East". The Church of St John's Knights was very gorgeous & beautiful but I was too tired to admire it much & felt annoyed at being guilty of gaping reverence in walking about and gazing while Mass was being celebrated. Tho' the swelling congregation seemed undisturbed. The nurses naturally joined the worship & Mr B- remonstrated and threatened to leave them behind. At last the missionaries left the unpromised services and returned with us in the same order as before under

Mr. Bracebridge's command who seemed quite at home in the Mediterranean & kindly anxious that we should see & be seen as much as possible. Hail he shouted to the right face advance Hail, which we meekly obeyed to the best of our bewildered understanding. But so early the sun was blazing & oppressive and there seemed a white blaze painful to the eye & a great want of shade. I was glad to get back to the little steamer and she soon left Malta and advanced to her destination. We spent the day on deck occasionally going down to the cabin where the sick again began to accumulate and when evening night came on we were preparing to spend it on deck when a message from Miss Ingham came requesting us not to do so and soon a gale rising made it impossible. So a little after dark I retired to our cabin falling down on my way from the ship's motion. Elizabeth had retired a little before and seeming unsafe in her movements our little French carrier politely offered his arm for her support but in vain for as they crossed a sudden lurch laid them both prostrate on the deck. It comes worse &

worse I think" said the poor carrier scrambling up to his feet and exclaiming it did come considerably worse before he reached Scutria. When I reached our cabin I found it much worse than when I left it. The skylight was closed and never again opened for either air or light it being covered up with sails which was quite necessary to keep out the water. In consequence of this the air was very foul and unfit for breathing, the floor wet (as no effort could quite exclude the water) & thickly covered with sick women. Three of our party lay there and I joined them. One of the ship's officers came down to bid us keep a good heart & not be alarmed for the gale was rising and we would have a fine night. Most of the nurses promised to behave well and notwithstanding the noise most were soon on a quiet sleep. I had no inclination for sleep tho' wearied & cold sat listening to rattling wind and praying the Lord Almighty to grant us a quiet night & a Christian end. A little after midnight the noise increased and one wakeful French nurse rose & went to the bottom of the cabin stairs. Seeing her excited trepidation I begged

her to come & sit down quietly but she would
not and soon after began a fearful noise above us
as of dragging chains. The poor nurse thought it
preliminary to the sailors escaping & leaving as to be
drowned and uttered a fearful shriek & then a burst
of wild cries for mercy this once only this once. The
nurses being roused from sleep took up the cry and
mercy, mercy, Lord have mercy down deck on every
side while they busily rose & began to dress, in vain
I endeavoured to quiet them and then bent to the
need of our party and begged her to use her efforts
to soothe & quiet them but she said very composedly
I have no authority & cannot interfere, I feared
their hurrying on deck & being washed overboard or
juggling & leading the sailors in their work. Meanwhile
Mr Clarke addressed them in a tranquilizing tone
we are not flying from the face of the Almighty nor from
his work if we die it is in a good cause & God
won't let us perish in vain. The nurse who was
tolerably calm and boasted being an old sailor
volunteered to go up and find out all about it
she soon returned and quieted the nurses by
assuring them the sailors had not left the ship

nor did they intend doing so, that we had run on
several rocks but being a good ship no harm had
been done. I do not know how she obtained this
information which seemed to satisfy the nurses
this my only satisfaction was in knowing that she was
talking nonsense. However the panic subsided & Mr
Mony spent the remainder of the night in prayer
& some on their knees. By return of day light our spirits
rose & S. Coler & I attempted to leave our dismal cabin
which was becoming a chamber of horrors. The still
rough the storm was less violent the poor sailors
looked tired & wet but were very good tempered, as
we two tired, dirty, & miserable stood at the top of
the cabin stairs S. Coler asked one of the sailors to fill
us a cup with the water which was washing the deck.
We were unable to wash below and it was difficult
to climb we could not reach the basins without
incommencing the sick. He good humouredly filled
our cups & dipping a corner of a handkerchief in
the salt water & rubbing it over our faces & hands
we did all our circumstances permitted in the
way of toilet & then took the opportunity of a lull
to cross the deck & stagger over to the stern

where we passed the day. I felt too worn out and the passage across the deck too dangerous to attempt it often & so left the sick a good deal to themselves especially as I could not supply their greatest want fresh air. I went once below & found as usual & Barbara very sick but cheerful, & Ethel suffering & unable from exhaustion & want of air both in their dark narrow berth, Clara on the wet floor where she had been removed in order to give sister Ethel a little more breathing space & there she lay on the wet floor soaking up to the neck in water day after day without food & almost without air till really speechless & half dead. The sea was still washing the decks and gently pouring into one cabin tho' every effort was made to exclude it & it was a dismal scene the dark wet close cabin with one miserable swinging light, just enough to show the sick lying about in every direction. In their own cabin at the bottom of the stairs lay one of the men that pretty pale one, her eyes shut & lying straight on her back on the floor with her white head dress she seemed the picture of death. However it took a good deal I should think

to overcome her, a few hours after she was up again serving any who needed it and keeping up the spirits of all by her cheerful playful manner. The others were not equally fearless but all from their kind gentle quiet manner their endurance & unselfish uncomplaining conduct were commensurate to all. Mr Clarke at a more advanced period of our acquaintance remarked 'there's no doubt at all but what them men will get to the Kingdom of Heaven long afore any of us' but she added that is no reason whatever why they should be put first & foremost here for seeing ours is a protestant government & they be Romans. Ingot drew on again & as it was calmer I tried to climb into my high shelf & sleep as I had hardly slept since we left shore and I felt weary & exhausted. But finding it impossible to rest then I came down and lay on the floor, during the night the gale rose again so that rest through the sea was higher than I had yet seen it. We crossed the deck with difficulty and sat at the stern end near the helmsman we were passing some of the

Greek islands which looked barren and un-
inhabited though as it was some of the sailors
told us it would soon be worse and so we found
for coming out of the shelter of the island
the full force of the storm came against our
little boat we were going in the very teeth of the
wind and instead of dancing over the great
waves our little sharp steamer cut right
thro' them which washed over & seemed ready
to swallow her up indeed till I grew accustomed
to it I looked for each wave to be the last, I held
fast weary & exhausted from want of food & rest
but I could not but sea sick I thought if we are to
be drowned then will be no long struggle between
some of us, some bold hungry passengers went
down to breakfast, but tho' faint I was far too
anxious & frightened to be able to sit down and
eat, so I declined moving and a pretty boy young
man near me on being asked to go to breakfast
said I am much too afraid to be able to eat.

Soon after the Surgeon of the ship ordered a
large quantity of hot negus to be made and
carried round, certainly this was a valuable idea

The effect on our cold weary wet exhausted frames
& depressed spirits was astonishing. We were tired
and dirty the sea splashing on our dresses and
faces left a crust of crystallized salt producing a
curious effect. The folds of our dresses & hollows
in the face had a thick white covering, A. Elizabeth
black eyes sparkling out of these white hollows and
her dark complexion she had more spirit and
less fear than I had and turning to me said
laughing if we are to stay here much longer I must
certainly ask to be lashed to the ship for I am so
tired of holding fast. After dinner Mr D. asked
us to remain with her Miss Nightingale being very
ill in bed. Mr B. amused us with an account of
her first travels & perils by land & water for she
had endured many. Her conversation, anecdotes,
& description of character were most interesting.
They were no common powers of conversation which
could so absorb the mind at a time of physical
exhaustion & of mental anxiety. Tho' I had very
little intercourse with Mr B. after this evening
it impressed me with the conviction that she
was a high minded, strong, gifted, large hearted

woman, she kept as deeply interested till late in the evening when we retired to our cabin Miss Corbitt remaining with Mr B - who offered her a berth in her cabin - Miss C - was like me in suffering little from sickness, but much from exhaustion, want of sleep & air. On reaching our Cabin we found S. Bertha and the rest of our invalids much as he left them. S. E. Knight & I lay down in our wet clothes on the floor besides poor Clara. The storm increased & tho' all the others seemed so worn out & sunk in sleep as to disregard it, I lay awake listening & waiting for each shock expecting some crisis for the motion of the ship seemed to me too violent to continue & at last it came there was a fearful crash and then a pause. I started up my heart quailed in the conviction that we had struck & were at last going down. It was an awful pause the shock roused all tho' being less wakeful they rose more slowly and as they rose a deluge of water splashed thro' the deck on us that gale - was so worn out with sickness and want of sleep that she only sat up & looking round with a stupor

bewildered gaze sunk back on the floor. poor Clara never rose. There was another pause when the ship seemed settling, at last the watch bell rung and a voice sung out "All well". Mr Clark's voice was now heard above the storm as she struggled down from her high shelf, "stop her pace! stop her pace the women are all dying with terror, we will all be dead by the morning & we must have the doctor" so saying she seized a stool & bracing it over my head struck the roof violently re-iterating "I tell you stop the ship" "stop her pace" and very soon an officer came down to reassure us "poor things" he said looking at our disconsolate snuggling forms "you are in a bad way" but keep up your hearts the worst is I hope over, but said Mr C "why do you not stop her pace tho' we do want to get to S. Cutari we do not wish to be drowned or to die of terror." Well Ma'am said the officer we are not going so fast now and there may be reasons you do not know why we should sail fast the Capt knows what he is about Oh very well said Mr C - appeared we trust so you only don't let us be drowned" it is not in my power

to order the winds & waves he answered that we will do all we can for your safety & comfort.

And he did ~~it~~ I suppose by sending down a sailor swab up the deck & trim our lamp.

Soon after the Capt. himself came down & commiserated us & said he ought to be removed to the Stern Cabin. The sailor who was employed in swabbing up told us he was running right under the waves & had nearly sunk but the water came over & on cast loads into the engine room and had put out the fire and that the engine stopped. He spoke as if there had been danger & grumbled much at the boat saying he never was on board a ship that was so upset for rough weather & where the decks were so washed.

But the vessel seemed no longer cutting through the waves but rather lumbering along at their mercy.

Tho the danger was evidently more real than on the preceding night, when the nurses were so excited they seemed in general too sick, dizzy & depressed to be agitated or to care for danger, & after Mr. Clarke's first outcry they were very quiet.

I sat up on a bench all night cold & wet but

tho my railway wrapper was soaked in sea water wet as it was I wrapped it round and felt some comfort in it. At daybreak the Capt. kindly sent us down strong hot coffee. I now began to be really anxious for some of our sick they seemed so thoroughly depressed & listless. The Capt. insisted on all who could move going to the Stern Cabin where the motion was less & no water came in & I was only too glad to go & sat stupefied & exhausted holding fast and looking forward to a break for the motion continued violent and I heard repeated crashes.

I sat in this stupid state all day, in the afternoon by the Surgeon's orders the sick were removed from the close hot cabin to the stern where we were, but S. Bertha was faithful to the little hole where she had endured all the discomforts, sickness and discomfort of the voyage and declined being removed & Ethelreda & S. Flora were brought in miserable beings. I could not help crying when I looked at them I had not seen them for several days for we could not be said to see each other in that dark cabin with one light & they were so altered S. Elsie was gasping her face an ashy white. She

looked completely exhausted. We hurriedly made up a bed for her on the table and laid her on it where she remained till we reached Scutari. She had suffered most from want of air which was not understood by the nurses "she is always calling for air" said one & what does the lady mean what does she want? Who is air? If Lara had appeared her face was yellow & purple. Her voice quite gone & her look suggestive of yellow fever. She was still in the wet clothes she had lain in for days. We took them hastily off and got some dry ones in exchange from the stewardess as we could not get at our own clothes & we put her in a comparatively comfortable bed, where she soon rallied. Margaret spent the day on deck & towards evening she came down & told us that some of the cabins next the parallel boxes were washed away and the front of the ship was broken by the violence of the sea & that some fixtures were washed away but the storm was abating. The Capt ordered that room should be made for us at the end of the ship & the fall going down we had a quiet night.

We rose about daybreak & going on deck we found ourselves near the opening of the Dardanelles in sight of the plain of Troy. Miss Nightingale was on deck tho' looking very ill & two black nuns were also up. We congratulated each other on getting through our troubles and drawing near our destination. One suggested that the siege of Sebastopol might last 10 years like that of Troy. The others thought that impossible & said they trusted to hear it had fallen when we arrived. We went quickly tho' the Dardanelles stopping for a few hours at the Castra of Ana & Erzerou. Here we first saw Turks, little boats hovering about full of boys who were doing rough play reminded us of our boys at home & that boys nature is the same all over the world. At night fall we entered the Sea of Marmora & next morning after a quiet night found ourselves lying as it were in the arms of the Queen of the East. In the golden horn of the great imperial Constantinople. It was a hot drying morning, but still the beautiful sky glittered

before us like a dream or a picture. Giddy & confused we could hardly realize that those painted houses gay gardens & glittering minarets were not dream or panorama.

In the afternoon the clouds cleared up and the sun came out & when we landed towards evening the scene was very beautiful. We looked with longing eyes however to the ugliest object visible a great white building which might pass unobtrusively for a prison or manufactory but which we were told was the Scutari Barracks where lay our brave country men -

We crossed the straits in caïques four of us in each. They were luxurious conveyances carved & graceful with thin picture gallery looking rows - We thankfully landed on a little rough pier. Soldiers & a few turks stood around & the rough sides of our men to the poor shrinking turks expressed the contempt our country men felt for the natives - Our men looked worn & wearied with pale faces & dirty uniforms and a few soldiers wives too who were drawn by curiosity to examine their newly arrived countrymen

looked very wretched, deplorable, wearied & dirty - We were led up the steep hill to the Hospital & directed to Miss Nightingale's quarters & found her lying exhausted on a couch. Lord Napier came in & welcomed her in a few short words to which she replied with thanks -

Soon after she recovered sufficiently to take us to our room - The quarters given up to her had been occupied by a Russian General a prisoner who was wounded I believe at Alma & had died only two days before we arrived, it was in a corner of the great building which extended over a very large space of ground in a quadrangle.

As it lay on a hill it was of unequal height in some parts being only one story high. In other parts it was four - At each corner was a tower, corridors ran all round looking to the inside of the building. The court or rather the field it enclosed & wards entered from each corridor - The corridors & wards were paved with stone but very dirty and broken and round each ward was a raised flooring of wood not much more than half a foot high -

In each ward was also a gallery opposite the windows to be reached by stairs and very like the galleries in a meeting house at home only they were I think flat. On entering at the principal or Sultan's gate as it was called we turned into the corridor to the left & the tower at the end of this corridor was our quarters. Here on first entering was a large room or hall with 3 large windows & entering from this hall were on the left an equally large room - Miss H. immediately assigned it to the Nurses, another large room she gave to the 10 Nurses a small room or kitchen closet she kept for herself a larger one was used as a sitting room and place of business. Some narrow dark stairs between Miss H. & the Nurses rooms led to another room directly above this a fine airy room with windows on every side but one. This Miss H. gave to us and we set about at once to clean it. As the dust of ages seemed settled on it. Miss H. sat down with us & told us the last news from the Crimea the cruel carnage at Balaclava & some particulars of the state of the Hospital.

Shortly after she left us then came up in large copper basins no milk, brown sugar, & some stale bread, yet never did tea seem more welcome & refreshing. Then came mattresses, sheets & blankets such as the soldiers had and marked B. C. which we could not understand at first board of ordinance I believe it signifies there was not bedding for us all so four of us lay with mattresses on the raised divan which tho' stuffed with something was harder as the floor and more rough & full of fleas and from this & want of blankets tired as I was I could not sleep it was so cold - But I was thankful to be once more on Terra Firma & put this poor old grumble, indeed had we known that after spending this very same night cold & wet in the trenches our place enduring soldiers had to engage wearied & fasting in a deadly struggle with a fierce & overwhelming foe, we had been more inclined to be ashamed of our blankets & quiet comforts than to complain of them, but we were (unconscious of the horrors & deadly strife then raging & that thousands of the brave men

We came to nurse were then dying a cruel untimely death many cut down at once & many long hours by hours in unutterable agony only to end by a cruel murder. I looked this bright Sunday morning on the peaceful looking strange but fair country dressed around - Our room commanded beautiful views in every direction. One looked over towards Constantinople three others across a plain to the Bosphorus, three more towards the general hospital & Buzgin ground for the English, the Asiatic Olympus Capeul with snow in the distance & the great Maromendian cemetery. Three more windows commanded a view of a Turkish street facing the entrance to the Hospital a fine Mosque & a distant sweep of the Bosphorus.

It was a fine high airy room & we needed one as it formed the bedroom, sitting room, eating room, chapel in fact the only room for every purpose for eight women. The six St John's Nurses were much worse off. They had a little room next us which was in fact a mere passage, it had no light except from a window looking into the hall so that it

was too dark for either work or reading, a cold draught of air ran continually through it and when it rained water poured in & at night when the beds were laid the 6 beds filled the room so that it was impossible to pass. We had ample opportunity of observing these discomforts as we could not leave our room without going thro' this passage. It was only a temporary arrangement, the room above us being intended for them but as it needed repairs for some weeks from St John's Nurses endured quietly without a murmur this wretched accommodation but indeed if I never had nothing to do & really to sit down even suddenly in the dark doing nothing when they felt there was so much for them to do was beyond endurance.

After we had tidied our room & opened the window we had a breakfast similar to our last night's tea. We had no furniture in our room the soon after we were supplied with bedsteads & stools but like every the last we had no table. The floor was covered with matting except in the middle where the beam had destroyed it & left a large ragged hole which we covered with

our boxes & spread a table cloth over them at meal times & sat round them Turkish fashion the dishes - out the luxury of cushions or mats, we soon got to consider tables & chairs as useless luxuries indeed at this time there was not one room for operations. We had each a little tin brown basin for washing in, a wooden sort of bucket for fetching our water & a tin for taking away dirty water - The want of utensils was so great that this tin pail was pressed in spite of our earnest remonstrances into service for carrying out soup though actually & practically a slop pail. When there was rain it used to pour in so that tho' we put our whole possessions in the way of tin pans & pails to collect it & emptied each as soon as filled, we could not prevent their filling so rapidly & overflowing so as to stream down thro' our floor into Miss N's sitting room & notwithstanding all efforts to ^{check} ~~check~~ its course there it went thro' ~~then~~ ^{it went} to an officer who lived below & who sent up a ^{pregnant} ~~pregnant~~ begging Miss Nightingale & her attendants would refrain from pouring down water upon him! A natural and

innocent request but which we were quite unable to gratify. The floors are so built that anything that descended at once to the room below. I once spilt a can of water & heard it go into Miss N's room with a loud splash - I feared it might have overwhelmed her in bed but happily she was seldom there after light & I trust it did no serious injury - After breakfast we had dinner & a sermon from Mr. Sabine the Chaplain he spoke with earnest eloquence - but we were so longing for work - all the Chaplains spoke & did but read their sermons & on the whole preached well but Mr. S. seemed most able - We had no appointed work yet so after dinner we went up into the tower and enjoyed a magnificent prospect & watched our poor wounded soldiers from Balaklava being landed & carried into the Hospital - How we longed to go & comfort these noble victims to military discipline & courage, the wreck of the gallant 600 who had ridden without hesitation into the arms of death at the command of their leader - But that was not granted as we were called on to exercise the patience & endurance of inaction this day & on Monday -

On Tuesday Dr Sabine asked one of us to go & nurse a poor woman who was dying, a Soldier's wife, & I was sent - He took me to a ward near as a barrack room & such a scene of rags, dirt, disorder & tumult it was! Dr Sabine took me up to the gallery where lay the poor dying woman unnoticed & alone tho' the room was crowded with bales on the floor. Miserable dirty attempts at ragged curtains being put up here & there between them some women lying in childbed, some hale & strong & seeming half drunk, all dirty, squalid & worn out looking but one bright fresh face to be seen all even the very babies looked pale and squalid. I remained with my poor woman till night fall, she was dying of Consumption I was not allowed to remain with her all night & next morning when I went to see her she was dead & sewn up in a blanket & that day she was laid in her grave with the simple inscription "a woman" on a bit of wood at her head in our Soldier's burying ground, where lie peacefully side by side Russian & English, rich & poor. The hopes & joys of many hearts now for this life's home soil & asking lie treasured there waiting by bright appearances for the morning of the resurrection.

Many poor women in that room were widowed this week - The news of a hard struggle came but we heard of it first from the lips of the brave men who had witnessed its horrors & suffered in the strife. But on Wednesday before the wounded heroes from Inkermann came in Miss Nightingale took S. Elizabeth & me to our appointed work, Dr W. Gregor went with us & introduced us to a division at the other end of the Hospital called the Cholera wards. But at this time there were no Cholera patients here - All in this division were sick of lingering complaints, low fever, diarrhoea, & dysentery. Dr W. Gregor took us round and pointed out the most exhausted & recommended them to our care to be attended to & have doctor food, he gave us no rules as to the amount or frequency of our supplies at first but merely said "Give them a little meat or butter often in fact any simple nourishing thing, they need it," and indeed they looked as if they did. One poor fellow looked earnestly at Dr W. Gregor as he gave him to our care & big tears came rolling silently over his sad wasted face. Dr W. Gregor spoke kindly & cheerily to him but he could not

answer but by tears which seemed to thank him for his kindness but to say also "it comes too late" & it was too late for him & for almost all given to us that day. I do not remember any who ultimately recovered, tho' some lingered long, all we did seemed of no avail except that at their last hours, they had words & acts of kindness which otherwise they had wanted - And now this our only reward, the remembrance of their dying words & looks of gratitude their feeble "God almighty bless and reward you for all you have done for me". The knowledge that some of their last hours were comforted by prayer & words of Christ, were this all it had pleased God to allow us to do it were enough to make us glad & thankful - We went constantly & did what we could, & little as it was it was deeply appreciated - I used to take a green sloop-pail & get it filled with regus & go round the wards distributing it to those Dr. Dr. Gifford had instructed to us, a little later. I seized the same green sloop-pail got it filled with baptea & again walked round the wards distributing it.

We had to pass thro' crowds of people Turks &

Greeks attending the pavement soldiers, doctors and officers - This sloop-pail not only did service for me but was also the vehicle for tea in the afternoon and performed many other useful offices, but one day it was not to be found & the commotion & distress its absence caused was great. Whenever I appeared in front of quarters several orderlies ran after me to ask what I had done with the sloop-pail & as I was quite ignorant of its fate I was glad to beat a retreat - These wards were in a miserable state, there was something about them more sad & depressing than in any other part of the hospital. The patients were mostly poor fellows whose constitution had early broken with hardships. Many had never reached the Crimea very few had seen the battle field & they seemed to feel that they were dying without glory, that they would not be talked of with the interest & gratitude which was felt for those who had fought & bled - And yet patient, grateful, enduring fellows unselfish & uncomplaining we owed as much to them as to the others, for this strength failed the will was not wanting - Deaths were more frequent here than elsewhere it seemed in deed as if our daily life were spent in the valley of the shadow of death & in watching soldiers

poor souls pass peacefully, so peacefully, through
the dark waters of death. Daily we missed some
face we had just learned to know & love and
who loved us. In the course of a few days almost
all who had been entrusted to us were gone &
were succeeded by others who seemed equally
doomed to die. I fixed at first always to ac-
company Sister Elizabeth who was much beloved
by each dying man. Her cheerful frank yet
gentle manner won their hearts "You are
like a mother to me" said a dying Lord of Ministers
within an hour of his death. They all loved her.
But she was too over-anxious about her patients
took too much responsibility on her. She did not
care what trouble she took or gave in their
service. At first we did much as we pleased
in the wards, Dr. Mc Gregor gave us carte blanche
he was the superior surgeon the assistant whose
immediate duty it was to take charge of these
men seldom appeared in the wards at all
he was generally smoking in his own quarters
I suppose he felt he could do nothing and
shrank from witnessing suffering & death.

He could not believe. - He was soon sent to the
Crimea & two young surgeons came in his place.
One was Mr. McLean of the 4th. He was unwearying
in his attention to the men and most devoted
to his duty. He examined each case with the
most anxious care & attention, & even rose in night to
visit any case he thought precarious. Another took
the other half. He was attentive but much more a
mere routine man than Mr. McLean. I used to go round
with him & attend to his directions, while S. Elizabeth
went with Mr. Gregor. I carried with me a diet table
to put down such orders as he ordered me to supply
from Miss Nightingale's kitchen, getting his directions
did not occupy me above 1/2 an hour while S. Elizabeth
& Mr. McLean used to occupy some hours in going
round & examining their patients. The amount
of diet for them put down for their men was
very much greater perhaps feeding, wine & milk
for 40 or 50 men. She never could get half what
she wished or Mr. McLean ordered, tho' she did always
manage to get much more than I did. There was
a great difference in the amount of diet we
distributed and I observed soon a corresponding

difference in the number of deaths I felt free -
succeeded that the careful feeding up did procure
at least prolong life - This result made me very
uneasy for I felt as if my men were dying for want
of what perhaps by agitating & entreating I might
& ought to procure - I forget the ^{exact} proportion
but I believe I found at the end of the week that the
mortality in my ward had been more than double
that in hers whilst there was no such difference
in the nature of cases as to account for it indeed
the most supple cases seemed given to Dr. Leach
& the only cause I could see for his losing fewer
patients seemed to me his very careful & feeding
system & also his careful medical treatment -
Elizabeth & I still went together especially at
night. The men were most grateful gentle and
depressed scarcely speaking but when addressed &
reassured. These wards were at this time very unfit
for use the roof let in water, the windows were
sometimes blown in on the heels of dying men
frequently panes of glass were broken by the
wind and the men had to lie in a thorough
draft the efforts were made to stop up gaps

with rags & counterpanes. The doctors wrote re-
quisitions to have these coils repaired, but they
seemed to give no attention in fact I believe the
whole was found in such a ruinous condition
that to remedy defects in detail was thought a
useless expense & as soon as the sick could
be removed elsewhere it was intended to
subject the wards to a proper repair. In the mean-
time the poor men lay (as Dr. Leach remarked) in places
such as no gentleman would allow any horse
the care for to be stabled. Sometimes when
I came in all my patients seemed gone then
was a great blank space where I had left
a row of meek pale wasted faces, but on
looking round I found in one corner all the
bedsuddled together in order to escape
streams of rain pouring in through the roof.
The day after we were introduced to our
patients Miss Nightingale sent in to the
corridor leading to our quarters which had
& might have been a mere passage something
like the cloisters of a cathedral only with no
architectural beauty dark, cold & drafty.

Here he found a quantity of straw & lathings made hastily up into beds & he soon decided to sew them up & see them arranged as wounded patients were expected immediately and no beds yet ready for them. So he set to work glaziers & carpenters being equally busy in trying hastily to mend defective doors & windows to make this passage more habitable. A very tall sick Officer in a dressing gown came and inspected these preparations he looked very ill & was severely wounded & mutilated.

When our beds were finished & made up on each side of the corridor allowing space for a passage between each the patients came in mostly walking tho' their pale faces & swollen wounded bodies showed how unfit they were for this effort. Each was shown his bed & each with out ceremony or delay proceeded to prepare to occupy it & the Nurses & ladies assisted them for there was not one who was not very severely wounded so as to require help, many had lost an arm, others a leg & the others had all more or less severe gunshot wounds.

In general the men were scrupulously delicate in their conduct but this day their distress was too great to allow of much consideration of this sort. The one object on both their part & ours was to get them undressed & quick as possible & to bed, so little men were seen hastily but gently pulling off coats & trousers & unbending & revolting wounds which had been undressed since the preceding Sunday the Takesman day on which they were inflicted, while the surgeons went hastily round to examine each & gave us directions how to do the slightest ones.

We had a good supply of warm water, lint, oil-skin & strapping & each a basin & so in a few hours each patient had not only the comfort of having their stiff & painful wounds dressed, but of a good wash & bed & a clean shirt, linens &c. indeed to men who for weeks had neither the means, or the time to wash themselves or their clothes. It seemed a hard rough place to lie down in this noisy windy passage on bundles of straw laid on the cold stone pavement only a bit of matting between the straw and

The stones, no beds as yet but to the poor men these hardships seemed luxuries & they all expressed gratitude & delight. I wished all grumblers could have witnessed that scene & have learned endurance from these brave men. On every side we heard our services hailed with grateful pleasure & some seemed silent only because they felt more deeply. "This is something like home" "This is the first Christian place we've seen for many a day" The day sight of a woman does us a world of good it makes us fancy we've got home to our mothers, while some shed quiet tears of joy & gratitude which perhaps all trials, sorrows & hardships had not had power to bring. When they were all settled in bed, Broth was carried round & administered by Spooner Mr Clarke being distributor in chief & telling each who received it how much less he needed it than others, how thankful he should be &c. but after this day I had no more intercomers with these Irishmen heroes - Miss Langton, Miss Estlin & Margaret attended to the wounded, I & sister Elizabeth continued to attend the sick first entrusted to us. But even this day's intercomers gave

me an idea of the battle more fearful & vivid than any written detail could give. We heard its horrors in their wounds & still more by their words & manner, they all seemed to think that but for the French it had been lost but that the English could or would have yielded but that they would have been annihilated, crushed by overwhelming numbers. Oh there's too many of them for us & besides there's no end of them said one poor fellow. It was most interesting to hear from each a detailed account of that day's experience. All expressed a grateful & generous admiration of our brave allies. They are true braves & along side of us they will do any thing. There seemed a general opinion that the Russians were drunk to which our poor men attributed their cruelty in stabbing the wounded and their brutality in attacking those who came to offer them assistance as they lay wounded. Next day we passed through their newly arrived patients who seemed mostly dying men and went down to our dreary corridor to wait on our sick patients, glute, noble suffers but one hide unseemly irritated howl was heard they seemed like worn out children sinking so fast, languid & almost already dead to every thing except

when their eyes brighten with love & thankfulness as they recognized Elizabeth & they stretched out their wasted hands to express the thanks they were too weak to utter. It was a harrowing thought to remember the wives & mothers at home whose eyes would never rest on these beloved forms, who were now waiting with anxious beating hearts soon to be wrung out and made desolate for life.

The one thought which seemed most deeply graven on the hearts of these dying men was the remembrance of their Mother's love, even their gratitude to us was expressed by it "like a Mother". One Scotch lad sending a message home by me to his Mother said tell her I'll think on her all night for I know she is thinking on me. "Again he said" I hope I will yet return to be a comfort to her in her old age. He died that night no doubt his last thought was with his Mother.

Another in delirium within an hour of his death addressed me as "his Mother". One night as Sister Elizabeth & I were returning thro' a long dark corridor we met a tall soldier staggering along as if unable to walk, bent down & actually crying like a child we spoke to him & found that he had

landed that evening with a number of sick but not being able to keep up with the others he had fallen behind and lost his way & now knew not where to lay his weary aching limbs. We took him from ward to ward till we found an empty bed. On returning to our quarters we found ourselves shut out as the nurses had retired to rest. However on ringing Miss Knightingale herself opened the door and on hearing our story she searched out some provisions and sent us back with them to our poor exhausted friend and remained up to let us in on our return. She looked this evening very sweet & kind tho' delicate & worn out. About this time Sister Ethelreda who had never recovered the boyage I could not eat the food was sent home. One night some hours after we had gone to bed Mr Clarke knocked at our door & asked if one of us would rise & go to a poor dying man who earnestly wanted some one to pray with him. Mr C said I engaged into his religion if he had been a Catholic I would have asked a man to go but being a member of England I thought it best to come to you as I fancy you are more up to that sort of thing than the nurses. Miss Langston dressed quickly went and

remained with him most of the night. I sometimes
longed for a little change, to see some rally & recover
to help to restore some to their friends & country for
all he seemed able to do for our poor sick seemed
to be merely to cheer & prolong their dying hours, very
few would ever return to England, & if any survived
to return their constitution was ruined, a few
months seemed to have done the work of years,
in mind character & constitution they were legal
men tho' in years but boys. One day one of the nurses
who attended the wounded in the General Hospital
very sick, Miss Nightingale sent me in her place.
I found this most interesting tho' very different work.
These wards had only been attended by nurses, and
tho' there was no impropriety still the men were
more familiar & less respectful than those who had
been attended by us & the nurses. The men were very
lively & cheerful, mostly recovering, merry, lighthearted,
joking on their own wounds & hopes, they looked forward
to a speedy return to their home & country & felt that
their family & nation would receive them gladly
& gratefully, their trials & sufferings were over, life,
hope, & happiness lay before them. Tho' disabled for

life they felt they had done their duty & that their
Queen & country would acknowledge it & be proud of them.
A few tho' but a few looked forward to return to their
brave comrades before Sebastopol & to share yet more
sufferings & dangers, not one seemed to shrink from
it, a few were in too great anguish of body to look beyond
the present & a few were dying. One poor dying fellow
called Mike seemed neglected by the orderlies because
he was dying. He was very dirty covered with lice and
wounds. I pointed this out to the orderly whose only
excuse was it is not worth while to clean him he is not
long for this world. I washed his hands & face cut away
his hair & tried to make him a little comfortable and
he was so grateful he would scarcely let me leave him.
His eyes were inflamed and I gave him a little cambric
for them as he injured them by rubbing them with his dirty
hands, in fact from conveying foul matter from his wounds
to his eyes & face. They had got into a painful & fearful state.
His flannel shirt was dark with lice & dirt, it irritated
& stuck into his wounds, in every way he needed a woman's
gentle & constant care but I was unable to return to
him. I hope some one soothed his dying hours & that he
did not long call for me in pain. The men in the next

laid helpless themselves, looked on him with pity and told me his state was such that he supplied them with lice. During the forenoon I was busily engaged with washing & preparing for the doctor and dressing some in the afternoon, I read and talked to some & wrote for others. It was very interesting to hear their individual tales of the dark days of Balaklava and Inkerman. One poor Irishman told how he fell wounded & tried to crawl under a bush at Inkerman & how the Russians passing, struck at and stabbed him again & again as he lay helpless & wounded & knocked him on the head till he was quite stunned & insensible.

He opened his shirt & showed me the deep bayonet wounds where they stabbed him. "God forgive me for judging them but surely they are no saints" he recovered a little after this treatment & lay quiet fearing if he gave signs of life he should be murdered outright when he had the pleasure of hearing the French Cavalry come up & charge over him he said "I thought they would have strangled me to death but I did not mind that so it was grand it would have done your heart good to hear the shout we raised as they came along side of us & drove back the enemy" I suppose

it did his heart good poor fellow for the state of the wounded lying in suffering & expecting a cruel murderous death was the most awful thing of all they went through. Some told me no words could express the anguish of those hours as they lay helpless, inactive waiting to be murdered as too many were in cold blood, or rather in drunken brutality. One poor fellow an Irish Dragoon had been wounded in the Balaklava charge, in several places, by severe wounds in the arm, thigh, & leg, I never saw wounds so fearful looking or offensive, when opened the smell was overpowering & the flesh seemed rotting off his bones, as I was his arm pieces of putrid flesh fell off into the basin leaving the bone bare. His face wore an expression of extreme anguish tho' he neither groaned nor cried. When I first came he looked anxiously about saying would to God some would come & do my arm, when I offered to unbind it he said Oh no you would never stave the sight & the smell, however when the doctor came he told me to unbind & wash it & then came himself to burn & dress it. I hope this poor man recovered.

The General Hospital in which these cases lay, was about half a mile from the Barracks in a sort of plain or common on which our Army encamped.

When it landed first here & which still bore the marks of the tents. Several of the men said to me "Ah if we had gone straight last spring to Sebastopol instead of staying dancing & amusing ourselves here, it might have been all over by this time & more of us left to rest and amuse ourselves, few of those who danced on the Queen's last birthday & drank her health are above ground now & those few are in a sorry way."

The General Hospital was a large building on the same plan as the Barracks but not above one quarter the size, it was generally used as a Turkish Military Hospital & when our army first arrived it was occupied by the victims of the Sinke Massacre.

It was cleaner & less gloomy than the Barracks & was at this time devoted to the wounded who were in a much more cheerful hopeful state of mind than the poor sick. It was also a much more cheerful building. The interior was occupied by a garden & the patients who could walk used to go there & pick flowers for their bedridden comrades.

The first day I went there I found almost every patient confined to bed had a rose lying beside him, no ladies or nurses lived at this time at the

General Hospital, Miss N- sent a party every morning to help in dressing wounds & in the afternoon the ladies & Misses went to read to & write for the patients, but the Nurses were not allowed to do so as it was found to lead to undesirable intimacy & gossiping -

About ten days after our arrival at Sautari we were roused & kept awake one night by the most violent storm I ever heard. Being in the tower we were much exposed to its violence & the noise was very fearful, howling whistling & rattling. The windows in the room above us were blown in, as they were in various parts of the hospital.

It was on this night the Prince & other transports were lost and much distress was suffered in the camp.

On hearing of these disasters we all felt disheartened & dreaded the approaching winter & day by day we saw deeper causes for distress. Tho' the hospital improved in every way the number of patients rapidly increased & the state in which they arrived became daily more hopeless & depressing. Daily we saw carried in men in a state of filth no words can describe & with death written in their discoloured faces, it was heart rending to see their pale imploring countenances as they were carried from ward to ward, sitting in vain a place to

be laid down in, they seemed to treat to be laid down any where to die in peace. I have seen their sad eyes look entreatingly at the orderlies as if to say for pity sake let me rest here. While the orderleys hardened & hurried answered "What do you bring him here for we have no room for you." We don't want any more of his sort we have more already than we can look to. Then the bearers would raise up the poor sufferer with a nasty jerk saying "What are we to do with him we cannot keep walking round the hospital with him all day long & perhaps at last they insisted on laying him down in some empty space from which a corpse had just been removed amidst the grumbling of the orderleys whose duty it was to receive & nurse him.

It may seem that such conduct in the orderleys considering that they were fellow soldiers of the poor sufferers was most unfeeling & inconsistent with the general character of the soldiers. Certainly it is not true that all orderleys were so selfish and heartless, but still on the whole the orderleys seemed to me very inferior in character to the other soldiers.

I think the finer & nobler men scorned the inactivity & safety of the hospital life & would not

become orderleys in hospital preferring much the danger & hardships of the campaign to such woman's work ~~as nursing~~ as nursing sweeping &c. so that they were rather the dregs of the army who became orderleys & their motive being selfish safety, they had no real anxiety to do their duty. One of my bravest & best patients said to me I can't blame the orderleys, for I have no patience myself with sick men calling out like helpless babies for this thing & that. I believe if there was an orderley I would knock half of them over the head & get rid of them, and this day man was suffering some illness & a man of warm kind feelings. Indeed it seemed an unnatural occupation for men especially young men to have the care of sick & dying men. I have seen soldiers frolicking about by the bedside of their dying comrades, caught them even at leap-frog along a row of sufferers. Some in anguish, some in the awful stillness of death & if reproved, "we can do them no good we must keep up our spirits a bit" was the answer. I have seen men I thought well of as patients when on recovering they were made orderleys, show a negligence, hardness & indifference which surprised me, and I scarcely knew one

Orderly who could get leave to go out without re-
turning drunk - They had great excuse they were ca-
-fined day & night to the pestilential air of the sick
wards, they had to perform offices for the dead and
doing much more than any we had to do. They
were expected in addition to sit up every night tho'
very few performed this duty. Most lay down in their
clothes and slept so soundly that they could not be
roused by those who needed their help. Some old
pensioners sent out as orderlies were no better,
& in one respect worse for their health universally
gave way & they all were ultimately numbered among
the patients. One of this number was absurdly angry
with himself for having got into this scrape, & that
in the world possessed men he said to volunteers like
a fool to come out here & ruin my constitution this way.
Could I not be content to be comfortable at home and
not volunteer like a fool, I said don't call yourself a
fool you volunteered like a brave old man. Nay like a
brave old Jackass he said. I do think one great
use of the ladies & nurses was the influence they had
in checking the carelessness & roughness of the orderlies,
in encouraging cheering, & directing the more attention

and kind hearted & in watching that the sick weak
were not neglected. I did see neglect in those parts
where no woman was which I feel sure no lady or
respectable nurse would have allowed and which
the doctors who went thro' the wards once or twice a
day were not cognizant of, some of the orderlies seemed
quite as pleased & cheered by the presence of ladies &
nurses as the poor patients themselves especially in
those depressed & depressing sick wards. One es-
pecially whom he called The Flamingo from his
having a brilliant red head of hair, moustache &
beard which hung down several inches used to watch
for us with great anxiety and introduce us to the
cases he thought required most attention. But in
general I think the orderlies felt themselves de-
graded to be there in the comparative soft & comfort
of the hospital instead of being enduring the hardships
of the trenches & the camp before Sebastopol. I fear dis-
honesty was not uncommon among the orderlies & there
were considerable facilities & temptation as the poor
men had frequently a little money about their person
which the orderlies who waited on them knew of &
could easily remove from the dead & dying without

any one knowing. The extreme confusion there seemed to be in every department afforded temptation to dishonesty. About the beginning of December a few cases of Asiatic Cholera occurred the first cases were those of two young men about 20 who were taken ill together.

One was servant of Col Walker, this last seemed in great terror and kept recalling the most awful texts of scripture those of terror & judgement especially from the first chapter of proverbs. He recovered. The other seemed more composed and calmly prepared for death, he was on the eve of his 21st birthday and was anxious to live to that day that he might leave a sum of money 60£ (which he would not possess till 21) to his mother but he died within an hour of that day.

He had been at Alma & having a facility for reciting had made a poem on the subject of that battle which he recited during intervals in his last illness.

What was stranger, he made & repeated verses on the Cholera description of his sufferings & illness which he knew would only end in death. His last words were I dread this night a few minutes after his sufferings were over. Several other cases of Cholera occurred about this time most of them were fatal.

They were all put under the charge of that devoted young surgeon McLean of the 4th and he did his duty nobly, patiently and unswervingly. But he complained & it seemed to me justly of having patients removed from other parts of the hospital to his care when almost at the point of death. This occurred repeatedly and one night in going his rounds we found a new patient who had just been removed from another ward, completely exhausted & unable to speak in fact he was dying. At that moment Dr W. Gregeor his superior officer passed & McLean went up to him & remonstrated reasonably as I thought & very respectfully on the subject.

He said I cannot possibly treat men of whose illness I can only judge by the last symptoms, if any thing can be done for them, surely it is best done by the medical man who has attended them during the earlier stages of their illness, it is merely disturbing them in their last moments & destroying the faintest hope of their recovery to remove them in this state, while at the same time it is unjust to me, and injurious to my patients to have men brought in merely to die among them. Dr W. Gregeor answered hastily & shortly it could not be helped, but he went

with Miss Nightingale who was with him, & Dr. Lee
Miss Olyn Maw & finding that he was rapidly sinking
he used most unjust & intemperate language to
Dr. M. Lee who left the ward without answering.
Miss M. sent me to Sister Ellis for hot bottles and
brandy, finding the nurses at prayers there was a
little delay in getting what he were sent for so
that Miss Nightingale & Dr. M. Gregor came themselves
in haste to get those things & while Miss M. procured
them Sister E. defended M. Lee's conduct to Dr. M. Gregor
& spoke of his zeal & devotion, Dr. M. Gregor was then angry
and seemed to blame M. Lee for the death of this
patient - Dr. M. Gregor was in general kind & kind
but intemperate, he was exceedingly kind to me during
my illness & shall ever feel grateful to him, I cannot
account for his angry indignation in this case tho' I
often observed that the kindest & most zealous Doctors
sometimes seemed exasperated by the death of their
patients & vented their disappointment & irritation
on every one who came in their way, I found this
so much the case subsequently in the General
Hospital that I avoided my doctor as much as
possible when any case he was interested in was

dying. But to return to the present case, we brought
the hot bottles & brandy & Miss M. asked me to rub the
poor man's feet while she gave him some spoonfuls of
brandy, but he soon desisted for he was dying & in a
few minutes he breathed his last. He was in a small
ward containing about 8 or 10 beds and next day
all the patients in it except 2 died. On his
death Dr. M. Lee asked us to remain in the ward
and attend to the other patients standing so as to
prevent the ~~the patients~~ ^{the patients} then seeing their poor
companion removed which we did. Miss M.
afterwards went with Dr. M. Lee into the dead
house & examined the dead (I believe this was to
see that they were decently laid out as there were
rumours of their being thrown about carelessly) but
it was an awful place to visit at any time & as I
waited at the door I saw her quietly uncover the
faces of the dead & look on them as they lay in that
dreadful place, it seemed strange to see one so frail,
graceful & refined, standing at the dead of night
alone in such gloomy scenes of mortality. One of the
poor men who died in this ward next day was
a Scotch man, he seemed to suffer more intensely

any than any I saw (for in general they did not suffer much at the last) but the expression of Miss M's face & his cries denoted extreme pain. Another in the next bed also dying seemed to feel for his poor comrade & stretching out his poor feeble hand to stroke him kept saying "poor fellow are you better now?" I found his mind was wandering but it showed his kind inclination. They both died, next evening as Sister Elizabeth & I visited this ward we found it deserted. The orderly whose duty it was to attend, had been included in Dr Mc Gregor's displeasure the night before & choosing to console himself by drinking was absent. The men lay quietly alone dying, a dim light burning and the poor Scotch soldiers lay with open mouths & glazed eyes fixed on the light. Sister E thinking him dying hurriedly asked me to remain by him while she went for Miss Nightingale who was particularly anxious about these men. While she was gone I went and spoke to him & touched him but there was no answer, no movement, he was dead tho' still warm; finding life gone I laid him down closed his eyes and hands & stretched his limbs. About this time Miss N took me with her one evening to distribute shirts

to Sister E's patients all to whom she gave shirts were without any & she asked each what had become of his. Some said they had worn theirs till so filthy & full of lice they had to be taken off & burnt, others told us they had taken theirs off to give to comrades who had none & were ordered to get up & therefore needed shirts more than those still confined to bed.

This reminded us of the widows who it seemed true charity such as few have occasion to exercise to give one's last shirt. At the same time Miss N gave me directions for myself & especially for Sister Elizabeth as her anxiety and energy were beginning to be troublesome - She got her charges' requisitions from Dr McLean on Miss Nightingale's kitchen that it was found impossible to supply them, and Miss N requested them in picture to the rest of the hospital to make small requisitions. On Dr McLean ordered pudding for 40 men & as only one pudding was made of course the demand could not be met. The eldest men generally called for Beef Mutton who had the charge of the food gave us as much as she could afford for Sister Elizabeth which I took to her, but S. E. told me to take it

away as it would only tempt the men to give them a month's pay each or to give it to some and not to the others. However I thought a month's pay better than nothing and was about to distribute it when the Rev^d Mother brought a letter more and offered it but Sister E. met her & declined what she brought at the same time begging her not to trouble herself coming to her wards. In fact Sister E. was thoroughly beset & irritated at her patients being disappointed of their pudding & that the poor men themselves had to comfort her by telling her "but to mind better times were coming".

The Rev^d Mother & Mr^s Clarke had conjointly the distribution of food & I always tried to get my allowance from the man who was even patient calm & attentive to every request & whose conduct was a contrast to the bustling abusive manner of Mr^s Clarke. They were but human beings then men, & in some respects I must think them deeply erring, I saw clearly errors not only in fact but practice, still their patient, cheerful, humble manner, & unobtrusive consideration & kindness leaves a most pleasing remembrance on my mind.

Sister Elizabeth appealed to Miss Nightingale about the pudding who promised more for the next day, but at the same time repeated her advice to ask the doctor to give less liberal orders as it was unfair to the other wards. Next day the promised pudding was not forthcoming & so there went on a daily contention for food, Sister E. & Dr. McLean striving to get more for their men than the Rev^d Mother & Mr^s Clarke would give, Mr^s Clarke scolding S. E. Thompson & S. E. getting excited & anxious. I generally got all that was ordered for me, but it was very much less than S. E.'s share, & I used to fear that had my men more constant nourishment their lives might have been prolonged, but as no efforts of mine could have gained more this unhappy, my conscience was easy. About the beginning of December Miss Nightingale told me she would change my work & send me to the General Hospital. This for many reasons glad of the change, I was sorry to be separated from S. E. who remained at the Barracks & for some time had little or nothing to do as the wards in which we had attended were broken up, the remaining patients being distributed throughout

the hospital, while the wards themselves underwent repairs which they greatly needed.

The Turkish glaziers, carpenters, & painters seemed to do their work fairly enough & to have great strength tho' they lived so poorly. They frequently cut their hands at their work & used with trusting simplicity to show us their small wounds as we passed, & to signs ask our assistance in healing thinking I suppose as we came so far to attend the wounded we must be skilled in the art. Of course those so appealed to were glad of an opportunity of showing kindness to the poor fellows, & thankful for the trusting respect they showed to us, whom they might be expected to look down on with contempt as women. But we never experienced from them, woman, or child any thing but respectful kindness "bono Johnie" was the term applied without distinction. The Turks themselves were always addressed as Johnie and in their turn they applied the term to us as well as to the soldiers. "Bono" was an expression of approbation "no bono" of the contrary. One day a little Spanish boy addressed me in a broken mixture of languages & told me he came from Spain &

had seen both Liverpool & London. He was polite & pleasing in manner, he said "English bono" "Turk bono, Greek no bono no bono". Our men often reproached the poor Turks, "Ah Johnie no bono no bono Johnie killed Balaklava" meaning to remind them of their cowardly conduct on that day. I said to one of my patients as he said this I suppose the officers saw away & the poor men could not stand alone, what would you do if your officers saw away he laughed at the idea & said "faith if my officers does so far forget themselves I think I would make the best of my way after them". Till January he still continued to live at the Tower, but the party was then sent to the General Hospital set out after breakfast generally in a body except 4 who went in a carriage which accompanied us every day, to carry the weak or lazy nurses. Two nurses generally headed this party, Sister Margaret, & Sister Jean both were nice looking & a strong contrast to S. Mar - being very pale & S. Jean very rosy with bright black eyes. There were 8 or 10 nurses & 3 of our party, S. Keston, Mary & myself. It was a beautiful walk (tho' rather rough & in wet weather difficult from the mud) across

a plain or common commanding a beautiful view of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora and Constantinople & the British & Turkish Burying Ground. There was an inlet of the Sea of Marmora which looked exactly like an inland lake surrounded by hills the more distant over-capped with snow.

This water often suggested to our mind the Sea of Galilee, a little beyond the General Hospital lay a beautiful village, or small town on the edge of the water. Turkish towns in the distance have a peculiarly brilliant & pleasing appearance from the nature of the buildings & the brilliancy of colouring in this climate both in nature & art, but I believe a nearer inspection of these brilliant graceful towns generally disappoints from the dirty untidy nature of the inhabitants. I think this pretty town which I never saw but when distant lent its enchantment is called Cadix from the number of Caiks who live there. The carriage which conveyed some of the Nurses was ornamentally carved & gilded almost like the old pictures of a Lord Mayor's coach, it was certainly more graceful looking than a London cab but not so convenient

or well hung it seemed very inferior & shabby. There was no door we had as it were to step over a low door & insert ourselves thro' the window, which at first some of us found a puzzling operation, one stout nurse attempted it several times, but always putting her head in first found it impossible to make her feet follow, on being told she must put one foot in first then stoop & get in her head she said no I'll never go in feet foremost and gave up the attempt in despair. It was still more awkward to descend, as we had to put out one foot first out of the window it had somewhat the effect of scrambling out of the window of a carriage so was seldom performed with dignity & decorum. One day when our carriage arrived, & the Nurses began to appear foot foremost out of the window J. O'Flaherty ran forward & attempted to open the door, forgoing it was merely the zeal of impatience which led them to disembark in that fashion, but he soon found his polite efforts vain as there was no door to open. I avoided this carriage if possible much preferring the beautiful tracing walk tho' sometimes I was forced to go as one sister or Nurse

was expected to go in each carriage, not 4 horses alone, but when I found myself condemned to this vehicle I grew to cross that I may had to admit to me to resign myself to my fate as a Christian woman. When condemned to it I used to make my exit at the outside window preferring to land in the mud so doing so in the presence of the officers & doctors who stood round the hospital door. This only about half a mile it seemed quite a journey, we jolted along so slowly & with such effort, & at half way the driver got down unharmed the horse & led him away to be watered leaving us to conjecture whether he meant to return or not.

The General Hospital had a very different appearance from the Barracks, it seemed cleaner, brighter, lighter & more cheerful in every respect. The wards were in better repair, no broken windows stuffed with rags, no rain streaming in, no beds on the floor, every thing in better order. The men too were very much more cheerful. They were at this time almost exclusively wounded patients from Alma, Balaklava & Inkerman & mostly recovering.

The pretty pale man I may who seemed to have

a sort of general charge of this set of Nurses showed me my division which was half 2 corridors and 3 adjoining wards & introduced me to an orderly who on the doctor's entrance presented me as the nurse. He was a little active man quick in perception & rather so in temper, but he did his duty and was a skilful & bold practitioner. This I should think rather too ready in using his instruments.

He gave me directions at once as to washing the wounds & dressing the slightest ones forbidding most strictly the use of a sponge. I used tow to bathe those that required it & threw it away immediately. There was a good supply of warm water & of course I emptied & rinsed out my basin each time. The men appeared to have a nurse and told me I was much gentler & cleaner than the orderlies who used when the doctor was not looking to wash several patients' wounds in the same water without changing. I began operations on a fearfully giddy & shattered leg of an Alma Irishman who shouted out "Och the blessing of the touch of a woman's hand" of course men's bones & hands were hard & horny like labor hands accustomed once perhaps to hold the plough.

or more recently the firelock were not likely to be
fit to touch & but the wounded limbs however
gentle & considerate their hearts might be. It seemed
to me a mistake to think that because these sick &
wounded men were soldiers they should be roughly
treated & denied comforts in weakness & suffering.
Some of the doctors seemed to dread the Ladies
& nurses getting & coddling the men, but really
however much disposed any might be to do so,
in our circumstances we had not the means, our
best efforts could not procure common com-
forts or put our patients at ease on a level with
patients in a workhouse. I fear many in England
believe as well as death is a great reveller. The same
remedies & in a great measure the same comforts
are fitted for all ranks, wounds, diarrhoea & fever know
no distinction of rank. One doctor said to S. Margaret
rather contemptuously one day as she passed him
with a basin of Calves foot jelly (which was regularly sent
by Lady Stafford's nursing) "Calves foot jelly for soldiers"
for aye then she answered well he said as you have
got it I will show you a case or two in which it
may be useful. But to return to my own wound &

My own men, Murphy the big cheeked Irishman who
had enjoyed so much in the touch of a woman's hand
told me his leg had no chance. He took it in hand
The doctors were so rough & careless that their washing
did it more harm than good, he said at first nothing
was to be done so it stood & it swarmed with maggots.
Many were the blessings this fine old fellow showered
on the day & day, I call him old because many were his
& he had served 16 years so he was considered an old
soldier he was 33. Leaving him I passed on from
wound to wound & spent the whole morning in washing
& dressing them. One poor lad fearfully emaciated
sat up looking at the water with eyes & at last beg-
ged me to come to him. I uncovered his wound it
was the right arm, taken out of the socket and an
abscess formed beneath, he had also fearful bedsores
more painful than his arm. The arm was shot off
by a cannon ball at Balaclava, he told me he felt
at the time only a shock as if some one had pushed
him and looking down saw his arm hanging off al-
most, he gave a cry & rode off so when the surgeons
were operating when he dismounted & lay down faint
with loss of blood, in the back room of a hut in

When surgeons were working hard in their shirts
with their sleeves tucked up; he lay there motionless
for some time like a stone. Surgeon saw him, came
& examined his wound when he called the other
surgeons to attend to it. They said they could not
do any thing with some officers. His life depends
on immediate attention & I declare he shall have it.
They then came & took his arm out at the socket, no
chloroform was used but they gave him some rum &
within an hour he was on board ship lying on the
gun boards for 10 days & often wet, so that when he
reached Scutari the skin was off his back in several
places, producing painful & obstinate bed sores.

He was a gentle lad brought up by an indulgent
grandmother, of whom he told me I often reminded
him which I suppose he thought a great compliment.

He said the reason he enlisted was that on being
apprenticed in London he was so unhappy and
missed his grandmother & home comforts so that he could
not bear it, & so he enlisted & found soon by a rough
grandmother in the service & bad life. He was
17 & there was something to me in him unexpressed
touching his timid depending air, his very expression

large eyes so often filled with tears, his extreme weak-
ness & the severe pain he suffered, his gentleness &
grateful attachment & in the midst of all & above
all his tender anxiety for others were most deeply
impressing & the more so from my chief charge & care.

I loved all the patients, for soon I felt admiration
& respect for their heroism & esteem for their mainly
unselfish conduct but I had a peculiar care anxiety
& interest in this lad, his life seemed for months
humbly in the balance & his deep & patient suffering
and his unselfish care for others made him an object
of intense interest. Really admirable as he was gentle
& affectionate & unselfish he seemed afraid to die,
he was deeply ignorant of the truths of the gospel &
the power of faith in Christ, he was not prepared to
die & this made me doubly anxious for his recovery.
When I saw this gentle boy shedding tears from anguish
& weakness on his hard bed, ridiculed by the harder
& rougher sufferers, for his weakness, grumbled
at often nursing by the orderlies for giving trouble
his weak & helpless state excited, I felt a sympathy
for him no words can describe. It was a feeling of
tenderness such as one might feel for a sick

infant under one care, mingled with the respect
of gratitude due to a man who had lived & suffered
hardly & patiently for his Queen & Country. Blessed
be God he was restored & may he grant that it may
not only be to his friends & his country but to his heavenly
Father, his Redeemer, his home above. At the other
end of my division lay another Irishman old Tom
Byrne with a most fearful Turkerman leg which the
the doctor had condemned for amputation and
accordingly it lay undressed & untouched on the
bare rough sackings caked in blood & matter, with
deep putrid holes down to the shin bone which
lay bare some inches. The possessor of this leg was
a fine old man of 33 but with the weather beaten
appearance of an aged man, his hair thin and
grey, his handsome spirited face weathered and
lined, his ever ready joke & merry singing songs
were the only signs of youth about him. God bless
you as I took in hand his poor neglected leg and
washed & dressed it, "God bless you & if I lose my leg
it will be your doing" next day he maintained
that it was better. The touch of my hand had given
at a turn & that he would always say so. The doctor

had said nothing could be done for it, it must come
off, but Dr. O'Flaherty the staff surgeon, "it is a desperate
case but as he seems to have a good constitution he will
bear it on a few days & see" The other doctor rather
pressed its immediate amputation & said he
could do no more for it, still Dr. O'Flaherty gave it
a week's respite & it was during this week I got charge
of it, as the doctor left it alone. As the day appointed
for the operation drew near, the doctor came to
look at it and finding it decidedly improving
it was left on, the poor man seemed quite indifferent
on the subject, perfectly contented to let on the
doctor's decision as to whether his leg was to be off or
on. Murphy the Alma wounded Irishman had a
decided inclination to get rid of his "it" while he was
in my "grip" he used to say, "I have doctor you throw
away many a better leg at the Alma I'll thank you
to take it off. I think it was seeing stumps heal
so much faster than his poor leg the being
condemned for an indefinite time to lie on
his back watching the slow & often retrograde
progress of his wound as bit after bit of shattered
bone worked out & also the thinking that the loss

of a limb ensured him a better pension all this I think led him to long for amputation. But the amputations which took place in the Hospital were mostly unsuccessful. The patients sunk & died under the operation or soon after, while those amputated on the field mostly did well. The reason of this was I think that on the field the men were in the full vigour of health & able to bear the pain & exhaustion, while those operated on in the Hospital were almost moribund, men whose constitutions were worn out with suffering, every effort having been made to preserve the limbs & amputation only employed as a last resort when the powers of life were at a low ebb. Tom Byrnes' buoyant spirits very much tended to his recovery. Laughing is as conducive to health as ~~the~~ sighing is the reverse & Tom not only kept his lungs in good play by laughing & joking but also benefited his fellow sufferers within his reach for he would not let them make an dismal & I have often seen one inclined to do so cheerless & almost forced to laugh at his pleasant & amusing talk, with all his fun he was never guilty of the slightest impropriety or

irreverence of language, there was nothing to offend either decency or religion. He was a married man & an affectionate husband, took care of me for the sake of the Civil woman that owed me the use of his legs to the Orderlies when they fitted him. I thought the "Civil woman" was his mother, but on enquiring found she was his wife & only 38, I wrote home to her from him as he could not write & in course of time he received an answer, worthy of him & of Ireland full of pathos & the warmest truest affection & yet with a vein of fun & humour thro' it. Tom was I believe sincerely religious a Roman Catholic but not bigotted he was fond of reading the New Testament. I should fear his great temptation in health would be drink. When I first attended him he had a good allowance of port wine but for several days he saved this up, however the doctor discovered it & ordered it to be taken from him as it was about to be removed he seized the bottle in desperation & at one draught emptied it, consequently he was in a most excited state all day, not knowing the circumstances I thought he was becoming deranged, he roughly seized his poor leg and did

he would throw it out of the window. Next day he seemed sober & very much ashamed of this outburst, his wine was stopped from that time & he submitted with good humour. He once asked me to take the Circelle of his leg saying as the doctor thinks fit to wear them & take away his bottle I think he ought to be getting out of his crutches I hope soon he'll run alone. There were three legs in a similar state in this corridor the two Russians & an Englishman wounded at Beulaclaves.

The Englishman was quite grave & well behaved & very used to compare legs every morning & often women which would just do for service.

Byrnes was at first far the most desperate but once it did begin to mend it went on far more steadily than the other two. Byrnes often said he was determined he would not be behind the others & that he hoped to be up first & pull them out of bed.

However the Englishman first received permission to rise & rather crowed over poor Byrnes (who could not get leave) when he put on his Hospital dressing gown. In the evening when I passed by, one of the patients sitting by the stone rose &

said in a triumphant tone 'Good evening Ma'am. I immediately knew Tom Byrnes must have been followed & found that as soon as his English fellow-sufferer had taken off his clothes & gone back to bed Tom had managed without leave to get up, put them on & hobble to the fire where he sat laughing & joking in full force. I remonstrated with him on this step & advised his immediate return to bed which he promised should take place as soon as I left. Sometimes he amused himself by decking his poor mangled leg with roses & lay admiring it. Once the doctor after probing it put in the forceps & tried in vain to bring out a piece of decayed bone. Tom looking on with the most stolid expression, after several attempts the doctor gave it up first asking Tom 'if he felt it' 'not a bit' said Tom & the moment after the doctor going hastily away as I wiped away the blood & matter flowing from it he called (if the doctor asks me a fool's question I am determined to give him a roguish answer as if he could dig away in my leg & try to tear out my bones & I not feel it. They were drabs, nobles, horsefield fellows. May the virtues which show

so brightly on the battlefield & still more in the
hospital wards, be never dimmed by drunkenness.

Surely men capable of such excellence ought not
need not sink into drunken lots. Yet how many
old pensioners who have braved the battle and
the breeze who have shown heroic courage and now
heroic endurance become in old age useless drunkards
can nothing be done to save them from so unworthy a
fate, to lead them to spend the rest of their days in a
way more worthy of their deeds & of the noble qualities they
have shown. I used to feel astonished when I considered
that these men so gentle & so generous to devils (it
seemed) of coarse rude ways, those men who seemed
never guilty of an unseemly act or gesture, from whose
lips we have heard one word unbecoming gentlemen
& ministers, that these noble heroes should not be the
chosen of our land, but men trained in religion & virtue
but often taken from the very lowest & most uncivilized
of the population, picked up in public houses & too often
in drunkenness. Seeing this & comparing them to others
more happily situated who had been sheltered and
sheltered, who had been taught much, perhaps
spoken much of their nearness to God & Christ

who had professed high things & perhaps had stumbled
from open sin, it seemed to me the untutored, uneducated
soldiers were practically better Christians, more humble,
more patient & unselfish. It made me think of the
many passages in Scripture, where the publican, the
Sadducee, & the Samaritan are preferred to the high
professing boasting Pharisee. But no doubt the best &
gentlest feelings of their nature were called into play
in their intercourse with their nurses, we saw per-
haps but one side of their character & that their best
side. My half cottidore & 3 wards held about 60 patients
when quite full which it has the whole time I was there.

It was the half quarter of the lower range the 16 of the
whole hospital, which if every part were equally full which
I believe they were must have contained about 960 patients.

I believe the number frequently rose to above 1000. This
was far too crowded for proper ventilation. The Barrack
hospital seemed to me to become gradually far more
crowded than the General one & the air far more
offensive. They lay close to each other on both sides
of the passage leaving merely room to pass. I do not
know how many this vast building contained, one could
walk almost miles thro' lanes of sick. Many of these

dying, I often feared the whole army must become victims to the war or rather to the want of proper arrangements for their comfort; in fact to fatigue, cold, hunger, want of air. Ah said one of the poor sufferers to me, the pride of England is laid low. England has sent forth the flower of her children the young, the brave & the beautiful & she will never see them more, looking up at that vast prison like building we used to stand within these gloomy walls is the wreck of the noblest army Britain ever sent forth. Here at Scutari when they landed full of health & spirits, of gaiety & hope and dauntless & sunny & kept holiday, full of self confidence, admired by the natives for their bright fair complexion & strength so unlike their dark diminutive allies, (who did not differ in size or complexion from the turks) here within a few months they returned, now different health & strength for ever gone, worn out wasted dying, & after a few days or weeks of feeble languishing here they were laid to rest. But most of my patients in the general hospital did return to England at least of my first set, shattered indeed & maimed but except one they all recovered & are now I hope happy & safe at home. Only one of my wounded

died in the hospital. I afterwards heard that one died on the passage home. He was a fine brave little lad called Samuel Gregg about 17 who had his right arm & left hand shot off at Inkermann, he was a cheerful contented boy & never lost heart notwithstanding his helpless helpless state. He was slightly framed & seemed of a delicate constitution, but his two sturdy head boys rapidly & he seemed full of youthful spirit. He'd be all right he used to say when I got to my mother & he dictated home a letter to his parents which was published in the Times telling of his misfortune but full of cheerful hope, begging them not to be anxious as he was doing wonderfully well & hoped soon to be with them. Of course he was very helpless & not able to feed himself. A man in the next bed was equally helpless tho' he had not lost both arms one was off the other completely shattered. In another bed near by a lad with both legs shot through, he told me when it first happened the doctors said both legs must come off & were just beginning when an ambulance load of more pressing cases came. The doctors said his legs must remain on for the present & he could have them taken off at Scutari if he lived to reach

it, he not only died to but his legs were beginning to heal before he arrived and so there was no necessity for their coming off. In deed the stuff I came for life he was one of the first wounded to recover & be sent home. He told me an interesting story of his adverting on this regiment in order to get near a brother who was in it & whom he was fond of.

Samuel Gregg was never downhearted & his companions were very kind to him & waited on him as far as they could. It was very touching to see the movement waiting on & helping each other. A man of the 47th who was severely wounded in the thigh was particularly kind to him & watched over him with a sort of fatherly interest. This man was from the neighbourhood of Bristol & was above 30, he was well educated & told me that he & some others of his regiment clubbed together & got an Italian Master when quartered at Malta. He admired Miss Nightingale & used to ask me often about her, is it not beautiful to hear her speak Italian he said. He had an aged paralytic mother & his father also was got alive & had a little landed property which he expected to inherit in course of time. Like the others his

heart in sickness & suffering seemed to yearn after his mother, his eyes glistened as he spoke of her "When it pleases God to take my father, won't I do my duty to her & make her comfortable" Thinking from his account she might be removed before her husband I said in that case I hoped he would do his duty to his father. Oh yes he said but I do not seem to think so much of him, I do hope to comfort my mother. One day this poor man wished to give some some bread & butter which he had (butter was a great treat being so scarce in the islands) but as the poor man could not reach it being quite confined to bed & lame having no hands could only stare by looking wishfully at it, & as no one else was near I saw I could not help but to proceed till I seeing the difficulty took the bread & butter & put them into the poor lame man's hands who then spread & cut it & fed his helpless young friend. Dear little Sam how cheerful he was, the men teased him one day about being married & asked him how he was to put on his Bride's ring, he laughed so good temperately & said never mind I'll manage it I will be all right when I get home to my mother. He never reached that home or mother, he was shipped home in December and

went off in high spirits promising I should hear of
his reaching home. He kept his promise. When
dying he asked some one to write & tell us of his death.
The brave boy died at sea, & rests in the deep. The cause
of his death was not told. I fear lost in the crowded
ship he did not obtain the assistance his helpless
state required. He was a cheerful merry lad making
the best of every thing & ready to enjoy a joke against
himself. He told me that at home in Drogheda he
used to go regularly to Sunday School & Church, but
had seen very little of religion in the Army. When he
underwent the double operation & R.C. Priest spoke
kindly to him, but except in this case I think he saw
no party had spoken to him since he left home, and
at this time there was but one Chaplain to the Hospital
it was utterly impossible he could attend to each.
I am admired the devotion of the R.C. Priest who
possessed with a very strong feeling of contempt for the
nature of their ministrations. No public service was
allowed in the wards. The R.C. Priests seemed hurried
& devoted to their duty. I have & respect for in manner
he used to bow & say "God bless you" in passing which
I felt very kind & unlike the conduct of some

Romish Priests. I have met in visiting the sick poor
in England. Some of the R.C. Priests seemed
very well informed, some very ignorant, some very devout
& prayerful, some very careless. One poor dying man
showed me a little gold medal the Priest had just given
him. He said I am what is called a R.C. I know no better
I would as soon be a Protestant if I knew how, but since
I have been ill, I have been more attentive to my religion
than I ever was, & playing with his medal he said it
is a very pretty piece of gold. The Priest entering at this
moment took the medal & offered to consecrate it to me, which
I had then declined. & then he asked me for a bit of string
to fasten it round the poor man's neck. As he did this
Sam. Jeff. whispered to me with a smile of decision,
"I do not think much of that gammon what good can
a medal do a dying man". Towards the end of December
some of the wounded recovered so far as to be sent home &
were succeeded by sick & dying men who rapidly made way
for others. Sometimes one bed was filled & emptied
several times in the course of one week. Men being brought
in merely to die. One Irish Dragoon called Mr. Cane was sent
home. He was wounded at Balaclava in the Heavy Cavalry
charge & had 12 distinct wounds some very severe. All blood

on lance wounds. He told me he thought he was doing such wonders he remained among the enemy while his comrades passed on till he found himself left alone among them & almost surrounded. Feeling wounds on all sides he said he offered himself up to God & using the spear he buckled down 2 of the crowd wound him & escaped, his sword hand almost cut off, a deep cut on his shoulder a lance struck his side, another cut across the face breaking the cheek bone & almost cutting off the nose & about 9 smaller cuts & thrusts. His hand was the worst, it got into a very bad state & was quite disabled for life. This man was an example of great patience, letting the doctor do as he pleased about cutting & probing his wounds even the one on his face without shrinking. Sometimes the cries of anguish from the poor men were fearfully painful, but I do not think the men in my part uttered any, if one showed any disposition of the sort the doctor got angry & if any very bad operation was done he gave chloroform. I have seen the younger flush and shed tears with pain, but never scream. The cries from some parts were heart-rending. The patients brought in during December were in a very bad state some dying, some in a state

of filth no words can describe, miserable skeletons raw, bare, devoured by lice. One day one such object was brought in & laid on the floor, I drew near & could scarcely believe that the thing lying on the floor was a human being, much less one still young & as one of his own regiment told me very lately as fine looking a young fellow as ever stepped. This comrade had received a slight wound at Alma & escaping all the subsequent hardships was in full health, he looked on his poor fellow soldiers with tears & said "This is worse than any battle I was in the true & horrid fruits of war." The poor wounded on seeing the worst case of the sick & post bitten & hearing from them the sad state of the army, began to think they were well off to have escaped that winter campaign. Several of these poor men died within an hour or two of their arrival & never spoke. This poor object to whom the orderlies called my attention was quite sensible & could speak in a hollow sepulchral voice. His ragged flannel shirt seemed alive and moving with lice, he was called his living shirt his back was completely raw & in every part he was wasted to a skeleton. As he was far too exhausted to hear a word we cut off his flannel shirt & had

lifted him on his bed, & then I washed his hands & face which were cut and buried in lice & filth, he seemed scarcely able to bear this. I then fed him with a little broth & the clergyman came & prayed with him, he & several others of the same shipload died the ensuing night. These deeply diseased & dying men, were brought in & laid beside poor wounded men, some of whom were lingering in a debilitated state & seemed peculiarly susceptible to infection, & it seemed to me very undesirable to have them subjected to such depressing scenes, I wished much it could have been arranged otherwise. Those recovering wounds be put in one ward, those brought in as it were to die, laid in another & not so mixed. One young lad of the rifles who was severely wounded in the thigh by a shell and who lay in a very depressed & precarious state had just had his arm filled by a succession of dying men a new case of fearful disease & death was laid beside him every day, being nervous & susceptible this greatly impeded his recovery. A noble fellow who was also in a very delicate state lay on the other side of those dying men, on my regretting to him & for his sake that such cases should be laid beside him he answered "Oh it is painful to see one's poor comrades in such a state

but I should be a sorry fellow if I were not glad to see them brought in to get a little ease & comfort in their last hours" It seems strange we could calmly witness such horrors, & not be over come & agitated by them, but later to the poor sufferers & so as there seemed granted a calm & patient temper to enable us to go thro' those scenes & a sort of stunned feeling for could we have fully realised all their sad sufferings & all the bright hopes & young lives, & all the love & care of relatives all quenched in misery & death, we could not have borne it. We saw then what noble children our country could produce, noble in appearance, in mind & heart, & we saw too how she could reflect & crush them. One night I found a fine looking Irishman, who had lately arrived sitting up in bed with oppressed & labouring breath evidently suffering from violent inflammation of the chest, as the doctors in their evening round did not generally examine such cases minutely as in the morning but often spoke of it to the ward & passed by the others quickly in the dark, I lent for him to get attention to this case he came & ordered a blister. The poor man was in great suffering & thinking he would die he begged me to take the case of 3 sovereigns for him & asked me to take his

directions as to that & some more money owing to him. I did this he recovered. About this time the only death among my wounded occurred. A much larger proportion both of sick & wounded died in the adjoining wards & corridors, which I attributed chiefly to their having frequent change of doctors, no female nurse, & careless young orderlies. Certainly our doctor was careful, & kind & most attentive to diet. The young man who died was George Hicks of the Green Guards he was of very large frame, yet of feminine delicacy & fairness of complexion his wound was slight in the heel of the foot & it healed & closed up & healed. This too rapid cure I believe was the cause of his death. The ball matter went inward & was absorbed in the system. About a fortnight before his death when apparently doing well he told me he was dying & begged me to take charge of his watch and money to send home to his little brother. I told him I hoped he would recover, but on his earnest entreaty I took the watch which was a Russian one & gave it to Miss Pugh & his little brother. At this time he was subject to ague but in other respects he seemed well. His appetite was bad & he ate but little except arrowroot

which I made for him & which he liked & used to watch for & often said to me "I long to watch for you as a cat for a mouse". A day before his death I saw him put his money in a purse & fasten it round his neck. On the same day & hour & in the same ward a colour sergeant of the Scots Greys died. After George Hicks' death I asked the orderlies about his money & as I could not hear of it & he had begged me to see it was sent to his little brother, meeting the Chaplain I mentioned the circumstances to him & on his insisting on having it the orderlies produced it, but I fear there were many cases where the dead & dying were robbed. Great numbers now came in dying, some rallied for a short time & then sunk suddenly, their feet turning black, others sunk at once. Several were very fine men of the Guards & cavalry. Many others were mere little footsithers & diarrhoea cases. One very little lad lingered a long time. The doctor said to me one day I can do nothing for him medicine is of no avail do you give him frequently a little port wine. I did so feeding him very few hours, next day the doctor said he was better & desired me to continue; I did so with great effect tho' he occasionally relapsed & I heard that soon after I was taken ill he died.

His name was Joe Merton, tho' not an engaging boy, in look or manner he was I trust a good one. One night I found him weeping bitterly & on trying to comfort him he sobbed out "I am going to die & my father and mother will lose me so". Another evening I spoke to him & on receiving no answer repeated my question. When I perceived he was engaged with a prayer book, he only raised his eyes & gave me a glance of reproach and continued reciting, in a few seconds having finished he quietly shut his book & answered. He was very fond of kissing when well enough & used to show his proficiency with childish pleasure. Some of the patients were very ignorant especially the Irish & English, but some on the contrary, were very well informed & seemed an education & general information very much above the average of civilians in their rank, many of them were in language & manner gentlemen and some were British except a few evidently raw recruits.

Probably the orderly whom the doctor assigned to me was of this class, stout & heavy a true plough boy, with large heavy bony hands from which the wounded used to shrink. He used to empty & fetch the water, bring what I wanted & wash & then fonder of pawing

wounded limbs than the owners of them appeared. "Keep your hands off they are like a pound of lead" they used to say to him. He was however good tempered & patient & attentive in comparison of others. There was a great variety of character in the patients, the heavy clumsy English plough boy, the sharp London street Irish boy, the cautious Scotch, & the irresistible amusing Irishman. Certainly my own countrymen (Scotch) estimable as they are were in general the least attractive patients, silent, grave, cautious, they were not so winning as the Irish. But there were some Scotch who commanded respect & esteem by their patient manly conduct. There was no strict type of national character. There were ignorant rough Scotch, & some well read, English boys & English gentlemen, Irish Catholics with broad brogue & unable to express themselves in English & Irish Catholics who spoke with fluency & eloquence. There was some Scotch Cavalry & some Highlanders of the 42^d & 95th, fine noble men who had fought bravely & suffered patiently. The wife of one of these followed him she seemed a respectable woman, but the position of the poor wife was most uncomfortable, yet those who were clever & industrious could earn a good deal

unless as was generally the case they had a young & sickly baby to attend to. One afternoon in December the Duke of Cambridge visited both Hospitals.

As he passed along with a number of officers, Murphy made bold to address him "Thank God I see your Royal Highness do well" The Duke enquired into his regiment, wounds &c. ending by saying according to Murphy that he was a fine looking fellow. A little farther on the Duke noticed young Aslet & a poor patient next to him who had been brought in that day and whom the Turks with cruel carelessness had thrown out of his cot on the stone pier & so very much disfigured & cut his face. He was a great object of pity & compassion & indeed made his face & frame wasted & discoloured & this finishing stroke of the Turks in landing him completely smashed it, but like others he seems of enquiry seemed to possess his heart, grateful for any kind word & act however unavailing, but when his unfeeling treatment from his leaders seemed to have power to irritate him. The Duke however was very indignant he asked how the poor fellow came by that face, & on hearing how it was, he expressed his feelings by committing the impious nation to

perdition. This poor man died in a few days he had a complication of diseases. On first arriving he was ravenously hungry & anxious for food saying he had had little or nothing on board ship. They had no regular diet till the 3rd day after their arrival. We were often allowed to supply those who wanted it with bread or arrowroot soon after they were got to bed. But on this poor man expressing hunger & nothing being ready Aslet on the next bed offered him all that was left of his bread. Knowing no more could be had till next day. Though it was dry & done he devoured it ravenously & looked round for more. Presently I got him a little arrowroot. Aslet took the most tender interest in him as he used to do in all his fellow sufferers especially if they seemed weaker & more suffering than himself. Next morning about the time for arrowroot Aslet kept asking around for his. I guessed his purpose knowing how patient he was in every thing regarding himself & how anxiously interested in his poor companions. I knew his desire for the appearance of the arrowroot was no selfish feeling, but the order lay got cross & stumbled at his persevering importunes & at last he could be glutted

do you think a fellow was willing to do but
fellow & carry to you." As it made no answer but seeing
his flushed face & anxious eye I said to the orderly
do not speak to Sharpe As it does not want the food
for himself but for the poor man next him. As soon
as the attendant came As it gave it to me & also some
wine & I mixed it and gave it to his poor friend, he
looking on with much satisfaction. From his good ap-
petite I had some hopes of his recovery but about the 4th day
he began to sink. I used to feed him indeed unless I
did so three weeks as he was were little benefited by
their food. The orderlies threw the food down on the bed
& if they were too weak to feed themselves then it generously
lay till they chose to come & carry it away. They would not
believe it necessary to feed any except the few who had
been arms disabled, & some of the other nurses especially
Margaret told me that even those orderlies who were
kind & wished to feed those too ill to feed themselves
did not know how to proceed, they crammed them in-
stead of giving them a little at a time, & they had no
idea of making the food more palatable by little changes
This poor man's last words to me were "May God
almighty direct reward you for all you have done

for me". This touched me for I had done so little, I had
given him much pain in feeding him, his poor mouth and
lips were so cut by his fall so I said "Oh no" & then was sorry
as it seemed to perplex him. As it was so modest and
unostentatious in his kindness & generosity that I could
no one knew of it but me, not even those who received it.
He was more alive to their wants than I was, & more
anxious for their relief. His delicacy was also remarkable
he chose rather to suffer than gain relief at the expense
of modesty, for in his state such considerations might
have been waived, he would not allow me to dress all his
bedsore, but he said I did them best. One afternoon
one of the Chaplains came & asked me to attend to
a poor patient in a distant part of the Hospital who
stood in great need of a nurse. I murmured for a
moment - as my part had been assigned to me and
I knew I was not at liberty to go to any other part of the
Hospital, as Miss Nightingale had given each division
in charge to a particular nurse except one part - the
dictator of which admitted & objected to female nurses.
So I mentioned this to the Chaplain at the same
time saying if the patient were in the part assigned
to no nurse & in extreme distress I was willing to

on the sick of blame & go. He seemed at any time
& asked who had charge of the nurses who was the head
lady at this hospital. I said if I know of no one in
command except Miss Nightingale, he gave me the
poor man's name & direction & I promised he should
be immediately attended to. I then went into the best
ward & mentioned the occurrence to the lady there
who happened to be a Jean de Mantal one of the nuns.
On my saying that I told the chaplain no one was in
command but Miss Nightingale she immediately
said Sister Mary de Gonzaga has the command of
the nurses in this hospital I answered I am not aware
of that I was never told that, at all events she is not
here today, so we agreed to go together. & that if the poor
patient were a P.C. she should remain & attend to
his wants, if not I should. He proved not a P.C. so
I remained & did what I could. About this time I was
called to read & pray by a dying man out of my wards,
after doing so the poor fellow thanked me & pressed
on the sleeve of his wrist "Oh do take some of my urine
it is very good & I am sure you have made a most
beautiful passage" of course in general we made
no distinction dressing indiscriminately people of

protestant wounds, without preference. I am not
aware of the patients having any scruples or choice on
the subject of their nurse's faith. Some of the nuns
(especially) might I know did feel a little natural antipathy
to the dress of the nuns & some of the Irish might perhaps
prefer them but in general I know the gentle winning
cheerful manner of the nuns overcame all such feelings
whilst to the other anglicans found I believe their frankness
& most gratefully affectionate patients among the dissenting
& Roman catholic. But I had a feeling of national &
ecclesiastical independence that would rather
not be under command of a nun & on relating this
circumstance to Miss Nightingale I expressed this
feeling that however I might personally respect &
admire the nuns I had reasons for wishing not to
be under their command or direction Miss N-
explained that I was not to consider myself under
the charge of S.N. but should consult her alone in
any difficulty & that she only entrusted the nurses
to S.N. to overlook their external conduct & that
they came home together & committed no misdeeds
she added with regard to that case he had acted
regretfully. S.N. was inclined to take rather more

authority than this. On the whole she excelled
it with gentleness & wisdom & was very yielding and
considerate to others. The fresh walk between the
hospitals 4 times a day I felt very conducive to health
& for the first 2 months at Scutari I felt more than
usually well, the air seemed bracing and tho' the
food was far from tempting, I found myself always
ready for it & able to manage it. We used to sit
out about 1/2 past 8 after breakfast & return by 1 in the
afternoon we went at 2 and returned about 5 when
we had tea after which I frequently accompanied
S. Ellis who was again employed in the Barracks
hospital under J. W. Leam - I Bertha Margaret & I were
the three of our party employed at the general hospital.
Miss Langston Harriet Crompton & Clara continued
to be engaged in the Barracks hospital where the
sick were now accumulating in great numbers
indeed but for the rapid transfer from the hospital
to the cemetery there would have been no room even
in that vast pile of building for the ship load of sick
coming daily across the Black Sea. That sea itself
became the grave of thousands. Sometimes on account
of the hospital being full & of the difficulties in landing,

these dead cargoes lay on board ship for days and
even weeks after reaching Scutari of course numbers
being thrown over board & thus lessening the difficulty
of accommodating those who survived. Seeing the
state of filth & neglect these poor men were in when
landed, hearing their tales of neglect & discomfort
how they ^{had} been often implored in vain for a cup of
water & hearing from some the relief & comfort
which the presence of some soldiers wives had been
in one ship & that the poor men felt they owed their
lives to the kind ministrations of these women,
all this made me long for some organized plan
for supplying the transports with female nurses
but I was soon to understand it was quite im-
practicable at that time. Of course unless trust-
worthy women could have gone in each ship, such
a plan would have been impracticable & have caused
great evils & scandal but I yet hope England will pro-
vide a body of religious women capable of such things.
Why when these daughters as individuals signal from
of any nation in courage, sense, endurance, & steady
prowess should she be unable to form a society equal
to the Sisters of Charity or the Protestant deaconesses.

S. Bertha, Margaret & I continued to be employed at the General Hospital as the wounded went home & some were succeeded by sick. And also a body of young men called dressers, appeared on the stage, we had fewer wounds to dress, but I used still to untie & prepare them for dressing. I found no want of employment in the morning. During the afternoon the work was lighter, feeding some of the weaker ones, reaching to or waiting for others & doing many little nameless offices when required. It was the orderlies' duties to do all the heavy parts of nursing, lifting the men, making the beds which was not often performed, bringing up the food, carrying away & washing up, also washing and cleaning those too weak & disabled for doing it themselves. But this was much neglected & I rather did it myself than insist on the rough unwilling services of the orderlies in very bad cases. In the evening S. Eli often allowed me to help her in carrying night drinks to her sick, & to accompany her in her rounds. At this time she was not quite happy from thinking that Mrs. Nightingale was dissatisfied with her which was I believe the case. S. Eli was excitable & over anxious & this time she appreciated some of her good & great

qualities she did not know her previously so as to value her fully & her impatience & want of caution made her troublesome & dangerous. When we first came I found the men so suffering & in want of common comforts, she wrote to a relation detailing in a rather excited way the sufferings & wants of the patients & begging for comforts for them. This letter her relation inadvertently sent to the Times which was then beginning to raise the complaints which were soon rung through England & raised an indignant feeling against the government for evils which it was not perhaps in their power to see to prevent. The head of the Anti-Slavery Society saw this letter & asked Miss R. - about it requiring that the writer should be subjected to an examination so poor S. Eli with her generous trusting heart and ungoverned tongue was placed before three Doctors & a lawyer to be examined as to the truth of her letter. She had no copy of the letter, was not told what statements she was accused of & was wholly unprepared for this sudden trial. Few people I think writing in an excited state of mind in the midst of exciting & heartrending scenes would be likely after the lapse of six weeks passed in the midst of activity & excitement

to remember distinctly & relate without discrepancy
minute facts & events. To do so would prove an almost
miraculous power of memory, not to do so prove
nothing but the existence of human infirmity. But
these gentlemen decided differently. They pronounced
her letter incorrect & contradictory, & therefore decided
that she was an untruthful, prolix, & presuming person
who ought to be dismissed. I felt this a most unjust
& ungentlemanly proceeding still more when ten
days past she was told to go on board ship. On the
evening of the 23^d Dec^r she was condemned, that day
evening for the last time I accompanied her down
her stairs on the 24th Xmas Eve she was sent on board
ship. It was a sudden & overwhelming sorrow to our
party & to me especially. Clara was ordered to accompany
her which she did with the utmost good nature.
We all felt it at once a grief & an insult, losing and
admitting I & Eliza at all times I loved & admired
far more when I knew the temper she now possessed
We were indignant, but she would not join us in
blaming any one. She only regretted leaving her
patients, & giving trouble or annoyance to Miss R.
But her generous unselfish conduct only

increased my indignation & grief that one so valuable
& so noble should be accused of & condemned for what
she was so utterly incapable of. To be deprived of her
society which I felt my greatest happiness & comfort
whose presence I had hoped for as my greatest earthly
stay if God pleased to send sickness & death to me in
that distant land, to lose her any how I felt a trial
but that she she should & she she felt should go in
disgrace was almost more than I could bear. They
wished her to make her confess herself guilty of what she
threatened her with the consequence of not doing so,
but in this she firm utterly refusing to sign any
confession laid before her for the purpose, saying
she was sorry she had written that letter & sorry for
the consequences but that she never could say she was
conscious of any impropriety whatever might be the
consequence of her refusing to do so. I asked leave
to go and see her embark & on reaching the little pier
we found the 5th White Nurse & 2 Nurses who were also
sent home 1 Nurse for drunkenness, the other for in-
subordination. The 5th White Nurse was I believe
sent home because Miss Hemley had just arrived
with a party of ~~patients~~ 16 of whom were Nurses and
Nurses

Miss R - I thought it unwise & unjust to have
25 Nurses with so small a number of ladies and
nurses & also because the white dress of the Nurses
was offensive even to the R.C. patients & prevented
their being employed. But their conduct had been
most unexceptional & though bearing it with silent
dignity I believe they felt hurt at being sent home &
I felt for them. It was a dark, wet, rough evening
as we stood crowded together on the little stone pier
wet & cold & sad. At last the boat came & the ladies
on the stormy sea, & were soon out of sight when I turned
to go to the quarters, alone sick at heart & desolate, and
from that time I never felt well constant headaches &
feverish sickness. It was a dreary day for all.

We received Holy Communion & afterwards I went
down to S. Ellis's wards to do a few commissions for her
and write for one of her men, a fine spiritual lad who
after detailing in his letter the hardships he had
endured & the wounds he had received ended by
saying the only two things he wanted now were a
little tobacco & that his wounds would heal quickly
so let him back to his duty before Sebastopol was
taken, I could not tell the men S. Ellis was gone

so I left them in ignorance but I told Mr McLean
who seemed stunned with indignation, he was
suffering himself from injustice on the part of his
superiors & we agreed that all this must teach us to
look above earthly superiors. I saw no more of this
excellent & devoted young man, he asked me to
express to S. Ellis his grateful sense of the value
of her services & wished to write himself, I think
he was from Edinburgh a pupil of Dr Richard D. Knappe
of whom he spoke with deep emotion I asked if he
knew him, "I know him" he said I think I did his
death was the greatest loss we have had the greatest
misfortune, "a warm bath he said might have done
him" Dr Kenzie said to himself "when he was en-
camped in Bulgaria one night Dr Kenzie came
into my tent at night and said Mr McLean if I live
to return I will strive to have some change in the
management of medical affairs in the army, it
had long been proposed to send a party to reside in
the General Hospital, but I believe there was a
difficulty as to which lady was to be placed at the
head. Miss Hightingale at one time presided over
S. Ellis but S. Ellis mentioned the plan to Dr McGregor

who expressed his regret that she should leave the Barracks, on which she said it was not her wish to go as she would regret leaving her old patients.

After this Dr. W. J. Gregor repeated his wish she should remain at the Barracks so Miss Nightingale alledging that J. C. A. did not wish to be removed on to which Miss Nightingale said she would not urge it, soon after Miss R. asked me if I were willing to go to the General Hospital & that our party should separate some remaining at the Barracks the others going to the General Hospital to sleep & live as well as to work. I said I saw no objection whatever to such separation if she thought it advisable. One night a little after this, the two minor Nurses were detained at the General Hospital till it grew dark & we found our charioteer tired of waiting had gone home & left us, it was a snowy stormy night, & the elder from wanting to go in the dark applied to Dr. C. H. A. who the Chief Dr. of the General Hospital who begged not to remain & said he would do all he could to make us comfortable & would send a messenger to the Barracks to account for our disappearance, and prevent Miss R. & our respective

sisters from being conscious as to our fate. So we began to make our selves comfortable by lighting a charcoal brazier which produced more smoke than heat & we sat round it till we gradually warmed from each other in a thick mist, in time however it dispersed, the fire burnt & we let ourselves to make tea at a little round table which the Dr. lent us with the cuppage & accompaniments, butter, sugar, a rather rich pudding & cake. We then came in kindly to see if we were comfortable, & he asked how many sheets he should send which rather amused the younger nurse as that term was generally applied to the latter used in removing the dead. We hoped to need nothing but yet she said, but while he was kept for 4 beds & bedding. The poor nurse who was with us came with Miss strongly her husband was a soldier in the Gren Guards & happened to be brought into Hospital the same day the poor woman arrived from England so that she was fast in time to nurse him & he kept him at the last which took place in a few days, it was singular that this poor man was quite ignorant of his wife's arrival or that she was thinking of coming had said to one of the nurses on his first day at the

Hospital, There is my wife walking in the garden
go & tell her to come to me. The nurse thought that
his mind was wandering, but it was singular his
wife should come to him that very day. The nuns
made their beds in one corner of the room, the nurse
was trust of the night & her husband my bed was
made in the little closet. The nuns were at all
times agreeable companions & we had a very
pleasant evening. After retiring to my closet
I heard the nuns say, Compliments & being acquainted
with the office I joined them in heart especially
in those beautiful words, "Into Thy hands Oh God
we commend our spirits for Thou hast redeemed
us O Lord Thou God of Truth". Afterwards I thought
of the charcoal fires still burning & the stories
of people dying in bed from the effects of charcoal
& concluded I'm to be sure to extinguish it before
going to bed. Next morning we rose had breakfast
& went to our wards as usual. There was an idea
that I'm. was to be placed at the head of the Hospital
& except that she was a R. C. and had the interests
of the church at heart above all things I believed
them to be equivalent to the glory of God & the good

of man. She would have been well suited for the office
cheerful, courteous, yielding, unselfish & kind. She was
a universal favourite. A few days after this one
Friday evening as we were returning home to the
Barracks we met Mrs. Clarke who desired me and
S. Martha to return with her to the General Hospital
saying Miss Nightingale wished us to sleep there,
so we returned & prepared our beds. I was thankful
for this change to be under the same roof with
my patients & able to spend the evening among them.
Also the Barracks were so full of the remembrance
of S. Elizabeth, I never passed along the corridors
without recalling her with whom I had so often
walked through them. We had 2 large rooms given
us in the General Hospital, one of which was allotted
to the Nurses & the other to the Sisters & ladies, a small
or and very unhealthy one was given to the nuns.
Our room was the one on the left hand on the
entrance to the Hospital & it was lofty but being
on the ground floor & the General Hospital itself
lying a good deal lower than the Barracks
our room here was not so healthy as our old
room in the Barracks tower. The day after this

Change. Miss Anderson a lady of Miss Stanley's party came to take the head of the Nurses at the General Hospital, & M. de G. was transferred to the Barracks, five of Miss Stanley's Nurses coming to the General Hospital. I believe they were of the same order as our old friends but from a different house, & though equally courteous they seemed less cheerful, less frank in manner & were (at least while I was there) not such general favourites. Some other Nurses of Miss Stanley's party came to the General Hospital on a visit they seemed remarkably pleasing in manner. They went to Rushmore where there was a new Hospital opened about this time & put under the care of the Nurses of Miss Stanley's party. There had been some mistake with regard to this party, they came before arrangements had been made for their reception & employment & on arriving instead of having the work they longed for they were sent to live together at Scraphia in idleness, a most painful & trying position. They gained a little relief by being allowed to visit the Sailors Hospital where I was a comfort to them. From there, a number of the Nurses with a lady

at their head went every day to wash the sailors' clothes, so they continued to live together till gradually Miss Nightingale sent for some, some of the Nurses procured private employment at Pera & Constantinople & the new Hospital opened. Nurses offered employment for the rest. Besides which Lord Raglan had applied for Nurses at Balaklava & several of Miss Stanley's Nurses volunteered their services. Miss N. seemed to doubt the expediency of sending Nurses there but when it was settled they were to go she joined on Miss Langston to head this party. Miss Shaw Stewart & Miss Flegge went with her & 6 Nurses rather of the Veteran Order as Miss N. considered them more suitable than younger ones, Harriet Escliffe, Margaret & I offered but were rejected as Miss Nightingale said she had now as many as she could send, but she said if I still wished it I might go with the next set. Miss Escliffe she would not send without her. Miss N. was rather trying to Miss Anderson to leave her own party & join those she had never seen before & to be at once brought into such close quarters with them having to

Sleep in the same room & without curtains
with utter strangers, Next day another of Miss
Stemley's ladies Mrs. Johnson joined us. I was
now beginning to feel very ill but I was thankful to
see my men daily recovering. I had to pass through
half a corridor every day (in going to my wards) where
no female nurse had been except for a very short
time one of the mens. I often tried to speak to
them in passing but could do nothing for them,
their Doctor was ill so there were changes in their
Medical Attendant from which they suffered.
The Orderlies also in this part were very negligent.
On first passing through this Corridor I made
acquaintance with several of these men & often
it made me sad to see them so neglected. The two
first were lancers of the 17th young innocent looking
faces, the first was a handsome young boy severely
wounded both in arm & leg at that disastrous charge
a large ball was extracted from his thigh after
it had lain there nearly three months, & for
some time he seemed doing well. His appetite
failed & he died in Feb after 4 months severe
suffering. There was another I was interested

in a dark sad looking youth of the 11th Hussars
who had lost his left leg at the same charge.
He looked pale & delicate, rather sad & depressed
in manner. On asking of his home he mentioned
Berwick but as he seemed reserved I desisted
questioning him & only said if he felt too ill to write
home I would be glad to do it for him, he declined
Arthur Stanke but said he would be glad if I could
paper in order to write himself, I got some paper
& saw him afterwards sit up and write a long
letter with pain & difficulty which I took to Miss
Brighton as he promised, he gradually sunk
after this, suffering very much his poor leg getting
into a fearful condition & he died about the
beginning of January. I did not learn his history
till some time. His father was a farmer
in Berwickshire who dying before his children
were settled in life or provided for, (Nellie & John)
a girl went to London to seek employment
failing in this he wrote to his mother saying
that rather than hang about idle or return
to be a burden on her, he would if she consented
enlist as a private, she consented he enlisted

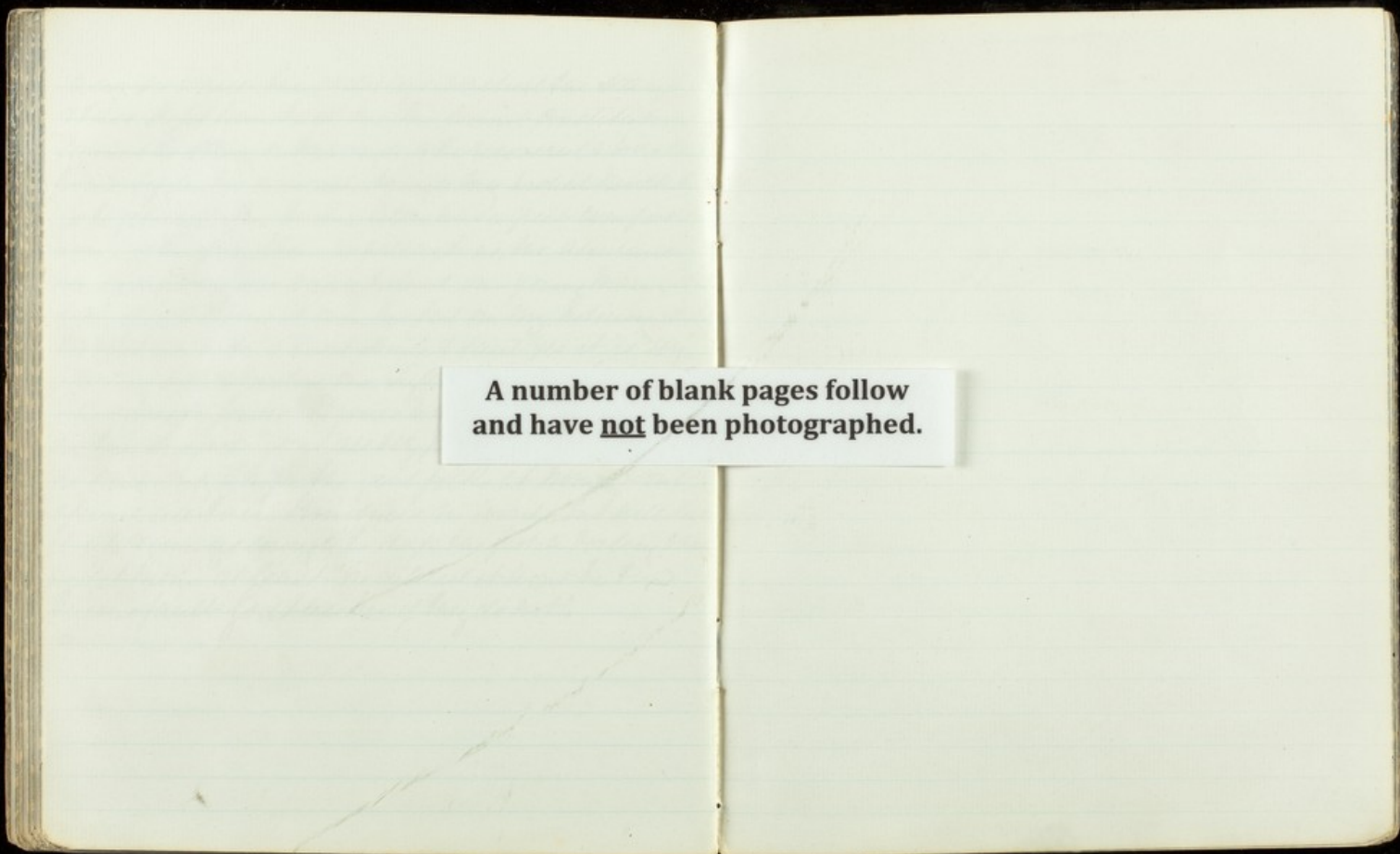
in the 11th Hussars and very soon after was
sent abroad. He was well educated, affectionate,
& well conducted, the letter he wrote home from
Scutari contained a spirited account of that
glorious & unfortunate charge which cost him
& so many other noble men their limbs & lives.
Oh what a lavish waste of life was there! What
accumulated wrecks of hopes for the life & happiness
of Mother, Sister & wife all sacrificial & for what?
Such thoughts would come as he looked out daily
& saw a long procession moving to the burying
ground not of real or hired mourners but merely
of the dead & their bearers each corpse carried
carelessly, often the feet or head uncovered & those
remains so precious to some heart were borne
along so indifferently, the bearers accustomed
to the task showed no real or affected solemnity
of manner & occasionally when tired they laid
their burden down on the ground & while they
laughed & chatted, as we watched this daily
& counted daily an increasing number of
lifeless forms - thoughts of the bereaved would
come the Mother wife & orphan who were yet

to learn their loss. On our first arrival I was
about the daily average of deaths but they rapidly
increased, soon after almost as many died
in the comparative small division where we
resided & one day going by mistake into the dead
house which was next one of our wards I saw
16 bodies waiting for interment. It was some
impossible to supply soldiers for the duty of
burying the dead to the grave, the Turks were
employed and their noisy disrespectful manner
pained & shocked those who witnessed it.
The numbers rose to 50, 60 even 70 daily when
the men carts were employed. The Rev^d J. H. Brown
was at Scutari for 5 or 6 weeks after our arrival and
indispensable in ministering spiritually & temporally
to the wants of the sufferers. Mr. Stafford was also
daily in the wards. The poor men in the corridor
through which I passed were left without food & water
who were men boys with all the rough wild headless
spirits of boyhood romping & teasing about as soon
as the doctors were out of sight - even in presence
of the dead & dying. More than once I saw poor
men sadly regretted here & I could do nothing

but urged the orderlies to be more gentle and attentive. One day as I passed, a dying man called to me for a drink, I went to fetch one but when I reached him he was dead. Another laid asked me for a drink & then to read to him. I did so & then wrote for him to his friends in Belfast, he was 17 a simple minded religious lad, he expressed resignation & humble trust in his Saviour. Next morning he said to me "it has pleased the Lord to take my poor comrade from me in the night but I am spared a little longer." The man in the next bed having died, I read to him again & spent what time I could with him as it seemed a comfort. On my going away poor fellow he asked me to kiss him but I did not fearing the other soldiers remarks. I no believe I did value an ingratie, as it grew dark I brought him some drink & offered it to him, but as he took no notice I brought a light to see how he was looking, he slept. He slept indeed - never to wake in this life, but lay in so easy a posture & looked so very peaceful it hardly seemed like death so gently had he passed away. A tall wounded Scotch Grey who lay near & was in general silent & thoughtful said to me

"if there were was a good, innocent minded lad he was one, another fine looking young man Donaldson of the Scotch Grey was in the corridor the two seemed attached to each other & were glad to be laid side by side, Donaldson lost his leg at the second charge at Ballinacree when they tried to cover the light cavalry, his horse was disabled at the same time so that it was with great difficulty he got away, having to crawl with his poor shattered leg. This was the most awfully trying time for the poor wounded when they lay in anguish of body & mind expecting to be cruelly murdered some passed & refused to help him, at last he begged the Duke of Cambridge who rode near to shoot him ^{dead}, he could not help him, soon after some came to carry him but his sufferings were not over some officers meeting him & thinking too many employed about one man ordered them all back & he was left again, at last he was got to the Infirmary, had his leg off rather high up & was put on board ship. He was always cheerful patient & contented which contributed to his recovery. He seemed of an excellent constitution, but his leg at one time got into a bad state through the dirty careless

away in which the orderley washed the stump.
& this kept him back but his sound constitution
seemed to struggle through & he recovered & was sent
home before his comrades though they wished him to
go to gether. The Queen's letter was a great comfort to
some of the poor men as well as to us, the assurance of
her sympathy was deeply valued. One young man got a
copy of it & turning it over his head on my noticing it he
looked up with a sweet smile & said "yes it is very
affecting like & makes one's sufferings less to think
she cares so for us" Byrnes was more practical
on the subject "it is all very pretty & pleasant"
he said "only I hope the good folks at home won't
spend all their kindness in words but will keep
it up & give us enough to keep the pot a boiling when
we get home" at least "he added it won't be the
Queen's fault god bless her if they do not".



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and have not been photographed.

