

Scutari and its hospitals.

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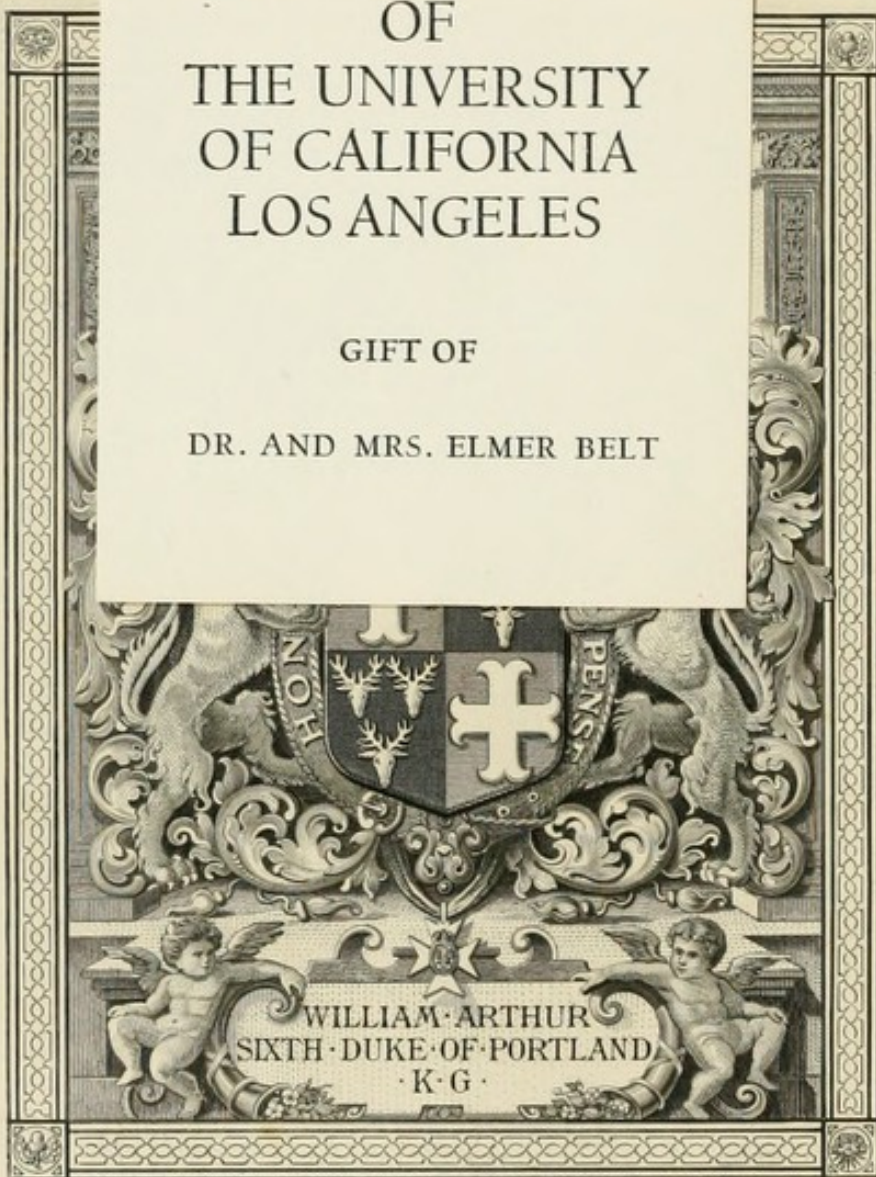
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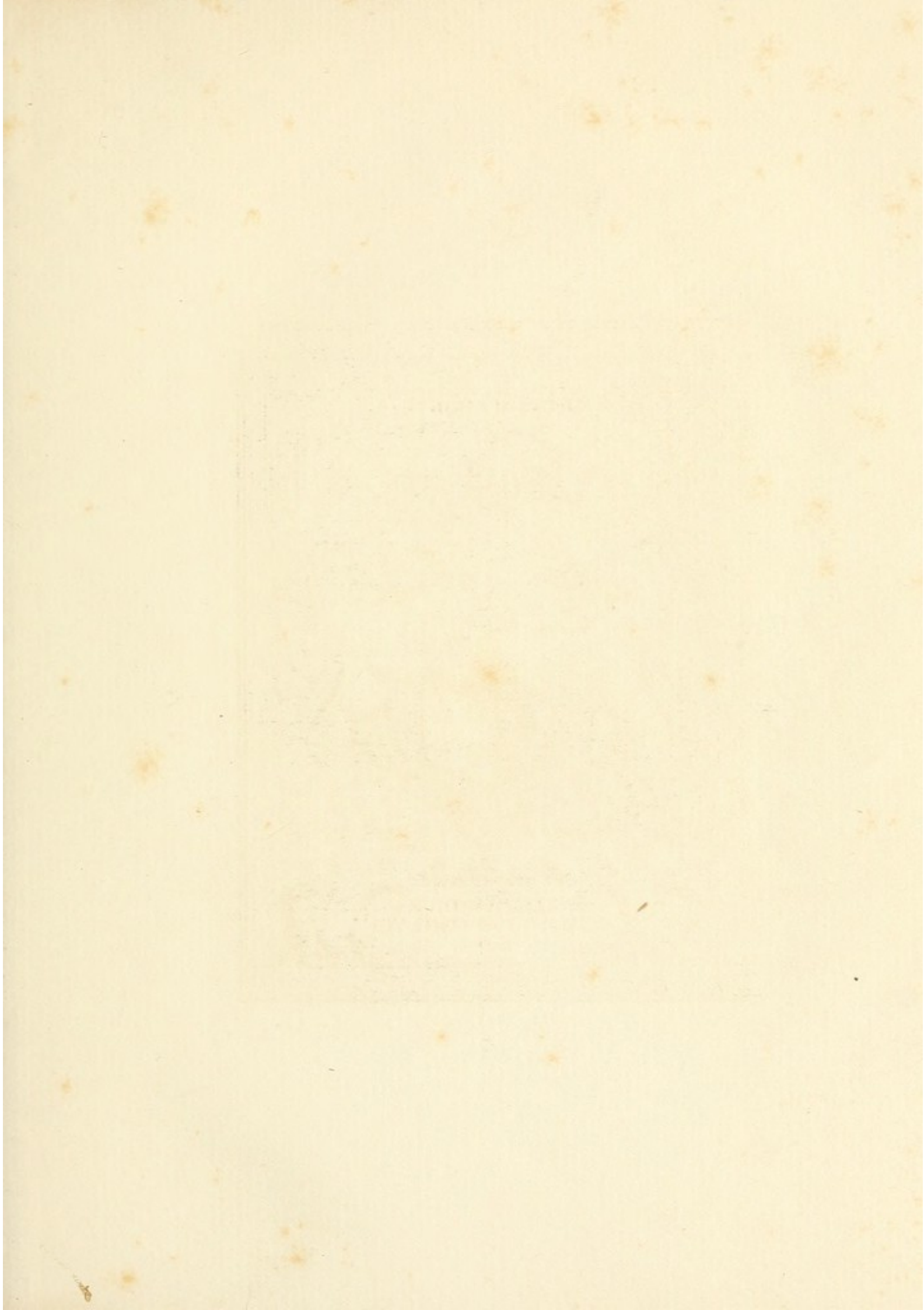


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SCUTARI AND ITS HOSPITALS,

BY THE

PREFACE

HON. & REV. SYDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

—ooo—

LONDON:

DICKINSON BROTHERS, 111, NEW BOND ST.

BLANDFORD: WILLIAM SHIPP, MARKET-PLACE.

MDCCCLV.

Reference to Print of Burial Ground.

The private soldiers are buried in the large graves next to the building ;
the officers, in those next the sea, with small wooden
tablets, at the head of each grave.

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PREFACE.

In the following pages I am afraid my readers will find little that can afford pleasure. If I had aimed at writing on this unhappy subject that which would have pleased, I must have aimed also to deceive. I can claim this much for myself, the facts I relate, the opinions I have given, are from an independent witness. I went upon my self-imposed mission, altogether unfettered, I had nothing to gain from any one particular course of conduct. I sought the truth, and took my own way to arrive at it. Whether that truth would please or displease the public, or the Government, was to me a matter of indifference; I had nothing to gain or to fear from either.

I have in my possession ample means of proving, that I did press upon the Authorities in the East, and at home, the existence of that shameful state of things I now thus publish; and that on my return home, I did receive the thanks of the Government, for my efforts at Scutari.

Since the greater part of this volume was prepared for the press, the force of public opinion has exacted from the "executive," a Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry; I rejoice at this, if only as a small instalment of the justice that should be done, to the memory of the many thousands of my fellow creatures, who I believe, lost their lives through the apathy, ignorance, folly and misconduct of the parties immediately entrusted with the details of this war.

That this Committee will ever get at to expose, those who have been the most culpable, I do not believe; for I know well how easy it is for powerful popular men in high station, to so trammell these enquiries, as to shield the great offenders, and sacrifice the subalterns. I know in this case, there has already been a disposition, to try by the sacrifice of one nobleman, to turn the tide of public curiosity from too narrow a scrutiny of the conduct of those, who were just as responsible as he was, but who had not the manliness to admit it.

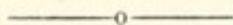
In my own opinion the whole of the Cabinet of which the Duke of Newcastle was a member, were quite as open to accusation as he was. The most culpable of all, was that very noble Lord, who stamping the affairs of the East as "horrible and heartrending," still sat at the table with the Minister at War, until it served his purpose to make a merit of his betrayal.

"Horrible, heartrending" as has been the Camp and Scutari records of the war; reflecting as they do most justly on the Commander-in-Chief, whose apathy seems to have blinded him to them, and on the officials at home and abroad whose blundering carelessness worked such horrors. The country seems to me to have suffered still greater humiliation from the conduct of its rulers, in their endeavour to evade enquiry and shield the true culprits.

This nation has paid a fearful penalty in "life" for the mis-management of the war. When the pressure of the cost in "means" is fully felt, I hope the

spirit of the land may be roused, to require at the hands of those who rule these matters, that for the future, the lives of our soldiers, the hard-earned money of the tax-payers, shall not be wantonly made over to the wasteful expenditure of men; who neither in the Cabinet, the field, or in any one department, have proved that they possess either administrative power, or common sense habits of business.

SCUTARI AND ITS HOSPITALS.



CHAPTER I.

It is my intention in the following pages, to give a fair and intelligible account of those scenes connected with the present war, which came under my own observation, in a six weeks residence at Constantinople. I had for some time read, with equal astonishment and indignation, the published accounts of the condition of the Hospitals at Scutari, when it was suggested to me, to undertake the post of Almoner to the Times Fund; this I felt I could only do on conditions which it would have been improper for those entrusted with that fund to have accepted; it would not have been right for them to delegate the responsibility to any one who would not undertake it "as a matter of business"; this, and other disqualifications on my own part, I took care to set before them; and the gentleman was appointed to the post, who has so ably filled it.

Having now however determined to go on my own account, I communicated with the Earl of Clarendon and had also an interview with my friend Mr. Sidney Herbert, and from them received all the forms of introduction I required to authorities on my way, at Constantinople, and the Crimea. Within twenty-four hours from the time I made up my mind on the subject, I started with my Son for Constantinople, travelling day and night to Vienna, resting there two days, and thence *via* Trieste for my ultimate destination. At this date it may appear strange, but so it was,

that Lord Westmorland then assured me, it was more than probable I should at Corfu, if not at Trieste, hear of the fall of Sebastopol; at the Piræus, I did hear of "Balaklava" and the disastrous charge of Cavalry.

I arrived at Constantinople on the Eighth of November; on that or the following day we heard of the battle of Inkermann, a transport ship having arrived with a large number of the wounded. The same day that I arrived, I crossed the Bosphorus to Scutari, and went to the General Hospital; and there presented a letter from Mr. Herbert to the Superior Medical Officer Dr. Menzies; he took me round some of the wards of that building, and to my repeated offers, either from my own, or other funds, of assistance in any way in which it could be afforded, I received the answer "they had everything—nothing was wanted": here I am bound to say, he echoed the words of the Authorities in England; indeed, I know from the best possible authority, that the Minister for Foreign affairs at home had given full power to Lord Redcliffe, to obtain anything on the spot for the comfort of the sick and wounded, that money could purchase. I heard Lord Redcliffe state the same fact in a ward of the hospital to one of the chief Medical Officers, and that too at the very time, when the *necessary* stores, as well as those accessory in the shape of Medical comforts, were being afforded to Miss Nightingale from the Times fund. He put the question to me—"of what nature were the articles Mr. Macdonald (the Times commissioner) and myself, were supplying for the Hospital use;" I replied, whatever Miss Nightingale, who I knew had come out under the sanction of the War Office, asked for, we at once procured for her, and that the list was one, comprising a very great variety of positive necessities.

I ought to state here, that Mr. Macdonald, who had arrived the day before me, presented me with a kind note of introduction from the Editor of the Times, inviting me to act by suggestion or otherwise with him and his mission, this I did in every way in my power, so long as I was in the East.

I was not for one moment deceived by the declaration of Dr. Menzies that nothing was wanted; I have had, as my friends all know, for many years an intimate acquaintance with most matters relating to Medical and Surgical practice; I think I can say with truth, I have followed the study of Medicine and Surgery for twenty years of my life, with an attention equal to that of many, who do so as a matter of professional duty—a hospital and its requirements were no new thing to me.

From the General Hospital I went to the Barrack Hospital, and gave my letters of introduction to the Chaplain Mr. Sabine, from whom then and to the last, I received every kind attention, and all possible aid it was proper for him to afford me. I undertook at once a share of the duties of Chaplain in that building; as there were only two Chaplains for all the hospital duty, i.e., for two very large buildings, and at least one hulk in the Bosphorus. I now made my way to the "Sisters' Quarters" and introduced myself to Miss Nightingale, who had then arrived about two days. I walked a few of the wards, and at once saw much, symptomatic of that state of things, the real extent of which, I had yet to fully learn.

It would only tire the general reader, if I were to go, day by day, into the occurrences which, following in quick succession, soon proved to me, not only that these vast hospitals were absolutely without the commonest provision for the exigencies they had to meet; but that there was in and about the whole sphere of action an utter want of that accord amongst the Authorities in each Department, which alone could secure any really vigorous effort to meet the demands, which the carrying on of the war was sure to make upon them. It is quite true, that as ship after ship brought down their respective cargoes of wounded and sick, the Medical and other Officers, with Miss Nightingale and her corps of nurses, did work from morning till night and through the night, in trying to meet the pressure upon their scanty resources; but the whole thing was a mere matter of excited, almost phrenzied energy, for where so much that was necessary was absent, it followed, that all that zeal and labour could effect, was, by various temporary expedients, to do that, which when done was wholly inadequate to what was really required.

I saw all the Balaklava and Inkermann wounded had to go through; I had it from the lips of the chief actors in the scene, what the preparations were, which awaited the wounded of "Alma". I know what the Chaplain and Officers had to do then: the "Sisters" had not arrived—there was no Miss Nightingale with that wonderful power to command help, and quickness to see where it would most avail—I can say with truth, I am glad I have not that tale to tell. And yet, I could not find that anything had been asked from Lord Redcliffe, even up to the time I saw the hospitals myself—why should he have been asked for help, the Chief Authority was clearly under the delusion, "That nothing was wanted!"

I have no wish in these pages to go into all the details of the scenes my own eyes

witnessed in the Hospitals at Scutari; they are now for the most part known far and wide from other sources. But I must at once say, they did not admit of exaggeration. I have never seen any accounts yet, that have in their united information, really given the whole truth as it might be given. I cannot conceive, as I now calmly look back on the first three weeks after the arrival of the wounded from Inkermann, how it could have been possible to have avoided a state of things too disastrous to contemplate, had not Miss Nightingale been there, and had the means placed at her disposal by Mr. Macdonald. I could enumerate through a very long list, article after article of absolute necessity, as a part of Hospital stores, which was either not in existence, or so stored as to defy access to it. It was not merely, that with the exception of a ward here and there, there was no appearance of the order which one would have expected in a Military Hospital, supported at an almost fabulous expense; but, there was an utter absence of the commonest preparation, to carry out the very first and simplest demands in a place set apart to receive the sick and wounded of a large army.

On paper, some of us possessed lists of stores sent from home, to an amount, that would seem to have more than provided for all probable demand; and yet, Mr. Macdonald and myself had to purchase, how we could, by means of our voluntary Fund, the commonest articles of consumption, the commonest matters for daily use. For some weeks, more than a thousand patients had no bedsteads; matting on the pavement of the corridor, received the one chaff stuffed bed, on which each man was laid. There were when I left iron bedsteads in some of the wards at the General Hospital, but as the rule, the men were on boards placed on wooden trestles; and there were not enough of these.

For many weeks, laundry—there was none; after some weeks one was hired by Mr. Macdonald and made over to Miss Nightingale; I have yet to learn that there is any real provision for washing the linen of the establishments; so was it with cooking—dispensing—every department; if the whole truth should ever appear, England will learn, what it is to trust, to “Departments” to secure the proper management of such hospitals as these in the rear of an army.

I here deliberately record my conviction, that not only was the Home Government grossly deceived, by the information it received from the East; but that it must have been most grossly betrayed at home, by those, to whose several depart-

ments, the proper management of the details of these Hospitals was entrusted. The medical men I believe did their best, but from what I saw I am satisfied, that Military etiquette, rule, and general provision, are just the very worst, to secure the economical, humane, and proper management of large Hospital Establishments. Miss Nightingale or any well educated lady with even less attainments than hers for the particular path of duty, with a proper chosen and paid staff of professional nurses, laundry women, and a civil superintendant with full power; a staff of experienced civil surgeons and dressers; an apothecary in chief with his staff of dispensers; would, with the aid of necessary stores sent straight to Scutari by ships taken up for the special duty, have had these fine buildings soon turned into real Hospitals. Order would have reigned—there would yet have been room for much voluntary aid, but nothing essential would have been left dependent upon it. It would be necessary perhaps to have some two or three Military Surgeons from the Army, to hold “Boards” decisive of such questions, as when Officers or Men could return to duty, or should be sent home; and also a few soldiers with a superior non-commissioned officer, to act as guard. With these exceptions, I am quite satisfied, that for such Hospitals as these at Scutari, to be properly managed, they should be placed under the management and control of civilians; there are obvious reasons, why camp Hospitals, I mean those with the army, should on the other hand be wholly of a military character.

CHAPTER II.

I now propose to give some account of the Buildings used as Hospitals at Scutari. And here I would refer the reader to the engraving of the Burial Ground of the Officers and Men, dying at this sad scene of war's work. The building close to the burying ground, is the General Hospital; the large building in the distance is the Barrack Hospital. The former covers a considerable area of ground, and encloses what I presume has been a sort of pleasure garden with a fountain in the centre. It consists of several floors, the construction of which is generally the same—a passage broad enough to admit of room to pass easily at the foot of beds arranged down one side, out of this passage or corridor as it was called, doors open into large rooms or wards. In both these buildings a portion is set apart as the Sultan's or imperial quarter, in which the rooms or wards with the staircases, are of a more costly construction than those of the rest of the building. The passages are thickly occupied by the beds containing the wounded and sick soldiers; the wards out of them, are generally made over to Officers of the Staff, for dispensaries or other offices, and a certain number are kept for sick or wounded Officers. The passages and rooms are sufficiently lofty; the former I can hardly suppose were ever meant to be occupied, but simply to act as ways of approach to the latter, the filling both with wounded and sick of course drew unfairly on the ventilation of the building, and it was therefore no matter of surprise that at times, the atmosphere was most offensive.

The Barrack Hospital is about half a mile from the one first described. It is an immense building of a very similar construction, its form square, enclosing a very large open court or parade ground. Some weeks before it was as full even as when I left it, there was by measurement two miles and one third of a mile occupied

by beds in this Hospital, at an average interval between each of about two feet six inches. The corridors are of an immense length; on entering at one of the sides of the building and passing down one of them, you would have to turn one, sometimes two of its angles, before you could find any means of exit.

As in the General Hospital, so here, there are wards the whole length of the building, varying in size and construction, but all opening into these passages. These wards however are very many of them occupied by sick or wounded soldiers; whilst a certain number are reserved for the Staff of the Establishment, wounded or sick officers, the Chaplains, and last but not least in importance, the "Sisters" and "Nurses" under Miss Nightingale.

When I left on the 19th of December, the passages were nearly all in full occupation, and had a double row of beds, leaving just space for one person to pass conveniently between them; besides these vast lanes of wounded and sick, there were large wards as closely packed with beds. At this moment January the 27th, I believe every part of available space is occupied in the same way. I am not surprised at the increasing mortality, from what I saw, I felt satisfied that the chances of recovery in such an atmosphere were indeed faint.

The nearest entrance to the Barrack Hospital is something short of a quarter of a mile from the so called pier, at which all the sick and wounded have to be landed. Passing from under an archway, you go down a broad paved road, which leads you to a very steep rough causeway, at the base of which, after going on a few yards to the left, you arrive at the pier. It is difficult to conceive a landing place for all passengers from the European side of the Bosphorus,—for the stores arriving for the hospitals,—for the sick and wounded, in short for everything animate and inanimate seeking a way to the establishment, so utterly inconvenient, and inadequate for the purpose. If the wind blew at all hard from the Marmora or the Seraglio Point, there was a surf that made landing next to impossible; in the ordinary breezes that blew from these quarters, and they were very frequent, the approach in anything but a large boat was dangerous, and the general confusion, from the difficulty of landing men and goods, very great.

I have seen the bodies of the dead, stores for the living, munitions of war, sick men staggering from weakness, wounded men helpless on stretchers, invalid orderlies waiting to act as bearers, oxen yoked in arabas, Officials stiff in uniform and

authority, all in one dense crowd, on this narrow inconvenient pier, exposed to drenching rain, and so bewildered by the utter confusion natural and artificial of the scene, that the transaction of any one duty, was quite out of the question.

The only boat that belonged to the Establishment was a large six oared càique good in ordinarily bad weather, for crossing the Bosphorus, but for any of the real requirements of the service, of little if any use. There was not to my knowledge one boat, at the entire command of the hospital authorities, in which it was possible to land sick from a ship; nor were there any means for some considerable time of getting to this pier from the European side, except by having a càique; and on very many days, it will happen, no càique can cross with safety.

There is another pier nearer the General Hospital; in fine weather it was a great saving of time and of suffering to the sick going to that building, when we could have them landed there. It was a full quarter of a mile however for the bearers to walk, and up hill all the way; but the ascent is not so steep here, as that from the other pier to the Barrack Hospital.

We none of us know to what a pitch of apparent insensibility we can arrive by great familiarity with suffering; the more extensive the view of the misery before us, the greater amount of suffering it exposes, strange to say, the sooner does the mind cease to shrink from it. One wounded man borne on a stretcher, in the street of a town, attracts universal attention, and excites a painful sympathy from any beholder. At Scutari, the dead were so often encountered, carried in boats, lying on the pier, or borne in long processions on stretchers, that they ceased to attract any but a moment's notice, and did not even for a moment, excite any particular emotion; they were generally sewn up in their blankets, with sufficient care to prevent any part of the body being exposed to view, but I have frequently seen bodies *in transitu* from the transport ships or hulks, so carelessly shrouded as to create a feeling of disgust.

The sufferings and the condition of the living sick and wounded were such however, as to make anything which regarded the dead, a matter of little interest. Here too it was strange, how quickly all one's home feelings became blunted. At first, though accustomed to study every form of suffering, and no stranger to the usual scenes of a hospital, I was inexpressibly shocked, at the scene around me in my daily visits to these hospitals. I had passed weeks in the West of Ireland when

famine was slaying its hundreds daily, and where the whole peasant population, bore the impress of that scourge; I had seen a good deal of cholera on a large scale; but these were scenes in which the mysterious hand of providence seemed in the judgment, to shadow forth something of a good yet to come out of it. But war's work, is altogether an accursed work.

I can understand at the camp, in the presence of the enemy, the glory the soldier seeks veiling the full effect of the result of the violence by which he is led on to obtain it. It is easy to conceive the horror of the battlefield; but there, the deeds of heroism, the wondrous courage it elicits, the greatness of the stake at issue, the excitement under which men fall and die, or not dying at once, are tended by men, then and there, as excited as themselves; all this draws a broad line, between the actual suffering and the picture of it a battlefield affords, and that which is afforded in the crowded wards of the hospital, at some distance from the scene of action.

The grouping of fallen men and horses; the many heaped up masses of dead moved strangely by the living maimed amongst them, shewing the points where the deadly strife had been the most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth. The stretchers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier, who now has the startling feeling forced upon him—"it has come to this—and yet there may be hope of life"; his excited but overworn spirit, half fainting as it is, yet dreaming a mixed feverish dream of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart, as it seemed to commit that heart to a moments oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed, seen with a dimmed eye—hope of life growing stronger, but with it now the dread of some operation to be undergone—the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish impatient desire, to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings of utter weakness causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered, begins to take effect; the

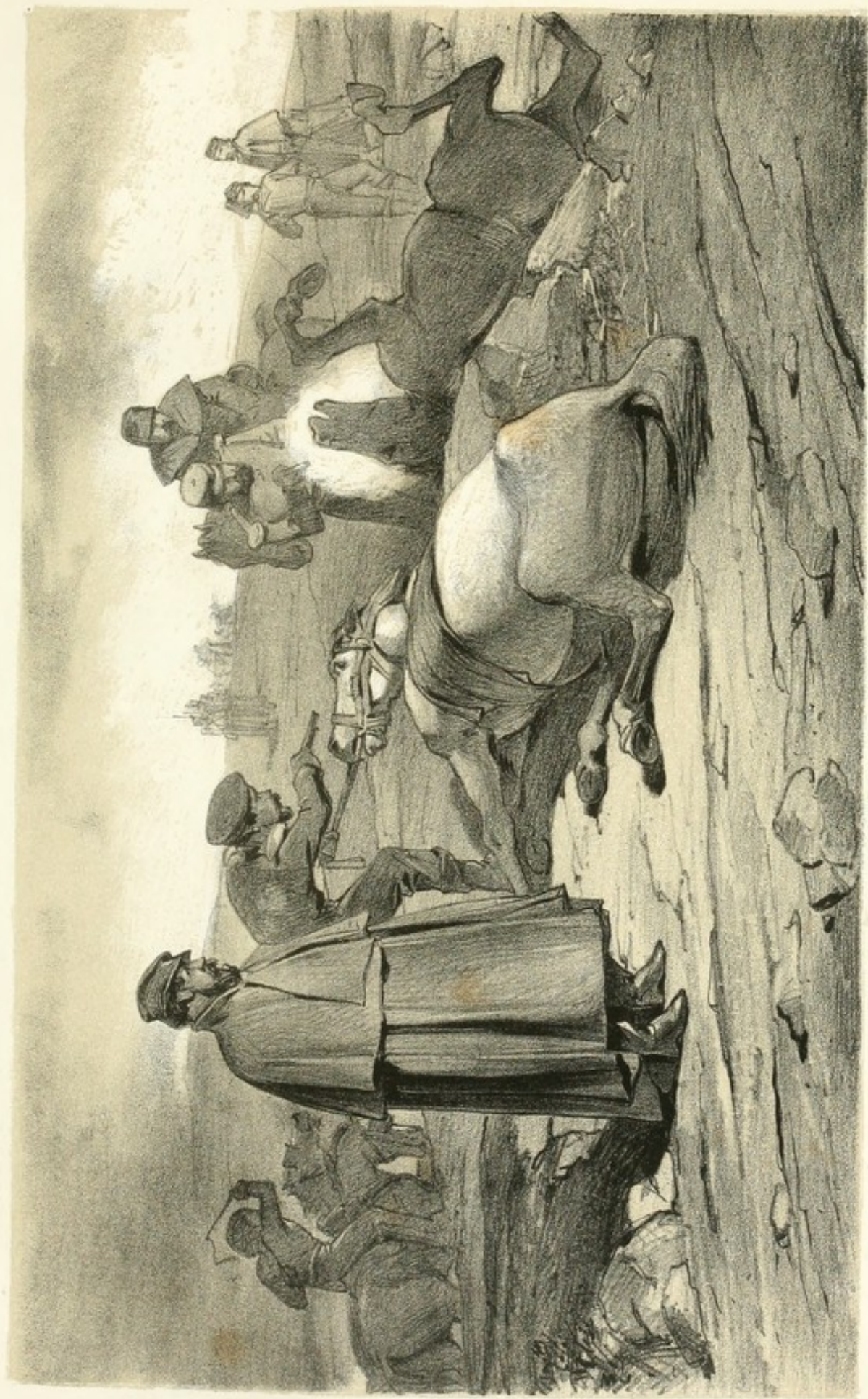
voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded yet speaking to cheer ; the operation borne bravely and felt the less, as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope ; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of the strife still raging—all this has a life and motion and spirit in it, which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.

Even when the battle is over and every gun silenced, when that moment arrives in which the survivors and the unhurt can breathe more freely, and begin with some coolness to regard the scene and count the loss, there is yet a strange fascinating power in the very atmosphere which hangs about the battlefield, everything exists and abounds which can horrify, nothing is wanting to complete that awful picture war paints in blood and violence upon the spot, to be repainted in woe and tears at thousands of distant homes ; nevertheless the most feeling and brave will admit, it is wonderful how little the odious sights around them, really affect the mind. It is war—just that and nothing else—they are servants of war, and all that is before them, was in the plain path of that duty, which nothing can be suffered to daunt in action, or to bend to more than a soldier's tearless grief after it.

Pits must now be dug for the dead ; comrade goes forth on that deathstrewn ground, to seek for comrade ; there are those who go relentless to spoil the enemy, and yet ever ready to pause and say kind words over the corpse of some late mess-fellow. Horses lie about, some dead and stiff, others lift and turn their heads about, until they die ; a soldier will be seen to approach one of these, speaking kindly to it, he takes the bridle in one hand, with the other lifts the revolver to the poor creature's head, and at once it falls, released from all pain, adding one more picture to the map of war's hideous detail.

There is the hospital tent, to which the unwounded go to gather tidings of friends they knew to have fallen ; some are on stretchers, having undergone operations, and now about to be carried to the hospital ; others still lie where life left them under the means used to save it ; there are too, the tents in which the bodies of the officers killed are placed ; the living stand over them, speak of them by the names camp life had given them, they are regretted—deeply, truly—but in that calm tone and manner which war soon makes habitual.

Survivors at their first meal after the action, are still just the soldiers they were ; it has not yet been their lot to feel the agonizing wound, or the faint sickening



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SCENE ON THE BATTLE FIELD

feeling of the heart, as then it expects to grapple with death. Glory has been won by the Army, and every heart glows with the proud sense of his own share in it. The gaps in the regiment speak of its brave charge of those but too powerful columns, into the solid mass of which it dug its way, at the same time knowing, there it must dig too, the graves of perhaps more than half its strength; the survivors feel, and justly, that out of all that days whirl of fearful exciting action, they have reaped for themselves that which will win honour for their country; that which as it is read in the home circle, will throw into the mother's or wife's thanksgiving, a fervency not owing alone to the fact that they are spared, but that being so it has been through such a scene of trial of all that can assail even the courage of the British soldier, that they are, and will ever be of the number of those who live as heroes, in their nations history.

Let us leave the camp and field where war with cunning hand so skilfully veils from the actors the true nature of its work, and go to regard the Hospital where nothing can be hidden of this world's curse.

CHAPTER III.

It is indeed a most difficult task, to bring before my readers, anything like a true picture of the wards and corridors of the Hospitals at Scutari, as they were, when first I became familiar with them. The particular portion of the Barrack Hospital of which I agreed for a time to take pastoral charge, was certainly well adapted to give me a thorough insight into some of the most striking features of this vast field of suffering, and misery. My daily walk to it was through long corridors, both sides of which, were thickly lined with the sick and wounded; one of these, was intersected by a wooden partition with a door; it divided a portion of a corridor in which there were no patients, from a part which was full of them. There were wards opening into this empty corridor, and in some of these, I soon found my chief occupation; the first of them was used as a dead house; here each day were collected all who died in this hospital; they were then conveyed to the General Hospital, to be added to the number of dead there; every afternoon when the weather would permit, the funerals took place in the ground adjoining.

About two o'clock in the day, a certain number of orderlies, invalids barely equal to the duty, would be seen following each other from this "dead house", bearing on stretchers one corpse after another each sewn up in a blanket; so accustomed were all to this sight, that I have often seen this procession of the dead, which had to pass down a part of a thickly inhabited corridor go by, without even interrupting for one moment, the conversation of the sick and wounded with each other, or arresting the attention of any, who might be reading aloud or being read to. Beyond this ward were those known as the Dysentery or Cholera wards; very wretched places they were, and glad was I when after repeated protests, the patients were removed to another portion of the building, where they could lie in a condition approaching to decency.

Where the field for ministerial labour was so altogether out of any proportion, to any provision made at that time to meet it, I felt as far as regarded myself, my wisest course was, to devote myself to those, whose cases were for the most part not only apparently hopeless, but whose end was probably near. I therefore made friends of some of the orderlies (every ward has one), and got them, and also the Sisters in charge of my district, to give me when I met them, intimation of such cases: this brought me a good deal into these wretched dysentery and fever wards, and many a sad scene did I witness there.

This dysentery—diarrhœa—Varna fever, the men called it by all these names, was most fatal; I visited very few who recovered, indeed there was an appearance in by far the greater part of them, that seemed to exclude all hope of recovery. It appeared to have a most depressing effect; there was not much active pain, except in the cases which now and then a few hours before death, took a form very similar to, if not identical with cholera. The patients lay either on the floor, or on the wooden divans which surrounded some of the wards. The boards under the thin chaff beds on which they lay, were rotten, and I have seen them alive with vermin and saturated with everything offensive; the orderlies told me, they could not be kept clean; I was also informed by one of the chief authorities, that if these wards were washed, so rotten were the boards, they never could be got dry. The bed clothing was in character with the place.

In these foul places, surrounded with everything which could offend every sense, I was often a witness to scenes, which for the time made me forget all in and about the sufferers, but their patience, their modest bearing, their evident deep gratitude for every the least act of kindness shewn to them. There is a very marked difference between these diarrhœa patients, and the simply wounded; the latter live in hope; even those most wounded, with difficulty gave it up. The attendance necessarily given to their wounds by the surgeons, kept up this feeling, until, if the wound was fatal the very moment the last struggle came. I do not say that the old Varna fever cases could have profited from medicine, and medical attendance; I certainly never saw much bestowed upon them; I do firmly believe however that much might have been done for many of the diarrhœa cases, but I know at one time, the Medical men had not at their disposal, the commonest drugs proper for their treatment. With the exception of the Priests in attendance on

the Catholic patients, and "the sisters" ministering to all, I seldom met any one in these wards, whilst I continued to visit them.

In this cruel scene of filthy neglect, I can with truth say, I was never called to one dying man who uttered a single murmur, against those who thus treated him and his comrades; they were fond of being read to, joined earnestly in prayer, were apparently very truthful in their answers as to their past lives; (very many had run away from home, and enlisted under false names) few had I occasion to attend when dying, who did not shew the truest penitence, and gladly seek to cling to those hopes, most of them had been taught in their youth, but which alas! in many of their cases had now first to be realized.

It has been my lot in life to minister at the death beds of many who I have seen die surrounded with everything money could obtain, and affectionate kindness suggest, to make less painful the severe trial of that moment. It has been my privilege to see what at such a time a true Christian faith can do to console and support; I saw men, after years spent in their country's service, now far from the land of those they loved, worn out by the privations of war, endured too, under all the aggravations of pestilence and neglect; lying on the clothes, they had not changed for months, in wards presenting every feature to depress and to annoy, but made more depressing and distressing by the dreadful death-scenes of each day and night; yet, listening with every symptom of grateful delight to the invitations—the promises of Him, who left his home in heaven to contend to death, for every penitent who would trust his soul to Him.

They dictated calmly the plain unboasting tale they wished written to the parent, wife, or other relative at home; it told of suffering, without any complaint of it; it expressed the still strong affection they bore for those—this was the real pang—who they wished to know, that they never could see them again; there was just the fact of the cause of their sickness, and then the homely expressed message of remembrance to "all at home, all enquiring friends."

There was little else I could ever do for them—they said so, and gave a grateful pressure to the extended hand. (in one instance a fine dying fellow kissed it) then—the "God bless you, Sir." There was in some cases one means of calling up a look of earnest pleasure; it was when they were enabled from private funds at my disposal, to send home small sums to their relatives; this seemed to come

home to their very hearts, and gave more pleasure, than any of the other means, by which I endeavoured to lighten the sad portion of this particular class of the Sick.

The duties I undertook were sometimes in strange contrast with each other; on one Sunday I gave a service at the Hotel at Pera on the landing place; my congregation consisting of the Duke of Cambridge, some of his staff, eight or ten officers, a few servants and the landlady: on the very next Sunday I went to the Cholera Ward at Scutari; I found in it, a corporal of the Rifles with the cholera, a servant of my friend Colonel Walkers just recovering from it, I had seen him in its worst stage a day or two before; a man just taken with it, another delirious, another in the last stage of fever; sitting on the dirty divan by the side of the corporal—they were all on the floor—I had so to speak to, and read, and pray with him, as to make the service one, that would do for all who could attend; this, the writing a letter for the one in fever, and a word or two to each of those in a condition to understand me, was my that day's morning service. Within forty-eight hours I believe, three of my congregation were in the next ward, the dead house.

I was truly glad to hear a few days after this, that these dysentery wards were cleared out, the patients being put into others until one prepared expressly for them was ready; but the reader may conceive my astonishment on going to see the cholera ward, the day after it was thus cleared, when I found some of the authorities had begun to use it—for a store room for the new blankets and quilts just come from England: cholera may or may not be contagious, but vermin certainly are generally considered as likely to infect all clothing left amongst them; I of course at once represented it to that energetic officer Dr. McGregor, and I have no doubt he soon secured a better disposition of the new stores.

I determined on my first arrival, to take upon myself, with the aid of my son and Mr. Stafford who volunteered his services, the writing letters to their friends at home, for the sick and wounded men; most gladly did they avail themselves of our pens; all the letters were collected every night at my room in Pera; my son and myself then stamped and forwarded them by each successive mail; I should be afraid to say, how many we posted altogether; whenever it appeared advisable to do so, we sent a cheque from our private fund on a London firm, for

the relatives of any poor fellow, whose dying moments it was likely to cheer; the sums given varying from ten shillings to two pounds. I found a most zealous assistant in this work in my friend Mr. Stafford; day by day and all day, he might be seen with his portfolio by the side of the poor sufferers, giving many hours to the task. Indeed he gave himself almost entirely to it, sending me each night the letters he had written; he went to the Camp in the Crimea for ten days, and there too he found a field for the same kind labour.

I wish I could give the reader an idea of the appearance of the Corridors in the Barrack Hospital, a week after Inkermann. Looking from the angle of one of these extensive passages, so as to command a view right and left, there was a narrow path each way as far as the eye could reach, through a double line of wooden low trestles with planks laid upon them; on these were the beds of the patients; here and there would be seen a small group of surgeons in consultation on some serious case; in smaller more frequent groups, other surgeons with their attendant orderlies dressing wounds; wounded Officers would sometimes come out a little way from their wards, and be seen talking to some of the men; small congregations of convalescent officers and others, would occasionally pass out of one of the side wards—the chaplain's, were they had been attending one of the frequent daily services.

When it is remembered that the narrow path between the beds was the one thoroughfare of the place, it may be easily conceived, that there were few moments during the day, in which there were not many passing and repassing. This was a great inconvenience, but one unavoidable from the nature of the building. The whole surgical and other staff, all the orderlies, every officer from the wards, their servants, every one with business to transact with any of the above; all had to find their way through the double line of patients. There was therefore not the slightest privacy, and until night, over a great extent of the building little quiet.

Here again it was wonderful, how in a few days one's every sense seemed to adapt itself to the scene; the picture of wars work hateful as it was, was on so large a scale, that in its very magnitude, the greater part of the horrors of its details was lost. Had you taken any twenty yards of a ward, and given your undivided attention to all it set before you, there was scarce one sense or feeling which would not have been touched most deeply; but when it came each day to

be a walk of miles of such hateful scenes, I am sorry to say one became but too hardened to them; the very abuses of the place, involving such a mass, seemed somehow to be less hateful, than when by any chance, they came before you in the case of some few individuals.

How strange it is to know, that all this vast collection of our emaciated and maimed fellow creatures, had been brought to this condition as it were of deliberate purpose; that possible exposure to pestilence and privation had been a part of a deliberate compact, with those so many of whom it was to thus destroy; that these masses of men on whom the sabre, the rifle, the shell, the bayonet had worked such mutilation, had been trained, to do just that same work on others, and had bravely done it.

Here was a noble looking fellow, with a leg amputated far above the knee, next him, one with his shirt off, having more than twelve bayonet wounds dressed; another had received a wound that actually had so laid bare a part of the lungs, that it was possible to see their action; poor fellow, I passed him in the hour of his release and covered his face from the flies. There was scarce a conceivable mutilation of the human frame, which might not be readily found in these corridors; where the bed was not occupied by one of these poor maimed men, the probability was that you had to regard one of the almost countless cases of diarrhoea; which had had their origin principally, not from any necessary part of war's demand upon the soldier, nor from the unavoidable action of a hostile climate, but, from the gross neglect of those, who having the management of the campaign, had recklessly exposed the army to privations and to disease, which with common foresight, with a little activity, might have been to a great degree avoided. The effect of this disease upon the patient was very painful, it seemed to weigh down every energy of the mind, as it day by day weakened every physical power. The poor fellows lay in their beds mere spectres; except to dictate a letter home, it was difficult to rouse them to anything. They were grateful for the nice messes "the Sisters" cooked for them, took what little medicine was ever offered them, but all was done in a state of apathy, which shewed life had become a very weariness. When the newspapers arrived and were distributed, it was distressing to watch the interest with which all the wounded listened to and read "Alma" again and again, whilst the diarrhoea patients seemed scarcely willing

to turn in their beds, to listen to a word of that, which so interested their wounded comrades.

It was most interesting to see the avidity with which newspapers from England were received; many of the soldiers read aloud remarkably well. I have seen a black whiskered fine looking man, propped up in bed, chosen as a reader; having lost an arm, they had folded the paper for him, so that he could, holding it in one hand, get at the "battle bit"; cripples of all kinds crept up, and sat on and about the adjoining beds; as far as his voice could be heard (it was a loud Irish one) you might see men turned in their beds, trying to drink in every word; on he went, right through the whole, beginning in rather a monotone style, he soon warmed up, and as the men said—"gave it out well." Then there would be a hail from a distant bed—"I say let us have it up here now," and some crippled patient would come scrambling down to beg the paper; a new reader would be found and nearly the same scene again and again repeated. I heard a shrewd observation from one veteran who having read the battle in a "daily," then looked at a picture of it in a "weekly." "The writing, Sir, is more like a picture, than the picture is like the battle; why, Sir, these painters seem to think all our horses are fit for brewers; and that gunpowder makes no smoke." Newspapers seemed perfect medicine to the wounded, acting as cordials; they brought up again all the excitement of the field, without its danger, but with its glory.

It was satisfactory to observe, how many men could read well. Books to be used much by them should be of small size, they cannot hold up large books, and the wretched apology for beds on which they lie, made sitting upright very difficult. I am happy to say I saw very many, who after the excitement natural to the reading the newspaper, turned again to the little testament, a tract, or instructive book which had been lent them. One surgeon asked me for some Bibles for his ward, I gave him five pounds worth, and heard from him, how much he found them valued; these were given to the men; I purchased them from the Agent of the Bible Society at Stamboul.

For many weeks, a great number of the sick and wounded lay on the stone or tiled floors of some of the corridors; only matting between the bed and this tiled porous surface, which could not be kept clean. Although it was known these buildings would be reserved as hospitals, when the army left Scutari, no one

seemed to have dreamed of making any of the commonest preparations, to adapt them to this purpose. The consequence was, that to the moment I left, nearly six weeks after the Inkermann wounded began to arrive, there was not only an utter absence of anything like the order of a good hospital, but some of its most simple machinery did not exist. The cooking departments for 3,500 men would have disgraced the management of an English workhouse. Means of securing the washing of their linen, there was next to none at all; Mr. Macdonald had, it is true, hired a house at Scutari, and taken steps to make it over as a laundry to be under the "sisters"; with the exception of this, the washing done, did not I believe amount to one hundred articles a week. I used to see the meat brought up for the men's dinners; it was not only served out in a way perfectly disgraceful, but at times I have seen it so raw, they could not eat it. As to punctuality in serving it that was out of the question.

For some weeks, there were many men lying in bed, with dysentery or with open sores, who had not had a change of linen for months. The shirts we gave away, as they could not be washed, soon got into a condition disgusting to see. The men knowing their linen would be ordered away from them, and that as there was no laundry, they would never see it again; when it was too bad to wear, used to hide it under their beds. I have given new shirts myself to men lying without them, but who had their own old shirts thus hidden. Is it any wonder that the smell in the wards was at times so offensive as to be scarcely endurable even to the oldest Medical Officers. Such articles even as basins to wash the wounded from, towels, cups for drinking out of, had to be provided from the Times Fund, to say nothing of linen and flannel. By far the greater proportion of the bedsteads were constructed, long after the Hospitals were a great deal too full.

There was not, a few days before I left, a single operating table; I have seen a capital operation performed in a ward, amongst the other patients, on a door or something like it, laid on two trestles; so inconvenient was this, that for some considerable portion of the time occupied, the poor creature was supported by my own arm passed underneath his loins, a Surgeon on the other side holding my wrist, that we might bear him up. On another occasion, two light tables were used, so unsteady were they, I had to make an orderly sit behind the patient on one, to keep it firm; both these men had the thigh amputated, were taken from

the so-called operating table, and put back upon their beds *upon the floor*, where they soon died. Chloroform was always used, and it appeared to me with the greatest success; which I attribute a good deal, to the practice of using it on a handkerchief held lightly to the face, instead of the plan I have seen elsewhere of using some instrument, which whilst it secured the inhalation of the anæsthetic, excluded too much of the atmospheric air. I assisted at one very painful case, in which a branch of the femoral artery had to be taken up; there were great difficulties about it, so much so, that one of the best Surgeons there, did not seem to me, to like to attempt it; it was however done by Dr. Mc'Iray assisted by some others; I am afraid to say the length of time the patient was under the influence of chloroform; his head was on my own knee the greater part of the time, and I had to keep up the administration of this inestimable agent; at last they succeeded in getting a ligature round the vessel; I was then left with one of the Surgeons, to try and recover him from the torpor, under which he had, without pain, borne a most severe application of the knife &c. Our only hope, from the quantity of blood he had lost, was, to get some stimulant taken as soon as we could; in vain we tried every means of rousing him; the pulsation of the heart was so weak, his whole appearance such, I had begun to despair. As a last resort, I found out his name, and had him sharply spoken to by it, so strong was the force of habit, that he made just sufficient effort to waken, to enable us to order him to drink the wine we gave him, keeping up the same sharp military tone of voice, we got more and more swallowed, and he soon recovered; I saw him some days after doing well.

As far as I am any judge, the operations were well performed; but they were for by far the most part in the end unsuccessful. The men were so debilitated, that nature could spare no vital force to repair extensive wounds, and they soon sank. It is my own opinion, that the excitement of an action with the enemy, has in its reaction, that which in a few days tells heavily on very many constitutions. I am sure I saw more than one death, I could safely attribute to this cause; the brain seemed to have been so over-strained, that a kind of low fever was induced, from which there was often no recovery, and this, where there was no wound or dysentery. From what I saw, I can hardly conceive a greater blessing to suffering man, than this wonderful system of painless operation; I am satisfied, that in the case of the majority of those operated on at Scutari, the old "healthy bellowing action" as it



Madison

Pravda

FIRST RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

is called, would have soon put an end to the patient; they had not the strength to rally under the pressure upon them, of natures ordinary attempts at reparation; a very little "bellowing," the very touch of the knife would have soon quenched the feeble spark of their wasted life.

One particular part of the Barrack Hospital, was given up to the Russian sick prisoners. Here I feel even more ashamed of the truths I must write, than of anything the reader has yet read. The condition in which they were allowed to remain, was most disgraceful. It was represented to me first through Dr. Alibert, one of them—a Pole I believe; he seemed a well educated intelligent man; I was with one of the Chaplains, when he came literally to beg of us a little wine and some jelly for some of his patients; his description of his own and their treatment was heartrending. I took care he had at once from a private source what he wanted. Some little time after, an English civil surgeon who had come out with the highest testimonials, was put in charge of the "Russian Sick." He came to me one day bursting with indignation at the condition they were in; no one seemed to care for them, from no one could he get anything for them. I that day gave an order to Stampa at Pera, to send him all he asked; I fortunately had funds at my own private command from which I could do it. I now took steps, to get at the real truth of how these poor creatures had been treated; I will spare the reader the details, suffice it to say, that from all I learned, this ward was witness to more gross neglect of one's sick and wounded fellow creatures, than any portion of any of the hospitals, with which I ever became acquainted.

The following one fact to which I defy contradiction, shall speak for all the rest; Dr. Smith the gentleman in charge of some of the wounded Russian officers, shewed me one poor fellow, with a thigh-bone broken; it was in a fearful state, the pain most distressing; in vain had Dr. Smith tried to obtain in the hospital a splint proper for such a case, by which the muscles might have been relaxed, and thus much suffering have been saved; a surgical implement common in every hospital, and used by every union surgeon. It is said *only two existed in the whole establishment*. I went with a friend, now in England, to two instrument shops at Pera, but could not succeed in getting one. Had the poor fellow lived but a little longer, it was my intention to have borrowed one from the French hospital. Dr. Smith is a man of independent character, and in a position to *speak out*, with no

danger to his prospects in life. I hope when he returns to England he will give the public his experience, of the provision made for the sick and wounded by the department in England, which presides over their treatment, in the Military hospitals abroad.

I heard one day, that as many of these Russian sick as could be moved, were at once to be sent to Kululi; I saw them being carried down to the pier for the purpose, on stretchers, *on the shoulders of Turkish soldiers*; no one with them to see that they were at all protected from the insults, to which this was sure to expose them. I at once got Mr. Maxwell, one of the Duke of Newcastle's commissioners, to come with me, to do what we could to secure the poor creatures from ill-treatment. I think he will not forget our work that afternoon; I had in one instance, to take the law into my own hands, with a brutal Turkish soldier, one of four bearers, who had put the stretcher down on the ground, and was evidently grossly insulting the unfortunate being, who lay helpless before him. The boats sent to take them to the steamer were so narrow, that the few stretchers we could put on board, overlapped their edges. We were obliged to take a great many, who had only lately lost arms or legs, and who were otherwise maimed, off their stretchers, and huddle them in one wretched heap at the bottom of the boat. This too, in the middle of a mob of Turks, insulting them in every way; no soul in authority, not one single officer of the establishment being there to protect, or see any one precaution taken, to save them from needless pain. Since I have been in England, I have entreated the Secretary of War to endeavour to secure the humane treatment of the Russian war prisoners.

CHAPTER IV.

I must now conduct my readers to another part of the Barrack Hospital, and one most interesting. On entering by the gate at the "main guard," turning directly to the left, at a short distance there is a wooden partition across a corridor; passing through the door in this you come to one of the usual lanes hedged in by the beds of the wounded; at its furthest extremity is the tower, in which the "sisters" have their "quarters." Whatever of neglect may attach elsewhere, none can be imputed here. From this tower flowed that well directed stream of untiring benevolence and charitable exertion, which has been deservedly the theme of so much praise. Here there has been no idleness, no standing still, no waiting for orders from home, no quibbling with any requisition made upon those, who so cheerfully administered the stores at their disposal.

Entering the door leading into the "sisters" tower, you at once found yourself a spectator of a busy and most interesting scene. There is a large room, with two or three doors opening from it on one side; on the other, one door opening into an apartment in which many of the Nurses and Sisters slept, and had I believe their meals. In the centre was a large kitchen table; bustling about this, might be seen the High Priestess of the room Mrs. C——; often as I have had occasion to pass through this room, I do not ever recollect finding her either absent from it, or unoccupied.

At this table she received the various matters from the kitchen and stores of the Sisterhood, which attendant Sisters or Nurses were ever ready to take to the sick in any and every part of these gigantic hospitals. It was a curious scene, and a close study of it afforded a practical lesson in the working of true common sense benevolence. There were constant fresh arrivals of various matters

ready either for immediate distribution, or for preparation for it; there was also as frequent an arrival of requisitions for some of the many good things, over which Mrs. C—— presided with untiring perseverance.

The floor on one side of the room, was loaded with packages of all kinds, stores of things for the internal and external consumption of the patients; bales of shirts, socks, slippers, dressing gowns, flannel; heaps of every sort of article, likely to be of use in affording comfort and securing cleanliness. It gave one some idea of what such a room would be in a good hospital, if on some sudden alarm, it had been made a place of refuge for articles snatched from its every store. In reality it was one feature of a bold attempt upon the part of extraneous benevolence, to supply the deficiencies of the various departments, which as a matter of course should have supplied all these things. On the right hand side of the room, were doors leading to the private room of Miss Nightingale, and to the dormitories of the Nuns, and their Reverend Mother, a lady of whom all spoke in the highest terms.

In the further corner on the right hand side, was the entrance to the sitting room occupied by Miss Nightingale and her friends the Bracebridges. I shall ever recall with the liveliest satisfaction, the many visits I paid to this apartment. Here were held those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily varying exigencies of the hospitals. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff, working under this most gifted Head. This too was the office from which were sent those many letters to the government, to friends and supporters at home, which told such awful tales of the sufferings of the sick and wounded, their utter want of so many necessities. Here might be seen the "Times" almoner, taking down in his note book from day to day, the list of things he was pressed to obtain, which might all with a little activity have been provided as easily by the authorities of the hospital.

To attempt the narration of the business transacted in this room, would be a task beyond my powers. It was of a nature comprehending somewhat of the detail of every recognized "department;" it embraced the consideration of every failure of duty on the part of "authorities" at home and on the spot; it aimed at the attainment of order and humanity by limited means, to be directed against the widest possible field of disorganization.

Had Miss Nightingale and her Staff taken up their post in the best regulated hospital conceivable, with four thousand patients, their task would have taxed to the utmost their every energy. Here was an utter want of all regulation, it was a mere unseemly scramble; the Staff was altogether deficient in strength; the commissariat and purveying department, as weak in power as in capacity; there was no real Head, and there existed on all sides a state of feeling, which was inclined to resent all non-military interference; whilst at the same time, it was shamefully obvious that there was no one feature of military order. Jealous of each other, jealous of every one else, with some few bright exceptions, there was little encouragement from any of the officials, for any one out of mere benevolence to lend any aid. The fact is, the stout denial of the shameful condition of the hospitals, made to the authorities at home, could not be made on the spot, the officials therefore walked about self-convicted. As a warm friend of the government, sent out under the direct sanction of the War Office, I am satisfied it was the wish of Miss Nightingale to make the best of everything. She at once found the real truth, and cheerfully and gratefully availed herself of that help from irregular sources, which to this moment has been her chief support.

My readers will very naturally expect that I should give them some particulars regarding this lady. I can only give the result of my own observation and experience; for on such a matter, I should be sorry to draw for my information from other sources. Miss Nightingale in appearance, is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self possession, and giving when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet and rather reserved; still I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness, one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others, and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian; she throws

herself into a work—as it's Head—as such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order. She seems to understand business thoroughly, though to me she had the failure common to many “Heads,” a too great love of management in the small details which had better perhaps have been left to others. Her nerve is wonderful; I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful to every sense any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.

I have heard and read with indignation, the remarks hazarded upon her religious character. I found her myself to be in her every word and action a Christian; I thought this quite enough. It would have been in my opinion the most cruel impertinence, to scrutinize her words and acts, to discover to which of the many bodies of true Christians she belonged. I have conversed with her several times on the deaths of those, who I had visited ministerially in the hospitals, with whom she had been when they died. I never heard one word from her lips, that would not have been just what I should have expected from the lips of those who I have known to be the most experienced and devout of our common faith. Her work ought to answer for her faith; at least none should dare to call that faith in question, in opposition to such work, on grounds so weak and trivial as those I have seen urged. That she has been equally kind and attentive to men of every creed; that she would smooth the pillow and give water to a dying fellow creature who might own no creed, I have no doubt; all honour to her that she does feel, that her's is the Samaritan's—not the Pharisee's work. If there is blame in looking for a Roman Catholic priest to attend a dying Romanist, let me share it with her—I did it again and again.

Those who walked that field of suffering, had too many pressing calls on every energy which could be enlisted to save pain to the body, to stop to question the faith of the sufferers. It was not the least frightful of the many features of that awful scene, that the demand for active physical help, did sadly interfere with the aid which would have been cheerfully given in higher matters. We all did what we could in both; but this was a hospital, Miss Nightingale and her staff were

nurses, cooks, purveyors; they were not, they could not be, but in a very minor degree—missionaries. Although to the last, I myself gladly seized every opportunity of praying with, or reading to any dying man, I was soon obliged to give up devoting myself to that work, for I felt that this could be done by others; there was a daily increasing demand upon me in some other important matters, which few beside myself, from circumstances, could have undertaken.

I do not think it is possible to measure the real difficulties of the work Miss Nightingale has done, and is doing, by the mere magnitude of the field, and its peculiarly horrible nature. Every day brought some new complication of misery, to be somehow unravelled by the power ruling in the sisters' tower. Each day had its peculiar trial to one who had taken such a load of responsibility, in an untried field, and with a staff of her own sex, all new to it. Her's was a post requiring the courage of a Cardigan, the tact and diplomacy of a Palmerston, the endurance of a Howard, the cheerful philanthropy of a Mrs. Fry or a Miss Neave; Miss Nightingale yet fills that post, and in my opinion is the one individual, who in this whole unhappy war, has shown more than any other, what real energy guided by good sense can do, to meet the calls of sudden emergency.

There must have been when I left Scutari little less than four miles of ground occupied in lines of beds; the reader may from this conceive the pressure upon the physical and mental powers of the sisters. That many of them proved unequal to the work was to be expected; the wonder to me is, how any have survived it. Many ought never to have entered upon it. A hospital of this sort in the offices it demands from the nurses—and all the sisterhood may be considered as nurses—in the scenes with which it surrounds them, makes no ordinary demand on the female mind. It is an hourly endurance in a distant country, of trials to many a sense, which at home would scarce seem endurable for a moment.

This is no such nursing as that afforded in the rooms of the sick at home, be they our relatives or friends, or those of our poorer fellow creatures. We all know, at least the most of us alas! do, what it is to watch around the sick beds of friends and relatives. We know how the exigencies of a sick room break through all the mere conventionalities of every day life. Where all have their every interest for the time absorbed in the endeavour to minister to the comfort of the sick one by whom they watch; where friends, relatives, and servants have this one object in

view—real delicacy consists in being insensible to every thing else. When even in distant passages, they who meet speak in whispers, in the actual room of apprehended death, the very atmosphere of the scene makes all things as pure, as the motives that call for the sympathy and aid afforded.

This is very different in the case of such a scene of death and suffering as that at Scutari. The nurse or sister nursing, is hurried from one spot of a vast scene of death to another; at each successive bed to which she may be summoned, she has to minister to one a stranger to her. Surrounded as she is by masses only differing in the nature, but little in the degree of suffering, it is impossible for her so to centre her whole mind upon any one case, as to acquire that perfect command over the delicacy of feeling, to which English women are bred, attainable in an ordinary sick room. The trials to which Miss Nightingale as the head of the sisterhood is exposed, are so far greater than those of the other sisters, in that she has a greater weight of responsibility; but there is not one of that devoted band, who does not each day pass an ordeal to her every womanly sense, beyond all description. The dressing the wounds of the men, the attendance upon those who are in the agonies of death, is but a small part of the field of duty, on which these ladies have so boldly entered.

In my own opinion it would be most advisable that the hired professional nurses, should wear some dress distinguishing them from the sisters. There are many offices about the sick and wounded which the surgeons would at once require, and with reason, of a hired hospital nurse, which nothing could induce them to ask of a "sister." I am also quite satisfied this is no field of usefulness proper for young English women. We are very apt to confound the duties and the office of these volunteer ladies, with those of the sisters of charity in the French hospitals. From what I saw and could learn at those hospitals, the several positions in life of the respective parties; their training, the obligation of the religious vow, &c.—make a very wide distinction between them.

England and the English Army will ever owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Ladies who have devoted themselves to this first attempt, to introduce the zeal and tender care of well-bred women, into the economy of a Military Hospital. When the war is over, and they return to us, from their experience may be gained the valuable information, how far all the work they had to do in this crisis was

work that in the sober moment of calm consideration at home, they would recommend as a field for the charitable exertion of English ladies. I have little doubt but the majority would agree with me, that very much of it had been better left, had it been possible, to trained paid nurses; and that there would have still remained a large field of more fitting usefulness for the zeal of unpaid volunteers.

A good deal I know has been said in public, and in private, about the prevalence throughout the Protestant part of the Sisterhood, of what are called Puseyite principles. It was a matter into which I did not seek to enquire; it was sufficient for me to see that on whatever Church principles it was done, true charity was never better represented; it was a field leaving no room, affording no leisure for any outbreak of those polemical bitternesses, which so poison the atmosphere of our common christianity at home. Those ladies I had most to do with when taking Chaplain duty were from Miss Sellon's Sisterhood. I found them most active in finding out for me every case in their district where I could render any service. There may have been jealousies and religious (?) heartburnings; where is the spot on which they do not exist? I never saw anything of it myself, all worked as of one mind.

I must not pass over my friends Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge; the latter ever watchful over her charge Miss Nightingale, was most useful to her; indeed without such a Motherly friend, I cannot see how she could have got through many of the trials of her position. Mr. Bracebridge was active everywhere, and from his acquaintance with the East, his persevering good humoured attempts to help every-body about everything, was of infinite service. Hitherto God has been most merciful in supporting the Sisters and Nurses, in their work of true christian love. It is impossible to magnify the amount of labour they undertake. They will have their reward at that day when the Great Preacher to the quick and dead, shall practically prove the weight and truth of the text.—“I was sick and ye visited me.”

CHAPTER V.

I have hitherto spoken of the sick and wounded soldiers as I saw them within the walls of the Hospitals. To an ordinary observer a few weeks after the battle of Inkermann, the corridors of these buildings however painful the sight they presented, would have given a very favourable view of the general condition of the sick and wounded compared with what it had been, and still was in some particulars. I have spoken strongly on the subject of the internal economy of these Hospitals; there were features connected with their external economy, of which it is impossible to speak in adequate terms of indignation and disgust. If the sick and wounded soldier did get at last fair and humane treatment when within the Hospital walls at Scutari, it was I firmly believe owing to the efforts of those who had no official position there. Who can describe what they had to suffer on board the transport ships on their way to Scutari, and in the transit from those ships to the Hospitals?

I made a practice of frequently going down to the pier to assist at the landing of these poor creatures; for I not only found I could thus myself render service, but I found also, that from some cause or other, my being present seemed to act beneficially in securing more humanity from the attendant officials. To the day on which I left, there was not only a very great want of stretchers on which to carry the wounded, but there was not one single covered stretcher—all were of the very roughest construction. The bearers were invalid soldiers for the most part unequal to the work, Turkish soldiers, stupid, careless, and unfeeling, and for a time a gang of porters from Constantinople wholly unused to bear any weight in an upright position, and therefore very ill adapted for the purpose.

It is now a matter beyond all contradiction that the way in which the sick and wounded were brought from Balaklava to Scutari, was in its every detail utterly indefensible. They were put on board in a condition demanding the utmost care;

many had fresh severe wounds, some had undergone recent amputation, many were weak to the last degree, the generality of their clothing was wholly insufficient; and yet they were crowded together between and sometimes on the decks, with not even an apology for a bed; some, indeed I fear many of them, were even without a blanket to lie on.

As to any nursing, as the rule all they could expect was, that which some eight or ten invalid soldiers could afford; on these men, the sea and the smell from the crowded decks produced such an effect, that they were themselves soon added to the list of sick. The medical assistance was altogether inadequate; in some cases it can scarce have been said to have existed at all. The medicines and medical comforts, were either altogether wanting, or only put on board in such quantities, as to be a mere mockery.

The only food some 200 or more wretched suffering and sick men had afforded to them, was the usual salt rations of ship diet, and this many of them could not eat; in some of the ships the water was so stored that the weakest men could not get at it, and had no one to get it for them. The Mauritius brought down a large number of these poor creatures, and so shamefully had the authorities provided for them, in so awful a condition were they, that a Colonel of one of the regiments, himself wounded, who came with them told me, that if it had not been for the exertions of the civil Surgeon and the sailors belonging to the transport ship, with some soldier's wives, many must have died from positive neglect; I thought the conduct of these sailors and women to be in such striking contrast to that of the authorities, that I went on board and distributed ten pounds amongst them.

From some government returns I have in my possession, it is made to appear as if the average voyage from Balaklava to Scutari was four days and a half. This is to me a tampering with the truth; it may have been the average passage between the two places, but vessels have been fourteen days with sick on board before they left the Crimea, another week after anchoring in the Bosphorus, before the sick were landed. I have known passengers coming down in these ships, obliged to leave them from the dreadful stench proceeding from between decks where the sick were huddled together. As to any of the conveniences necessary for men who could not stir from where they were placed, they never seem to have been thought of. Individuals of respectability who have made the voyage in these vessels when

thus freighted, have declared to me, that the dreadful cruelty of the whole treatment of these poor men was beyond all belief—it has been well called “the middle passage.”

The Officers who came down to the Bosphorus with the *Avon*, will I think never forget the horrors they witnessed; I have been furnished with some details of that passage, and also of the voyages of other transports; they are too dreadful for publication; of course many died under this system of barbarous neglect; those who survived were landed in a condition so miserable, that one could scarcely have congratulated them on their escape.

I will give an instance of how this painful treatment of the sick and wounded was sometimes needlessly prolonged. The *Medway* had had her melancholy freight on board nearly three weeks; she was anchored less than a quarter of a mile from Scutari. I went over early one morning in hopes of aiding in moving the poor creatures to the hospital on shore. As I crossed the Bosphorus, I met the large boats we usually employed for the purpose, going over to the Golden Horn loaded with soldiers returning to the Crimea; when I reached Scutari pier, I found the authorities energetically abusing Admiral Boxer, who had thus taken possession of the only boats by which the sick could be landed; the consequence was, the day was lost, and we had for the three next days weather which defied any attempt to bring them ashore. I have in another chapter endeavoured to give some idea of the inconvenience of the landing place at Scutari, and the scene of confusion it presented. The large boats bringing the sick and wounded ashore, came alongside the only sound part of this so called pier. Those who were very severely wounded were brought on stretchers; they had then to be lifted out and placed on the ground; four men were called from the crowd of invalid orderlies marched down for the purpose; the stretcher was then lifted on to their shoulders, and they started to face the steep long ascent with their melancholy burden. These bearers were not only often so physically weak as to be unfit for the work, but no one seemed disposed to take any pains to choose men of equal height for any one stretcher. The groans of the poor creatures thus carried were often most painful to hear. Occasionally there were not bearers enough, and I have seen the wounded men lying for some considerable length of time on the damp surface of the pier, waiting till more came. When the poor fellows had been thus carried to the hos-

pital, they were sometimes subjected to still further painful trial, being put down and taken up again and again, before the authorities could determine in what part of the hospital they were to be placed.

I must say this wanton addition to suffering, was not confined to the cases of common soldiers; more than one officer has known something of it in his own person. It will hardly be believed, but it cannot be denied, that men almost in the last hours of their existence have been carried up to the barrack hospital, sent on from thence the rough half mile to the general hospital, and then sent back again, because there was no room for them.

When I recollect how the poor wounded men of the Balaklava and Inkermann actions, groaned with pain even when lifted from the boats with the greatest care; when I call to mind how from the evident nature of some of their wounds, any, the least motion must have been most painful; all the indignation I felt at the time, returns upon me at the utter want of feeling, with which their transport from the ships to the hospital was effected. I could well enter into the feelings of one officer who himself lying wounded on a stretcher, seemed so disgusted with the whole scene, that he exclaimed, "do cover my face for me;" it was indeed a trial of any man's nerves, to see the way this important part of the public service was misconducted.

Let the reader now imagine himself standing on the highest part of the paved acclivity, leading from the Scutari pier to the Barrack Hospital, at a time when the sick and wounded were being landed from one of these transport ships. A procession would pass him of perhaps the most melancholy character it is possible to conceive. One after another in quick succession would be seen groups of four weak, ill clad, pale, weary invalids—(they called them convalescents), staggering up the ascent with a stretcher on their shoulders bearing one of England's heroes; many of them in the very clothes in which they fought, never having had more than just enough of them removed, to enable the surgeons to dress their wounds or amputate their limbs. Their ghastly appearance, the evident famine as well as pain stamped upon their countenance, told it's own sad tale; the stretchers were so badly constructed, the bearers so little equal to the task, that the poor men thus carried, were for ever crying out with agony at each change of their position, caused by the difficulty with which they could be carried at all, by such weak men, over such difficult ground. For hours with little interruption would this file of bearers with their living load pass by you.

It was hard to conceive any thing more piteous than this, and yet from time to time, in slower but yet in too quick succession, other objects even more pitiable would come under view. Far too great a number of these unfortunate men were obliged to walk from the pier to the hospital, some even without that support afforded by one or more orderlies, which others were so fortunate as to obtain. Very many of them were mere spectres; they did in reality more belong to the dead than to the living, for death was stamped indelibly upon them. They could, even when helped, scarcely crawl over this rough, hard, steep road; and let me add, that they frequently had been more than six hours without any food. I am told that a certain Member of Parliament was so shocked at one of these cases, that he actually carried the man himself. I have given them often sherry, and brandy and water which I took with me for the purpose, and it seemed as though they scarcely had the power to swallow it. It will not be denied, that many of these poor creatures had thus to walk, because there was not a sufficient number of stretchers to carry them, or if there had been, of orderlies to carry the stretchers. So weak were some of these bearers, that on one occasion, when I had to land and convey a friend, an officer wounded at Inkermann, from the farthest pier to the General Hospital, one of them was so faint, I had to get rid of him, and replace him by a soldier passing at the time.

But will it be believed that after these poor sinking, sick, and wounded men had made their painful journey to the Barrack Hospital from the Scutari pier, I have seen them, walked up and down the wards, whilst a distracted official was in vain trying to find them beds. I have known them to be left on one occasion for a length of time huddled together in a ward without beds, and even in the open yard exposed to heavy rain: this was the case with the sick from the "Gertrude" but a few days before I left. It is no matter of surprise to me, that there were deaths between the ship's side and the hospital.

And what a scene was it to see them stripped and washed! I can stand by an unmoved spectator of any the severest operation; I have in the East and elsewhere seen such destruction of the human frame, by disease, fire or violence, as at the time almost to destroy any power I had of rendering assistance, so sickened have I been; but I have never seen worked out upon the human body anything so truly horrifying, as was shown upon the naked frames of these men. I know, for I studied it in Ireland, the well defined characteristics of famine; it is a matter in

which I do not think I can be deceived, for starvation can be recognized by a practised eye, quite as easily as many of the diseases we are subject to which are unmistakeable. It is my belief that a very large proportion of these so called sick, were men who *had been starved*. The food served to them in the camp was not sufficient, had they been ever so well sheltered; there were other bad features in it besides that poisonous one the green coffee. The way the men were worked, and not sheltered, whilst it exposed them to utter exhaustion of physical power, often forbid them getting at their wretched ill-cooked rations, until they were so sick they could not touch them. They literally *fell* sick, were put on board the transports, in the condition I have spoken of above; on board these ships, these famine stricken men, had no other rations than salt meat and hard ship biscuit. In rare instances I could trace out the fact of some rice having been served out a few times on the voyage.

I fully expect much of what I have here written will be strenuously denied; on the evidence of my own eyes, on the testimony of upright impartial witnesses, I am prepared to assert, I have given a very modified, rather than a high coloured view of what this transport service, and the system pursued in landing the sick, really was. I challenged the attention of the Commissioners sent out by the Duke of Newcastle, to it at the time, on the spot, in terms which left them no room for doubt, that in my opinion nothing could be more disgraceful, more wantonly cruel; I reported it to Lord Redcliffe, and sent a letter direct to the Minister of War on the subject. I have reason to know that even to this very day, the improvement has been far more a matter of promise than of reality.

I would have my readers bear in mind, that many of these poor suffering ill-treated men, were from the ranks of "the Guards" whose departure for the East caused such a sensation in London. I wish the Queen could have seen them, when after having won all the glory for her army, that the most sanguine of their admirers could have hoped for, they met that sad, cruel treatment, which all would have considered common humanity, the commonest foresight, might have spared them. I well remember the feeling with which I read the account of their march through the streets of London, and their embarkation; I felt as I read it how natural were the tears of many of the spectators, the excitement of all who looked on that noble body of men, the very flower of our army, the men on whom the nation knew it could depend for deeds of bravery, worthy of their of old well earned fame.

Are we to forget, or lightly forgive the treatment to which these and others as brave of our soldiers were so wantonly exposed? In my opinion, neither in the triumph of victory, if we are yet so blessed, or in the shame and degradation of defeat, if defeat with shame can by possibility be contemplated, should this nation forget, that it is its bounden duty to trace out how, by whose negligence, by whose ignorance it happened, that men whose deeds of heroism we were swift to acknowledge in the field, when wounded and sick, were subject to such want of the commonest care and humanity. There is the greater claim in this matter for enquiry, as I am satisfied, the government at home had taken considerable pains to order the very necessities the want of which was most felt; and had empowered the English Ambassador on the spot, to meet promptly without regard to expense, every requisition made to him. It must have been clear to the dullest in capacity of the officials at Scutari, that a great deal of what I have now described, might have been provided against, by a very little activity, and a very small outlay of money. With regard to the astounding list of necessary stores, I here record my solemn conviction, that in this matter, there must have been something worse than negligence on the part of the departments at home. I cannot believe they were all shipped for the East; for it is to me wholly impossible that such a bulk of goods could be even in the East mis-laid. I can from what I have learned lately of the way in which public business is conducted, far more easily come to the conclusion, that the discovery of these stores would be more properly put into the hands of my friend Sir Richard Mayne, than into that of any "commission."

As to the way the sick were treated at Balaklava, were put on board ship, and the ships ordered to sail unfound in attendance, in food, and in the necessities common decency demanded, I for one cannot remove the weight of this national disgrace, from the door of the Commander in Chief and his Staff. The facts could not have been kept from him, had he been commonly active himself, or been served by a staff disposed to do its duty. It would be to me a betrayal of all justice, treason to every christian feeling, if I did not thus state what I believe to be the truth. There are plenty of pens and voices to defend Generals and Staff Officers; they can speak and write for themselves; my poor clients if living dare not speak; but alas! how few have been spared to prove that power of endurance, which will so suffer, and yet not complain.

CHAPTER VI.

Many of my readers will I have no doubt expect that I should give some account of the condition of the sick and wounded officers in the Hospital. On the whole I saw no serious cause of complaint in their case. They most of them had their own servants, and the means of procuring any extra comforts of which they stood in need. They, with the men, of course felt, though in an infinitely less degree, the prevalence of the want of order in the Hospitals. However I do not think they would themselves say that this affected them in any really important matter. By the agency I believe of Mr. Sabine, and the liberality of Lady Redcliffe, they had latterly a kitchen established for their separate convenience, and many little extra comforts were thus supplied to them.

The wards in which they were placed after their late camp experience, were so great an improvement as to general comfort, that they were quite content to overlook many minor inconveniences. Some of them came into the Hospital severely wounded; they were generally most cheerful and patient; it was evident that even the loss of limb was compensated by the feeling, that they had bravely done their duty, the country knew it, and Home not the Camp was now before them.

My occupation was chiefly amongst the men, yet I had much very interesting communication with their officers. I can say of them on the sick bed and dying, as I can also say of them whenever I met them in the East, that nothing could exceed their patient endurance of suffering, their moral courage, their modest unboasting reference to all they had so nobly done: their whole tone towards each other, and to civilians, gave me the highest impression of the character of the English Officer when thus on active service.

As nurses to each other, no sister or mother could have been more kind and

patient. I had occasion in two different cases to see day after day, the most gratifying instance of this true "brother officer" attachment. I helped to nurse one of them for many days; he was attended to the hour of his death by an officer, who had known little more of him than I had myself; one who has distinguished himself in a way second to none in this campaign; in no woman watching over her own child, did I ever see greater tenderness, patience, and self-denial, than I witnessed in the care taken of Captain Williams of the Scots Greys by Major Nasmyth; that poor fellow had also the friendly sympathy and aid of many other officers at Pera: their whole tone and manner, made me admire them as much in the sick room of a comrade, as I could also give to them my share of the universal admiration of their conduct in the presence of the enemy.

I may be wrong, but it is my honest opinion, that except where they have expressed a wish for their presence, the wounded officer in the Hospital, is in reality happier in the absence of female relatives; if they arrive in time to be of use, there is much in the way of their power to give all the aid and comfort they would desire; their presence I know well, often causes the greatest anxiety to those they come to nurse. If an officer is dying in the ward of a Hospital, his relatives may rest assured, all he expects of comfort, all he can desire of sympathy, is shown him by those about him. Where the wound has been severe, he has contemplated it's probable end; so too have those who share the ward with him; they give him the soldier's true earthly comfort, the friendly sympathy, of men who shared the danger with him, and now bear in their own persons proofs of what it cost them. Is he to die? it is amongst his brother officers, still in one of war's scenes; he left home to dare this fate; faces from home alas! too often recall the sacrifice he made for the service he then undertook; they cannot alter the fact—he is an officer dying with the Army on service; their presence brings the painful revival of so many a home feeling, adds so much to make that death still more trying, that I do sincerely doubt, whether any joy from the greeting of the parent or the wife, makes up in the pleasure it may afford, for that calm which it certainly disturbs. In spiritual matters the Chaplains are kind and attentive to him; in all other matters his brother officers, in their manly sympathy offer all he requires. The dying officer does not forget home, or under-value it's call upon his heart; he is the son, the husband, or the brother; but as the soldier in service he knows that living or dying, service must separate him from his relatives.

I was at the funeral of an officer of high rank whose wife we knew was expected every hour from England. I was present with others—one a very young wife—when we consulted how we should break to a lady in the next ward, the death of her husband; within two hours, that young wife knew herself also to be a widow. Other circumstances of an equally distressing nature came to my notice; it is true there were plenty to sympathise with the mourners; but amidst such scenes, in that country where at the best of times, a lady finds daily life to be daily trial, I ever felt how well it would have been, if the love that hurried these relatives to nurse their wounded or their sick, could have at any cost been restrained, and they had awaited the issue at home.

Not the least painful part of a duty I shared with others, was that of breaking to the relatives in England the sad news of the death or hopeless condition of officers in the hospitals; it was the more painful from the fact, that in the hurry after an action, mistakes were often made in the returns. Some of the officers who died were very young, and yet the oldest veterans of the service, could not have borne up more bravely than they did under their sufferings, and in some cases, under the certain apprehension of their approaching fatal termination. I have received directions from such as the last hour approached, as to what after death they wished done, in matters scarcely to be called of business—but rather of affection—given with a calm composure I have never seen surpassed even in those who advanced in years, and long warned, desired thus to “set their house in order”. The usual custom is, that the letters, papers, and small articles likely to be precious to their relatives; with the sword, epaulettes and a few other things, should be packed up under seal, and either given at once to some friend of the deceased, to see them to their destination, or placed in store till asked for. The rest of the property—few had much—was I believe sold by auction, and the produce of the sale dealt with according to the military rules that regulated such matters.

It was seldom indeed, that some friendly hand did not cut off a portion of the hair of the deceased, to put up with his letters and papers; all felt there were some at home, to whom it would afford gratification; I believe this has been often done on the field of battle, and even by men of a nature considered so stern, as little likely to sympathise in such a matter.

One instance of the sudden change in the condition of the wounded came to my own notice, in a very painful manner. I had visited a very young officer, at the wish of some of his friends in England; he was so severely wounded, that I had no hope myself, that he could recover; those about him however, did not take the same view. I had from time to time got him game, biscuits &c., from Pera, which he seemed to enjoy; sitting with him one afternoon, I promised to bring him the next day some jelly and a game pie he seemed to fancy, and also a mosquito net to keep the flies from him; (they were at times in the hospitals a perfect pest.) I went over early the next morning with the things I had promised, walked into the room, and as soon as I had put my load upon the table, I turned as usual to ask him how he was—the clothes were all removed from the bed, on which, under a sheet lay his corpse; he had died a few hours after I had left him. We cut off some of his hair, sealed up his papers &c.—in ten minutes one of the Chaplains had found for me another wounded officer, most thankful for the things I had brought.

God knows it was not that our hearts were hardened, but in that scene of death, it seemed as if no particular claim upon our feelings could survive but for a short time the general demand for sympathy, with which from hour to hour we were surrounded. It seems to me at this moment marvellous, that human nature could reconcile itself as it did, to scenes then scarcely felt for an hour, but the memory of any one of which is most trying. It was merciful that it was so, for otherwise who could have endured, what so many cheerfully undertook. I have often since my return to England, been asked, if I could give the relatives of officers and soldiers, who died at Scutari, the particulars of their feelings in the last hours of their life. Alas! it is seldom this can be done; the hospital is only after all a part of the battlefield; it is a crowd of those who have fought, and who fighting, have through wounds or weakness, had to fall back from active service to passive suffering. They are still as it were in the ranks, still on duty, to recover and return, to die or be invalided home. Men on the field speak not of danger, for it speaks for itself; and none are deaf to it, though none will act as though they heard its warning voice. Men who for many weeks have lived a life, in which the only change from the privation and watchfulness which undermined their strength, was the call to action after action, one more deadly than another; become so habituated to

hold life cheap, are so thoroughly wrapped up in the sense of the risk at which they seek the honour of their profession; that as in the camp, so in the hospital, death is an ever expected guest, and few indeed seek to make special preparation at any particular moment for his coming. When he does come to them on their beds, it is still a soldier's death; a letter or two home may be dictated to a friend, some messages sent to brother officers, a quick calm distribution of effects at hand made; gratitude expressed to those who so kindly ever support their brother soldier in these moments—this with the brief services the chaplain can offer, ever thankfully appreciated, form the chief features of the last scene in the lives of these brave men. It is a battlefield death just postponed till the victim has joined in the hospital ranks, those who have in a fresh scene, to struggle once more, not with the instruments of war's destroying power, but with their effect.

I heard a good deal of observation made on the spot, and also since I came home, with regard to the fact that Miss Nightingale and the "sisters" did not pay the same attention to the wards of the wounded and sick officers, which was given to those of the soldiers; I believe as the rule, Miss Nightingale did consider her own and the services of her "corps" confined by previous understanding to the soldiers only, though I have known her on special request from a medical officer, cheerfully order small matters of extra diet for a wounded officer. I know Mr. Bracebridge was most active and willing to forward everything which could be devised for the comfort of the officers; independent of any understanding which may have been come to, on the subject, previous to her leaving England, (if any there was) I can see myself a good deal of practical difficulty which would have arisen, had she taken any other course. I am satisfied she is not a person who would ever lightly put aside any means of rendering aid to those of her fellow creatures she could assist; but I can conceive with all that awaited her in the endeavour to introduce this new element of nursing by ladies, amongst the common soldiers in a hospital, she might have urged very reasonable grounds for not also undertaking the same duty amongst the officers. If I am not however mis-informed, since I left, she has in more than one instance been of the utmost comfort and service at the dying beds of more than one officer of the establishment.

CHAPTER VII.

The funerals of all officers and soldiers dying at Scutari or on board any ship in the Bosphorus, take place each day at about four o'clock. The Burial Ground as shown in the engraving is close to the General Hospital, lying between it's walls and the edge of the cliff which rises with some boldness from the shore. It is a spot from which on a fine day the view in every direction is most beautiful, it is one also admirably adapted for the purpose; I trust at some future day it will not only be properly enclosed, but that a monument will be erected upon it, worthy of the memory of the brave men who are here buried. I cannot conceive a finer position for a national memorial to the bravery and endurance of the Crimean Army than this spot would afford.

It was on a fine but rather stormy day I crossed with a friend to Scutari, and landed at the pier nearest to the burial ground; we were both about to attend the funeral of an officer, in whom we had taken much interest. We arrived about an hour before the time appointed. Standing on the high ground at some little distance from the General Hospital, we were spectators of a scene, which I do not think either of us is very likely to forget. Looking towards the burial ground on our right, there were several groups of orderlies, busily at work preparing the graves for the four officers who were this day to be buried; and the usual large pit, to receive the bodies of the common soldiers; near them in different positions were a quantity of the dogs, so many hundreds of which live in a half wild state about the plains on which the hospitals stand. Close to us grazed two large rough looking buffaloes, watched by an old Turk, whose rags and dirty appearance made him quite in character with the brutes beside him.

About a hundred yards from where we stood was the ravine up which a rough

road leads from the Barrack to the General Hospital. On this road was passing a long train of men, bearing on their shoulders, the stretchers with the blanket shrouded bodies of the soldiers, who had died the day before at the Barrack Hospital; looking beyond this sad procession, in the direction of the distant Turkish cemetery, we saw another and a very different stream of bearers with their human load. This was, the officers wounded or sick, but convalescent, being taken from the hospital down to Scutari pier, to be embarked for England. They were on stretchers, the different positions in which they lay, or partially were raised up, to meet the nature of their wounds; their uniforms, and the servants and others accompanying them, made this stream of crippled life however pitiable, yet most agreeable when viewed in contrast with the melancholy file of dead, passing nearer to us.

How much food for serious thought was here; that procession of the dead, had yet to work out its full tale of grief in many a family at home—the deaths of those brave men had yet to be learned, where the real weight of the blow would be felt most. Thus had it been for many a day, thus would it be for months to come. Sooner or later would the truth arrive at many a home, that the husband—the parent—the brother—the light of many a loving heart, whose future owned him as the chiefest element in life's hope of happiness, was dead, had met a soldier's end in a distant land, and now with many hundreds of others as loved, shared there the soldier's grave.

In the houses of the wealthy and the great, in such days as these, the opening of the post-bag, becomes from day to day an increasing trial; it may afford a fresh lease of hope where all hope had almost ceased to exist; it does bring to many, the message to destroy it altogether! With some, the custom of receiving their letters at breakfast openly, as a source of social pleasure to the whole circle, has been now wisely set aside. It has become the trying duty of some one member of the household, to receive alone, that which may give unalloyed joy, re-kindle hope, or suddenly bid it cease altogether.

The newspaper tells, that by telegraph it is known a mail has arrived at Marseilles; thousands read the short notice of the fact, with hearts which seem to sicken under the feelings of suspense which must hang over the next day or two; there is now an unnatural quiet throughout the whole household, and each day

from the moment that it is known the post is come, until some sign is given of what for good or for evil it has brought, all go about their duties and their several pursuits with a feeling of painful pressure on the mind.

Has "foreign" news come to the "Hall" or the "Castle," it is soon known in the village; and now many an anxious face may be seen each day waiting at the shop and "post office," whilst the clerk who is postmaster, proceeds to unseal the village mail-bag. All important as he is, as the messenger to deliver grief or joy to others, he has too his own anxiety; his own son is in the army of the East. Within the counter near to him are his wife and daughters; to them how slowly does he seem to spread out and sort the few dozen letters; they have no glance to day to spare for the well written directions of the Rectory, the Brewery, the wealthy yeomen of the village; they try with curious eyes to recognize which are the ill-folded, worse directed—"Soldier's Army letters." He takes these from the rest—there are four of them; one with hasty hand he gives his wife, "thank God" his only words; it is the well-known writing of his son: he turns now towards the counter—there are four or five women there, waiting "letters;" two children with some half-pence before them, are come to make purchases, they seem alive to the nature of the scene, and as yet speak not of what they want themselves. To two women he gives to each a letter; the third with shaking hand he holds up to the light, and seems to study every word of the direction, yet it is written plainly enough, and is intended for the elderly woman at the counter, with the tall girl—not yet her daughter—by her side. He has recognised the hand writing of one of the Chaplains of the Hospital in the East; he has had letters so directed pass through his hands twice before, and knew well what was told in them. At last he gives the letter to her to whom it belongs; she has not gone many yards from the door, before she has opened it—it is short—with a glance she has gathered its tale; turning to the girl walking near her, she says—"God help thee and me Jane;" not a word more is said by either; they hurry to their lowly dwelling; once there, there is no restraint upon the agony of their grief, no concealment of its cause; she who was the widow with one son, is childless; could grief be more acute, were that poor girl who had hoped to be the lost one's wife, now indeed his widow? Neighbours crowd in with many a word of attempted comfort, to offer many an office of real sympathy; long after the sun has set upon that day, are the hysterical

screams of the younger of the mourners heard; the mother weeps, says little, but in the silent depth of her sorrow, proves that it is one, time may make endurable, but never can efface. The Rector's wife, a lady from the Hall, have been to that cottage; all that true sympathy, all that the teaching of the christian's book, all that the liberality of christian charity, could do or promise, has been offered—but as yet it is too soon;—the one is stunned in the mother's woe; the other raves in the full force of youths agony, at the sudden crushing of youth's fondest hope.

O! war, war, how dost thou in thy utter bitterness of trial curse our race! sowing penalties and pains broadcast over our living soil, heaping up more of poverty on the very poor, deriding the widow in her bereavement, making her childless; casting on them who only in hope are wives, pangs as bitter as those of widows; thou begettest orphans; in the very wantonness of thy cruelty seekest victims from every class; reckless of all social distinction, levelling all to one condition—that of the heart-broken and desolate: men crown thy triumphs with laurel—the cypress of the cemetery, the yew of the village churchyard, these are the real emblems of thine accursed work.

About four o'clock we saw the funeral procession leaving the gate of the Hospital. Of the four officers who were to be buried, one was a Russian; these were all in coffins; a "Union Jack" is sometimes used as a pall; one had to day been procured in the case of the officer whose funeral I had come to attend. There were about twenty private soldiers carried on stretchers; a firing party, about six or eight mourners, a few orderlies and the chaplain made up the parties present. The bodies of the men were laid one on the other in the pit dug to receive them; those of the officers in their respective graves; the service or a portion of it was read at each grave and at the pit, the firing party moving with the Chaplain; the actual firing is dispensed with. At two of the graves, there were no special mourners; we had our own small group at that of Capt——

At the grave of Col.—— there was one, whose every look and gesture proved, that he really mourned a friend deeply loved. There are men who under the roughest manners hide the tenderest of hearts; men apparently cast in so stern a mould, that any outward visible sign of sorrow would scarcely be under any pressure expected. Just such a man was this mourner at the grave of Col.——. Those who only know Admiral—— as the very embodiment of the rough tough seaman

of the naval tale of fiction—a man few cared to brave in his calmest moments on any business likely to rouse a temper so irritable, that it ever vented itself with as little respect to persons as to language—would have expected such evidence of deep almost womanly sorrow as he that day evinced. With his white head bared to the wind, he stood at the foot of the grave long after the service was over; he quitted it for a time, came to the other graves with head still uncovered, then returned again, again to stand alone, a true picture of a veteran, who could and would command wherever duty and courage should give the call; but here was himself so unmanned, that his own stern nature had mutinied, and held him wholly captive to a power strange, painful, but not to be resisted. The appearance of the so called firing party, was in character with all that is now so well known of the condition of the Army in the East. I do not think one of them wore the entire uniform of any particular regiment; it was not merely a contingent from a body of invalids, but the whole outward appearance of the men told a pitiable tale of the effect of exposure and privation. They were clad in the remnants of many uniforms; their whole aspect and manner showed that they were a draught from an army, on which the hardest service of war had done its worst. It struck me painfully, that out of mere form, men in such condition should day after day be paraded for such a service, for it entailed upon them an exposure to the weather, from which their evident weak condition might have well exempted them.

So limited have been the means for the most obvious duties connected with the Hospitals, that on some days, the dead bodies of the soldiers have been brought to the grave side, stacked up one above the other, on a rough araba drawn by oxen a sight as disgusting as disgraceful. I am happy to say, a Firman will be or has been applied for, to enable the English Government to enclose the burying ground at Scutari; for years yet to come it must be a spot most interesting to many; may the lesson it ought to afford to our ruling powers have its due effect; it contains the remains of those who bravely met a soldier's death at the hand of an open foe in the field; it has within it also the remains of many hundreds, whose deaths, few will venture to deny, were caused by the most wanton neglect of all that could have preserved their health at the camp, or afforded proper treatment to the sickness which at last brought them to the Hospital. We owe to this spot a national monument; let us see that we give one worthy of it; we owe to the causes which

have made it what it is, a nation's firm determination, that never again shall any spot tell such a tale of culpable negligence and folly.

It was with mixed feelings I that day returned from my friend's funeral; he had died from a wound received in action; I should have been sorry to have been one of a jury, to decide by what means many in that pit crowded with the blanket-clad corpses of the private soldiers, had come to their end. As we went back to our boat, we met the usual procession of famine stricken men just landed, toiling up the steep hill from the pier to the Barrack Hospital; one or two looked so little able to get there alive, that some of us stopped to give them a little brandy; I have no doubt many of these were bound almost straight for the burying ground.

On my return to England, amongst other commissions I had undertaken, was that of carrying to his mother, the sword, papers &c. of a very young officer whom I had visited when dying from a wound at Scutari; I ascertained that she lived at the village of——; getting out of a train some miles from it, I hired a carriage and set off on my melancholy errand; I was told Mrs.—— lived on the village common; I stopped at a shop on this green or common, and asked which was the house. My business was at once guessed, for I had the sword &c in my hand; they pointed out to me the dwelling I sought; leaving the carriage I walked across the green; after I had rung the bell at a garden gate, I turned round and saw the people standing at their doors in small groups, at many of the houses near the shop at which I had first enquired, all looking towards the spot where I stood; the nature of my mission had in some mysterious way spread right and left.

Having partly explained the cause of my visit to a servant, I was presently shown into a sitting room, evidently just quitted by some ladies; on the tables and in different parts of the room, I could read somewhat of the sad tale I had yet to complete; there were many silent but yet speaking proofs that it was a house of mourning. I recognized one picture of the poor fellow as I had known him, and another done at a different age. There was something in the whole aspect and atmosphere of the room, that seemed to tell of the scenes of family grief which had so lately been acted there. I did not wonder at the length of time I had to wait; I could understand it well. When the door again opened, Mrs.—— his mother a widow came towards me; her grief not yet three weeks old, had evidently written years upon her; she showed herself worthy to be the parent of one who

had been so loved in his regiment, and had died so honoured. As women ever are in these moments of severe trial, she was strong to bear up under it, but nature from time to time would break through all power of restraint.

Let me here say to all who may read these pages—never regard as trivial, any, the least circumstances of a death-bed; you may have hereafter to meet with those, to whom many things seeming then as trifles to you, are as treasures to them. It is the sweetest of all returns made for services to the dying, the pleasure you can afterwards afford relatives, by answering their questions, in these small matters. It is not merely the lock of hair, the little heap of home letters—the journal—the watch &c—that you take to these mourners; each one of these developes some little family trait of affection; and the domestic records in the mother's heart of the early life, beget as they are told, question after question, on the events of the early death. A true mourner counts all as gain that can bring out the lights and shades of the last days of the mourned.

My task was soon at an end, painful in what it did, grateful in the gratitude shown towards me in that I had done it. Well could I picture to myself what the walls of that room would yet for some days witness.

The sword that had only dropped from the hand at Inkermann when the bullet pierced the heart—here was the monument to the soldier: those letters that had kept up home's love in the scenes of war's strifes; that journal written in a son's and a soldier's spirit, so full of life, hope, and daring—here was the epitaph, “mindful of his home, he died for his country”: that watch wound up the last night of life, stopping when the hand that wound it lay motionless by the side of the heart, now for ever at rest—this gave the date.

Mother—sister—brother—you were in your grief few amongst many thousands, just so afflicted, or it may be worse, for to you it is given, not to sorrow without hope. On my return to my carriage I found the news of what had brought me to the village, was now far spread—many were the enquiries—much and deep the interest—“he was so young” said one, “and all hereabout so loved him.”

CHAPTER VIII.

In addition to the Hospitals at Scutari, there were two floating Hospitals at the Golden Horn. I visited the largest of these and reported its condition to Lord Redcliffe. In vain for many weeks had the Medical Officers made requisitions for some of the simplest necessities, demanded by the condition of the patients; they could not get the supplies they asked for; for some 200 patients there were not twenty beds, and these were very recently supplied. As a hospital, the state of the "hulk" on the day I visited it was shameful; but it was clearly no fault of the medical officers. Mr. Macdonald who was with me, at once undertook to supply from the Times fund, many necessities and comforts which we saw to be so much needed; and I have reason to know that the report I made to the Ambassador, secured prompt attention to the requisitions, I begged the surgeons once more to make.

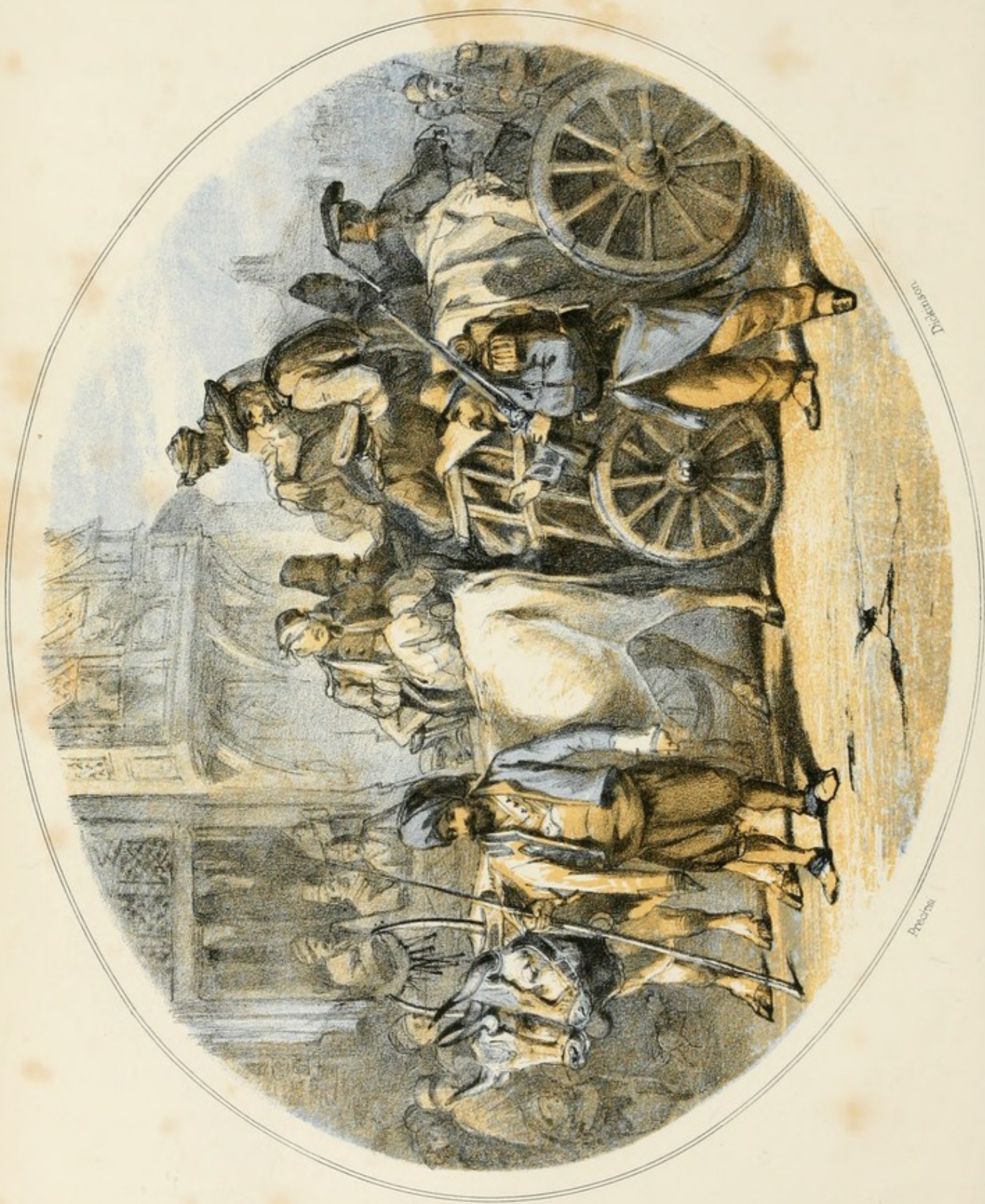
At Therapia, about twelve miles up the Bosphorus, is the Naval Hospital; I paid it a hasty visit; it is small, but as yet quite large enough for its purpose. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness, comfort, and order which appeared to prevail. The naval authorities had taken care to commence preparations here, as early I believe, as April. The patients were as happy as sailors ever are when sick and in bed; one poor fellow was in the act of dying; he was closely watched, and had every kind attention. An officer who had lately had a limb amputated, although he was in much pain and some danger, had every comfort the best hospital in England could have afforded. The ventilation seemed good, and there were ample means of securing warmth. I saw here none of that confusion and resort to temporary expedients which so prevailed at Scutari. I satisfied myself that the relatives of those who are employed in the Navy in the East, need be under no

apprehension, that in the event of sickness or wounds, they will not be well cared for in every respect. There were plenty of books and newspapers; indeed I could not find from the medical officer, that there had been any difficulty in obtaining everything desirable for the proper treatment and comfort of the patients. He expressed to me a wish, that one or two nurses, should be appointed to the establishment, and I have reason to believe this was done within a few days of my visit.

I learned a fact here quite in keeping with the general misconduct of the authorities at the Camp and Scutari. A transport ship brought down from Balaklava some sick soldiers, with them some marines, who had been serving ashore; these latter were carried with the rest to Scutari, or rather into the Bosphorus; they were not allowed to land, for it was made a matter of question whether they were to be treated as soldiers or sailors! It was said, that after having been kept on board some days, and treated in a manner certainly not easily to be justified, the Naval authorities were desired to send for them to Therapia, which place they had passed on their way in the first instance. I will only add with regard to the Naval Hospital, that it was in its management and general economy the one English thing, I saw properly conducted in the East.

By the kindness of Mon. Levi I was permitted to inspect the French Military Hospital at Pera. I went there as early as eight o'clock one morning, and found the chief medical officer going the round of the officers wards. The building itself is of a somewhat similar construction to those at Scutari, but in many respects superior to them. The officer's wards, were handsome lofty rooms; the rest of the building had the usual corridors of considerable breadth, and opening out of these were wards with the divans on raised platforms so common in these eastern buildings. The French are certainly a most wonderful people, at home anywhere; I found it difficult to believe that the order, quiet, regularity of service and perfect machinery of this Hospital could be the growth of but a few months, and that too in a foreign land. One element was obvious throughout—system. Every one seemed to have his own particular sphere of duty, and quietly to set about it. Nothing seemed left to chance, there was a certain importance given to every the smallest matter of detail.

Passing with the chief officer from bed to bed, I heard his orders as to diet and treatment for the day, given most distinctly, they were noted down on the spot by



FIRST RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

an official in attendance for the purpose. The surgeons in uniform with their trained orderlies in proper costume, went systematically to their work, the trays with the dressing apparatus were well contrived and admirably furnished; the sisters of charity had each their post and its well defined duties; they went about them coolly and with a skill, the evident result of perfect training. The iron bedsteads throughout the entire building, are of a simple but admirably contrived form. The uprights at the head are turned at a right angle to support a shelf wide enough to take any little things the patient may wish to have conveniently at hand; at the foot of the bed there is the same contrivance, and this shelf receives the drinking cup and table necessities; a board of perhaps half-an-inch thickness, large enough to lay on the lap of the patient and thus afford a table for the meals, hangs conveniently from the frame work of the bed. The great fault I have for ever observed in the bedsteads of hospitals is, that they are made so low, as to require the surgeons and attendants to be ever stooping when in any way aiding the patients; in this French Hospital, besides the bed on which the patient lies, there is under it a thick straw mattress; this, with the greater length given to the legs of the bedstead, brings the surface on which the wounded or sick man reclines, to such a level as to obviate the necessity of that extreme bending of the body so necessary, and yet so fatiguing in most hospitals. Every patient had an abundance of clean bed linen, as well as blankets; indeed at the door of most of the wards were large shelves full of clean linen, bandages, &c., ready for instant use. The floors throughout were perfectly clean; the height of the beds, and many of them being on raised divans, gave great facility of inspection in the matter of the cleanliness of the floors. There was only one spot in the whole building, in which I could detect any the least offensive smell. I was much pleased to find the Russian sick and wounded, occupying one of the same wards as the other patients, and evidently treated in all respects as well; they had no sentry over them, and seemed most cheerful and comfortable.

I visited of the "Offices" first, the Dispensary; this with its adjoining laboratory, its abundant stock of medical *materiel*, and its well considered arrangement, showed at once the skilful adaptation of proper means to attain the end desired, so characteristic of the French. The baker's department—the kitchens—the large bathing room with its many capacious baths—each in its own way was all that could be

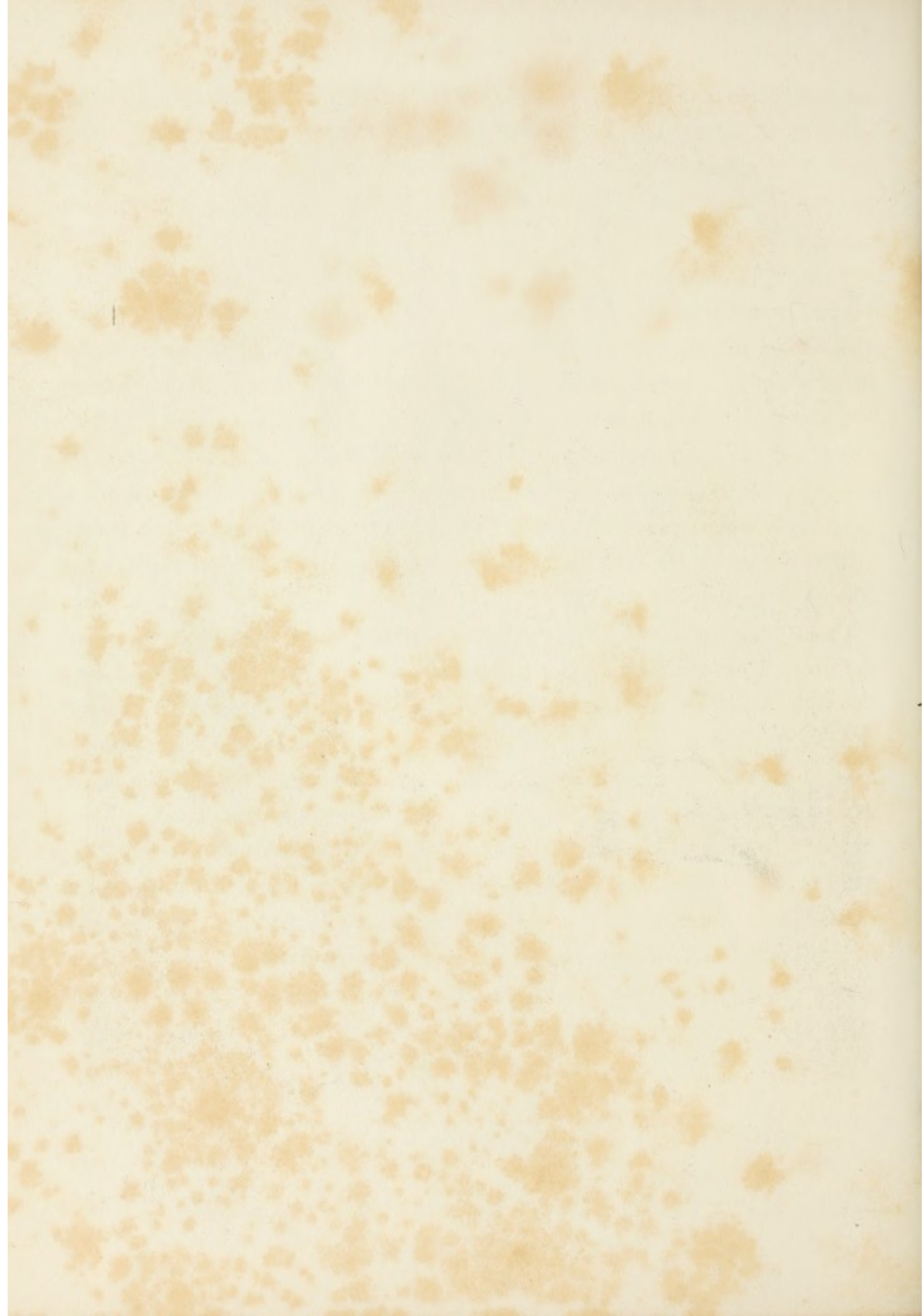
desired. I saw the meals for the patients in course of preparation ; it was far more like the cooking for an hotel, than for a Hospital.

They have established so well considered a system, affecting the supplies each day from every department, of the various things required, as prescribed by the medical authorities, that the duties of the chiefs in each separate department are so simplified, that all work with the order of a well regulated machine. The dispenser—the cook—the baker, had evidently no time to be idle for a moment, there was ample evidence of the demand made upon their separate resources, but there was no hurry, no confusion ; it was not merely that the contrast with our own sad bungling executive was so manifest, but I am in justice bound to say, I never anywhere saw a system that seemed to me so perfectly organized and so cleverly carried out. I find this my experience and opinion quite borne out by others, whom I got to make even a closer inspection.

The sisters of charity are here evidently a very valuable element ; when I regard what these women have devoted themselves to, what my own country women are now attempting to achieve in the same noble path of duty, and comparing their lives with those mere dolls, the playthings of the male sex in the East, which Turkish ladies are ; I cease to be surprised at those details of Turkish domestic (?) economy, which are so repulsive to every well principled mind. Knowing as the English eminently do, the all powerful effect of female influence, pervading for good as it does the whole system of our social life, we must all regard the emancipation of the Turkish people from their present degraded domestic condition, as only to be accomplished by their arriving at a similar conviction ; they have to learn that woman treated as they treat her, is valued on the falsest estimate of all in which her real value consists. The mere pretty puppet of the harem will in the end I trust be found, to have been well exchanged, for the educated companion, the affectionate, devoted, useful wife. Until this is the case, the men of the Turkish Empire, will continue to be just what they now are, beings passing through life with no pleasures in it higher than those, which the indulgence of the lowest tastes afford ; with no higher ambition, than the possession of power, for the sake of mere selfish gain.

A nation that has no word to express what we mean by “Home,” may exist, but in this period of the world’s history, it will be a mere life of sufferance. No power





can survive general contempt, and what can be more contemptible than a nation which rears its men, in no greater respect for its women, than that which shuts them up as objects of jealousy, rearing them with reference to the possession of no other character than that, which is likely to beget the very feeling, it thus seeks to restrain.

To me it was a matter of true rejoicing, that in our own and the Hospital of the French, so noble and instructive a proof was afforded, in the very heart of this Turkish Empire, that the two greatest nations of the earth, did so rear, so form the minds of their women, that they could gratefully trust them with the nursing of the sick and wounded of their armies.

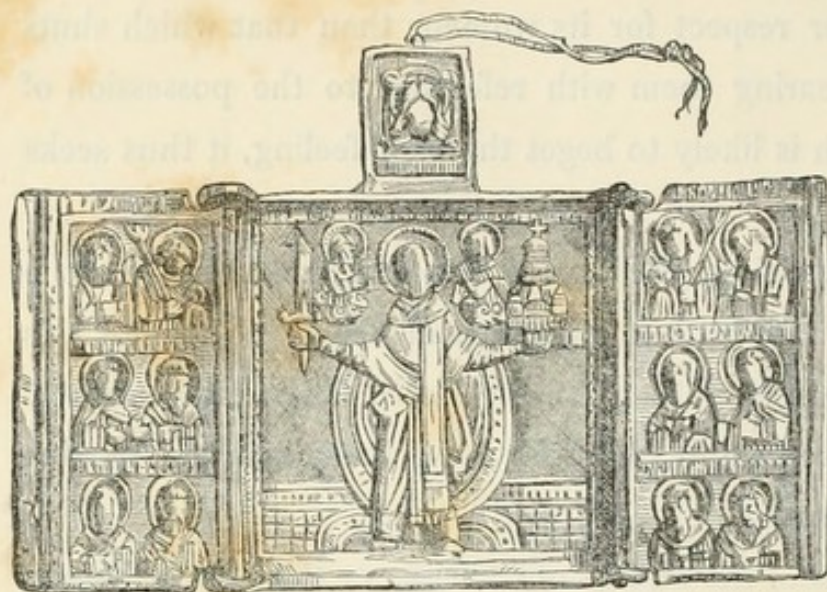
I cannot say I consider the dress of the Sisters of Charity, or the homely dresses of our own nursing staff of ladies in the East, as attractive to the eye; but what Frenchman or Englishman would exchange the moral those dresses convey to our understanding, for the degrading slavery which the dress of the Turkish lady so obtrusively indicates?

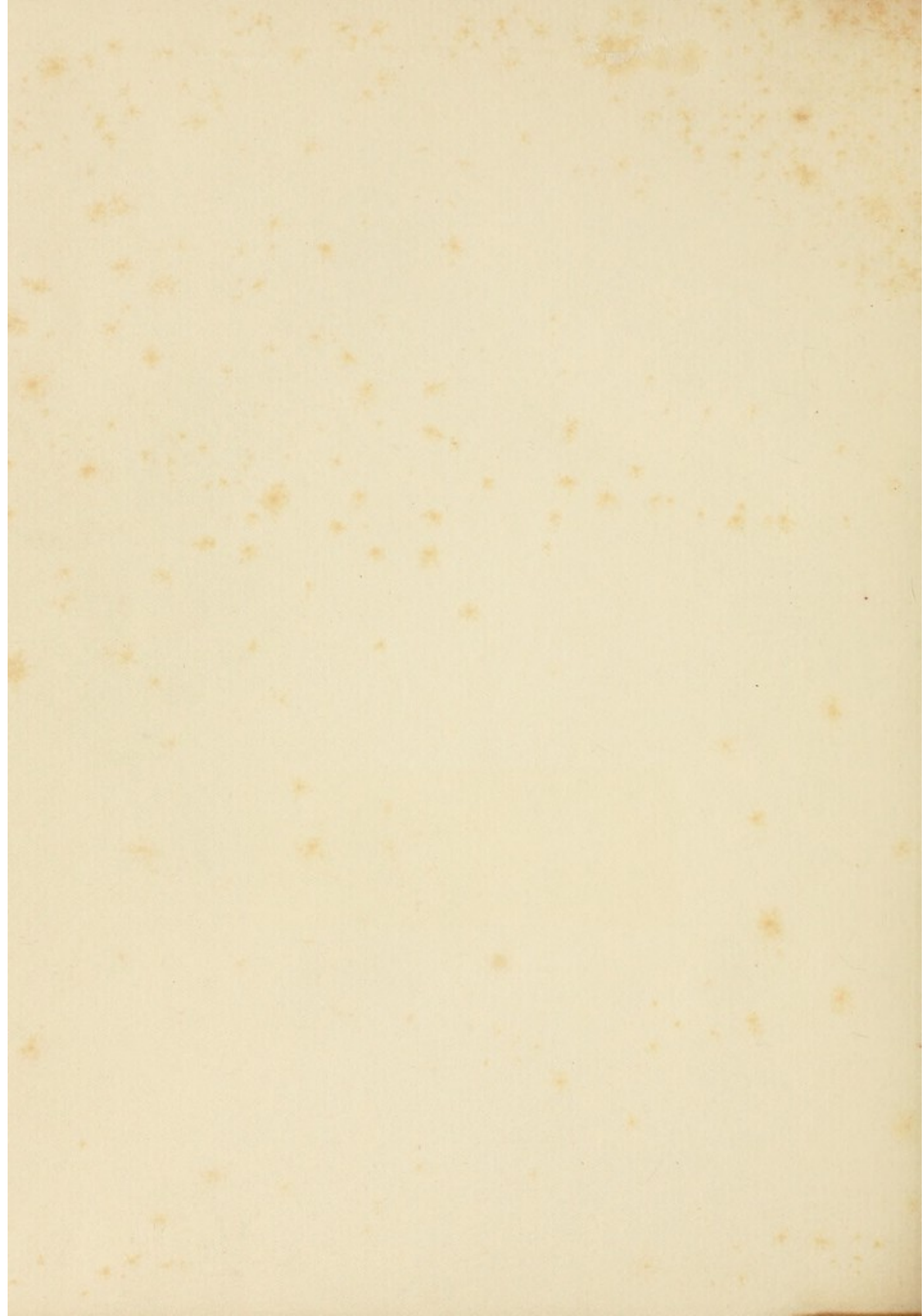
I now bring my task to a conclusion; since I began these pages, I am happy to say, there have been better accounts from the East. At home and at the Camp, the Authorities have been roused, to some sense of their real duties. The amount of deaths from exposure are on the decrease; there is something like a vigorous attempt to establish order in the Hospitals; the aid of civil surgeons has been called in; energetic efforts are made to send the right things to the right places.

The nation has had a lesson; by the working of God's providence, we have had our proud boasting rebuked; we have been compelled to learn, that war is not a matter in which we can rashly engage. I hope its cost in "means" in "life" and in the humiliation it has brought upon us, may in the end work for our national good; as yet in my poor opinion, we have shewn ourselves "chastised but not corrected."

I have here given to the reader two engravings of "relics" taken from Russians slain in battle; I had them from some Zouaves who had made them part of their spoil at one of the actions in the Crimea. The smaller of the two is a sort of Amulet or charm worn very generally round the neck by the private soldiers of the Russian Army. It is made of brass, the two sides shut over the centre.

The larger one was taken from the breast of a Russian Officer, under the following circumstances; he was killed by a bayonet wound; the point of the weapon struck the edge of the thin coating of plated metal which covers a piece of wood—yew, on which the picture of the Virgin and child is printed. The blow was given with such force, that there is a deep dent caused in the edge of the metal case and the wood. Had it struck lower down, I do not think any force would have pierced the picture, and thus the blow would not have been fatal.





DR. AND MRS. ELMER BELT

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