

almost without servants, as all the poor have been so terrified by the exaggerations and untruths of the fakirs. We have just lost one of quite the best of our doctors with plague. It has been such a grief to us all, and he will be a great loss in Bombay. To-morrow we move into a tent just outside the hospital, which will be much more private."

Bombay, Jan. 14th, 1897.

"I shall only have time for one letter again, but I know you will be anxious to hear how we are going on. So far we are quite well, and I am sure I feel for myself that extra strength has been given me in a most wonderful way. The poor sick people keep coming in, and many of them die, but at this moment we have seventeen in the convalescent wards, and all except one are doing well. It is wonderful how the fever takes hold of the strong Persian men. After about two days of fever, they are in raving delirium. We had one patient with a temperature of 109°, and 106° is quite common. In almost all cases the patients have suppurating glands, so that the convalescent wards are quite surgical ones. The plague is frightful in Bombay. They say if it goes on like this for another month it will be a deserted city. People are going away as fast as they can, and the streets are comparatively empty. It does look so sad, and then one knows that it means complete ruin to thousands, for trade is at a standstill. . . . I am sure fear has a great deal to do with taking the plague, but with good food and proper care I do not think anyone need mind nursing it. We eat enormously, and I can eat a great deal better here than I could at the Jamsetji Hospital. It is such a joy when the patients get better, and their friends are so grateful. I only wish we could start hospitals like this for Hindoos and Mohammedans, and really nurse them ourselves. At present the Government Bubonic Hospital is only nursed by native servants, and they will not allow plague cases in the Jamsetji Hospital for fear of giving it to the rest of the patients. It is a very solemn thing to live in this way, day after day, with death all round, and to be able in many cases to do so little. . . . The night before last one man escaped from the ward into the compound, and was with difficulty held down by six men. Poor fellow, he has lingered on till now, when I fear he is actually dying! . . . Provisions are very dear, so it means money anxiety also; but we are all quite bright and ready for any emergency."

Bombay, Jan. 22nd, 1897.

"You will be surprised at my change of address, but I was not thought strong enough at my age to stay at the fever hospital any more, as the Parsee doctor was not securing nurses as he promised. . . . Sister N. E. and another sister go on with the work for the remainder of the month, for which we are engaged. My removal may make Dr. B.— see that he *must* get other nurses. The hospital was filling fast and the work was tremendous, but the results so far were very hopeful, and I left twenty cases convalescent, but many came in only to live about twelve hours. It was a most piteous sight, and oh! such sad deathbeds, with no consciousness of a hereafter, and amongst the friends no respect for the dead.

Still, we did feel that the very fact of Christians

going to them when their own people would not go, must do good, and bring the power of the love of God before them. They bow before the decree of the Supreme Being, and fear is all they feel. . . . Then there are various proposals for the erection of temporary hospitals for Hindoos and Mahometans, so that from day to day one hardly knows what one may be wanted for. I think we all feel like soldiers ready for active service anywhere, and willing to go wherever our dear General sends us."

Bombay, January 29th, 1897.

"We have just been asked to take up the nursing in another plague hospital, which I fear will be much rougher work even than the last. Two sisters are going, and we hope some nurses will volunteer, but the panic is great, and if the nurses themselves are willing, their relations are not. It is, indeed, a most terrible time we are passing through. Sorrow everywhere, and the dreadful feeling in everyone's mind that there are worse times coming. Trade is at a perfect standstill, and, consequently, ruin stares everyone in the face.

More than half the population have run away, and now the slums are all being re-peopled with the poor half-starved creatures who are driven back for the want of food, and are, therefore, ready victims for the plague. It has worked steadily up from the lowest castes, and the most degraded, and now the better class of natives and Europeans are being attacked. All one's English pluck seems to rise up at such a time, and one only longs to be up and doing. Oh, it did seem so hard to come away from the plague hospital, each patient was in my heart, and most wonderfully my strength came back. I felt like an old hunter on the racecourse, and could struggle with delirious patients like a young girl. It was an awful sight, strong, brave men knocked down by fever in a few hours and raving with delirium, and sinking after a few days from failure of heart. The most hopeful cases were those of suppurating glands, though, of course, these mean a long time of bed and inaction. At one time I had fourteen delirious patients to attend to, with only a native nurse to help me, and another sister told me that in one morning the doctor of her ward opened fourteen glands. You can imagine the joy of seeing a patient who had been delirious and raving for about ten days recover. I watched one man, the head clerk of a large office in the city, and poured brandy and milk and stimulating medicine down his throat, watching his failing pulse most anxiously until, at the end of ten days of sleeplessness, he dropped off into a natural sleep, only just waking for food, and now is in a fair way to recover, when the glands get well which had to be cut. Our sisters and nurses had, of course, to rough it very much, but the joy of seeing the poor things recover makes up for any discomfort. I fear the poor sisters who are going to the Municipal Hospital, which is of the roughest kind, may suffer. They are going to be injected with Dr. Haffkine's serum to-morrow, to which operation they do not look forward with pleasure. The plague seems to attack the weak point whatever it is, and the disease develops in that organ. The suddenness of death seems so terrible. You may be feeding a patient one minute, and you turn round and he is gone. The look of terrible anxiety on the face is so sad to wit-

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