

The moment has arrived; I notice a malignant gleam in the "policeman's eye." Why, I do believe she intends to offer to support me—"Scots, wha hae!" "On, Stanley, on!" With firm steps I go to my doom.

A dim vibration, a blurring, "and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

An evanescent impression that some one was assuring me that it was all over, and earnestly requesting me "to come to"—again unconsciousness, as that of death itself; and then a musical voice in hushed tones whispers, "he's coming round." Yes, I was not only coming, but going round, at least my head seemed to be trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion. Cool, soft hands pressed my forehead, and gentle inquiries were made, as to how I felt.

How I felt! Pain is said to be Nature's "danger signal," and it is asserted that if doctors have the privilege of stilling the note of alarm by their skill, and bringing their patients to "clear ahead"—green—it is sometimes their duty, as a means to an end, to turn on the red signal. Whether it was that there was a fog outside, or whether the danger signal mistook me for a light-house, it thought it was its duty to glow with a 10,000 candle radiance. I now began to feel the tyranny of those to whose tender mercies I was confided. There was, surely, nothing extravagant in asking for a glass of water, and yet I could not get one. Ice; I never did like skating, it is water I want, "Well, you are not allowed to have it," was the only answer I obtained.

As the hours went by, I entirely lost my stoical composure. The doctor was abused as a torturer, and the Nurses were told that they especially visited me to gloat over my sufferings. To show how touchy they were, I may mention, that they actually seemed hurt at the intimation, and left me. Yes, left me; of course, not that I wanted them to stay, certainly not, though I must acknowledge that, curiously enough, my ire seemed to rise when I was left alone, instead of the contrary happening. Indeed, I felt much neglected if nobody was in the room for five minutes.

I will give another example of the harshness with which I was treated. The Nurses absolutely refused to send for the various prominent medical gentlemen whose names I could recollect, and who, I suggested, might defeat the malevolent intentions of my doctor. The "policeman" carried things so far as to say "that it was only the absence of a telephone in the house, which prevented her summoning the whole College of Surgeons, to rescue such a valuable life."

I eased my mind by being rude to the doctor when he returned. But the time for revenge was approaching. The doctor mentioned a sleeping draught. Elysium! it was six o'clock; 9.30 was the time appointed for taking it. I made up my mind that before the doctor had closed the front door, I would have that draught. There was a bell at hand; the bell tinkled away like a clock, Nurses came, and Nurses went; faces began to get livid, patience to wear out, but neither threats nor entreaties would bring that draught.

I had now reached a pitch of ferocity only to be compared with the state of a cannibal, from whom a plump, tasty infant had been stolen; but there were further trials in store for me. The doctor had ordered arrowroot and whisky. Now though not a teetotaler, I drink nothing stronger than rum; so for conscientious reasons, I determined not to take that arrowroot. One Nurse brought it with a cunning smile—no result; another Nurse tried her hand; a third Nurse came to assist; I believe a fourth followed. I remained as firm as a rock; neither suave requests nor severe scoldings moved me. The only step I would yield, was, that if I got the sleeping draught, I would *consider* the arrowroot, but this proposition was rejected.

I asked the Nurses to bring my trunks to me, and I would pack up and go; but was only told, that glad as they would be to get rid of me, I was not going that evening.

I demanded some clothes that I might go to a chemist and buy some opium. No result; though I still remember with joy that I had nearly exhausted their good nature; thunder was in the air when I threatened to get up and go out in a blanket; nay, I nearly did get up; in fact was getting up, when the "policeman" was summoned. I have seen people bullied. I have read of poor creatures being bullied in novels; but the plain language I heard, the truths that were spoken—no, I will spare my own, if not the reader's feelings, and pass over that painful scene. I have had a poor opinion of myself ever since. I meekly took that arrowroot. Alas! my punishment was not to end there. I also received the sleeping draught; it ought to have been called a waking mixture. The only resource left to me was to keep the night Nurse going backwards and forwards like a dumb waiter, to supply me with, what kept me from being totally carbonized by that "danger signal," barley water! The Nurse had the patience of a dozen disciples of Isaac Walton, and repaid me (I have not forgiven myself yet) by gently saying "She was afraid I had not had a very good night."

(To be continued.)

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