

us in French, told us one had died there lately; one could quite believe it, with such drainage and ventilation. In one male ward were three patients, one apparently dying of pneumonia, and one with leprosy, in rather an advanced stage, I thought. One or two of the fingers had dropped off, and the skin of the hands and arms was in a scaly, repulsive state. I wished I could have shown this poor young Sister Marie some of our hospitals, I think she might have found some good and new ideas to graft on to their own. I suppose it would be too much to expect them to reform altogether.

We six are getting to know each other, and find we are all as much unlike each other as well can be. Most of us have been ill for three days at least. I kept all right in the Bay and also when we had the storm in the Mediterranean, after leaving Brindisi, as long as I did not eat anything, and kept up on deck. Then I enjoyed the waves like mountains in which we pitched and rolled no end. One day we smashed 230 plates with other crockery in proportion, although the "fiddles" were on the tables. Miss H. was thrown bodily from her berth into the middle of the room.

The baby you saw in our cabin was a great trial to us, and we are glad to get a cabin to ourselves on this boat, although our right to possession is contested nightly by a family of very fine cockroaches. We had an exciting hunt last night, but did not catch one of them. Red ants and rats are said to be here as well, and we are always making invidious comparisons with the *Himalaya* which we left with so much regret.

We are about fifty coming on to Bombay, about thirty being second class. We are not enough to get up concerts. They are trying to get up a dance, but I think it will fall through, as there is only one lady in the first. A fancy dress dance on the *Himalaya* was very pretty and well got up, considering the haste. Our excitements here in this lazy placid ocean, are flying fish, a porpoise or two, the stars at night, phosphorus, and a few jelly-fish. We are hoping some one will meet us when we get to Bombay, but as the ship is not due until the 5th, and we are likely to get in on Sunday, we are afraid we shall have to go to a hotel, and then send or go to find the people who are to direct us in our work. I hope we shall find enough to do.

April 9th, 1897, we got into Bombay Harbour at 6 a.m. Sunday morning, and almost as soon as I got on deck I was accosted by Mr. Vincent, Chief Commissioner of the Police, who had brought his tender to take us and our cabin baggage on shore, and an inspector to look after it. He came to breakfast with us; it was an early one, and then we went on shore. He

was just as cheerful and delightful as possible, did not require being told any of our names twice, and took us himself in a large wagonette up to St. Peter's Home, All Saints' Sisterhood, in Mazagon, a half-hour's ride from the harbour. In a beautiful garden, blossomed lovely flowers and creepers, which in England would be exotics. The house is large and well-verandahed, very few if any windows, plenty of double doors, "jalousied," and almost always open, supplying air and light at the same time. Inside it was bare enough, the plaster rough, no carpets, but a crucifix and "prie dieu" in each of our bedrooms, and just necessary furniture. We had our own room to sit in and have meals. Monday, after reporting at the Town Hall to the Medical Board, and getting a dhursi to make some more uniform gowns for us, we drove to the Jamsetjee Hospital, where Prof. Haffkin inoculated us. We each had 2 cc. of serum hypodermically in the upper part of the left arm. Several of our number were faint, and we all had acute pain in our arms for an hour; and one having abdominal pain and sickness, went to bed. Temperature 102.4; pulse 130. (They have just fetched our ambulance, so I am to have another patient, 4 p.m.)

Miss C. the next day had a temperature of 102.8°, and general out-of-sorts feeling. Mother Superior sent Miss Robinson to Wari Bunder Hospital for her to take over entire charge, but when the doctor heard she had been inoculated so recently, he sent her back for another day's rest. Then Wednesday morning I was sent here, one of the temporary new hospitals, opened the Monday previously. There were two male patients with bubonic plague, and one poor woman who looked so much more like cancer of the liver that she was transferred to the Jamsetjee hospital in the evening. One of the two had a bubo under the right arm, with a curious swelling extending downwards and forwards with chest complications. This form seems to be one of the most fatal that the plague can take. About 9 p.m. he grew rapidly worse. Temperature 104.2°, pulse 130, respiration 44; was restless and had diarrhoea. As there is much for the sick we are not allowed to do, it is hard for us to see them badly handled and not to be able to do anything because of caste prejudice. We sent a "peon" with a note to the doctor, but could find him nowhere. We are supposed to have a resident Parsee doctor, but as he has no furniture in his house he can scarcely be expected to live here.

The poor fellow Jhunga Junra died at 11 p.m. I was so sorry to lose him, he would have been such a grateful patient, and was conscious to the last. Since then we have had only one, and a

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)