

"I wish to speak of something else," added one of the men, "which we were held back from doing, and for which we are now very glad. We should not have thought of it ourselves. It is customary," he continued, "when a patient dies in an epidemic, to give the Nurse ten dollars for preparing the body for burial; this was done in our first case, but Mr. Holyland had the gift promptly returned with thanks, and the explanation that we were employed by an organisation which fully rewarded its Nurses, and was too high and too correct to accept tribute for misfortune; it was enough that the patient was lost."

By this time poor black Annie Evans, the "Mammy" of the group, could hold quiet no longer, and broke silence with, "Missus President! whar is de Colonel? Colonel Southmayd; dey tell me all de time he's gone away from New Orleans, and I can't b'l'ev'e 'em. He can't go away; he can't lib anywhar else, he was always dar. I'se nursed in yellow fever and cholera more'n twenty-five year, and I neber went for nobody but him; it arn't no New Orleans for us widout him dar. I doesn't know de name of dat place dey say he's gone to, and I doesn't want to; he'll be in New Orleans when we gets dar."

There were pitying glances among the group at this little burst of feeling, for in some way it was an echo of their own; and Lena Seymour added tenderly: "We have been trying for these two months to convince Mammy about this, but she is firm in her faith, and sometimes refuses to hear us." But the subject changed with, "How many cases did you lose in this epidemic, Mammy?"

"I didn't lose no cases! Lor' bless you, honey, I doesn't lose cases if dey hasn't been killed afore dey gets to me; folks needn't die of yellow fever."

We didn't suppose that "Mammy" intended any reflection upon the Medical fraternity.

"But now, friends, we must turn to our settlement, which cannot be difficult. Three dollars a day for each Nurse, for seventy-nine days, till you are home on Thanksgiving morning. But here are only ten. There are eighteen on our list who left with you and Colonel Southmayd; where are your comrades?" Some eyes flashed and some moistened, as they answered. "We do not know." "They remained in the car that night, and went on to Jacksonville." Swift, dark glances swept from one to another among them. Instinctively they drew closer to each other, and over knitted brows and firmly set teeth, a silence fell dark and ominous like a pall, which the future alone can lift.

The bugle sounded dinner, and this ended our little camp-meeting, than which few camp-meetings, we believe, ever came nearer to the heart of

Him who offered His life a ransom, and went about doing good.

The winds blew cold across the camp; the fires shot out long, angry tongues of flame and drifts of smoke to every passer-by. The norther was upon us. Night came down, and all were glad of shelter and sleep. The morning, quiet, crisp, and white with frost, revealed the blessing which had fallen upon a stricken land.

Thanksgiving was there before its time. The hard rules relaxed. One day more, and the quarantine was at an end. The north-bound train halted below the camp, and all together, President and Agent, tall Doctor and happy Nurses, took places on it, the first for headquarters at Washington, the last for New Orleans, and home for Thanksgiving morning, full of the joys of a duty well done, rich in well-paid labour in the love of those they had befriended, and the approval of a whole people, south and north, when once their work should be known to them.

To the last they clung to their little home-made red crosses as if they had been gold and diamonds; and when at length the tracks diverged and the parting must be made, it was with few words, low and softly spoken, but meaning much, with a finger-touch upon the little cross, "When you want us we are there."

NURSING ECHOES.

** *Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.*

MR. EDITOR asks me to mention that the Prize Essay judges have awarded the prize for the last competition, "Notes on the Nursing of an actual Medical or Surgical case, with suggestions for possible improvements in the Nursing details of future similar case," to Miss Alice Pope, who I hear is a Staff Nurse at the Hospital Ships. Perhaps some of my readers are not aware that these are moored in the river near Dartford, and are reserved for the treatment of small-pox cases. Miss Pope, who I see adds to her name the greatly-valued letters M.B.N.A., receives the prize, because the judges consider she has fulfilled the conditions laid down better than the other competitors, although in literary merit some of these were undoubtedly her superiors. I am asked to say that all these ladies, however, described the Medical treatment of their patient rather than the Nursing details, and therefore their essays were quite unsuitable for these columns.

MR. EDITOR has several times stated that this is, and intends to be, a Nursing journal for Nurses,

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