

## A LINK WITH FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

We have received from a friend in Western Australia a copy of *The West Australian* in which this most interesting article was published, and we have pleasure in reproducing it for our readers.

### "CRIMEAN NURSE" by M.E.T.T.

In October, 1854, Florence Nightingale set out from England with her little band of 34 Nurses to tend the sick and wounded in the Crimean War. One of her Nurses was my great-aunt, Sarah Terrot, whose book *Reminiscences of Scutari Hospitals* (in winter, 1854-55) is beside me as I write.

Sarah Terrot was born in Edinburgh in 1820, the fourth child of the late Right Rev. Charles Hughes Terrot, Bishop of Edinburgh. She left school at 14 and for several years proved a capable and conscientious governess to her younger sisters. During this time her serious, thoughtful mind was deeply influenced by the characters and writings of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, and other originators of the Oxford Church Revival Movements. The result was that in 1844 she went to London and became a member of the first Anglican sisterhood founded under Dr. Pusey. There she taught children and nursed the sick. She welcomed the call to join the band of Nurses who went out to the East with Miss Nightingale. Hereafter are passages from her book:—

On Friday, October 20, 1854, while walking by Stoke Damerel Church with our orphans, we met Sister Anna, who put in our hands a note from Sister Emma bidding me to go at once to Plymouth; I gave the children into her care and went. Sister Emma told me she had received a telegram to send me, Sister Bertha and Sister Amelia to London, so we left that night by the mail train. We reached London about 4 a.m. and drove to Osnaburg Street. In about an hour I was sent to the Superior; she looked ill and exhausted; she said shortly and with effort, "Our soldiers in the East want Nurses—some are going—I wish to send eight—are you willing to be one?" Gladly I answered "Yes," and went away.

We then went to bed, and to sleep, though told that in two hours we must rise and go to Sidney Herbert (Secretary of War) for his directions. There we met Miss Nightingale, and from the first moment I felt an impulse to love, trust and respect her.

On October 23 we went to London Bridge station where we met our Sister-Nurses, about 30 in number, and ten nuns, not in any conventual costume, but in simple black dresses. Miss Nightingale had preceded us to Paris (on October 21).

We had a hurried breakfast at Folkestone and then went on the Boulogne packet, and so to Paris, and by stages to Marseilles, leaving here on Friday evening in brilliant sunshine on board *Vectis*, which was only a little steamer. Miss Nightingale, being a very bad sailor, retired as soon as we got on board; among our fellow passengers were several doctors.

[The *Vectis* entered the Golden Horn on a drizzling morning on November 4 and the Nurses landed at Scutari, on the Asiatic side.]

We were led up a steep hill to the Barrack Hospital where our sick and wounded lay. We found Miss Nightingale lying in her quarters on a couch feeling very exhausted. The quarters given to her had been occupied by a Russian prisoner—a General, wounded at the Alma—who had died two hours before.

The wards and corridors were paved with stone and very dirty and broken, and round each ward was a raised platform of wood not much more than half-a-foot high. In each ward was a gallery opposite the window and reached by stairs, very like the galleries in meeting-houses, only they were flat. The Nurses' quarters were very small.

After we settled in, tea was brought in large copper basins—no milk, brown sugar, and stale, sour bread, yet it was most welcome. A room was provided for each eight Nurses; we had a bed each and a basin to wash in, but there were no tables available, not even one for the hospital for operations.

My first patient was a dying woman in the last stages of consumption—a soldier's wife. The ward was a scene of dirt and disorder, rags and tumult; attempts had been made to put up ragged curtains between the beds. Some women were lying in child-bed, some rude and noisy, seemingly half-drunk, all dirty, worn-out and squalid-looking; not one bright face to be seen. I looked after the woman till nightfall, but she died during the night. When I went to see her in the morning, her body had been wrapped in a blanket, and laid in a grave, the simple inscription "A Woman" on a piece of wood placed at the head of it, in the cemetery, where lie peacefully side by side Russians and English, rich and poor.

The corridors leading to the Nurses' quarters had to be used as a ward; it was cold, damp and draughty; the beds were made of straw and sacking. Just as we had made up the beds and arranged them along each side of the passage, the patients came in, mostly walking although their pale faces, and severely wounded bodies showed they were scarcely capable of this effort. Many had lost an arm, others a leg, and all had more or less severe gunshot wounds.

The surgeons meanwhile went around examining each wound and, under directions, the Nurses with basins of warm water, lint, oil-skin and strapping, washed and dressed their wounds, and each man got a clean shirt. On every side the Nurses' services were hailed with delight and gratitude. "This is something like home"; "it makes us fancy we're home with our mother." Some shed silent tears. Not many of the wounded lived, but we Nurses tried to make them happy.

The Turks themselves were universally addressed as "Johnnie" and in their turn they applied this term to us as well as to the soldiers. "Boonie" or "bono" expressed approbation; "no bono" the reverse.

One day a little Spanish boy addressed us, and in a broken mixture of languages he told us he came from Spain, and had seen both London and Liverpool. He was polite and pleasing; he said "Englis bono, Turk bono, Greek no bono, no bono."

The men often reproached the poor Turks—"Ah! Johnnie, no bono! Johnnie hides Balaclava"—a reference to the disastrous cowardice of that day.

One poor lad aged 16 had had his right arm practically shot away, so the surgeon came and took off the arm at the socket; no chloroform was used, but they gave him some rum.

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Sister Sarah's Crimean experiences ("the happiest time of my life") were shortened by a severe attack of fever, and when she recovered, she was ordered home by her doctor to her bitter disappointment.

In 1887, she undertook the charge of a small church orphanage of 12 children, where she worked for ten years. Near the close of her life a Scottish paper dated October 28, 1897, published the following: On Wednesday evening last Miss Sarah Terrot (daughter of the late Bishop Terrot), in obedience to the Queen's commands, went to Balmoral to receive from the hands of Her Majesty, the decoration of the Royal Red Cross, for services given in the Crimea in the terrible years of 1854-56. This is only another instance of that consideration for her subjects which makes Her Majesty so beloved by all. Miss Terrot was accompanied by her cousin, Mrs. Terrot (widow of Rev. Charles Terrot). By special permission of the Queen, the ladies afterwards lunched at the castle, and inscribed their names in the Queen's birthday book.

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