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SMYRNA FROM THE JEW'S CEMETERY

London: 1856. Published by J. Madden, Leadenhall Street

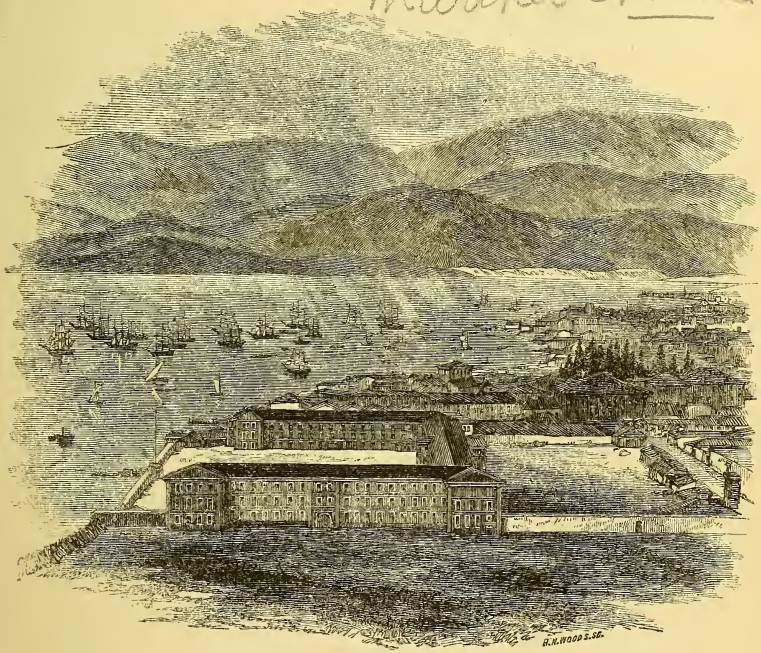
ISMEER,

OR

SMYRNA AND ITS BRITISH HOSPITAL IN 1855.

By A LADY.

Martha C Nicol



British Hospital at Smyrna.

LONDON:
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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND ROBERT EDEN,

BISHOP OF MORAY AND ROSS,

WHO IS EVER EAGER TO RELIEVE SORROW AND SUFFERING

BY ANY MEANS IN HIS POWER,

AND TAKES A KIND INTEREST IN ALL WHO,

HOWEVER FEEBLY,

WORK IN SUCH A CAUSE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHORESS.

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PREFACE.

The following facts and incidents, are taken from notes and letters written at the time they occurred. If, in these pages, I appear to speak more of myself than any one else, it is only because we kept so entirely to our own divisions in the hospital; that, except accidentally, I had no opportunity of knowing what went on in those of others. And although we often talked to each other of our work, my recollections, except in general things, are too vague, for me to be able, with any accuracy, to give many details, except those which happened to myself.

If I have conveyed the impression, that in our hospital labours, I have done more than others, I have most signally failed in my intention, for such was by no means the case. All did as much, and many, I am sure, a great deal more; and I only

regret that some of my friends were not near me; for they could have furnished me with many incidents, which would have made these pages more interesting than they can be from my single experience: the bringing which before the Public was the thought of a moment, and at the suggestion of a friend.

I fancied the task would be a very easy one, and have treated the Publisher ill, by not being ready at the time I promised. I have been as quick as I could; but from utter want of experience in book-making, and being impeded for some time in my work by illness, I have misled him greatly, which I regret.

I am aware, that to plead hurry and want of time for any shortcomings in a book, is to offer a poor compliment to the Public; but, in this case, it is perhaps more pardonable, as at present there is a peculiar interest felt in our work, which in a short time will share the fate of all human things, and die away.

I hope, therefore, that those who read the following pages, will judge them leniently on this account, and as my first and only attempt at authorship.

I am told that I have mis-spelt Ismeer, and that it ought to be Ismïr; but, not thinking there was any

rule for spelling the word in the English language, I endeavoured to give it as I heard the people of the place pronounce it, all the Eastern natives calling it as I have spelt it, "Ismeer," which they told me meant "the Beautiful."

The Publisher, wishing to have an illustration of our hospital dress, and I not having mine at hand, a friend kindly lent me hers for the purpose; but the lithograph is no portrait of any of our party. I am indebted to Dr. Gibbon, for the vignette of the hospital, which was copied from a photograph, and a friend kindly procured for me the view of Smyrna.

LONDON, *May*, 1856.

ISMEER;

OR,

SMYRNA AND ITS BRITISH HOSPITAL IN 1855.

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CHAPTER I.

March, 1855—Across the Channel—Boulogne—Are we *Vouées?* — Paris — *Anglaises Religieuses* — Uniform Dresses — M. Soyer at Marseilles—The Mediterranean—French Soldiers —Songs—Malta—Hermit at St. Angelo—Syra.

On the third of March, 1855, I was fairly *en route*, one of a party of lady volunteers for the British hospital at Smyrna. We started from the London Bridge station for Folkestone at 6 P.M.; Mrs. Sidney Herbert, with her usual kindness, coming to see us off, and bidding us a kind and affectionate farewell, with many wishes for our success and well-being. On starting, all the guards and railway officials, and many others who were standing by, took off their hats in silence, and almost with solemnity—a fitting adieu, and one which touched our already over-wrought

feelings deeply, as many a silent tear testified. Smyrna was not, indeed, that part of the East I had longed and hoped to see ever since I can remember—Palestine; but, "though not the rose, was somewhat near it," and was full of interest of its own; besides, I carried with me a great amount of enthusiasm for the work I was to be engaged in, and looked forward with immense heroism to the privations I expected to endure. But, alas! before I was half-way to Boulogne, all my exalted ideas had vanished, and were succeeded by intense disgust with myself and the whole world. O most unpleasant British Channel! it is not everything would induce me to re-cross you in a stormy March. Happily, these disagreeables do not survive their immediate cause; and I was quite ready, on our arrival at Boulogne, to exchange greetings with a party of "Poissardes" who were assembled on the pier, and who either expected us, or guessed our errand from our dress, having seen nurses for the East before. I entered into conversation with one of them, who asked me if I was *vouée*. I answered, "No;" I was simply a British woman who had little to do at home, and, having no fear of disease, was willing to be of what use I could to our poor soldiers. She said we were "*braves femmes*," and were doing a grand thing;

and that French ladies would not act as we had done. I said, "Pardon; your Sisters of Charity did such things long before we thought of them." She answered, with an indescribable air, "Ah! but they are *vouées!*" which she evidently seemed to think quite a different affair.

Another woman now came up, and asked me if I was *vouée.* My first friend interrupted her with a grand air: "No; she is an English lady, who goes of her own free will, and without any vow." These poor fisherwomen were most kind in carrying up our luggage, and shewed themselves eager to assist us in every way they could.

The Emperor was at Boulogne when we arrived; he had come to meet Lord Clarendon, who had crossed the Channel to have a conference on the death of the Emperor of Russia, the news of which had reached England the preceding day.

We put up at the Hotel des Bains, and had an excellent *déjeuné*, for which the landlord would receive no payment — a very delicate compliment to their allies, which, I fear, it would only occur to a Frenchman to pay. We arrived at Paris late that night, and were there all next day. I saw the Madeleine, which I did not particularly admire, and Notre Dame, which I did extremely. I have seen since then many

churches allowedly very fine, but I am not sure that I do not prefer Notre Dame to any: there is a mysterious massive sort of grandeur about it which impressed me much. I must say, I also like the Roman Catholic practice of leaving their churches open all day for prayer. What a boon for large poor families, who have, perhaps, but two rooms for all their number, and cannot possibly have the quiet necessary for devotion. Père la Chaise struck me as nearly ridiculous, with its crowded and fantastically—sometimes hideously—decorated little enclosures. But though absurd in much of its detail, the situation is very beautiful; and the mixture of sorrow with a sort of festivity which you see amongst the crowds there, seems a more appropriate expression of feeling towards those who have professed to fall asleep in the hope of a blessed resurrection, than is presented by our dreary, deserted, and often weed-overgrown grave-yards. "That I may bury my dead out of my sight," is a feeling which naturally pervades all humanity; but how often we bury in the same grave the memory of the living!

I was much pleased altogether with the little I saw of Paris. One episode was rather amusing. I went with a friend to buy a pair of gloves. In paying for them, she wanted as change one of the new five-franc

pieces which had been lately struck. It was not easy to find one: the shopkeeper emptied his till, and there tumbled out kings of France and kings of the French, emperors and republics, a motley company! I could not help saying, after he had found the one wanted, with Louis Napoleon's head, "What next?" The man smiled, but said nothing.

We arrived at Lyons on the night of the fifth, and sailed down the Rhone as far as Valence next day. One never hears anything of the Rhone, and I was unprepared for its great beauty. It does not want its ruined castles, either, though it has no Ehrenbreitstein. We staid a short time at Valence, and went to see the cathedral, which is old, and has one or two good paintings. I made friends with a benevolent-looking priest there, who took me mysteriously aside to shew me a thorn from the real crown worn by our Saviour. He unluckily could not open the niche, as the key was at his house; but he shewed me a drawing outside which represented it. We told him who we were, and he immediately named Miss Nightingale, and seemed to have heard of her work.

The drive from Valence to Avignon was beautiful. Murray told us we could see Mont Blanc if the day was clear. Now as the day was very clear, and we saw several mountains covered with snow, I feel

myself quite at liberty to suppose I have seen Mont Blanc: at all events, we saw very distinctly part of the chain to which it belongs, and the road, which followed closely the course of the Rhone, was very picturesque the whole way. At Avignon, a fine-looking, very much decorated old Frenchman, whom I had talked to in the steamer from Lyons, came to the carriage I was in to wish me "Good-bye," and "God speed." He seemed much interested in our expedition, and gave me his card, begging me to come and see him on my return.

The railway guards amused us as we stopped at the different stations, when they opened carriage after carriage, and found each full of women clothed in grey, they slammed the doors with emphasis, muttering something about "*ces Réligieuses Anglaises*"; upon which some one remarked, "You mistake, my friend, we are not *réligieuses Anglaises*, but *Anglaises réligieuses*." We arrived late, and in the dark, at Marseilles, and found there some orderlies, who had been sent on before, and were waiting for the first steamer to Smyrna. I could not help laughing, although I felt angry, too, at hearing one of them, a most unpleasing-looking specimen, accost one of the ladies of our party with the greatest familiarity, shouting with laughter, when

she instinctively drew back, evidently thinking she was assuming a superiority which did not belong to her. I shall not repeat his conversation, which was coarse, and excessively free and easy; but it ended by his telling her, "He supposed she was hungry, and that there was a slap-up dinner waiting for her at the hotel!" This was one of the minor evils resulting from the idea of sending all the females of the party out on an equality; an error which the good sense of our superintendent, Dr. Meyer, soon remedied, and against which I had always protested. The argument for the levelling system was, that the work of all was the same. On that plea all ranks might be confounded; soldiers and officers are engaged in the same work, but I have never heard it advocated that their several ranks should be levelled. The error, I believe, originated in an amiable and enthusiastic idea, which I can understand, but having been educated in the Scotch Church, can hardly feel.

It seemed to those, who deserve all praise for the kindness and zeal with which they carried out the plan they believed would be of such use to the hospitals in the East, of sending out ladies, people who by education and habit ought necessarily to have more forethought and power of meeting emergencies

than others not similarly circumstanced, that as these ladies were undertaking an unusual work, they ought, as it were, to lay aside their position, habits, and feelings, and descend to the level of servants. Now there would, perhaps, not have been much harm in this, although I think it would decidedly have been productive of less good, as I shall endeavour to shew afterwards. But the real evil was done to the nurses, who fancied that according to our descent in the social scale, was to be their ascent, and that by some process unknown, on their going out to the East, they were to become ladies; and this for a time produced ill-will and bad feeling in some, but many of them were too sensible not to see things very soon in their proper light. I shall leave the subject, however, at present, as I shall have occasion to notice it afterwards, and in a way perhaps better calculated to explain what I mean.

The British Consul came to see us at Marseilles, and dined with us. It was thought advisable, by the lady superintendent, that we should appear in caps; and as most of us had locked up our store of six orthodox government ones, and possessed no others, we sallied forth to a milliner's to get some; and then commenced the momentous process of trying on, and ejaculations of "This does not suit me

at all!" "I look hideous in this!" and so forth, were heard on all sides. I, finally, became possessor of an elaborate piece of French millinery, in which I looked like "an owl in an ivy bush." Perhaps it may be thought, that all this solicitude about our caps was unsuitable in persons going out as what is called "Sisters of Mercy"; but I must, once for all, say, that as far as I was concerned, I neither professed to be a Sister of Charity, a Sister of Mercy, nor anything of the kind. I was, as I told the *poissarde* of Boulogne, a British woman, who had little to do at home, and wished to help our poor soldiers if I could, abroad. The reason given to me for the peculiarity and uniformity of our dress was, that the soldiers might know and respect their nurses; it seems a sensible reason, and one which I could not object to, even disliking, as I did, all peculiarity of attire that seemed to advertize the wearers only as serving God, or, at least, serving him pre-eminently, and thus conveying a tacit reproach to the rest of the world, for the obligation lies on all the same. I did not feel then, nor do I now, that we were doing anything better or more praiseworthy than is done in a quiet, unostentatious way at home every day; on the contrary, to many temperaments, my own among the number, it is far less difficult to engage in a

new and exciting work, like the one we were then entering on, than to pursue the uneventful monotony of daily doing good at home. If I had found that it was really an advantage for us to be dressed as we were, I should say nothing about it; but, as we spent nearly all day at the hospital, where no other women were on any pretence admitted, it will at once be seen that the soldiers could not have mistaken us, and that the precaution was unnecessary. As for the dress itself, I have nothing to say against it, although not, perhaps, of the material or texture I should have preferred; still, the colour, grey, was one I generally wore from choice; but I must confess, that when I found myself restricted to it without what seemed a good reason, an intense desire for blue, green, red, and yellow, with all their combinations, took possession of me; though now, that I may wear what I please, I find my former favor for grey has returned in full force. However, allowing that it was desirable we should have had some uniform costume, it certainly was unnecessary that ladies, nurses, and washerwomen should have been dressed alike, as we were. That was part of the mistake I have already adverted to, and was productive of confusion and bad feeling. But to return to the milliner, when she found out who we were, she seemed much pleased, and

lessened the price of her goods considerably, leaving still, I should say, an ample profit; she finally put her brother, who was then in the French camp in the Crimea, under our charge. I have frequently had reason to observe the impression entertained both by English and French, that as we were going out to one of the Eastern Hospitals, we were sure to meet every person they had interest in, who was engaged in the war.

M. Soyer was at the same hotel with us at Marseilles *en route* for Scutari, he was very civil and attentive, and presented the lady superintendent with a copy of his book. In parting, he gave me a slight and encouraging pat on the shoulder, which somebody afterwards remarked must have been a "*pâté de foie gras*," but whether the joke was at M. Soyer's expense or mine, I have never been able to find out. On Thursday we embarked in the "Sinai," *Messagerie Impériale*, for Smyrna.

The Mediterranean looked very beautiful and blue and calm, and induced us all to have the greatest confidence in her stability; but, alas! for the deceitfulness of appearances, even the beautiful Mediterranean soon seemed very unlovely to most of us. One or two fine evenings, however, we had; and then it certainly was exquisite to pace the deck, and look on

"the star-inwrought mantle of the night," reflected in the calm, still sea; while the French soldiers, of whom we had a number on board, sang song after song, the chorus of what seemed to be the favourite one being "*Vive la France et l'Angleterre!*" There was another, which had for its burthen, "*La République;*" but on commencing the *Marseillaise*, they were stopped by some officers on board. I asked one of them to sing "*La Parisienne.*" "O," said he, "that was the song of Old France; but we are of Young France." Our orderlies, on their side, sang "God save the Queen!" and "Rule, Britannia!" and something about England and France, with great enthusiasm.

The French soldiers were so contented and happy, poor fellows, although they had to lie all night on deck, with little to cover them save their blankets, out of which they often had to wring the wet. There were among them some Zouaves, whom I wished to see; and an old French officer kindly brought two or three to speak to me, telling them I was a "*Montagnarde Ecossaise.*" They seemed pleased, and said they were all very fond of the Highlanders, and that they were like brothers in the field. The old Frenchman told me, the Zouaves were merely a set of brave animals, who feared neither God nor man.

We arrived early on Sunday morning, in the midst of wind and rain, at Malta, and went ashore, glad to get away, for a little time, from the rocking of the "Sinai"—though we could not land at the regular harbour, the sea being too rough.

While passing through the streets, we became the object of remarks, which they fancied we did not understand, to some of the male inhabitants—the elder, with a good deal of enthusiasm, calling us "Angels!" the younger, "Asses!" We of course saw the church of St. John, and everything that was worth seeing, within reach. Malta is no doubt very interesting; but if I lived there, I should always feel like Sterne's starling, that "I could not get out;" a very false idea no doubt, for I suppose there are few places which offer such constant opportunities of coming and going; but the sea, though it uses me better than most people, always seems to me a last resource, and only bearable as a means to an end.

On Tuesday afternoon we were off Cape St. Angelo; and I had heard from a correspondent, who preceded me on this route, of a hermit who lived there; so I talked to M. le Commandant about him, and he promised the moment we came to his locality, he would let me know: accordingly I was summoned from dinner, and went on deck to see the rock of St.

Angelo, rising to a great height nearly perpendicularly from the sea. There, the captain told me, the hermit lived; and pointed out, midway up the rock, two specks, one of which he said was his winter, the other his summer, house. As we were looking and expressing our astonishment (mixed, in some of the party, with a considerable amount of unbelief), lo! a light appeared on the spot! and for a moment we saw distinctly the figure of a man! The hermit of St. Angelo, then, is no myth; but I could not ascertain who or what he was. Some say he is a retired pirate; others, a land-robber and murderer; but all think he has gone there to do penance for past sins. The place where he lives is nearly inapproachable from the land, and is far from any habitation; so, although the people, I am told, are kind to him, his provision must often be scant. Fishermen sometimes bring him articles of food, which he scrambles down the rock to obtain, and in return gives them his blessing.

On Wednesday we arrived at Syra, and there I had my first glimpse of the East. Turks, Greeks, and Albanians first met my view in the shabby bazaar which is immediately on the landing-place; but we passed on, and up, and up, and up. I think a day at the treadmill would be light work, in comparison: in

fact, Syra is all up-stairs, and very dirty stairs too. At last we reached the monastery of St. John, on the very top of the hill, and were kindly received by the monks. They seated us in a low room, while they took the gentlemen over the house. On their return, they handed us round, first, a red carnation, then an orange, then a cup of coffee; which when we had discussed, they took us through their chapels, and to a turret, from which we could see all over Syra.

In returning, some of our party were waylaid by a Genoese family, residents in the place, who insisted on our coming into their house and garden, which was very pretty; and entertained us with coffee and some kind of liqueur; and then plucked all the flowers in the garden they thought we should like, and made them into bouquets for us. I shall not readily forget the hospitality and grace of that family, who offered us, strangers, with simplicity and kindness, and without the least *mauvaise honte,* a share of what they had —only wishing for our sakes it were better. But it was time to leave Syra; so we re-embarked in torrents of rain, and early next morning reached Smyrna, under like circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

Rain at Smyrna—Hotel D'Orient—The Grand Mosque—Its Interior—Turkish Cemetery—Burial of a Greek Child—Church of St. John—Paper Mill—Smyrniote Café—Armenian and Latin Churches—Turkish Houses—Interior Arrangements—Uncomfortable Beds—Servants—Cookery—Provisions—Markets—Unpacking.

How it did rain! and how wretched and uncomfortable everything looked as I came on deck, to take my first view of "the Queen City of the Levant"—Ismeer, "the Beautiful"! If it were possible for Smyrna to have looked ugly, it must have done so then. But no; the bay, with its splendid setting of hills and mountains of every form and hue; the town, commencing literally in the sea, and reaching, with its picturesque houses, mosques, minarets, and groves of cypress, nearly to the top of the hill on which it is built, and which is crowned by a ruined castle, while a little further down, conspicuous from all quarters, with its single cypress, stands, isolated and alone, the grave of Polycarp; all formed a picture which even then convinced one it had not been misnamed—Ismeer, "the Beautiful."

In the meantime, we were very far from being so independent of the elements, and presented anything but a beautiful spectacle, as we stood, damp and uncomfortable, on the deck of the "Sinai," not knowing where to go, or what to do; for we were told, on arriving, that no place had been prepared for us, and that the only two hotels in the town were quite full. At last, room was procured for the nurses in the Hotel D'Orient; the lady superintendent and her husband got a room at the other hotel; and M. Guidici, who purveyed for the hospital, kindly came and bestowed us sixteen ladies with the family of his wife—the father, with whom he lived, receiving four —two sons, other four each—and a married daughter, four. I cannot tell how much we were all indebted to the kindness and hospitality of the family of Zipcy; and with those members of it who received me, I formed a friendship which was one of my chief pleasures and recreations during my sojourn in Smyrna.

It was thought advisable, that we should not begin work at the hospital until some house near it, in the Turkish quarter, could be found for us, and beds, tables, and chairs put in it; the Frank quarter, in which we were then located, being at a considerable distance. The nurses, however, were able to get

rooms in the hospital, and went there the day after their arrival.

Our kind hosts, anxious that we should see something of Smyrna before leaving them, and the next day being fine, hired a Turkish cavass, or guard, to accompany us, and took us to see whatever they thought would be of most interest. Our first visit, of course, was to the Bazaar. We did not stay to make any purchases—only a few sweetmeats; but the scene struck me as most peculiar. I felt as if I was walking in "the Arabian Nights," and should hardly have been surprised if I had been asked to step into Aladdin's palace, or met the African magician at any moment: and this feeling I had whenever I went into it, up till the time we left.

The principal or "grand mosque" is in one end of the bazaar; and into that we went, having no difficulty in obtaining admission, except taking off our goloshes; one or two who were not provided with them, however, were not allowed to enter, till at last some Turks took compassion on them, and going into an adjoining room, returned with some paper and string, with which they deliberately proceeded to make brown-paper parcels of the offending feet. The mosque was a large, nearly square building, with the usual dome, and one minaret, which had something

the appearance of a corkscrew. Inside, there were several large pillars supporting the roof; the walls were whitewashed, and had no decorations, save three or four round green boards in gold frames, with a sentence from the Koran written in gold on each, which were stuck up at regular intervals. Towards the middle, and near the west wall, was a small pulpit, which, instead of a sounding-board, had a sort of extinguisher on the top of it, surmounted by a crescent, and over that a star. In the middle of the eastern wall was a niche, where the chief priest or Mollah sits. Part of the mosque is railed off and carpeted, I suppose for the priests and successors of Mahomet, the ordinary worshippers remaining outside; while there is a latticed gallery above, for the women. There were several people praying when we went in; but they did not seem annoyed or angry that infidels should intrude on their devotions; though the following story, which was told me, showed that the priests, at least, had about as much favour for their allies as their common enemy, Russia.

Some considerable time previous to our arrival, the chief Mollah had been requested to offer up prayers for the allies: he refused—he could not pray for unbelievers. The request then became a command; and he compromised the matter with his conscience thus:

he thanked God that one set of infidels were killing another, and hoped they might extirpate each other!

After leaving the mosque, we proceeded up hill, still in the Turkish quarter, until we came to a Turkish cemetery, in a corner of which was a large stone, said to be a slab of the altar of Polycarp's church. I was told, the Turks think that part of the cemetery so accursed, on account of this stone, that they say a true believer cannot rest there; and if buried at night, will be found on the top of the ground next morning. I asked Mustapha if this was the case. At first he said, "No"; but at last admitted that ignorant people believed it, but he did not. It is true, however, that the Turks have given up that corner of the cemetery to the Greeks, who have made a sort of small garden of it, planting it with roses and violets.

We still went up hill after leaving the cemetery, and now came on the confines of the Jewish quarter, near which is the Greek church of St. John. While we were about to enter, a number of persons came up, carrying something, which we found to be a small open coffin, with the dead body of an infant in it. They took it into the church, that the priest might pray over it; while we went and stood at the grave, which was open. They soon came out, accom-

panied by the priest, who again prayed over the child: it was dressed in white, with a wreath of roses and tinsel on its head, and looked as beautiful as death can look. The wreath and some of the outer wrappings were then taken off; and a man, who stood in the grave, received the body in his arms, and gently placed it on a pillow at the bottom. These graves are only two or three feet deep, and are simply covered by one of the flags of the pavement; the whole court of the church is nearly occupied by them; and most of the slabs have rings, so as to be easily raised. After the child had been laid down, the priest poured oil on it, and some of the people threw in flowers: the stone was then replaced, and the crowd dispersed. This burial is a mere ceremony; for the bodies are always taken up at night, and burned afterwards.

On leaving the grave, a man, probably the father of the infant, went about distributing white wax tapers amongst the people, and gave us each one. I do not exactly understand the meaning of this custom, which the Greeks practise at all their sacraments, but I believe it is meant in some way to represent the influence of the Holy Spirit.

The church of St. John is of some antiquity and is remarkable for a most beautiful oak screen, which

has two or three tiers of carving, one behind the other, as is seen in Chinese specimens; this is carved all in one piece of wood, not as in some imitations, where the under part is first done, and the outer stuck on with glue afterwards. It is certainly a most magnificent piece of carving, and so is the pulpit which is done in the same manner. In the screen, at regular intervals, are pictures with halos of silver round their heads, and which are about the least ugly of the pre-Raphaelite school I have seen, under each of these is a small duplicate for the people to kiss.

On coming out of the church, we met another crowd carrying in an open coffin the body of a murdered man; we were told it was a Greek, who had been stabbed by a Turk, and then thrown into the water. I tried not to look, but could not avoid catching a glimpse of the ghastly discoloured face. We now passed through the Jews' quarter, and it being Friday, we found them busy preparing for their sabbath. We looked into a bath in passing; it was the same kind as that used by the Turks, and was full of Jewesses, some of them seemed very beautiful, and were gorgeously decorated with jewels; they did not at all appear to object to our coming in and seeing the process of the bath, indeed the owner

of the place invited us, but we declined her invitation. "The Jews," said Mustapha, as we rejoined him, "are always washing and never clean!" I found afterwards, that our friend Mustapha, a fine-looking Turk, with a mild kind face, had been public executioner, but got tired of his occupation, and had turned protector instead of destroyer of life, being employed by the Smyrna merchants as a guard for their messengers and goods.

We returned to our friend's hospitable house, not a little tired with our day's excursion; for oh! the streets of Smyrna are bad and fatiguing past all description, and our woollen dresses, and heavy black cloaks, were not the things for a long walk under an eastern sun, even in March; but the air was exquisitely refreshing and delightful after the rain, and did more than any rest would have done, to recruit those of our party who had suffered most severely during our very rough and stormy passage from Marseilles.

Next day, we sailed a short way up the bay and river Meles, which runs into it, to a paper mill, beautifully situated on the river. It is the only manufactory I heard of in the immediate neighbourhood of Smyrna; the paper made was of a light thin texture, generally used by the people for cigarettes.

I asked if any other kinds were made; they said there were, but I did not see any. The proprietor had some very beautiful gardens close by, to which he invited us; the ground was literally carpeted with violets and verbenas, while rare roses were trellised round in every direction, and all kinds of lovely flowers were interspersed with orange, citron, lime and other trees, whose names I cannot remember.

We walked home. There was a sort of road, about the best I have seen in the East, and it seemed a good deal frequented. We stopped at a bridge, on the confines of the town, called "*Le Pont des Caravans*," because all the caravans stop there to water their camels; it crosses the Meles, and is a picturesque spot, with a grove of cypress on one side, marking a Turkish cemetery. Near it there is a *café*, and outside it we sat down on chairs, placed for the accommodation of passers-by. Of course if you use their chairs, you are expected to call for a glass of lemonade, sherbet, or something, so our friends ordered a curious milky-looking preparation, with a sickly, sweetish taste, made, they told us, from melon seeds. It was not very nice. Close by us were a group of Turks, enjoying what they call "*kef*," a sort of state implying perfect repose mixed with the slightest tinge of pleasurable excitement,

which was produced on this occasion, by one of them rocking to and fro on his chair, with one hand up to his ear, and making a most hideous noise, which I was told was a love song!

We returned through the Armenian quarter, and went to see, in passing, the new Armenian church, built to replace the old one, which was destroyed by fire: it had been an immense time erecting and was still unfinished; part of it had given way, and had to be rebuilt, and even then was clasped with strong iron bands; it is not at all a handsome building, and has nothing to recommend it, except its size.

Next day, being Sunday, we did not see any sights; but we went with our hostess, at six in the morning, to hear mass in the Latin church, which was in the same court as their house, she told me that early hour was preferred by those who went to church, "*pour prier le bon Dieu, et pas pour faire une grande toilette.*" There is an English chapel and chaplain at Smyrna; a Dutch church, at which the service is conducted in French; and an American chapel, and these are the only Protestant churches in the place. Mr. Lewis, the English chaplain, has been for many years in Smyrna, and is well known to British travellers, to whom he always shows kindness and hospitality.

On Monday afternoon, we went to the house prepared for us, which, as it was like most other Turkish houses, I may as well describe. It opened from the street into a court, and was separated from it by a high wall and close wooden gate; part of the court was paved, as you continually see in the East, with smooth stones of different colours, inlaid so as to represent flowers and other designs, and part was railed off as a small garden. At the side of the court opposite the entrance, was the kitchen and one or two rooms intended for servants, which were joined to the main body of the house, but had no communication through. In the wall which joined them was a fountain, which seldom failed to supply us with water. You went up a step or two to the front door, and entered a paved hall, out of which opened rooms on either side. In one of them was a deep, dark, unpleasant-looking well, with a trap-door, which some facetious person informed me the Turks used for putting their superfluous wives in; but which I, being a more matter-of-fact individual, suspect had something to do with the fountain on one side and the bath on the other. Nearly all the rooms had divans at one end—i. e., the wooden frame-work of them—which formed a very convenient shelter for all sorts of animated nature. In the low flat there were

three bed-rooms, the bath-room, and two or three dark closets and holes, which the Turks seem to delight in. The upper flat was on exactly the same plan as the lower; an open space in the centre, and chambers on each side opening into it. On this flat there were five rooms, two of which opened into each other, and from the inner one, down some steps, another opened over what had been a stable; and as in these houses the under and upper flats are only separated by a thin and open flooring, it may be imagined the full benefit of the stable odours was had up-stairs. In all, there were nine rooms, and twenty people lodged in them. One large and very dirty one on the upper flat was reserved to be cleaned in process of time, and turned into a sitting-room if possible; but sickness soon made us feel that eight small rooms were by no means sufficient, especially in that climate, for twenty people: so our grand project of the sitting-room was never carried into effect. We dined in the upper open hall, a divan at one end serving for a side-board; at the other, it opened on a small balcony, which was trellised with vines, but looked so unsafe that we seldom went on it. One peculiarity of Turkish houses is, that, besides the windows looking outside, all the rooms have windows looking into the halls I have mentioned, which,

though desirable for the purpose of giving air, destroys the feeling of privacy one likes to have in one's bedroom. All the windows to the outside of the house had jalousies, or were closely latticed. There was a terrace over the kitchen, but we did not frequent it much, for it was difficult to get at. In our rooms we had a basin-stand, table, and chair, between two; an iron bedstead each, made tall for mosquito-curtains; they were excessively *shaky*; indeed, the legs were uncomfortable to look at, they seemed so insecure: they had planks or boards fitted accross them for the mattress, which were their grand security, saving them from a total collapse. Our mattresses, pillows, and bolsters, were stuffed with wool: the two latter were like flint; and I was going to unpick mine, and take some of the wool out, when a lady standing by frightened me by talking about "government property," and the impropriety of meddling with it; so I let them alone. We had coarse unbleached cotton sheets, two blankets, and a horse-cloth counterpane.

It may, perhaps, be thought that I am endeavouring to make myself out a martyr by relating these small inconveniences; but nothing is further from my intention. We were very much better off than we expected; and any little things that did not go right

only awaited the arrival of Dr. Meyer, who was empowered to put everything in order. The advent of such a "coming man" would have been hailed with delight at that moment, I imagine, by more worlds than our small one. "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," says the wise man; but it requires a wise man to carry out the accumulated wisdom of the multitude—moreover, one who has power, or, on an emergency, would take it and its attendant responsibility, prepared for any result: if successful, medals, honours, ovations; if unsuccessful, disgrace, obloquy, and contempt: but he would need to be one who sought not honour from his fellows, but that which cometh from God only.

We had two servants, Yaniko Carali, a Maltese, I believe, who called himself English, and is mentioned by Murray, and Nicoli, a Greek. Besides these, it was found necessary that we should also have two women servants; so two Greek girls were found for us, who came each morning, and stayed till about half-past five in the afternoon. The courier who came with us, and his son, also remained in the house for some time. Yaniko and Nicoli were in the employ of M. Meil, the landlord of "Les Deux Augustes" hotel, who provided us with breakfasts and dinners: these were of a very elaborate descrip-

tion at first, but got "smaller and beautifully less" towards the close of the agreement, till at last we were reduced to *extremities* for breakfast, the regular dish each day being either sheep's brains or feet. The cooking altogether was composite and oleaginous, a sort of bad imitation of the French; a great variety, more or less oily, of the same thing, which took an immense time handing round, besides suggesting unpleasant ideas of the *débris* of hotel dinners. However, I must not say more than is true; we often had very good things, especially fish, and had always plenty to eat.

The markets of Smyrna are plentiful and cheap. Meat, beef and mutton (for veal you hardly ever see, and the less the better, for it is execrable—pork, never), when we arrived, were about sevenpence the *oke,* or two pounds and three-quarters. Poultry was plentiful and cheap, and fish also, though the supply was not regular, the Greeks only going out with their nets when it suited them; there was also a good deal of game in the season, while for vegetables and fruit, I fancy it is not to be surpassed by any place in the world. After we had been there some time, however, the increased demand caused the prices to rise considerably, and the people of the place complained of the comparative dearness of things.

But I must now leave these details, and go on to describe the hospital, and the work we began there on the next day after coming to the Turkish house; for Monday we had to find and unpack our trunks, and settle ourselves in our different corners, and so did not commence operations at the hospital till Tuesday, the twentieth of March, 1855.

CHAPTER III.

The Hospital—Entrance upon our Duties—A severe Case—Frost-bites—Typhus Fever—Want of Stores—List of Necessaries—Thankfulness of Patients—Nature of our Duties—Attentions of Turkish Women—Surgical and Medical Divisions—Sufferings and Death of a Patient—Number of Patients—Illness among the Nurses—Unwholesomeness of our House—Non-appearance of our Consul—Household Discomforts—Illness of one of our Ladies—The Twenty-one-day Fever—A Night Alarm—Kindness of the Officers—Six Nurses Laid Up—Death of a Nurse—Her Funeral—Devoted Attachment of a Purveyor's Clerk.

THE hospital was hardly five minutes' walk from our house, and was a large red building of three stories, describing a side and two half-sides of a square. There were three entrances, the principal one being close to the sea, which washed the yard and two ends of the building. On each flat there was a passage or corridor, extending the whole length of the hospital; and from these, on the inner side, opened rooms, with windows looking both outside and into the corridors. On the lowest or basement floor these had no doors, and were roughly paved with small uneven stones. Upstairs there were badly-fitting doors, which

it was almost impossible to keep shut; so that in windy weather the draughts were very great, and it was difficult to devise any shelter for the patients in the corridors. In the extreme heat, however, these draughts were pleasant; and the windows of the wards opening both ways was a great advantage, as we could have a thorough current of air when we liked.

There were from eight hundred to a thousand sick and wounded in the hospital when we arrived, and death was very busy amongst them. Dr. Meyer had not yet come; so everything was arranged *pro tempore* by Mr. M'Leod, one of the head-surgeons, who acted as his substitute. As things were therefore not regularly organised, we all walked down to the hospital, on Tuesday morning, without any very definite plan, meeting on the way some soldiers, one of whom exclaimed, with rather a strong expletive, "——— Tom, them 's the *nusses!*" and were placed, pretty nearly by chance, in the several divisions. The one which fell to my lot had from sixty to eighty patients; and I must say, I felt a little strange just at first, on finding myself the only female, save my nurse, among so many sick soldiers. But how soon self is forgotten, when you are in the midst of sickness and suffering, and know that people are depending on you for relief! The fear, horror, and disgust

which would probably affect an inactive spectator, have not the smallest place in your mind, and you have but one feeling left—pity, and a desire to alleviate pain.

I found some very bad cases; two were especially so. One of these had been frost-bitten, and was also consumptive. The other had had fever and dysentery, and was then suffering from the extremest exhaustion and a most hideous bed-sore. Both were quite young men, of two or three and twenty; but they looked like sixty. Poor Cotterill! he is before me now, as I used to see him lying in the most uneasy position, almost *on* his shrunken and attenuated face, with his large hollow eyes perpetually following me or my nurse, Mrs. Bowler, as we went about from bed to bed. She had been at the hospital three days before I came, and he had got quite fond of her. Her first work had been to cut off his hair, which she described as a perfect mass of vermin, as also his whiskers and eyebrows; while from off the bed they were brushed in myriads, and had to be swept up, and the floor washed afterwards. When she had finished, and made him as comfortable as she could, he looked up in her face, and said, "I believe you're not a human being, but a angel!" And this was no isolated case, for there were many such;

and the state of filth and wretchedness in which the first sick and wounded arrived, was, I am told, beyond all description—their clothes had to be cut off outside, and burnt in the barrack-yard.

There was a great deal of frost-bite amongst them; several poor fellows had lost half their feet. One boy I remember so well. I used generally to pass through the corridor as his feet were being dressed, and it really was horrible to see great pieces of toe come off with the dressing every morning, leaving the bones quite bare; and he was all the time so very patient, and even cheerful, under his severe suffering. These frost-bites are most tedious and troublesome wounds to heal; they go on week after week without any apparent improvement, and it seems so difficult to arrive at the sound flesh. In my division there were also many suffering from chest complaint, either brought on by exposure to the cold, or by hurts and blows in the trenches. But I had then no fever, although it was plenty enough elsewhere, and about ten men were dying daily of it. A horrible fever it was, as I had afterwards occasion to know. They called it the worst kind of spotted typhus, and it seemed highly infectious; but I believe those who took it in general brought the seeds of it with them from the camp, and neither caught it from others, nor

from the Smyrna air, as was at first supposed. I made frequent inquiries of the natives of the place, and found that, although they sometimes had typhus fever amongst them, its visits were neither more frequent nor devastating than they are in England, and at that particular time there was none in the town.

For the first week or ten days our work was not defined; we did a little of everything. Dr. Meyer had not arrived, and the rules and regulations were not fixed; so every one worked to the best of their ability. Many of the stores, also, had not yet come; we had neither pots nor pans, basins, jugs, nor anything to keep the articles of food we prepared for the men. There was in each ward and corridor a sort of dresser, with plates, knives and forks, tin mugs, and a few white crockery basins; but of these there were not nearly enough for the number of patients. The want of all cooking utensils was felt very much, for at that time the kitchen was by no means in the excellent working condition it afterwards attained to, so the men were entirely dependent on us for any extras and delicacies which were ordered them; and the cooking at the charcoal stoves was somewhat an arduous undertaking, though luckily then the weather was so cool as not to make them an inconvenience in the divisions.

I find in my pocket-book a sort of miscellaneous memorandum I kept at that time, and in which I used to jot down what the doctor wished done as I went round the patients with him, and anything else I was afraid of forgetting. I give a specimen of it, to shew the kind of things we had to attend to:—"Walker, shirt and sheets; Kerney, sheets; Graney, shirt and flannel; Curran, ditto, ditto; Tovey, shirt; M'Kane, flannel and socks; Smith, boiled rice for dinner; Fletcher, two eggs at different times; Cotterill, five eggs and plenty of wine; Cermody's medicine discontinued, and diarrhœa mixture instead; Donegan, more medicine; M'Donald, pay back egg; Barber, egg-flip; one broom; two sponges," etc. Of course, our principal duty was to see that the doctor's orders and treatment were strictly carried out. This was from the first a fixed regulation, and one before which all others gave way; but except in extraordinary cases, it was never found that our rules interfered in the least with each other.

In the next division to mine there was very bad fever. One poor man, who was dying, would not let the lady's hand go at all; he could not bear that she should leave him an instant, which was very painful for her, as there were others of her patients requiring constant care to whom it might be of use, while for

him, poor fellow! it was quite evident no care could avail. He died that afternoon, and, I think, another man also in the same ward, an hour or two later.

One of the ladies, on going into a ward to attend to two poor men who had to be fed every half-hour observed a boy on one of the beds eyeing her most wistfully; so she went up, and asked him if he wanted anything. "Yes," he replied, pointing to what she had been giving the other, "I would like some of that, I have had nothing from the hand of a woman yet, I believe if I had something from the hand of a woman, I would get well."

Many an expression of gratitude and kindness followed us that day, and many an exclamation of "It does my heart good to see an Englishwoman again!" We returned from our first day at the hospital, tired and pleased, and interested, O how much! in the poor fellows we had left sick, suffering, and dying, but so uncomplaining and patient; for with hardly one exception, these were the characteristics of all I came in contact with. The record of one day at that time was nearly the record of all. We went to the hospital, at nine o'clock in the morning, and generally remained there till half-past five or six in the evening, when, if we had time, we took a short walk before dinner, which was at seven.

But in general we were so tired after our day's work, that we had little inclination for walking or any thing else. We had not a single seat at the hospital, and were strictly forbidden from sitting on the beds. Many ladies, whose wards were full of fever cases, had not a moment's rest from nine in the morning till six, sometimes even later at night. It was not thought advisable we should fast all these hours; and we generally brought a biscuit or sandwich in our pockets, but many often brought their's back untouched, not having found time to think about it at all. Sometimes we ran up to the house for half an hour, in the middle of the day, to rest or have a morsel of luncheon; I had occasion to go for something that was wanted, three days running, and each time was beset by Turkish women, whom I could not get rid of, a whole tribe of them. They first announced their intention of paying a visit through Yaniko; and I being the only one in, and not liking to be uncivil, said I should be happy to see them; so they came, but I thought they would never go; they sat, and sat, till my patience was fairly gone, they examined all my clothes and walked into our room, the door of which was open, touching and inspecting everything; in despair, I asked Yaniko to get some coffee, hoping they would go then; but

no, there they sat, till, at last, I bade him tell them I was obliged to go away, on which they took their departure; but returned the next day and the next, when my patience was quite exhausted; and on their holding out their pulses for me to feel, and making signs to show that they were very ill, I went and got them each a pill, and told them they absolutely must go; which they did, quite pleased with their medicine, for they have the greatest faith in the English both men and women as *Hakeems*.

I used to go at this time to dress a sore for a young Turkish girl, who lived near us, and whose father brought her to one of the surgeons, to operate on. I found them all very grateful, poor things, and the children of the house would dance about me, and kiss my hands, and all were eager to gratify any curiosity I shewed about things. I one day stroked a cat I saw in the room, some of the children scampered off on the instant, and presently I had puss and five or six kittens deposited in my lap. They used to send us plates of *Kaimak* too, and a very nice thing it is, being a cake made of the cream of goat's milk, which is prepared much after the Devonshire fashion, and is eaten with sugar; the first cry you hear in the morning, is "*Kaimak*" and "*Kaimak Su*," which means milk in its liquid state.

In the meantime, the hospital routine went on as usual, but things were daily assuming more shape; there were store closets being made for the ladies, one in each division, these closets were in the corners of the corridors, which were boarded off about seven or eight feet high. In them were shelves and drawers for stores, and a small table with a couple of seats. The hospital was portioned out into eight divisions, and the physicians and surgeons were arranging themselves into parties of three for each division. It was, no doubt, intended, that the surgical and medical divisions should be kept distinct, but that was found nearly impossible. A man in a surgical ward was seized with fever, it was not perhaps thought desirable to move him, or perhaps there was no vacant bed in the medical divisions, so he remained, and thus in process of time the surgical divisions became almost medical ones, for no new wounds came in, and, indeed, those we principally had, were tedious long-standing cases, not requiring great operations, but probably more skill in their treatment, and likely to be of more benefit to the experience of the surgeons, than if they had been at the camp and engaged in constant amputation. They were, however, much disappointed that there was not more actual surgical work at Smyrna, though a little

reflection before starting would have convinced them that such must have been the case, so far removed, as we were, from the seat of war. This seemed to me the great error of all the Eastern expeditions. People were sent out and went out with such vague ideas of things, appearing to know nothing certainly, but each one imagining some probability or possibility for himself. No doubt it is difficult to organize a new system, particularly at a distance; but some sort of organization is necessary, otherwise, each person runs away with his own idea, and is disappointed when it is not carried out. The deaths from fever had decreased considerably at the end of our first week at the hospital. I had no death in my division, but poor Cotterill was wearing away. I felt the greatest interest in him, he was so utterly helpless; at first he used to prefer Mrs. Bowler, always calling her "Mother," and sometimes when he has beckoned to me from a distance, thinking it was her, he has looked disappointed when I came up, and said, "I thought it was the woman"; but soon he became used to me, and frequently asked me if I thought he should die: I used to tell him I did not know; that he was very ill, but that I was sure the doctor would do what he could for him, and the rest was in the hands of God. He said he knew

that, and sometimes he longed to go, he found life so weary; at others he wished to live, and sometimes the doctor had hopes of him when he had anything like a night's rest; but he was so miserably exhausted from his severe illness, and from the immense sore on his back, was so unable to rest, as he otherwise might have done, that the hope could hardly be called a hope, and a hæmorrhage taking place one night from the sore, even that faint hope expired. One day something had detained me later than usual; he beckoned me to him the moment he saw me, and when I went up he burst into tears, and said, "I thought you were never coming more". At this time feeders and such like things were very scarce, indeed except what we had brought out ourselves, there were none, so I used to prepare all his drinks, which were principally wine with an egg beat into it, in a very small teapot I had, which pleased him excessively, and he never could be done admiring it. On the morning of the twenty-sixth, he appeared much worse; and I regretted extremely that on the same morning we were regularly placed in the divisions in which we were to remain, and I was removed to the other side of the hospital. I wished to keep this from his knowledge, as the ladies who now had care of him allowed me to come and see him as much as I could,

but he heard it in some way, and cried and sobbed as if his heart would break, nothing would pacify him, "he was going to lose his mother and the lady," and he refused to be comforted; in two hours afterwards the fountain of his tears was dried for ever. I did not see him die; but next day I saw him carried up with eight of his companions to his quiet resting-place on the hill, and for many a day the recollection of poor Cotterill and his childlike grief, caused me an acute pang.

On the 26th of March, as I have said, we were fixed permanently in our divisions. In each there were three surgeons or physicians—one head and two assistants—two ladies and two nurses, a ward-master, and an orderly to every ten or twelve patients. Besides these, there were two Greeks, who came to scrub. The number of patients now in each division was about seventy: it was found that the hospital could not, on sanitary principles, contain any more, and all extra beds were put away; of course, if an emergency had occurred, room would have been *made;* but, in the meantime, it was thought advisable to give as much air and space as possible. All the convalescents were sent off to the lazaretto, a building about two miles down the bay, which the Turks used for quarantine: it was quite on the sea, and very

healthy; and its being so far from the town was a great advantage. It was tolerably large; part of it was used as a small hospital, and part as officers' and surgeons' quarters. A surgeon was always resident there, and for a long time they had a separate chaplain, Mr. Escreet; but latterly the work was all done by Mr. Windsor, our chaplain at the hospital. The Roman Catholic priest also lived there for some time. There was tolerable barrack accommodation for the convalescents; so that, altogether, the lazaretto formed a valuable addition to our hospital. No nurses were sent there at all; and they were not needed, for the men were generally convalescent, and were well attended to by orderlies; and, in the event of their having a relapse, were immediately sent into hospital again.

The nurses were by this time getting rather more comfortably settled at the hospital than they were at first, though there were still too many in a room, as the fever which soon broke out among them proved. They had, besides, all to eat in the rooms in which they slept, and in which some of them were laid up. One of these was in my division; and though by no means large, six persons ate, cooked, and slept in it; and here the fever first broke out. The reason of this crowding of the nurses was, that many of the

rooms in the hospital were not available, the Turks having still a lot of rubbish in them, which it took time to clear out. It was very unfortunate, but at the moment could not be remedied; and I regret to say, the nurses suffered severely in consequence. It was some time, too, before all the fever cases could be moved into a ward by themselves; and this greatly increased the spread of it. Already five nurses were most seriously ill, and we had lost two orderlies, which of course augmented much the work of those who still escaped, and predisposed them more to take the fever; for I believe nothing does so sooner than over-fatigue.

We, too, were beginning to complain of our house; the odours in it were perfectly intolerable, and would in time, I believe, have produced the plague amongst us. It was evident there was something wrong about it; but, from not understanding the construction of Turkish houses, the real evil was not found out till some time afterwards. Greeks were, however, got to commence the cleansing process, and it was thought advisable that we should be out of the way while it went on; so we all went down, in the afternoon, to the Hotel des Deux Augustes, which we thought might be more properly called, *Les Milles Disgustes;* for on approaching the part of the bay where it is

situated, it really seemed as if we were leaving bad to come to worse; and not all the perfumes of Araby could have overcome the horrible odours which assailed us.

The Hotel des Deux Augustes is the best in Smyrna; indeed, there is only one other, the Hotel d'Orient; and these, with the exception of a boarding-house, kept by Madam Giraud, are all the accommodation for travellers in the place. It is the fashion to abuse hotels, and the Deux Augustes did not escape; but it seemed to me a good enough sort of place, only I saw very little of it, for our kind friends the Zipcys came to invite me and the other two ladies they knew to their hospitable house in Frank-street (as the English call it, but more properly, Rue Sultanie). I have already spoken of the kindness of this family. I really do not know what we should have done if they had not received us on our arrival. We literally had not a hole to go to, the hotels could not have taken us in; and we should have been left in the streets under the pelting rain, if it had not been for them. I cannot tell whether the British consul was aware or informed of our position; for during all the time I was in Smyrna I never saw him, nor, so far as I am aware, did any of the others.

We returned to our house next day, fancying it

was all right, and for a short time it certainly seemed better; but then it became worse than before, and, to our dismay, we found that the Greeks, being left to their own devices, only under the inspection of Haldee, the courier, had merely used a little chloride of lime, and left things exactly as they were. It was thought, some time previous to this, that the house was not large enough for our number, and a small supplementary one had been taken close by; but it was in such a dirty and dilapidated state that we had delayed moving into it. The present state of things, however, made us willing to go anywhere to get out of the atmosphere we were in, and, accordingly, seven of us, accompanied by Nicoli and the courier, immediately took up our abode in it. This, in many respects, was a great improvement; but, of course, like everything else in the world, it had its disadvantages, the first being that it was over an oil-shop or store, and as the flooring was thin and open, we had the full benefit of the perpetual smell of rancid oil, which, till we got accustomed to it, was very distressing; but we consoled ourselves with the idea that, at all events, it was a much less unwholesome atmosphere than that we had left. Our other trouble was, having to go to the first house for our meals. Going out every morning to breakfast did

not so much matter, although it was not particularly comfortable, the rainy weather still continuing; but when we came home tired in the evening from our day's work, and after refreshing ourselves, and putting off our hospital clothing, which was absolutely necessary, we had to go out again to dinner; many of us, I am sure, would more willingly have gone without it.

In the meantime, fever had broken out in the other house; one of the ladies being seized with it the day after we returned from the Deux Augustes, which was Palm Sunday. She felt so ill, she was obliged to leave the chapel, and continued so for several days, till towards the end of the week, when she became worse, and the following Friday her life was despaired of. I cannot sufficiently do justice to the unwearied care and kindness of Miss P——, who occupied the same room with her, and who attended on and nursed her night and day, and that without any assistance; for there was but one female servant in the house, who remained only for some hours each day, and there were so many of the nurses already laid up that it was thought inadvisable to take one of them from the hospital. We all, of course, volunteered our services; but up to Friday, when over-fatigue compelled Miss P—— to give in, and Miss K——

and I took the night-work, she did everything herself.

It was a terrible night. I had never before sat face to face alone with death, and any moment I felt might be Miss A——'s last. She, however, lived, but for several days in the same critical state, having one or two convulsive fits, which we thought must have carried her off.

One very painful feature in this fever is a habit the patients have (particularly if women) of making a noise, when under delirium, something between screaming, singing, and yelling — beginning rather low, and getting louder and louder, till at last it becomes a perfect shout. This continues some time, and is most distressing to listen to: in this case it was indeed very bad. At last the critical night arrived, and never shall I forget it. The fever was that called "the twenty-one-day fever," and the doctors gave us hope that if she survived this night she might recover, and that we must above all be careful not to disturb the least tendency to sleep we might observe, and not to rouse her for the purpose of giving nourishment, as we had hitherto done. Miss P—— and I, after having moved our patient, and made her as comfortable as we could, sat silent and still, about the middle of the night, fancying we saw an inclination to

sleep. The appearance continuing for some time, by common consent we rose, and leaving the room door open, went down a few steps which led out of the sick-room to a small passage over the stable: here we heard the slightest movement in the room, and had a breath of fresh air; while we fancied, if Miss A—— was really asleep, she would be better without us. We did not speak for a few minutes; but at last, almost in a whisper, one said, "Do you think she will live?" Before the other could answer, a sound, the most melancholy and unearthly that can be conceived, came from—we could not tell where; it seemed close beside us, and yet at a distance also. We sprang up, and listened with beating hearts for a repetition of the sound; but all was silent. We went up the steps to look at the occupant of the bed, but she seemed tranquilly asleep, so we returned, and sat down in silence; each, no doubt, being full of her own superstitious thoughts and forebodings. These, however, were wearing away, and again some remark was made, which immediately called forth that dismal, melancholy sound; but this time it was repeated twice; and I could hardly help shouting with nervous laughter, for I remembered a great horned owl, a pet of one of the servants, which had been rather indisposed that day, and I had myself

seen it shut into its night-quarters, the stable, which was immediately under us. So our ghost story ended like most other ghost stories, and the next day Miss A—— was better, and on the twentieth was pronounced out of danger. I regret, however, to add, that Miss P—— suffered severely, and still suffers, from her great and unremitting exertions.

I must not forget to mention the extreme kindness and attention of the medical men at this time, who appeared to think no trouble too great if they could in any way procure those comforts and luxuries they thought would be of use; Dr. Coote, who was principally in attendance on Miss A—— (although Drs. Barclay and Martin were called in at last), bringing her rare wines, and Mr. Faulkner going miles to procure cow's milk, which is a thing almost unattainable in Smyrna; while Captain Whitmore and Mr. Wordsworth constantly sent her flowers, and the former some wine, which was recommended and could not be obtained save through his kindness.

This reminds me, I have omitted to mention that the day after our arrival, Captain Whitmore called upon us at the house of M. Zipcy, as aid-de-camp to General Storks, expressing his regret that we were not provided with a house and saying, "he had only heard of our possible arrival the previous night."

Two officers, Dr. Dickson and Major Inglis, who were at Smyrna on sick leave from the Crimea, also called to express their sympathy and good wishes.

It was a very fortunate thing that the room occupied by Miss A——, was one on the upper flat of the house, and in a part completely away from the pestilential atmosphere, which affected the lower rooms and other parts of it. At this time the nurses were suffering much from typhus fever, six of them were laid up, Mrs. Hely, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Edwards, and Drusilla Smyth; the latter had been taken ill some time before Miss A——, and continued long wavering between life and death, her youth and good constitution doing strong battle for the mastery; the loud screaming I have mentioned as accompanying this fever, was very painful in her case, indeed, it was a sad one altogether. She had not at all spared herself, poor thing! but was ever willing and anxious to take night or any other work, even out of her turn, and eager to oblige in every way, and at this time, several of the nurses ailing, she volunteered so take their night duty often, and no doubt over-fatigued herself. Her symptoms were sometimes so favourable, that good hopes were entertained of her recovery, then a relapse, and this went on for some days, till, notwith-

standing the care of Dr. Barclay, who attended on the nurses, and the unwearied and unremitting attention of the Misses Le M——, she sunk, and on the nineteenth of April, died, and was buried that evening at six o'clock, in the Protestant burial-ground of the town. None of us, I am sure, will easily forget that funeral. We all assembled in the hospital yard at five o'clock, and were marshalled into a procession of two and two, first went a double file of soldiers, the chaplains, then the orderlies carrying the coffin, which had a black velvet pall with a white border thrown over it; then the nurses, some as pall-bearers, in their black cloaks and hoods; after them the lady volunteers; and lastly, the doctors, surgeons, commissariat and other officers, followed by Dr. Meyer and General Storks. It was a sad and striking scene, to witness this train slowly winding through the long narrow streets of Smyrna; while groups of Franks, Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Jews stood looking on, but all in silence and with apparent respect, some (not the Turks of course) even taking off their hats as we passed. A year ago such a scene would not have been permitted to proceed unmolested.

The Protestant burial-ground is a dismal-looking, neglected spot. It was chosen from an idea that

Drusilla's friends at home might prefer it to the open hill where the soldiers lay; but if there had been time for consideration and inspection, it would have been otherwise arranged; for the appearance of the place struck a chill to our hearts—it looked so "dank and dreary," with the grass more than a foot high, and the weeds towering above it; and either from its being close to the bay and the porous nature of the soil, or from some other cause not ascertained by me, the grave which had been dug in the forenoon was almost filled with water; and on the words, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God," we heard the coffin splash, with a dismal sound, into the more than half-full grave. There was a general regret, afterwards, that this burial-ground had been chosen, though it was with the best intention the error had been committed; but poor Drusilla will not sleep the less soundly! And we all agreed, on leaving her grave, that whoever of us was next called to die, should be buried on the hill, in the spot allotted to the poor soldiers, open and unprotected as it was. Death seemed very near to us then; we had already lost two orderlies, and many of the nurses were lying at the gates of death. Miss A—— had made an almost miraculous escape, and was not yet out of danger from relapse. The first gap had been made

in our immediate party; and who could tell whether she might not be the next?

The evening was closing fast as we returned, some in caïques, and others walking, solemnly and sadly; for besides the feelings naturally attending such a scene, we all regretted poor Drusilla, who, although she had not been long among us, was so obliging and anxious to be of use. She was a good-looking young woman, and immediately on her arrival had become the object of attraction to one of the purveyor's clerks, whose attentions she, however, most steadily declined. He still persisted in showing the most extraordinary attachment to her; and during her illness was in such a state of excitement and distress, as to be utterly incapacitated to attend to his duties properly. He used to sit on the stairs leading to her room, in the hopes of seeing some one who could tell him how she was, and went perpetually to the passage outside her room, entreating of the Misses Le M——, who generally sat up with her, to let him in to see her: this they refused till the night of her death, when she was quite insensible and past all hope of recovery; so that his visit could do her no harm. He stayed a few minutes and looked his last on her; for in the morning, at seven o'clock, she died. I never shall forget his face when he came to

my store-room, in accordance with his duty, to correct some inaccuracy in the diet-roll. He seemed utterly bewildered with sorrow; and Miss S——, who had also occasion to speak to him, said, she never saw grief so strongly marked in a human face. He insisted on following her remains to the grave, as chief mourner, and wearied himself carrying the coffin. No one interfered with him; for all seemed to think he had acquired the right, by his unmistakeable affection, to perform these sad offices: and the lady superintendent, moved by his sorrow, allowed him to retain a ring of some small value, which she had been accustomed to wear.

CHAPTER IV.

A Visit from Scutari—Visit from Miss Stanley—Death of Mr. Edmondes—Lethargy produced by Fever—Remarkable Recovery from Fever—An Irishman's Thankfulness—Arrangement of Offices—Illness among the Nurses—The Grave of Polycarp—His Martyrdom—A Statue of Jupiter—Revovery of its Head—Bay of Smyrna—Village of Boudja—Soldiers' Burying-ground — American Missionaries — A Jewish Convert—Fresh Arrival of Patients—Removal to the Turkish Hospital—Our Harsh Treatment—Prohibition of Tracts—Sectarian Jealousy—Distinction of Sects—Ignorance of Religion—Illness of the Physicians—Mr. H——'s Recovery.

On the same morning as Drusilla Smyth died, a party of ladies and nurses for Koulali and Scutari arrived, under the protection of our good chaplain; they breakfasted with us, and walked round the hospital, although we were so much occupied as to be unable to go with them and give them details. Before leaving, they, by their own request, received the Holy Communion, administered to them by their own chaplain.

I should have said, about the end of March, Mr. Bracebridge arrived at Smyrna. He breakfasted once

with us; but otherwise I hardly saw him; nor did I hear what he thought of the hospital, nor the object of his visit. The deaths then had decreased, being on an average one in two hundred each day; but among the staff, in which I include doctors, dispensers, ladies, nurses, and orderlies, there was much sickness, which daily seemed on the increase.

Miss Stanley paid us a visit on her way home, on the 5th of April. She stayed a few days with Dr. Meyer, who had arrived some time before, and visited our house and the hospital frequently. She expressed her surprise at finding our table neatly laid out, and that we all sat down to breakfast and dinner together, if possible, and unless something necessarily detained us at the hospital—telling us, that at Koulali each got her food and cooked it in any way and at any time she could. Perhaps this could not have been prevented at that particular time at Koulali; but we thought it a far less waste of time, health, and everything, to have our food arranged as it was —although afterwards, when the work at the hospital was much less, and our agreement with Mr. Meil had expired, it was found advisable and more economical to have it on a different plan.

Miss Hutton, who succeeded Miss Stanley as lady superintendent at Koulali, was then on her way there,

and landed at Smyrna, when she paid a visit to Miss O——, who was an old friend of hers.

Mr. Haddow, who had officiated as chaplain since our arrival, having been obliged to quit Scutari, on account of his health, left us, and returned to Scutari with the Koulali party, and was succeeded by Mr. Windsor.

On the 21st, one of the ladies returned to England; and the courier and his son were sent back, there being no further use for them.

One of the dispensers, Mr. Edmondes, was now dangerously ill with fever. He was stationed at the lazaretto; and on his falling ill, was brought to the hospital, where a small vacant ward was assigned to him, as he could be better and more constantly attended to there, than at his own quarters; and he certainly lacked neither attention nor skill. Dr. Martin hardly ever left his bed-side; but, in spite of all, he died on the 23rd, after an illness of only a few days—and painful, indeed, was the task of writing to his friends, to tell of his death, for he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Immediately on Mr. Edmondes' death, the other dispenser, Mr. Trotman, was seized with fever, and had a most lengthened and dangerous illness. This fever, which appeared in almost every ward, was

indeed most deadly and severe. The first case I saw was in my own division. D——, a soldier of the 34th, who had been acting as orderly (and who, I heard, had been a most hard-working and attentive one), suddenly sickened, and his case very rapidly assumed the worst form. He had been seized in the orderlies' room, and for a day remained there; but was afterwards removed to one of my wards, on the basement-floor. I never saw any one so suddenly and utterly prostrated: it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to do anything for him; and so, I suspect, the surgeon thought; for, giving general instructions, he left me to do pretty much as I pleased. I remember so well what an intense desire possessed me to prolong that man's life. He was in the stage of fever in which it is necessary to give constant stimulants, and nourishment if possible; but that, in general, they will not take, except perhaps a mouthful at a time of beef-tea; indeed, they are very unwilling to take anything, and dislike being roused from their lethargic state; but it must be done, or they would slumber on into that lethargy from which, in this world, there is no awaking; so every five or ten minutes I used to pour restoratives, a very small quantity at a time, down poor D——'s throat, who swallowed it with many a groan—being just able to swallow, and no more. This went on all day; and

at night Mr. Coote kindly walked with me to the hospital, to see how he was, and to recommend him to the especial care of the nurse and orderly who were to sit up with him. Three or four doctors were standing round his bed: all said there was not a vestige of hope; and I went away with a heavy heart, charging both nurse and orderly to give him perpetual stimulants—which they must have done, for by the morning he had nearly finished a bottle of brandy.

Next day, at an early hour, I stood at the door of the ward. How my heart beat! I had seen no one who could tell me whether he was alive or dead. At last I summoned courage, and went in, when I saw two orderlies standing by the bed, and D—— stretched on it—but whether alive or dead, I could not tell, though he looked more like the latter. There I stood at the door, literally unable to move, until the orderly who had been up all night turned round and saw me: a smile broke over his face, as he exclaimed, "All right, Ma'am! Jem's alive!" I am very sorry I have forgotten this orderly's name: he was an Irishman and a soldier—one whose gentleness and attention equalled, indeed almost surpassed, any woman's I ever saw. He soon after left for the Crimea. Yes, "Jem" was alive; but that was all; and that day was a repetition of the last, the

doctors still thinking there was not a ray of hope, and telling me to come away, and not inhale his pestilent breath. I did go away, obediently, but came back again.

It was thought advisable to shave his head. I could get no one at the moment who would undertake to do it; so, for fear of losing time, I proceeded to work, and cut, as closely as I could, hair, beard, and moustache — the vermin absolutely pouring through my fingers as I did so; but after the first ejaculation of horror, which I could not suppress, I thought no more about them — so little do such things affect one, when actually engaged in a battle with death. I must here, however, say, that we were by no means required to perform those tasks, nor to do or see anything unbefitting a lady; on the contrary, the medical men were most scrupulous in forbidding our so doing, and in Smyrna there was no necessity for it: at the same time, I feel sure I am right in saying, that had such a necessity existed, no lady there would have objected to do anything recommended to save life; and in such a case as the one I have mentioned, no one could have hesitated to perform the most disagreeable task.

Well, contrary to the expectations of all, poor D—— struggled through. I never saw a more complete resurrection; but for a long time he was in a

most precarious state, and we were in constant fear of a relapse, which generally proves fatal. In a bed near D—— was a tall, red-haired sergeant, M——, who had suffered severely from rheumatism and bed-sores. I saw that the nurse attended to him carefully; and during D——'s illness I spoke very little to him, but observed him eyeing my proceedings with what I thought was a surly look. He was unable to feed himself; and being told by the doctors I might prepare the eggs he was ordered, in any palatable way I chose, I made him a nice custard. He let me feed him in silence; and I was going away, confirmed in my impression of his sullenness, when a most fervent exclamation, in the richest Irish brogue, of "God bless you! ye're a fine woman!" arrested my attention; and on turning round, I saw him looking after me with tears in his eyes. I found, afterwards, it was not sullenness, but astonishment at seeing the trouble I took with D——, which made him look at me in the way he did.

This was a fatiguing time for those who had part of their divisions on the basement, and part above—perhaps bad fever cases in both. I found the running up and down stairs very wearisome; and the constant changing from the warm upper corridor to the exposed cold one below, was very trying; but it was worse for one or two of the ladies, whose wards were

all on the basement-floor, which was excessively rough, and where they were exposed to damp and cold winds. The Misses Le M——, who took the entire charge of the sick nurses, besides doing their own duty in their division, were some of those to whom I allude. This arrangement, however, was soon altered; and the basement flat was wholly occupied by purveyors' stores, store-room, sergeants, wardmasters, orderlies, and convalescents.

The chapel was at this time a large apartment, situated in the angle of corridors D. and E., on the first flat; but it was found necessary to convert it into a ward, being capable of holding nineteen beds, and was consequently cleared for this purpose. It used in former times to be the Turks' store for clothes, uniforms, etc., etc.; and all around the room were large glass cases, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. At the other end of the long corridor, E., was the mosque ward—or, as the men called it, "the *musk* ward." This, apparently, had not been used for some time, for it was full of all sorts of rubbish. It was in my division; and I could not help groaning as I saw troops of Turkish soldiers pacing backwards and forwards, carrying old tents, moth-eaten rugs, poles, cords, and dirty things of all descriptions, leaving my newly-washed corridor in a terrible state. I thought the mosque-ward never

would be cleaned; the filth seemed to have been built and plastered in with it; at last (thanks to the perseverance of Baxter, a civil orderly, who was with me nearly all the time I remained, and whom I found invaluable) it was finished, and a beautiful ward it was. It happened generally to be filled with sergeants, men of nice orderly habits, who took the greatest delight in decorating and keeping it neat.

Towards the end of the month we had a great deal of fever amongst our staff. Several orderlies were exceedingly ill. One had already died of fever, leaving a wife and large family destitute, whose sad case was kindly laid before the public in the *Times*. I must mention, also, that at this early stage coffins were not used for the patients who died, and the civil orderlies clubbed together, and purchased one for poor B——, who seemed to be a favourite among them. Two more nurses were now laid up, one of whom had to be sent home soon after. Mrs. L. J——, one of the ladies, was also seriously unwell; and Miss G—— was threatened with a severe attack of fever, which, I am happy to say, turned out to be of a much milder form than we anticipated: but Mrs. L. J——'s health had suffered so much, that Dr. Gibbon, who attended her, feared she would have to return home. This was a great blow to her, as her heart was very much in

the work; and as long as she was able, she had been most active in her duties: we all regretted the necessity of her return. These two were among the seven ladies who were removed from the first house, and their almost immediate illness shewed those around them the great impropriety of remaining as we then were, in a house utterly unsupplied with provisions, wine, brandy, or other restorative of any kind, in case of sudden illness during the night. This was a most serious thing in a climate where ten minutes sooner or later makes the difference between life and death, and in a place where none dare venture out in the street at night unprotected.

I now took my first walk to the grave of Polycarp and the Genoese fort, accompanied by a friend, who had touched at Smyrna *en route* from Palestine to England. It was a splendid morning as we wended up the steep hill on which "Ismeer" is built, and leaving the last houses of the town behind us, reached, in about a quarter of an hour, what by tradition has received the name of Polycarp's tomb. If it is the tomb of Polycarp, it is also the tomb of some Mahomedan saint, who, notwithstanding the proximity of the Christian martyr, seems to sleep undisturbed in the small enclosure, at one end of which stands the usual Turkish head-stone, a block of white

marble surmounted by a turban; at the other, the fine old solitary cypress, which is seen from far and near. It is, I believe, admitted that Polycarp suffered martyrdom near this spot, though there are many local traditions regarding the manner of his death, widely differing from the well-known ancient and semi-historic record. That most generally believed is that he was torn to pieces by wild beasts; and quite near to this are the evident remains of the amphitheatre, and the vaulted dens in which it is supposed the savage animals were kept. It certainly is not unlikely that about this very spot the martyred body of the saint was buried—at all events, it is venerated as his grave by Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, and Protestants, and many a twig is torn away from the good old cypress as a memento of the "tomb of Polycarp." Strange that it should also be a spot considered sacred by the Turks! A light is kept burning there all night, its faint glimmer marking the martyr's resting-place to those in the vessels resting in the Bay of Smyrna. This cypress, too, is the sacrificial tree; its roots have been watered by the blood of many a victim; and when I was last there, in the middle of November, it had evidently been used the night before, as its trunk was all sprinkled with blood. My friend and I had a Jewish servant with

us, but to him the spot had no tale to tell: he plucked me a sprig of cypress, and gave it to me with an apathetic air of pity and contempt.

We proceeded further up the hill, until we came to the old castle which is on its top. There has been a castle here from time immemorial; one built on the ruins of another. The present ruin is Genoese, and dates from the great days of Genoa. Its predecessor is said to have been begun by Alexander the Great. There are still in the vaults and some other parts vestiges of the temple of Jupiter which once stood there. The Prussian consul at Smyrna, M. S——, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and who is a great antiquarian, told me a curious story of a large statue of Jupiter which was found embedded in the hill some years ago. The Prussian government had afforded him considerable facilities for making excavations at Smyrna and the other Asiatic churches. I believe, though I do not remember perfectly, that it was he who discovered this large statue. He wrote to Berlin about its removal thither; but, in the meantime, a rumour of his excavations had reached the Sultan, who sent an order to Smyrna and other places that all sculptured *heads*, and such-like things, found in his dominions, should be preserved and sent to Constantinople. The pacha thought of this statue

lying on the hill, and said, "It is a heavy, troublesome thing to move; and the Sultan wants *heads;* so we will cut off this head, and send it." He did cut it off, but it was never sent, and somehow or other it found its way into a room belonging to the barracks; while the Prussian consul got the rest of the figure, and sent it off to Berlin. He was afterwards promised the head by the pacha; but before it could be removed, the Turkish governor was succeeded in office by another, who locked it up, nailing the door in case it might be taken away, and the consul heard nothing more about it. It seemed to be lost; but, curious enough, the morning after he told me all this, I was looking out of the window of "my den"—for so we generally called our store-closets at the hospital—when I observed something on the opposite side of the yard which looked like a colossal head. I went across to look at it, and found it was the identical one M. S—— had described to me, with a mark from a gun-shot on one side of the mouth, which disfigured it. It had been turned out of one of the out-houses with other things. I let the consul know, for I thought it a pity the head should not be restored to the body; and as the present pacha had no objection to his having it, and the commandant allowed him to remove it, I dare say it is now at Berlin.

But to return to the castle. There are steps by which you can climb to the top of the walls, which are so thick, you can walk two or three abreast on them. From thence what a magnificent picture is presented to your view! There is the beautiful bay, with its entrance so narrow as to give it the appearance of being surrounded by hills, and mountains of every form and colour, more beautiful than anything you can imagine, *except* a highland loch. Indeed, if here we had some trees scattered over the mountains, and birches weeping over the bay, I am not sure that it would not surpass even these in loveliness, and this is saying little in disparagement of my own dear native land. But, to make up for the want of foliage, there is the sun nearly for ever shining, and clearly revealing the outlines of the mountains, with their ravines and glorious variety of colour, and so brilliant as to make apparent every shadow of each cloud which brooded over them; for in a mountainous country we are saved the monotony of "a beauty for ever unchangingly bright," and where there are mountains there will be clouds.

On the opposite side of the bay is a range of hills, all of them full of classical associations, and at the feet of which, to the right, lies the pretty village of Bournebat, at a distance of about four miles from

Smyrna. To the left, and near the entrance of the bay, is a range of high conical volcanic-looking hills, the principal of which is called the Two Brothers, from its having two peaks; and below you, packed almost as closely as the cells in a honeycomb, stretches the town, part of it seeming to be built in the very sea. And this is not altogether an illusion; for I was told by a resident, that people are now actually buying the sea for building purposes; the reason being, that many storehouses with unsightly piers have been run out, and persons who have property in those quarters do not like such things to throw their houses in the back-ground; consequently, they drive piles, and extend their dwellings into the sea. Of course, every new builder does the same.

On the other side of the castle is the village of Boudja, whose plains are said by some one to be the finest in the world.

There are large vaulted chambers under this castle, said to have been used for holding water, and now the resort of all the *mauvais sujets* of Smyrna.

We returned home by the Hill of Cemeteries, as it may be called; for on your right hand, as you return, is a Turkish cemetery, with its invariable grove of cypress, and its turbaned, fezzed, and coloured head-stones; the latter marking the resting-place of the

women, who have no turban or fez on their tombs, but generally a rude flower or device, gaudily coloured and gilt. To the left, on the top of the hill, is the British soldiers' burying-ground. Here lay about one hundred of our poor countrymen, who had fallen victims to the ravages of war and the miseries of a winter in the Crimea—lacking food, clothing, and every other necessary of life. It was an open, unenclosed spot; but the boundaries have since been marked out, and it is now walled round. The ground cannot be dug to any great depth, owing, I suppose, to there being rock close to the surface; and it was thought proper to put quick-lime in with each body, to hasten decomposition, for fear the numerous jackalls should tear up the graves at night. The Jewish burying-ground is just under the soldiers', extending up and down over the hill, and at the bottom of which is a path leading nearly to the Lazaretto. Here are marble slabs scattered about in profusion, with Hebrew inscriptions and signs to indicate the occupations of the deceased; some have scrolls, some books, others compasses, scissors, chairs, and the curiously-shaped ink-stand still used by the scribes, and an infinity of symbols. Here we sat and looked on as lovely a scene as ever met my view. There was the bay, blue and

calm, save a slight ripple glittering in the sun, as if it had a net-work of gold over it. On its bosom, lay many a gallant ship, while gay caïques and grotesquely-shaped sailing boats glided to and fro; the picturesque and many-coloured dresses of the boatmen adding much to the effect, while, on the opposite side, the magnificent mountains were draped in fleecy clouds, some lying detached and half way down their sides, an appearance which brought my own beautiful Scotland strongly to my remembrance. During the time my friend remained, I had great part of the day to myself, as I had not been well; indeed, although only two ladies were at this time absolutely invalided, many complained of want of appetite and languor, which being the general precursors of fever, made us rather anxious, and the doctor recommended our being as much in the open air as we could consistently with our duties. At this time I made acquaintance, through my friend, with the American missionaries, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Ladd, the former sent to the Jews, the latter to the Armenians. They have both been at Smyrna many years, but have not been able to effect much, especially among the Jews, who are willing enough that their children should go to school for secular instruction, but are dreadful persecutors if any of them become touched by the

truths of Christianity. Mr. Parsons told me of an instance, which had happened a short time previously in his school; a young man through examination of the scriptures, had become a convert to the Christian faith. His father was furious when he found it out, by his refusal to join in some of their ceremonies, and appealed to the French consul; I suppose most of the poor Jews place themselves under the protection of some foreign consul, for this land of their adoption does not treat them kindly. The consul settled the matter by seizing the youth, and clapping him into the Roman Catholic Propaganda there, where he remained for some time. At last he contrived to effect his escape, and was then pursuing his trade as a shoemaker at Constantinople, where he was doing very well. I believe, of all the Eastern people the Armenians are the least bigoted, and have the most enquiring minds; this is not saying much, perhaps, but Mr. Ladd had a small congregation of Armenians, who seemed to be steady and consistent. I have to thank the American missionaries for much kindness, during my stay in Smyrna; and I regret since to learn they have both left, the one from ill health, the other because the Jewish mission has been given up. But my holiday was drawing to a close, an arrival of sick was daily expected, and my friend

must leave, which caused me a feeling of dreariness and want of protection—only to be understood by those who are strangers among strangers, in a strange land, when they part from anyone they have known, however slightly, at home. Thus are we ever apt to forget our Great unfailing Friend and Protector, who, in all countries and at all times, is near and never changes, and to cling to some poor fellow-creature, weak and unstable as ourselves. We were all nearly total strangers to each other however, and many of us had never before left home, or been separated from our friends; thus excuse may, perhaps, be made for the feeling of dismay which sometimes seized us, at finding ourselves almost in a public position, accountable for our actions, and at the mercy of utter strangers, who could not be supposed or expected to look on any of our faults or short-comings with the lenient eyes of relations, or old friends.

We had now a fresh arrival of ninety-five sick from the camp, and expected more; many of these men at the time had fever, or took it immediately on their arrival, but most were convalescents. Our first house was nearly deserted, it was found, before seven of us removed to the other, that the real cause of all the foul atmosphere, was that a "Chamber of Horrors" extending along one side of the house, and into which

ran all its drains, had never been emptied or cleansed in any way, I suppose, in the memory of the oldest Turk; and the only outlet for all its bad vapours was into the passages and opposite rooms. As soon as this was discovered, all the ladies who were able moved up to the Turkish hospital, where the medical men lived, with the exception of Miss A——, who was not yet sufficiently recovered to be moved, and she with Miss P—— and Miss K—— still remained in that part of the house which was out of reach of the bad air. Some of the medical men kindly volunteered their quarters to the ladies, and bestowed themselves elsewhere until a suitable house could be found to contain all our number. After trying in every direction, it was declared impossible to procure one; the only large building in the neighbourhood having been totally unoccupied and neglected since Abd-el-Kader had resided there, and it would have taken more money than it was worth to make it habitable. Dr. Meyer, who it seems had not been informed of the state of our house, up to this time, now decided that some of the doctors should vacate their present quarters, where they had all lived and messed together since their arrival, and provide themselves with lodgings as they best could, and thus leave room enough for our party; this they did, and we, all but Miss A——,

who was removed to Dr. Meyer's house in the Frank quarter for change of air, went to live in what had been the Turkish hospital, and is now again converted into one for the Swiss Legion. It was a great mistake that our Superintendent had not preceded us to make suitable preparations: this would have saved much discomfort and misunderstanding, for we were all under the impression that he knew and did not care how we were placed. On our arrival we had been told that General Storks had received such vague instructions about us, he did not know whether we were to be provided with furniture, or to provide ourselves, or, in fact, anything about us; and it was also reported to us that the Purveyor had said, when applied to for the requisite articles of furniture, "These women came out to put up with anything, let them put up with barrack fare; and if there is not a house for them, let them live in tents"; or words to that effect—a speech, which on further acquaintance with him, I cannot believe he made. It will be excusable, under such circumstances, if we thought ourselves ill-used, not that we should not have been, if necessary, quite willing to live in tents, and have "barrack fare," but we felt the unkind spirit with which we appeared to be received, and which dictated the speeches repeated to us. An order, too, had

come out, which, from some mistake in the wording, seemed to prohibit us from even reading the Bible to the patients. This caused unpleasantness among us, many declaring they would return home if such was to be the case; for although we had as yet little leisure to attend to aught else than the bodily wants of the soldiers, the idea of being prohibited reading the Bible to them, seemed an act hardly short of heathenism and tyranny. We soon found out, however, that the order had been issued in consequence of the Roman Catholic priest's complaining that the ladies had been trying to proselytize some of his people; this he had done from seeing by their bed-side tracts issued by the "Evangelical Alliance Society," of which there were many in the library. I am not aware of any other means being used. I know that my religious teaching had been then very small; I merely gave the men Bibles and asked them to read every day. On one occcasion, I remember, that the men had complained to me of the bad quality and quantity of their food. When I went next day, to see if all was right, on their reply, that "everything was excellent," I said, "Well, I hope you have recollected to thank God." Poor fellows! they all looked like a parcel of schoolboys at fault; I made no other remark, but went away, leaving them to their own re-

flections. The distribution of these Evangelical Alliance tracts to the Roman Catholic patients, caused a remonstrance from the successor of the first priest, who came to Mr. Windsor, our chaplain, to complain, though very kindly, saying, "I cannot think what these people are, they neither belong to you nor to me, the only things I can compare them to are a sort of spiritual Bashi-b'zouks!" On this being repeated to me, I begged leave to remark, that, "I did not belong to either of their reverences, and yet, was as much a member of the spiritual constitution as the one, and considerably more than the other." It is a matter of great indifference to me, personally, whether I go to the Episcopal or Presbyterian church; for some things I prefer the one, for some, the other; but it did seem curious, that while a Roman Catholic priest, as well as an Episcopalian chaplain was attached to all the hospitals, there should not also be a Presbyterian minister. It is the established church of Scotland; and, to many of the men the want of their own communion is a matter of anything but indifference. Shortly after my arrival, some of them asked me, with great seriousness, "if I thought they committed sin by attending the Episcopal service." As to proselytizing, it was a thing I never attempted; it is not by telling people

they are in darkness, that you can make them see: but we were not prohibited from reading the Bible to Protestants, their different denominations being marked on their diet boards; sometimes the poor fellows hardly seemed to know what they were, when asked the question, "Are you a Roman Catholic or a Protestant?" a question which was only put to prevent confusion or inadvertent interference.

One man, W——, insisted, when he was asked, on being put down a "Methodee"; when the chaplain explained to him that there was no necessity for stating to what sect he belonged, he pertinaciously said, "But I am a Methodee, and I 'll be put down a Methodee."

Poor W—— was in the last stage of consumption, when he was brought into the hospital. He died some days after. His death was a most painful scene: the ladies, seeing how rapidly he was sinking, sent for the chaplain, on Mr. W—— asking him "if he knew where to place his hope of salvation," he answered, "No." "What," said he, in horror, "have you never heard of Jesus Christ?" "No, how should I hear of 'un, I was always brought up to hard work." "Where did you live?" "At Reading, in Berkshire." "But, poor man, did you never go to church?" "Yes! I used to go in the after-

noon times." "And did you never hear of Jesus Christ there?" "No! I don't know anything about 'un!" "Do you know that you are a sinner?" "No, I don't know as I am!" Mr. W—— tried to explain his state and its remedy to him; and when asked if he could see it, he said, "Yes," in an apathetic kind of way.

He had some money lodged in the Purveyor's hands; and on being told, in all probability he would not live long, Mr. W—— enquired to whom he wished to leave it; to his father and mother, he replied, but seemed most unwilling to part with it; looking up eagerly with his large sunken eyes, and saying, "But s'posin I do n't die, they on't get it then, will they? If I do n't die, I wants it myself."

He seemed calmed and soothed, when Mr. W—— prayed with him; but he made no sign to show that any light had entered his mind.

Miss B——, one of the ladies who had care of him, was reading the Bible to him just before he died; seeing that he was in a state of insensibility, she said, "It is no use reading any more, he cannot hear." "But I can, ma'am," said H——, a fellow-patient who occupied the next bed to poor W——, and whose attention to him since he came, was something wonderful; he had a complaint which did not

confine him to bed, nor incapacitate him from getting up in the night—which he did sometimes as often as fourteen times to attend on W——. H—— seemed deeply affected by the sad scene, and was to be found afterwards constantly reading his Bible, for which he appeared to care little before, indeed, all the men in the same ward, seemed much struck and solemnized by poor W——'s death.

Dr. Martin, at the time of the fresh arrival of the sick, was seriously ill; and, on getting a little better, was ordered change of air: he accordingly went up to the camp. He had hardly gone, when another physician, Dr. W——, was seized with fever, and for some time was in great danger, though he ultimately recovered, I am happy to say. Then one of the surgeons, Mr. H——, was suddenly and alarmingly attacked with cholera. He and three others occupied a small house by themselves; and on one of them, Dr. M——, happening to be called away to Bournabat, to visit a patient there, the third, Dr. R——, being orderly-officer of the day and night, Mr. H—— was, consequently, alone; and on Dr. R—— returning in the early morning, he found him almost pulseless: a most providential thing, his coming at the time—a little longer, and it would have been too late. Mr. H—— recovered from this attack, but

he imprudently went to an evening pic-nic, which brought on a relapse, followed by such a severe illness, that none, either of doctors or nurses, had the slightest hope of his recovery. After long hovering between life and death—the prayers of the church being offered up, and the chaplain having administered the Holy Communion to him—he was mercifully spared to embark for England after four months' suffering: and is now, I am happy to hear, quite well. During his illness, he was attended with the most unwearying kindness and attention by Dr. Martin, and others of the party. Miss O—— was also very unwell at this time. We feared fever; but it was taken in time, and averted.

CHAPTER V.

The Turkish Hospital—Mr. M'Leod's Illness—His Notion of Ladies' Help—Our Usefulness, and Influence over the Patients—Insubordination of the Nurses—The Character of our Dress—Rules and Regulations of the Hospital—The "Petting Process"—Jealousy among the Patients—Recovery of a Fever Patient—Morbid Appetite—Consequences of Fever.—Final Recovery of D——.

After being settled in our new quarters for a little while, we liked them very much indeed. The Turkish hospital, which, though small for that purpose, was large for a house, was built in the form of an oblong square, with a court in the centre. It contained, I think, twenty-eight rooms in all, ten of which were given up to us—one being used for a kitchen, and another for a servants' room.

After our agreement with Mr. Meil had ended (on the 1st of July), we had a cook and man-servant from among the orderlies, and a Greek girl, with one of the nurses, to live with us, and do the house-work. On the nurses first being asked, if they would come and work for us, they all refused, with the exception

of Mrs. Gunning and Mrs. Butler; saying, "they came out as nurses, not to do house-work." A little afterwards, many of them were glad when it was their turn to come, as it was thought a good thing for them to change, and not to remain always in the hospital.

We took possession of our new quarters on the 23rd of May. Our first house was taken by three of the medical men, and the lower rooms abandoned—the one which Miss O——, Miss E——, Miss S——, and I had occupied, being pronounced unfit for use. Our second house was taken by four; and another close by, by three more: while ten still retained their old rooms at the Turkish hospital. Mr. M'Leod was seized with fever almost immediately after; and, though he had not a very severe attack, still he was much weakened, and ordered away for change of air. He was head-surgeon of my division; and I much regretted his absence, and missed his prompt and business-like manner of proceeding.

I had frequently heard, from many of the doctors, that they did not, at first, at all like the idea of ladies being employed at the hospital. They thought we should be a mere useless encumbrance, and always in the way. I had been told, that Mr. M'Leod, in particular, was of this opinion; so the following little

incident, though it tells rather against myself, pleased me considerably at the time.

I had been persuaded one day, in the end of May, to be of a party who were going by water to the Two Brothers; and I was by no means inclined for the trip, not feeling very well; but my objections were over-ruled. I had little to do just then in my division, and a friend promised to attend to my duties in my absence. It was a broiling day. I wonder we had not all sun-strokes. The wind, too, was contrary; and we were for hours exposed, without even an awning, to almost a tropical sun. One of our party, who rowed the boat, was next day a complete mass of blisters; but, with the exception of a headache or two, that was the only ill effect produced by our excursion.

The following day, when I went to inquire for Mr. M'Leod, who was still suffering from fever, he accosted me very gravely with—"Miss ——, I was just going to write to you, to say how wrong it was of you to leave our division all day. I dressed, and went there in the afternoon, and found it in such a state of anarchy and confusion, I could scarcely recognise it as my own." This and a good deal more he said about the inefficiency of delegated authority. I heard him to the end without remark, and then said,

quietly, "Oh! then you do think us ladies of some use?" He did not, for the moment, see my drift; but answered, "Of course, I think you are of the greatest use." He then saw my object in asking the question, and seemed amused; but did not retract or modify what he had said: and I am glad to think that the opinion (at least, as far as I know) of all the medical men was the same, after we had been a short time there, whatever their previous ideas might have been. This I have heard confirmed by Sir John Forbes, since my return; and the unanimity of this feeling will be found expressed in the first Report of the Smyrna Hospital-Board.

And I believe we *were* of use. Not in the way many people had a vague idea of at first—*i. e.* that we were to be constantly going about with a pocket-ful of lint and plaister, and a case of surgical instruments, perpetually dressing wounds (and I confess that I had a faint vision of this kind myself, before I went to Smyrna)—but in seeing the doctors' orders carried out with discretion, in the spirit as well as the letter—that nothing was done out of time, over-done, or neglected—in keeping systematic regularity—and, above all, in exercising a marvellous moral influence over the soldiers. That nurses, people from their own class, should be sent out to attend to them,

seemed natural enough; but that "*ladies—real ladies*," as they used to say, should "really" come to see that they were taken good care of, filled them with surprise; and (for we are all more or less influenced by these things) the more external indications of our position were kept up, the more influence we had with them; not that they were by any means slow to detect the counterfeit from the reality under any disguise; on the contrary, they were remarkably acute, and anything like a noisy and boisterous manner lost ground with them at once, but treating them quietly and kindly never failed to produce the most unhesitating and cheerful obedience. Just at the very commencement, before they understood the distinction between the ladies and nurses, a few of the men, having no doubt been assured of our equality by some of the nurses, might not have shewn that deference and respect they afterwards did; but that was an evil which soon remedied itself: the real mischief of the equality system being done, as I have before said, to the nurses, who felt themselves aggrieved at being displaced from their fancied position of "ladies"! This position, *in fact*, they never occupied; but the seeds of discontent and dissatisfaction were sown by their being told that we went out on the same footing; and their insolent bearing made it

impossible for us to be of that help to them which we otherwise might have been. It generated, also, a system of slander and evil-speaking, which attacked every one; no one was safe or exempt from it: it was first used towards us, then towards each other, in so frightful a way, that, as Miss L. M—— said, "they seemed utterly to have lost all moral sense." They told such horrible stories of each other, often found, on investigation, not to have the slightest shadow of truth in them. One of them, a Scotchwoman, of whom some ridiculously absurd and at the same time wicked story had been propagated and repeated, went up to an official, and said, seizing him by the shoulder, "Noo ye'll tell Dr. Meyer, if he does na see me richted, I'll jist gae off at ance to the British counsel (qy., consul) at Smyrna, and get justice." In these remarks, I must not be understood to include *all* the nurses; for some of them were sensible women, who worked well, and strengthened our hands in every way they could.

Besides causing confusion in the hospital, our similarity of dress made it often unpleasant for us outside. Many of the nurses, on their days for going out, used to walk into Smyrna, and behave in an unbecoming manner. Of course, the inhabitants could not be expected to make any distinctions in a body of people

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apparently on an equality, and the conduct of part reflected discredit on the whole; so that Dr. Meyer was obliged to prohibit their going out, except under the care of the matron.

Soon after our arrival, as a slight mark of distinction, we left off the badge (by order of the lady-superintendent), which was a strip of brown holland, edged with red, and "Smyrna Hospital" embroidered on it in the same colour. This was worn across the breast. The nurses still continued it. But in our dresses we adhered to the original regulations, in taking care to purchase whatever we required of the same shade, and never going to the hospital, or, indeed, into Smyrna, in any other colour than grey or lilac. In summer we nearly all wore leghorn hats while walking in the Turkish quarter or in the country, but put them off when we went to the Frank-street, as they were not worn by the European residents of the place. These hats we found of the greatest comfort in coming and going from the hospital to our quarters, as it was along a road where there was not a particle of shade. We had the crowns of them covered with white muslin, which prevented the sun striking on the head, and the broad brims made a nice shade for our faces. The bonnets at present worn are intolerable in a hot climate; and

here, in the summer months, the thermometer ranged from ninety-eight to one hundred in the shade: indeed, for that matter, I think any bonnet most uncomfortable which keeps the back of the head and ears close and hot, just where it is pleasant to have air, and exposes the face completely to the sun.

I shall now give the rules and regulations for ladies, and nurses, to shew the nature of our work; premising, however, that these were subject to variations, according as the medical men in each division chose. Those I give were, I believe, pretty generally adopted, and were first made by Mr. M'Leod; but each head M.D. or surgeon had the power of making any rules in his own division that did not interfere with the primary ones of the hospital. But the following were, I think, those observed by all, or nearly so, until the breaking-up of the establishment, with this difference, that while at first the hospital had eight divisions, with three physicians or surgeons in each, two ladies, two nurses, one ward-master, and one orderly, to every ten or twelve beds in each—there were latterly only four divisions, three physicians or surgeons, one lady, three nurses, one ward-master, and the same number of orderlies as before, in each; and the ward-masters had the charge of the linen, and took the

diet and extra boards under our supervision. I also subjoin a list of the extras.

"All ladies and nurses throughout the establishment, act under the orders of the medical superintendent, communicated by the lady superintendent.

"CHIEF SISTER OF THE DIVISION.—The chief sister of the division has the immediate charge of the wards and corridors to which she is appointed; and the superintendence of the sisters and nurses, ward-master and male attendants attached thereto.

"She is responsible for the bedding, linen, dresses, and utensils, as well as necessaries of every description, issued for the division under her superintendence; and she will take care that no part of them are damaged or misplaced. She is to report losses or damages, as soon as she shall discover them, to the lady superintendent, who will acquaint the resident medical officer.

"It is her duty to visit each ward frequently in the course of the day—to see that the regulations are strictly adhered to—that the male attendants and nurses do their duty, and attend to the wants of the sick; reporting immediately any instance of negligence or misconduct that may occur, to the lady superintendent if it regard nurses, or to the resident

medical officer if it regard the ward-master and male attendants.

"In case of sudden change in the state of a patient in her division, she will send immediately for the medical officer in charge of the patient, if he be present at the hospital—if not, for the medical officer on duty.

"She will see that the regular meals of patients are served at the stated hours—that the just proportion be allotted to each man—that the *wine* and extras are distributed as directed by the medical officers—and that the male attendants wash and put away the utensils after every meal.

"She will take care that the beds and linen of patients are changed as often as the regulations prescribe, or as special cases may demand.

"She is to enforce the utmost cleanliness in the wards—to SEE the floors swept every morning, and after every meal—that they are washed and scoured as often as circumstances may require, and dry-rubbed; that foul linen or clothes of any description are not permitted to remain in the wards.

"N.B. As far as cleaning is done by the contractor, she will see that it is done sufficiently, and finished before the morning visit. In case of any irregularities occurring, she will report to the lady superin-

tendent, who will acquaint the resident medical officer.

"Between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, she will deliver to the resident medical officer a return of the articles required in her division.

"She has under her charge a storeroom for extras, out of which she will issue extras to patients of her division, according to the orders of the medical men in charge of their patients. But she will, on no account whatever, give anything out of this storeroom to any person, except on a written order signed by one of the medical staff of her division.

"*On bed head-tickets.*—She will keep an accurate account of these extras given out daily, which will daily be examined by the senior medical officer of the division, at his morning visit, and signed if found correct.

"She will be in attendance from eight A.M. till five P.M. If she leave the hospital during that time, the second sister will take her place.

"Perhaps a permanent arrangement could be made, so that each sister might be able to absent herself for some hours in the course of the afternoon, every alternate day.

"SECOND SISTER.—The second sister assists the chief sister of the division in the performance of her duties.

"She takes her place in case of absence.

"At present she will take a portion of patients, to administer medicine and drinks to them.

"NURSES.—The nurses are under the superintendence of the chief sisters of their respective divisions.

"They are to be on duty from six A.M. to half-past eight P.M. Such arrangements being made for the intervals of meal-time, as may seem hereafter most suitable.

"They are to obey the orders of the medical officer under whose direction they act, in dressing the wounds of patients, or caring for them in any other way which may be deemed necessary.

"They are to administer at certain intervals, to be regulated by the respective medical officers, medicine, *wine*, drinks, etc., to the patients placed under their more immediate care; and they will watch carefully the state of each patient, reporting sudden changes at once to the chief sister, or in her absence to the medical officers on duty.

"They will be allowed, each of them in turn, and for a given time, to absent themselves from duty—first obtaining permission from the senior medical officer of their division.

"They are to take night duty when called upon to do so.

"EXTRAS.

"SOUPS AND FISH.—Beef-tea, 1lb. solid beef to the pint, to be ordered by the pint; veal-broth, 1lb. to the pint, ditto; chicken-broth, a half fowl to the pint, ditto; fish, in portions of eight ounces.

"BREAD, by the half-pound.

"SAGO, ARROWROOT, RICE, by the ounce.

"MILK, by the half-pint or pint.

"PUDDINGS.—3 oz. rice, 2 oz. sago, or 8 oz. bread; 1 oz. sugar, half a pint of milk, 1 egg; ginger or cinnamon, a few grains.

"JELLY, best made by the lady-nurse; special requisitions to be made for the requisite materials.

"MEAT.—Steaks or chops; fowls by the half fowl.

"WINES, ETC.—Port wine, Marsala, Hollands, brandy, by the ounce; porter by the pint; country wines by the half-pint.

"FRUIT.—Apples, oranges, lemons, and other fruits when in season; but only to be ordered as a means of treating disease.

"DRINKS.—Lemonade, orangeade, barley-water, gruel, by the pint.

"No extras are to be ordered except those included in the above list. Any medical officer wishing to

have any addition made to the extras authorised, is requested to make written application to the medical superintendent.

(Signed), "JOHN MEYER, M.S.

"28/6/55."

Besides the rules I have given, there was another occupation which the doctors used to say we undertook with great delight, and always called the "petting process." This was when a poor fellow, either recovering from fever, or having been long invalided, from whatever cause, appeared utterly to loathe and reject the ordinary hospital diet-roll food. Then the doctors would say to us, "This or that man may have such things prepared for him in any way you please, so that you can tempt him to eat." Sometimes it was, "You may give this or that man anything you please that he will take;" and it was curious to see how often a small pudding made in a cup, though of exactly the same ingredients as those made in the kitchen, with, perhaps, the addition of a slight flavour of nutmeg, lemon, or cinnamon, was eaten with avidity by a poor man whose stomach utterly rejected the daily square *tin*ful of pudding which fell to his share; not that these puddings were not very

good; but the men were often reduced to such a state of weakness, that their appearance and consistence created in them an utter nausea. Dr. Meyer had a great objection to the ladies making "pets" of particular men; and, indeed, I am sure it would have had a very bad effect; for I saw, in the most trifling matters, they were particularly jealous if one received the smallest attention which the other did not. I do not think the system was at all pursued by any of us; though, of course, *some* cases necessarily demanded much more care and attention than others; and in such emergencies the others showed no feeling of the kind, but would generally endeavour to contribute to each other's comforts, even at some self-sacrifice, and I do not think the feelings of envy and jealousy existed then at all. For instance, I must plead guilty to having given, perhaps, more than his share of my attention to poor D——, whom I have previously mentioned as having made such a wonderful recovery from fever, heard them say to each other as I came into the ward, "Ah, here comes Miss ——; Jim won't be long without something good now;" but this was said without the slightest bad feeling.

Poor D——! I was delighted at his recovery after his case had been pronounced quite hopeless; and to take down my feelings of triumph, Mr. Mac Donnel,

the surgeon in whose ward he was, and who attended him throughout with exceeding kindness, often assured me gravely, "that it was owing to my neglect a bed-sore had come on." Now, though I do not believe I could have prevented it—for in this fever, patients are so utterly prostrated, that though they may have their position frequently changed, they always slip down again, and lie on their back—still I had an uncomfortable sort of feeling about it, and probably was doubly attentive on that account. When he was recovering, his appetite became ravenous; but although Mr. Mac Donnel put him on half-diet, as altogether best suited to him, he used to beg me to see that D—— did not eat *all* his allowance of meat, for he was still very weak, and a relapse would in all probability be fatal. This was rather a hard task for me, for poor D—— used to look *so* pitifully and hungrily at me as I took away lumps of sinewy-looking meat from him. I explained to him why it was necessary, and charged him that if I was not on the spot at the moment his dinner was given him, he would only eat half of it. He gave a kind of assent. Next day I was kept in another ward rather longer than I expected; and on my going to D——, I found him tearing voraciously at his food, literally gulping it down whole, in case I should come. He had an

unanswerable argument to offer to my remonstrances: he was hungry; and though very obedient in most things, he would not give up his plate to the orderly, saying, "he was on half-diet, and half he should have." He did not, however, hold out against me to my face; but next day he thought he would also "steal a march upon me," and was beginning to eat with nearly the voracity of a wild beast, when a laugh from the other men arrested his attention, and turning towards the direction of their eyes, he saw me looking in at the window of the corridor near his bed, and which commanded a full view of his proceedings.

Poor D——! he seemed a great favourite with his comrades, and rather a privileged person among them. Often have I gone to the division of a friend, next to mine, who made excellent jelly, and frequently supplied the members of the staff when they were ill, to abstract a calf's foot or two, and sometimes even a cup of jelly for him, to make up for the tough and sinewy meat I deprived him of; for he was allowed these things, although they were not ordered, as they were not absolutely required.

One other little story I shall relate of D——, to shew the state patients are often in after fever, and then leave him. One morning, when he was out of

immediate danger, I went into his ward, which was on the basement floor; and the moment I entered, D——, who at this time evidently did not understand who I was, but followed me about with his eyes with a kind of wondering and inquiring stare, looked full at me, and in a loud voice gave utterance to a string of horrible oaths! I was thunderstruck, and so were the men. They looked from one to another, saying, "Why, Ma'am, I never heard Jim swear before; he is the quietest fellow that ever lived": and then to him, "Why, Jim, do you know what you're about, man?" Jim, however, made no sign, but lay there calm and taciturn as ever; for he spoke very little, never saying more when one was doing anything for him than "That's nice!" He afterwards told me, however, that he had been expecting me that morning as usual, not in the least knowing or understanding who or what I was; and I being rather behind my time, he got excited, and his hearing peculiarly sharpened. Just as I came to the ward, he had heard the oaths he repeated used by some one outside, and could not resist shouting them out as he had done.

For a long time he hovered between life and death, but at last recovered. He was ever eager to return to the camp, and I, to cheer him, used to say,

"You'll be at the taking of Sebastopol yet, D——." He left us, and reached the Crimea just *before* it was taken; but as he was not sent back to us, I know not the fate of poor D——. Few things would give me greater pleasure than to hear of his well-being.

CHAPTER VI.

Apportioning the Food—Tough Meat—The making of Soup—Inferiority of the Milk—Charge of pampering the Patients—A Frost-Bitten Patient—The "Greedy Boy"—A Hospital Émeute—Extra Allowances—The "Musk Ward"—Pots of Basil—Rug-Making—A Rug retained by the Queen—Our Library—Popular Reading—Newspaper and Post Day—Soldiers' Love of Tobacco—Impossible to prevent Smoking—Greek Duplicity—Greek Laziness—Usefulness of Convalescents—Alteration of Diet—Dislike of Patients to leave—Shamming Lameness—A Poetical Patient—Recognition of our Services.

We always saw the men's dinner divided by the orderlies under the direction of the ward-masters. Sometimes there was a good deal of disputing and discontent over this operation; and many a plate used to be brought up to us, the owner of which, with a rueful countenance, would request us to look how ill he had been treated. In truth, it was no easy matter sometimes to do justice to all with the Smyrna beef and mutton: neither are good—the former, generally, decidedly the reverse. I do not know whether it was from not being killed at the proper age, or from

the bad quality of the food; but at first, when they made the usual allowance for the decrease of weight in cooking, they found they had hardly half the quantity they ought to have had, and that the meat was shrivelled almost to nothing. After trying this often enough to establish the fact, a much larger allowance of fresh meat was made, which produced about the required quantity when cooked. But though the quantity was arranged satisfactorily, the quality was frequently very indifferent; indeed, I think almost the only way that Eastern beef is edible is, when boiled to rags, in the French fashion. The mutton is better; but the fat is all concentrated in the tail, which is large, broad, and flat, not like the tails of our sheep. At first I used to think them very ugly; but so soon does one get accustomed to what they are in the habit of seeing, that in coming by rail from Liverpool to London, and first again seeing our home sheep, I thought them odd and bare-looking with their small short tails. The natives beat up the fat of their sheep's tails, which is very delicate, into a kind of butter, which they put into skins, and eat with bread, I believe.

Fish, if a regular supply could have been depended upon, would have been a valuable addition to the hospital diet; but it could not be calculated on.

Sometimes the Greeks could not go out; but oftener they would not, unless driven by actual want.

Potatoes are scarcely grown at all at Smyrna, and our supply was not very good, and chiefly got at Malta, I believe. These, with a little green stuff which was put into the soup, were the only vegetables used in the diets. I sometimes thought it a pity that others, such as *kolokythias,* or vegetable-marrow, and many other kinds, which were both plentiful and cheap there, were not introduced into the food, especially as there was much scurvy and scorbutic affection among the men.

The soup used to be a fertile subject of complaint, too. It was generally made after the fashion of Scotch mutton-broth, with a few leeks and other vegetables in it; and came up in large tin cans, with a spout—and being poured out, the thin part, of course, came first, leaving all the barley, etc., at the bottom; and as there were few of them so accommodating as Jack Sprat and his wife, there was some trouble in giving general satisfaction. I mention these little difficulties; but it must not be thought we had not the power and will to remedy them: and if I persisted in using the tin cans I have mentioned for soup, when I had others of different shape, even though they were the orthodox government

soup-cans, I should have got very small credit. If a thing did not work well which came under our jurisdiction, we altered it; if it did not succeed then, we appealed to the higher powers. And here I may add, that a great excellence in Dr. Meyer's administration was, that as soon as an abuse or mistake in a system was fairly represented to him, he instantly set about reforming or correcting it. Few things had to be complained of twice, if at all in his power to set them right.

The worst article we had was milk; and this was beyond Dr. Meyer's power to remedy. Cow's milk is almost unknown in the East. During the time I was there, I hardly saw a milch cow; they seem to keep them only for eating, and kill them almost before they are out of their calfhood; which, I suppose, is the cause of the badness and toughness of the beef. The natives say they cannot keep cows, owing to the long drought in summer, and the want of grass; but if they used the unfailing and plentiful supply of water they have, they might make up for this, by rearing a quantity of other succulent vegetables, which would answer the purpose equally well. But as it is, the milk, when required in any quantity, is sure to be bad. What is generally used, is goat's milk; and this I have sometimes tasted remarkably good, when the goats were well kept. To make up

such a large supply as we required at the hospital, they used to mix sheep's, goat's, and, I am told, even ass's milk together; and this mixture, though heated on the fire as soon as it was milked, did not in summer keep for an hour. This was a great drawback and discomfort, as it was an article much called for in the diets, and one for which there could be no proper substitute found.

As for anything else, we really had no complaints to make. The bread was good, generally speaking; and although the beef and mutton and poultry were not of the finest quality, still they were sound and fresh, and when well cooked were very edible, though not of a nature to tempt sick appetites. Often have I seen plates of half-diet sent away untouched, by poor fellows who would have gone without anything if we had not been there, with our small supplementary stores, to devise something they could take. I know it is the custom, sometimes even among the doctors, to say and think that the men pretended they could not eat, on purpose to be pampered by us. That there may have been instances of the kind, I admit; but I am sure that in general it was not so. Many of those who came to us, although not suffering from actual disease, were so weakened and depressed from what they had previously gone through, that I have

frequently seen them turn from the daintiest morsels with loathing, and am convinced they could not take the ordinary food; and that it was by constant attention, and being induced, from time to time, to take food in very small quantities, so as not to sicken or disgust them, that they were able to struggle against the debility and hopeless sort of languor which oppressed them. Others had voracious appetites; and I often could hardly help being amused, when the surgeons, for the purpose of operating, bringing down inflammation, or some other cause, reduced a man's diet, who, with the exception of a bruise or wound, was in perfect health—to see him come with his plate, holding it up for inspection, and with an air of contemptuous misery exclaim, "What sort of a dinner is that for a man?"

One youth of nineteen, who was suffering from bad frost-bites, was excessively voracious, and ate like a wolf. He had such a quantity of food allowed him, that one day, when there was an egg short in the extras, Miss S——, the lady of the division, thought he could spare it better than any other; upon which he made a terrible moan, and said he was "starved." Mr. Goolden, the resident medical officer, happening to pass through at the time, she requested him to come to her assistance, as the store

was shut, and she could get no more just then; upon which he went up to the "greedy boy" (for such was his *nom de guerre*—a name which seemed rather to amuse than displease him, he doubtless feeling its appropriateness), and on examining his diet-board, found his daily allowance of solid food was four pounds, besides porter, soup, tea, and oranges. He used also to hunt after certain perquisites of the store-room, such as the dried shreds of beef remaining from beef-tea, squeezed lemons, etc., etc.; indeed, had such been allowed, nothing would have come amiss to him

The poor "greedy boy" had many good qualities, however. He was very industrious, and anxious to help the lady by hemming towels, cleaning knives, copying pictures, and he made her a chopping-board. When able to hobble about on crutches, he would limp up to the store-closet door, offering to help her —whether with the view of adding to his daily four pounds or not, is not known; but certain it is, that when anything edible was being made, he was always sure to be in the way; *his* head generally presenting itself the first thing on opening, with a "I would like some of that." He had the bones taken out of his great toes; and on Mr. Spencer Wells telling him, he was going to remove one, he said, "Will it hurt much?" in a piteous voice. "No," said Mr. W.;

upon which he quickly added, "Will they give me fourpence a day for it?" He was exceedingly anxious to possess the bones; and on Mr. W. asking him why, he replied, "I wants to send 'um home to my mother; won't she prize 'um?" Mr. W. forgot to leave them with him; and he never ceased teasing Miss S——, saying, "Missis, will ye ask the doctor for them bones; he've forgot to give 'um to me?" He at last did get the bones, which were duly transmitted to his mother.

There was a terrible *émeute* in the hospital about the bread at one time. The men on half and full diet complained they had not enough; and the medical men, on inspection, thought they might all have half-a-pound more a-piece, and accordingly ordered that quantity in the diets. Next day there was a frightful uproar at tea-time: no extra bread had come up from the store, and the ward-master informed them there was no more to come—the purveyor declaring the men had had their full allowance, and the men assuring us they had no extra bread. At last the mystery was unravelled. It had been the custom, when only a few were on extra bread, to send it up at a separate time from the usual supply; but as this was a general order for half-a-pound more, it had all been sent up in the morning, and the poor fellows ate what they used to have for the whole day,

as well as half-a-pound extra, at their breakfast and dinner, without being at all aware of it—building on the expected extra half-pound "the doctor" had ordered for them, for their tea. This, however, was not the universal state of things: many a time have we seen loaf after loaf go away untouched by poor sufferers, who seemed to care little whether they ever saw food or not.

In case of short weight or measure, or bad quality of the food, we sent to request the orderly officer for the day, who was always in the building, to come to the division: if he was satisfied of the justness of the complaint, he gave an order on the purveyor's store, or cook-house, which was instantly attended to. The assistant medical men and surgeons were orderly officers in turn, and remained both day and night in the hospital.

Their different meals and the variety in their diets were, of course, of primary importance to the invalids, who, either confined all day to bed, or else to the wards or corridors, felt the dull monotony of their life severely; and I believe one great advantage of our being there was, that we could employ them in performing little offices of kindness for us and for each other, and invent various occupations and amusements for them. When we had extras to prepare,

we always tried to press the men who were well enough into our service—giving one an egg to beat, another a lemon to squeeze or peel, a third rice to pick. Some cleaned tins, copied rules, etc., etc.; and they were always pleased to be so employed—it served to pass the time. Then they had their perpetual little requirements. "Please, ma'am, can you give me a needle and thread?—a pencil and paper?—a sheet of paper and an envelope?—pen and ink?—wafers?—postage stamps?" The latter came sometimes rather heavily on some of us. One of the ladies found she had given away upwards of £5 worth.

Many of the men employed themselves in making small presents for the ladies and nurses, such as slippers and chess-boards made from pieces of their old coats; carved puzzles and ornaments, many of them very ingenious; little match-boxes, made in form of modern boots and shoes; rings made of hair, etc.: while some engraved our names on the spoons and other articles belonging to our store-closets, which if put down for a moment, were otherwise sure to disappear.

I have before said, that the ward called by the men the "musk ward," was a very pretty one. It so happened, also, that the patients in it were particularly nice in their habits, and took great pleasure in

decorating it, which they did very tastefully. Many an "Illustrated London News" was cut up, the pictures framed with blue paper procured at Smyrna, and hung round the walls—the one occupying the most prominent place being, the queen presenting the medals to the Crimean soldiers. The niche or Mitral for the mollah, which was some feet above the ground, and had a railing round it, looked like a perfect conservatory, with its scarlet carnations and pots of sweet basil. I hardly ever went out in the East, without being reminded of poor Keats' "Basil Pot." At nearly every stall in the bazaar, and at every second window where it was possible to look in, there was sure to be a pot of sweet basil.

The sergeants, too (for this ward was nearly always occupied by sergeants, and was also called the "sergeants' ward"), kept their small tables, knives, forks, spoons, etc., in the neatest order; while on the dresser, the tins shone as brightly as they could be made to shine; and a highly ornamented blue calico curtain covered the lowest shelf, where scrubbing-brushes, pails, sponges, and such unsightly articles, were kept. At the door was a mat, made by them of pieces of their old coats, cut out into sundry devices, and sewed on a square of white felt. In the centre was a large, curious-looking red thing, which,

to their great amusement, I called a "lobster," and which they told me was a grenade. They made rugs of the same kind for my nurse, Mrs. Michael, and for the orderly, Baxter, who used to attend in their ward. Both were diverse and marvellous.

This rug-making became a fashionable occupation amongst the men; and one was given to Miss S——, which was really very pretty and most interesting, from being made of coats worn at Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava. In the centre was a wreath of laurel, of red cloth, intended to represent the blood-stained laurel of victory, encircling the flags of the three nations now supporting Turkey, whose flag is in the midst, and supposed to fall without their support. Their arms are piled underneath the laurel; and a daisy, the emblem of modest worth, beneath these. The crown, with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and the initials of our sovereign and her consort, are at the top, and those of the lady to whom it was given, between the flags. Many other devices, such as the bugle of the Light Company, the piled shot, cannon, Heavy and Light Dragoons, an officer giving the word of command to a private who is standing at "attention"; the flags of the 44th, 62nd, and 23rd regiments, being those of the men who chiefly made the rug—and that of the 9th, added in compliment

to her by one of the corps, who had heard her express a liking for that regiment, her father having served with it till he obtained his majority. Lower down was the Balaklava railroad, with its engine and station-house; also the camp utensils for cooking their food. The words, "Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava" were placed at equal distances down the centre of the rug; while at the bottom was, "Peace to the brave!" and on either side, "Smyrna hospital." It was finished at the top and bottom with a fringe taken from a polka jacket, found at a village between Alma and Sebastopol, immediately after the battle. The lady hearing, through Miss Stanley, that Her Majesty had expressed a wish to know how the men were employed and amused, was enabled, through the kindness of a lady deeply interested in the work, to submit it to the queen for inspection. Her Majesty, on hearing of it, desired to see it; and was so much pleased with it, as to request that she might retain it.

Two more of the ladies, Miss C—— and Miss Le M——, had similar rugs made for them. One was also in progress for me, and multitudes of strange devices cut out, but I always forgot to procure the cloth for the ground-work; and the sergeants were invalided home, to their great satisfaction, leaving

the birds, beasts and fishes, stars, hearts, darts, and warriors, in an empty ward, where they lay for a long time, and there I lost sight of them, nor can I tell what has become of them.

The table in the centre of the "musk ward" was, except at meal-times, always covered neatly with a white cloth, rescued from the better class of *rags* sent to us, and the books the men had from the library laid out on it quite in drawing-room fashion; in short, it was a picture of neatness and order which, I am sorry to say, was not kept up by the next set of occupants.

Our library was not very extensive; still it was a great matter to have it, small as it was. Part of the chapel was screened off, and served for the double purpose of vestry and library. A great many of the books sent out were quite useless for the soldiers; but we had some very suitable ones, which they read with much avidity. "Chambers' Miscellany" was in great request; also, "The Leisure Hour," "The Home Friend," "The Family Herald," "Lives of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington," Carleton's "Tales of the Irish Pesantry," and, above all, "Brave Words for Brave Soldiers and Sailors." A few of the men would read graver books, and some wished for travels; but these were not the general taste, some-

thing short and light was more eagerly looked after. I was distributing books as I best could; and I gave something—I forget what, but rather dry—to one young man. He looked at it, and then at me, with a grave countenance, and said, "Please, Ma'am, I would like a *novelle*." The "novelles," as he called them, were few, and had been much sought after; and it was with some difficulty I at last procured him Grant's "Peninsular Sketches."

There was a convalescent patient generally acting under the chaplain as librarian, who kept account of the books he gave each division, and called on certain stated days to exchange them for those which had been in other divisions; the ladies changing them from ward to ward during the time they remained under their care. A good many bibles and prayer-books were sent out to be given to the men who were unprovided. I took with me one box kindly given to me by a lady, and another by the Bishop of ——, which contained some Gaelic prayer-books, and I am sure it rejoiced the Highlanders to see their mother-tongue. Curious enough, there was one Welch testament in the library, and one Welch soldier in the hospital, who could hardly speak English, and could read nothing but Welch. He was very ill; and on Dr. Gibbon offering to write home for him, said, it was

no use, as his people could not read any letter unless it was written in Welch. Sometimes, when books were scarce, I used to beg one man to read to the rest; and often it was amusing to hear their comments as they went on.

Mr. W——, not knowing exactly how to proceed about getting some more books of a kind suitable for the men, thought of applying to Mr. Dickens, as the person most likely to make a proper selection, and one who would have much influence with other authors to induce them to send a supply. He wrote very kindly to say, "he regretted he had not time to do what Mr. W—— wished, as he was just about to leave England;" but he sent a copy of each of his own works, which, however, had not arrived when the hospital was broken up.

Newspaper and post-day was a day of great excitement with us. O how eagerly we looked for the French steamer! What terrible disappointment when she was a day behind her time—but doubly terrible when, on the table crowded with letters, there was none for you! This happened to me once; and the indignant surprise I felt rather amused me afterwards: it really seemed as if I had been ill-used by all the world, both by the people who had not written to me, and by those who *had* written to others. Yes, the

French *Messagerie Imperiale* was earnestly looked and longed for; but with the longing was mixed a sort of sickening apprehension. Truly, "as cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." But the same messenger brings bad as well as good news; and to more than one of our party the earnestly-desired *Messagerie* brought tidings of sad home-bereavements, while to many at home, in England and France, for eighteen months, she had been the means of communicating bitter and heart-rending sorrow. The newspapers, with which we were generally most liberally supplied, were a great boon. "Punch" and the "Illustrated London News" were much sought after, while others affected the "Times," "Morning Chronicle," "Daily News," etc. I used to tell the men to read them carefully, and give me the news afterwards. This was a capital plan; it afforded occupation, and gave one a good many improved and enlarged editions of the same thing. All camp proceedings and telegraphic despatches were eagerly devoured; and any notice of the Queen, or thought and care of Her Majesty for the soldiers, was a subject of immense satisfaction and gratification.

At first, with a very few exceptions, smoking was forbidden in the wards and corridors. This was felt to be a dreadful privation by those who could not

get out of bed, or who were not allowed to go downstairs to the basement corridor or yard. A lady told me a story of a man, M——, in her division, which shews how much some of them will venture for a smoke. He had just had one of his toes taken off under the influence of chloroform. It bled profusely; and the surgeon, after binding it up, went away, giving her strict injunctions not to allow him to move, and ordered him some medicine, which he would send presently. She was called away to another patient for a few minutes, and went, leaving M—— with strict orders not to put his foot down. On her return to his bedside, to her astonishment, he was gone; and after some searching she discovered him, by the traces of blood on the stairs and corridor, sitting down in the yard, smoking his pipe with the greatest *sang froid.* She spoke to him seriously about disobeying orders and doing himself an injury; but he was perfectly callous on the subject of his toe. She succeeded, however, in working on his feelings at having disfigured the corridor with blood; and he came back, saying, "Indeed, Ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on in my life"—alluding to the taste of the chloroform.

Poor fellows! the anti-smoking regulations were

rather too much for them; they could *not* obey them. Often have I, guided by my olfactory nerves, entered a ward unexpectedly, and caught a pipe being smuggled under the bed-clothes. This was a grave offence; for no matches were on any pretext allowed among the patients, and hiding a lighted pipe was little short of incendiarism. The excuse was generally the same: "Please, Ma'am, I had the toothache so bad." Great was the joy when the order against smoking was rescinded, as was the case latterly, and two hours in the day—one in the morning, the other in the evening—allowed for the purpose. Many of the medical men had always advocated it in moderation; and all of them thought it best to allow a little in doors, rather than to have it constantly done surreptitiously. Besides, most of the invalids had always been in the habit of smoking, and it was thought giving it up wholly *might* not have had a good effect. So the beloved pipes were again used openly; and there being no object in concealing them now, one did not feel in constant dread of fire, as when the clandestine smoking went on.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the men's getting matches and other forbidden articles; but it defied us often to hinder such things being procured. Some of the orderlies were over-good-natured or cor-

ruptible; and the Greeks could never be depended upon: they constantly brought things into hospital, secreted in their full sort of petticoat-trowsers, and they as frequently carried things out with utter disregard to the rules of *meum* and *tuum*. Everything was tried to prevent these irregular proceedings, but without effect. We could not do without Greeks; and the Greeks could not do without stealing. One of them in my division completely outwitted me: I thought him the most honest little man in the world; and although I heard constantly rumours of forbidden things being brought in to the patients, and missed various articles from my corridor, yet so sure was I of Yanico's integrity, that on his coming crying to me to say he had been accused of taking something he ought not, and telling me, in a mixture of Greek, English, French, and Italian, that "if the floor was paved with guineas he would not touch one," I wrote him a splendid character, and to my dismay, soon afterwards, some one came and gave me irrefragable proofs of his bringing every sort of unlawful thing to the men. So I could no longer uphold poor Yanico, and saw no more of him; but I suppose to this day he shows the grand character I gave him.

O what a trouble these Greeks were to be sure! They would come dawdling in; and after fluttering

about from ward to ward without doing anything, go off, as they said, "to get their breakfast." The ward-master had often to *collar* them to make them do their work; and such a way as they used to do it! Unless closely watched, they just wet the floors, that was all; in fact, made them rather worse than before. We often went in, and with the invaluable "No bono Johnnie," expressing our extreme displeasure, deliberately marched them up, and made them begin at the beginning again, notwithstanding their frequent assertions of "Me scrob cocona!" "Me scrob, Madama!" "*Yes*, bono Johnnie!"

For a long time we had no water, except what was carried by them or the orderlies. There was a large jug in each corridor for containing a supply; but we did not like using what had lain there two or three days for lemonade, cooking our extras, etc., etc., so our demands for water were rather constant and troublesome. Suddenly the contractor turned round on us, and said, "the carrying water was not in the bond," and actually would not allow the Greeks to do it, although they were willing enough to do it, poor creatures; and the running up and down stairs to the fountain in the yard was a considerable addition to the work of the orderlies. But Dr. Meyer set about remedying the want of water as soon as he could; and

at the time the hospital broke up, we had a supply of cold water laid on to all the corridors, and also a pipe for hot water when required.

When a man was discharged from the hospital, he was sometimes put on as an orderly. We found some of them so very useful, that on their dismissal, a petition was sent to General Storks, who never refused the request if he could avoid doing so. He was always anxious to further our wishes, and order anything that was proved to be for the benefit of the hospital, even if he had to step a little out of the beaten and hedged-in official track. One of the physicians told me an instance of his promptness in altering a system, which saved many of the men from relapse. Several of the convalescents from diarrhœa and scurvy had relapsed as soon as they were discharged, and applied for relief to the senior medical officer of the day; in fact, so numerous did these outdoor applicants for relief become, that it was found necessary to appoint two of the assistant medical officers to attend to them. Dr. Gibbon, one of the senior physicians, inquired into the diet of these men, and found it was restricted to government rations; viz., coffee, salt-beef, and pork on alternate days, without any fresh vegetables, except a few leaves in the broth; in fact, that they were obliged to take the

very food that had caused their respective complaints. The diarrhœa patients were unanimous in attributing their illness to the coffee: he therefore wrote to the medical superintendent, suggesting that patients on their discharge from hospital should be allowed tea instead of coffee, and that fresh vegetables should be served out to them. Dr. Meyer did not see the propriety of altering the usual regulations, not thinking it a wise precedent to allow the men what they would not have under ordinary circumstances; but on the matter being strongly advocated by Mr. S. Wells and Dr. Gibbon, he forwarded their opinions to General Storks, who thanked them, and at once took upon himself the responsibility of making the requisite alterations in the diet of the men who required it, and thereby prevented a vast amount of disease and of suffering, and at the same time a needless waste of drugs.

The men often were very unwilling to go out of the hospital, they were so comfortable while in it; they felt the change considerably, and were not much inclined to mount guard in the hot sun, for their hour or two each day; and, indeed, many of them, when discharged, were so weak, that this dislike was very excusable.

The doctors, of course, when active disease was

subdued, and some progress had been made towards regaining strength, thought it proper the men should not remain in hospital, and put the Government to expense longer than was necessary, although it did keep off four-pence a day of their pay; but I sometimes thought they did not estimate sufficiently the effects produced by past hardships on their constitutions, and were rather too ready to suspect a desire to "*Malinger*," as they called it, which I really do not think was at all prevalent.

I only recollect, in my own experience, one instance, which was rather amusing, of a great strong-looking man, who had certainly suffered severely from cold and rheumatism, as well as other diseases, always begging me for a pair of crutches, and insisting he could neither walk or stand without them. I succeeded in persuading him to try and stand, and then to walk a step or two, which he did with wonderful facility, amidst shouts of laughter from his comrades; which never failed to be renewed every morning, when I went up to him, and said "Well M——, do you think you require the crutches today."

Poor fellows! they were easily amused; and any little joke of that kind seemed to give them great pleasure.

But M—— could hardly be called a "*Malingerer*," he had been with the army since the begining of the war, had suffered much, and was really unfit for service; but having heard, that all the soldiers who were at all able were wanted at the camp immediately, he was afraid if it was supposed he could walk, he should be sent; hence his little *ruse* about the crutches, for he was dreadfully home-sick; and I was very glad when the medical men gave it as their decision, "that he ought to be sent home," which he accordingly was.

M—— and his crutches, put me in mind of a story told me by a friend since my return: he went a little way into the country, and sitting outside a cab beside the driver, observed on the top of it a pair of crutches, which he was taking great care of, he asked him "to whom they belonged"; when the driver told him they had been given to him by a soldier from the Crimea, whom he had taken to London Bridge an hour before; he seemed much disabled and was an object of great commiseration to every one; two men lifting him into the carriage, and other two receiving and placing him in his seat. The same care was taken of him on his arrival at London Bridge; and he invited the driver and one or two others into a tavern close at hand, "to have a

glass of something to drink his health"; they supported him in—but no sooner did he get into the room, than he flung away his crutches, saying to the driver, "There! I make you a present of them!" and commenced dancing and capering about in the wildest manner—he used the crutches no more, and they were carried off as my friend saw.

So far from the wish to go home being general, however, I have often been quite astonished at how few seemed particularly to desire it.

One man, G——, an artilleryman, had long and severely suffered from chronic-dysentery; and with the view of hastening and establishing his recovery, the doctor of his division, advised his removal to England; but although he was reminded of the hardships and privations he had endured, he said, "he would rather join his comrades in the Crimea, than his friends in England," and entreated to be allowed to remain, as he was slowly recovering. And the morning after this conversation, he, as if to strengthen his petition, presented the doctor with the following verses.

Might I march through life again,
  In spite of every by-gone ill;
To the end of life's campaign,
  I would be a soldier still.

I have laughed in peril's face
  O'er a comrade's grave I've wept;
And amid the war-way fire,
  On a blood-stained field I slept.

I have seen the pale-faced moon,
  Shining o'er a hero's grave;
Where a gallant heart lay cold,
  Once the noblest of the brave.

And I sighed to hear the story,
  And a tear has fill'd my eye;
But 'tis all I ask of Glory,
  For my country so to die.

Might I march through life again,
  In spite of every by-gone ill;
To the end of life's campaign,
  I would be soldier still.

Another poor man of the same corps, who was crippled from chronic-rheumatism, his hands being doubled up, and perfectly dry and useless; two of the ladies used to rub them, till a slight degree of moisture was perceptible: when he recovered the use of them slightly, he was ordered home, and he entreated to be allowed to remain, saying, "that he should nowhere be so well attended to, and that his mother even, if he went home, could not do for him all the ladies were doing." Another man wrote to his mother, saying, "fine ladies and the best of doctors had come out from London to attend on him!"

CHAPTER VII.

Plague of Locusts—Malaria from their Putrescence—A Night Alarm from a Green Locust—Tenacity of Insect Life—Noise of Insects—Street-Scene in Smyrna—A Greek Funeral—Greek Brigands—Their Seizure of a Physician—Pursuit of the Brigands—An Unsuccessful one—Demand for Ransom—Brother of the Chief—The Ransom Paid—Brigand's Mode of Life—Murder of Prisoners—

I WAS seized, about the first week in June, with that most troublesome complaint—which is as difficult to get rid of, as Sinbad found the "old man of the sea"—a summer cough. Being very bad, it was thought advisable I should try change of air; so I was again hospitably received by my kind friends, Mons. and Madame Zipcy, and remained with them a fortnight, going to the hospital in a caïque, every morning at seven o'clock, with Dr. Meyer, who lived in the Frank quarter.

On Sunday, the 7th, I arrived only in time for chapel; and, on landing, saw what appeared to me to be a brown snow-storm: it was quite as thick, and

seemed to fall to the ground in the same manner. On looking down, I found I could not take a step without treading on and crushing hundreds of locusts; the ground was completely and thickly covered by them, and they still continued to shower down, passing through the air in the manner I have before described. In a short time I was perfectly covered with them; they were inside my dress, up my sleeves, under my veil, on my neck—everywhere, in fact: there was no getting away from them, nor rid of of them.

This shower continued for about two hours, and then dispersed, although they were still to be seen hopping about in all directions, and they remained in the neighbourhood for nearly a month; but there was only one more great shower of them. Comparatively speaking, the other parts of the town had few of these unwelcome visitors. They always seemed attracted towards the sea, where they generally end their course. The bay, for several days, was literally covered with them; and the shore inches thick with their putrid carcasses, which were so offensive, that one Sunday afternoon the service in the chapel (which was situated close to the bay) had to be given up. They tainted the air for a long time, and made the fish very uneatable, for they eagerly

devour the locusts, which seem to render them unwholesome. The poultry also feed largely upon them; and during the time they continue, both they and their eggs are to be avoided—the latter become of a bright red colour, almost scarlet, and are considered very injurious, almost poisonous, by the inhabitants.

This plague of locusts lasts for about the same length of time every year for seven years; then there is scarcely one to be seen; but they regularly make their appearance on the eighth, and last their usual time. This is quite an established fact, I believe. These creatures are most destructive, eating up all the green shoots of the vines, orange-trees, and indeed everything they can find; and when they get into houses, and can find nothing else, they regale themselves on everything that comes in their way. I have seen curtains perfectly riddled by them—gloves, muslin of all kinds, barège, or woollen articles; and one lady had holes eaten in her bonnet in church: nothing came amiss to them.

The common locust is almost an inch and a half long, from head to tail; but their antennæ are longer, sometimes upwards of two inches, and their legs are of an enormous length. The leaps they take are quite wonderful for their size. You see one several

yards off, and in an instant it is, perhaps, alighting on your nose. At first they made me quite nervous. You might be sitting quietly, when in the most unlikely and unexpected manner, you felt some part of your dress disarranged, and, on investigation, you find a locust, which had been lying perdue there, probably for hours, and had suddenly become lively. Their strength, too, is very great. I have frequently had an ordinarily sized one in my hand, and their struggles to free themselves almost pushed my fingers open, though I held them closed with considerable force. They are more odd than ugly-looking; their heads resembling a good deal that of a bridled horse, from the manner in which they are marked. The body is brown, spotted with black; but there are many varieties. There was, too, a large bright-green kind, which really was very handsome.

One night, going to bed, I had put out my light, and was safely under my mosquito-curtains, when something began flapping about my head, in the most violent manner. I could think of nothing but a bat or an owl, and felt rather alarmed at my unusual guest; but on my friends coming to the rescue with a light, we found a beautiful green locust, at least four inches in length. He had found his way in, but was not so fortunate as to secure his retreat;

for I believe he was captured, and being duly turpentined, was impaled on a cork.

I often had the intention of making a collection of insects during my stay in Smyrna. It was most rich in entomological varieties; but the experience of one night put an end most effectually to my proceedings in that line. I had found a most beautiful large moth, with an almond-shaped body, and immense eyes and antennæ, called by the natives, "the musk moth." It was chloroformed *to death*, as I thought, and a pin stuck through its body, while the wings were opened, and carefully kept spread with pieces of card-board and pins. I laid it down in a paste-board box in my room, and thought no more of it; but, some time after, I was in bed at night, when I heard the most extraordinary fluttering noise, loud and unceasing, like machinery. I could not imagine what it was. My friends on the other side of the partition heard it also, and said, in great wonderment, "What is that?" I could not tell; and it was a few minutes ere I recollected the butterfly in the box; but when I did, I immediately jumped up—and there, sure enough, was the poor thing spinning about, having, by the force of its movements, disturbed some of the pins which fastened its wings, and worn all the down off them with its struggles. Horrified, I ran to Miss

P——, who had some turpentine, to have the poor insect put out of pain; but it seemed as if it would not die, and still struggled a long time. I then made a resolve that it should be my last entomological specimen—at least, killed by myself.

Although not an actor, I was a spectator of a tragedy in insect-life, which shewed the tenacity with which some of them cling to existence. It was at Boudjah. Mr. Windsor had promised to collect any rare insects he could for a friend, and keep them in spirits of wine. He had found, and put into a small phial, a tree-bug, which appeared to die instantly; and immediately afterwards, finding a very large spider, he threw it into the same phial. The spider did not seem to be in the least affected by the spirits, but flew with the greatest ferocity at the poor dead bug, and grappled fiercely with it; and although a piece of stick was introduced to separate them, he would not let go his hold. I am sure he held on for three minutes; at last his grasp appeared to slacken, and as he was dying, and only then, he let go entirely.

There was a curious insect which came in May. Some people called it the "cicala"; but whether that is the proper name, I cannot say. It is about the size of a humble-bee, and of a greyish-brown colour, and

has a sort of outer shell or chrysalis, which it leaves on the trees when it emerges from it. It is the most noisy insect I ever heard, perfectly deafening in the middle of the day, making a shrill kind of noise between croaking and whistling, which it produces by beating on a tube filled with air, which they are all provided with. One of the doctors, who had examined several, told me that he could make the same noise by touching the insect underneath the body, independently of its volition. One of the ladies also saw a Greek servant holding one of these insects by the wings, and tapping it with her finger on the body, when this sound was immediately heard. Mrs. W—— told me they are called locusts in Australia, where they are very destructive, which they are also at Smyrna, eating all the young shoots off the trees.

During my stay in the Frank quarter I was often attracted to the window; and, indeed, the scene that presented itself in the streets was very strange to Western eyes. Frank-street is the street *par excellence* of Smyrna; in it are all the European shops, and it leads out of the bazaar also. Here you see, passing and re-passing, Turks and Turkish cavasses, in their handsome national dress, manly and dignified in their bearing; the Turkish officer and soldier, in their ill-made, hideous imitations of French and English

uniforms, mean, ungraceful, and plebeian-looking; Greeks, with their inelegant petticoat-trousers, shuffling and flapping along; Armenians, much in the same style of dress, only more sad-coloured. Arabs, in their camel-hair bournouses and gay handkerchief head-dresses, fastened on with a piece of rope; Jews, with their white turbans, and flowing dressing-gown sort of robes, generally edged with fur; Albanians, in their beautiful costume; English, French, Austrian, and Prussian soldiers and sailors; and American, English, French, and native dandies. Greek women going about, if young and unmarried, bare-headed, their hair adorned with jewellery or flowers; if married, wearing a small red fez on the crown of their heads, the blue tassel spread all over it, or, in the wealthier classes, embroidered richly in gold. Round the fez is worn a white or coloured handkerchief turban fashion, and over that the back hair is brought forward, twined in a plait. Jewesses, with magnificent golden girdles, necklaces, and bracelets, and head-dresses of figured calico, raised in the form of a coronet, and hanging down in long ends behind, with a veil of white muslin falling about, not over, the face; gaily-dressed European ladies of all countries; and, lastly, Turkish women, with their Nubian attendants, stumbling about in yellow *papooshes*, like unwieldy ghosts;

while, to make the variety complete, I saw a Scotch highlander in full costume in the midst of this motley crowd.

I was attracted one morning to the window by a curious subdued kind of chaunt, and saw a procession, headed by Greek priests in their coloured and richly-embroidered robes, carrying crosiers, candles, incense, etc. After them, some Greek men of the better class, in Frank dress, holding a black and white pall, curiously devised with skull and cross-bones, and many other symbols. After them, borne about knee-high, came an open coffin, which, however, from the drapery hanging round it, had not the appearance of one. In it lay the body of a young Greek woman, dressed in full ball costume; a wreath of white roses on her head, a white veil falling on either side, and a *bouquet* in her hand. For a moment I could not believe she was dead. The sun was glaring on the scene, and seemed to give a glow to her face, which was rather pretty; the braided hair, black eye-brows and eye-lashes, taking away from the ghastly look of death. I think her lips were coloured, but I was too much absorbed to be able to take in all the details of this, to me, most curious scene; and for many a day I was haunted by the marble face of that Greek girl, with the brilliant sun shining on it. I afterwards

became quite accustomed to these Greek funerals, having frequently almost brushed the corpse as it was carried past; but I could not often avoid a feeling of horror at seeing a poor distorted countenance, giving evidence of a suffering and painful death, decorated with embroidery, tinsel, and flowers; for they heap on all sorts of finery, and the poor classes often borrow clothing for this occasion, when they do not themselves possess anything they think fine enough: the reason, I am told, for thus adorning their dead is, the Greeks believe that in the resurrection their friends will rise either well or badly dressed as their remains have been committed to the tomb.

A lady told me, she had been asked on one occasion to lend a pair of white satin shoes by some poor person, who wanted to decorate the body of a relative for the ceremony; for it is a mere ceremony, the bodies being disinterred at night and burned.

On the evening of Sunday, the tenth of June, we were put into a dreadful state of excitement, by the tidings of the capture of Dr. M'Raith, one of the resident medical men of Smyrna, by a party of Greek brigands, of whom rumours had been afloat some time.

He had been at Bournabat all day, and was going

in the afternoon to the village of Bounarbashie, to see a patient, who had sent for him: he had got a little further than to the outskirts of Bournabat, when a party of robbers, who had been hid in a cemetery, seized him, a Turkish woman, and several other men who were on the road at the same time, placed them on horseback, and gallopped off in the direction of the mountains with them, before the very eyes of some people in the village, who were either too much astonished, or not in a position to offer any resistance to a party of armed men, who appeared to be about forty strong; they, however, gave the alarm, and some of the English military and medical staff happening to be on the spot, set out immediately in pursuit of them.

The news was not long in reaching Smyrna, and almost all the gentlemen of our party were quickly in the saddle, armed with revolvers, some on donkeys, others on horseback, eager to rescue poor Dr. M'Raith, and perhaps hardly less so to encounter and capture the robbers.

General Storks immediately ordered out all his available men and headed them. The Pasha sent out Ahmet Bey and the Turkish police force, in fact everything thing that could be done was done.

The Turkish woman was quickly discovered not

far from the spot in which she was taken. She screamed and made such good use of her hands and feet, that they were obliged to drop her sooner than they intended; but it was afterwards found that they only took her and several of the others, in order to prevent their telling the direction in which they went, and had no intention of detaining them permanently, their grand object being to capture one of the English medical men, whose ransom they laid at £3,000. They asked Dr. M'Raith before they took him, "if he was one of the English doctors"; he unthinkingly answered, that "he was," not understanding the drift of their question; but it is believed, that if he had told his name, they would not have molested him, for he was very kind and charitable to the Greeks, and very much liked by them, being the only resident medical man who would attend these outlaws and their families, and although this band evidently did not know him personally, they were aware of his kindness to many of their people and relatives.

The pursuit lasted all night, and in spite, as it afterwards appeared, of their being several times close upon the robbers' track, still they could see no traces of them or their victims, and returned home fatigued and disheartened, only to set out again.

Great sympathy was felt for poor Mrs. M'Raith,

who had five young children, was near her confinement, and not in circumstances to pay the large ransom they would probably demand, even if his life was spared. He was, moreover, by no means a strong person, and was not at all unlikely to sink under the fatigues of perpetual moving from fastness to fastness in the mountains, as they seldom remain more than twelve hours in a place, in order to elude pursuit; and generally moved at night, resting during the heat of the sun, in some of their numerous hiding-places.

The following day, one by one, the other persons who had been carried away returned, having been dropped at different places and at considerable distances from each other, in order to prevent their being able to give a clue to the robbers' route, soon enough to be of any use. One was re-conducted almost to the town, and found on the top of Mount Pagus, bound in a small tower, apparently one of the out-posts of the Genoese Fort. None of these seemed to be able to give a very accurate account of things. They were carried away, had had a very rough involuntary ride, and some of them a forced march back again. This was all they could tell, except that Dr. M'Raith was alive, still in the hands of the robbers, and had been struck across the head and wounded.

This was terrible news for poor Mrs. M'Raith; but the same evening, she had a note from her husband, saying, "he was well, with the exception of a bruise, but was most dreadfully fatigued; and unless a ransom of £400 could be paid, he could not survive the kind of life he was leading."

General Storks did not think it right, at once to agree to the ransom, it was a very bad precedent, and once given in to would subject the whole staff to endless trouble and danger during their stay. It was much wished to crush the system at once, at whatever cost.

I believe if the victim had been one of the hospital staff, who was a single man, and had no family dependent upon him, he would have been left to the tender mercies of the brigand Greeks, who seldom take life, however, if they can help it, their only object being a ransom; they send, demanding a certain sum to be paid at a specified time and spot, indicated by them; if this is done, their prisoner is immediately released; if not, the demand is repeated, and enforced sometimes by one of their victim's ears or fingers: but whether, when much exasperated by pursuit and non-payment, they would kill or not, I cannot say.

The ransom, hitherto, had always been paid by the

inhabitants, who found it of no use to look to the government for succour, and were glad to save their lives at any cost. I saw one merchant who had been redeemed at £2,500, only a year before. It is rather more than suspected that some of the Greek merchants of Smyrna wink at these proceedings of their countrymen, and, to purchase security to themselves pay them "black mail." We were also told, that the heads of the banditti were perfectly well known, and walked the streets with impunity.

The brother of the chief of this band was a small merchant in Smyrna; and, it was thought, was pretty well acquainted with his relative's movements: at all events, they had no difficulty in finding messengers, when they wanted to inform us of any kind intentions they had in our favour. We received a polite intimation, during Dr. M'Raith's captivity, and when they were exasperated by pursuit, that they would "cut the throat of the first English person they encountered—man, woman, or child."

But to return to poor Dr. M'Raith, whom we have not left in a very comfortable position. The hunt still went on; and the second day, the Turkish police came in sight of them; and although they were a considerably stronger force than the robbers, I am sorry to record that, upon being fired at, and seeing

one or two of their number fall, they threw down their arms, and ran away: upon which a second messenger was sent to say, "If we wanted to capture them, we had better send out men, and not faint-hearted women." I do not know how this matter occurred, of the Turkish cavasses running away. I do not think they are cowards or faint-hearted; and every one praise the energy and courage of their leader, Ahmet Bey.

It was now thought advisable, Mrs. M'Raith being seriously ill, and all things taken into consideration, to give the ransom, the pasha engaging to refund it, and not to slacken his endeavours to put down the rebels. The sum was accordingly sent by a shepherd, who had been made their emissary, to the appointed spot; but no one was there to receive it. As the pursuit did not slacken, they were probably afraid to approach, in case of a surprise. Finally, however, the ransom reached its destination, and Dr. M'Raith was restored to his family, completely worn out with fatigue, on the Monday week after his seizure, unhurt, with the exception of the blow on the head which I have mentioned, the effects of which were apparent for a long time. This blow, it appears, was rather the effect of accident than design.

He had, on the whole, been very well treated by

Symoon and his band, who showed him every kindness they could, in conformity with their necessity of eluding pursuit. By his account, their own hardships are very great; and their life must be anything but an easy one. They are often without sufficient food; but while he was with them, if there was a scarcity, he was always first cared for and served—they depriving themselves, rather than he should go without. Frequently they were in such wild parts, that no cattle of any kind were to be found in the neighbourhood; but when any animal came in their way, it was sure to be slaughtered, cooked, and eaten at once.

Other slaughters of a different kind he witnessed, which are almost too horrible to relate. Feeling utterly overcome with fatigue, on one occasion he said to them, "You may kill me, if you like; but I cannot move another step; it is quite impossible. I am nearly dead already, therefore do your worst." They held a consultation, not knowing what to do; for when they go into these mountain fastnesses, they take neither horses nor donkeys with them. While they were coming to a decision, a poor old Turk was seen in the distance, walking, with a young boy, by the side of his ass, which was laden with some provender. They seized the ass, set Dr. M'Raith upon

it, and compelled the poor old Turk and his grandchild to walk along with them. He quietly and without remonstrance submitted to his fate, and remained with them for several days, crouching, when they rested, in a corner with the boy, with folded hands, silently and uncomplainingly, never asking for food, but taking any scraps that were given to him from their scanty supply. At last, horrible to say, they found the boy and old man troublesome in their marches, and had not food enough to spare for them. They shot the child before his grandfather's eyes, and afterwards put an end to the misery of the old man in the same way. Upon Dr. M'Raith remonstrating with them (for he understands modern Greek, and most of the languages spoken in the East), they said, "He is only a Turk"; thereby implying he was nothing more than a brute. Three other men were killed while he was in their custody; but they were Turkish cavasses in pursuit of them, with whom they had regular engagements; and although shocking enough to witness, were not so horrible as the other two cold-blooded murders.

These marauders are unerring marksmen; and it used to fill Dr. M'Raith with terror, when he knew that numbers of our party were close in their wake; for he was well assured every one of them would have been

slaughtered on a too near approach, and he told them afterwards that they were often precariously close without knowing it, for it was quite impossible for any European eye to detect their hiding-places; and they had scouts in all directions watching every movement of the people in the plains below.

They were resolved, they said, to take some of the hospital staff; for any of the medical men they would demand £3,000, but if they were so fortunate as to capture General Storks or Dr. Meyer, they would not take less than £10,000. Dr. M'Raith said, that the ladies and nurses were perfectly safe, because, in the first place, they had a superstition, "that it was unlucky to meddle with women," and in the next, they knew they would be excessively troublesome, and not able to endure the fatigue of marching through the mountains, so we almost fancied ourselves safe; but Dr. Meyer did not, and we received the strongest orders "not to move out without a proper escort of medical men and revolvers;" indeed, at one time, after the throat-cutting threat, the panic was so great, that it was hardly deemed safe for us to walk the short distance between the hospital and our quarters, as instances had been known of people being kidnapped in the very streets.

This was a great restriction of our liberty, and

must have been a heavy tax on the doctors, although they were kind enough not to let us see they thought so.

Dr. M'Raith told many curious things about these Klephtes, as the robbers are called; they never proceed on their lawless expeditions without going to the priest to have his blessing, and when they have to travel by sea, he often goes down to the water's edge to bless them before they proceed on their voyage. They never take their meals without giving thanks, and saying many prayers to the figures of their tutelar saints, which they have hung round their necks. Poor creatures! they are often driven to their lawless mode of life, I believe. As Greeks, they are but indifferently treated by the Turkish authorities, and often for some very trifling offence are imprisoned, manacled heavily, and set to hard labour. We saw many of them employed near the hospital, wearing chains which were perfect burdens to carry, and were told that they are frequently quite innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, and that their only offence has been some slight rebellion against Turkish oppression. When they effect their escape, they go to the mountains, and live in any way they can, thinking it no wrong to take from others what they require for their own support, as they are unable to work lawfully for it. They are generally

kind and charitable to their poor, and have a sort of chivalrous feeling about them, which prevents their molesting or insulting women. Their chief has great power over them as long as he does not get too arrogant, but when he does they generally contrive to get rid of him, and Dr. M'Raith thought Symoon had nearly outlived his ascendency when he was their unwilling guest.

They are in the habit of walking deliberately into gentlemen's houses in the villages, helping themselves to any food they can find, and telling the servants "that their master and mistress would be very glad to let them have what they need. And, indeed, in general so they are, from fear, and we heard that Mr. Lewis, the English chaplain, was the only person who held out against their entering his house and, in this way, indirectly countenancing their proceedings. They did not insist, however, or force their way in, as they probably would have done in other cases, for they have a great and superstitious horror of interfering even with a Protestant priest.

It is nearly impossible to surprise and take them, unless through the treachery of some of their number. They know their way through the mountains, which are unknown to, and uninhabited by any others, save some Zebecques or Mountaineers, who,

although not actually belonging to their band, it is believed are their great friends and aid them considerably. Some say they have hiding places in the mountains all the way from Smyrna to Beyrout. It would appear, however, that they did not take Mr. M'Raith to any great distance, although they constantly kept moving. He saw more of the interior, however, than he had ever seen before, or probably would wish to see again under the same circumstances, and describes it as very rich and beautiful.

We were much amused at the eagerness of the poor invalids, to be up and have at the Klephtes; some who could hardly raise themselves in bed declaring if they were only allowed to get up and at them, they would give them such a "pic-nic" as they never had in their lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure of Mrs. M.—Lord William Paulett—Letter from an invalid Sergeant—Departure of the Hydaspes—Display of grateful Feeling—Influence of good Example—Letter from Sebastopol—Soldiers amenable to Kindness—Violent Language — Efficiency of Kindness — Depression of the Patients—Music and Singing—Modes of Amusement—Debility and Nervousness—Secreting Clothes—Frequency of Theft among the Patients—Good Conduct of many Patients.

On the 9th of June, one of the ladies, Mrs. M——, whose health had been indifferent for some time, left by the French steamer for home, her departure was hurried by tidings of the sudden and dangerous illness of her son, an officer in the army, whom she hardly expected to find alive on reaching Scotland, otherwise she would have waited for the transport which was daily expected, and have gone home in her with Mrs. L. J——, and another of the ladies.

We were glad to hear afterwards that she found her son better than she anticipated.

On the 18th Lord William Paulett paid the

hospital a visit on his way from Scutari, and we understood that he was pleased and satisfied with his inspection.

The "Hydaspes" transport screw-steamer arrived from the Crimea, towards the end of the month, and a number of patients were sent home in her, many of mine went who had been with me since my arrival, and whom I was very sorry to part from; and although they, poor fellows, were glad once more to see their families and friends at home, many of them shewed sorrow as well as gratitude on leaving those who had been kind to them and done their utmost to restore them to health and strength at Smyrna.

I subjoin a letter I received afterwards from one of those who left, Sergeant N——, a man whose conduct was most exemplary all the time he was in the hospital, and whom I regretted much.

Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight.
Sept. 30th, 1855.

MADAM,

You will be pleased to hear that I arrived safely in England. Before my arrival, your kind letter had reached my wife; and she was so proud to receive a letter from one of the lady nurses, that she read it to all her friends and acquaintances; and from the very flattering manner in which you mention me in it, that when I went on furlough, I found myself quite a hero. You will be glad to learn that I found my wife and children quite well and thriving.

I trust, Madam, you will present my respectful compliments to Dr. M'Leod, and tell him how deeply I am indebted to him for his unwearied and assiduous care and skilful attention to me whilst a patient in Smyrna Hospital. As for yourself, lady, words are unequal to express my gratitude and thankfulness for the time and untiring attention you bestowed on me; but if the blessings of the poor soldiers, whom you have tended and recovered, when hope within them was almost gone, and thus enabled them once more to reach their friends and native land, are of any avail, you have them from the heart. We all trust that God in His goodness will shield your precious health, that you may continue strong, to administer that succour and relief to my suffering comrades in which you have hitherto been so eminently successful. And I am afraid, Madam, the dreadful conflict, which so recently took place at Sebastopol, may have sent you more patients than even your heroic courage and endurance can sustain; but God is merciful, and in Him must we trust to bear you through your difficulties and dangers.

My eldest boy can already lisp the name of Miss ——, and I will not forget to instil into his mind the noble example given by you and your noble sisterhood. My wife respectfully thanks you, as also for your kind letter. I will take the liberty of informing you, that my chest still pains me, and my nervousness continues, but not so very bad. I expect to be sent out again in a draft shortly: 300 men and officers marched from here to-day to embark, and 385 more are ready.

I cannot think of all those who shewed me kindness whilst at Smyrna, but sincerely trust they are all well.

And I beg to remain, Madam,

Your most grateful obliged servant,

William N——,

Sergeant, 20th Regt.

Indeed, I now lost almost all my aides-de-camp, as I used to call the sergeants in the Mosque Ward, they were always doing some little office for me, which I much missed when they were gone. One poor man, Sergeant P——, who had been calculating on going to England with the rest, was sadly disappointed. The doctors could not see that he was sufficiently ill to be invalided home. I did all I could for him, as I was convinced it would be of no use to keep him, but this time without success; and it was quite melancholy to see poor P—— wandering about, sad and solitary, without his companions. He was a band-sergeant, and copied music very nicely for me; he wrote well also, so I gave him regular occupation in copying rules, ruling books, etc. He was very useful to me all the time he remained, which was till the month of September.

The "Hydaspes" sailed for England on as lovely a midsummer's morning as could be seen. I found the surgeon of the ship, Dr. Scott, was an old friend, whom I knew would take every care of the invalids; and many of them required it. I dare say it could hardly be believed how much we all felt parting with the patients of our respective divisions. We had become so accustomed to attend to their daily wants, and felt that they so entirely depended on us for their

comfort, that it made us feel a painful blank when they were no longer with us, to be cared for. A most wise provision of human nature it is, which makes us lean with kindness to those whom we have befriended. I fear the converse, however, is also true—that we never forgive those we injure.

Many of us used to try and escape having last words with the poor fellows; it was rather too much for them and for us. One lady was keeping out of the way purposely as they were about to start, when a man, B——, who had been long in hospital, and to whom she had been very kind, although he was scarcely able to move, crawled up to her store-closet to another lady, saying, "Where is Miss ——? Aint she coming this afternoon? I wants to shake hands with her." Miss O—— replied—"You know, B——, she does not like saying 'Good-bye,' and I do not think you will see her this afternoon; but she gave you a remembrance this morning, did she not?" "Yes! but I wants to shake hands with her. But never mind, give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, for ye'll like to hear of me when I gets home." He was a perfect mass of disease, brought on by hardship in the camp, and his feet were frightfully frost-bitten; indeed, so bad were they, that on the surgeon's going round one day, he entreated him most earnestly to

cut one of them off, saying, in peculiarly plain and emphatic language, that he could not bear it, it was so offensive to him; but the surgeon did not comply with his request, and poor B—— still has a remnant of each of his feet to stump about upon.

Some of the men objected to have chloroform administered to them before operations. One of the 50th, who was going to have a toe removed, stoutly refused, and bore the amputation, which I believe to have been a very painful one, unflinchingly. When it was over, the man next him exclaimed—"Well, you are the bravest fellow of the 50th I ever saw. Better change your regiment, man!"

The influence that one superior, well-principled man had over the others was astonishing. Such a person gave quite a tone to the ward in which he lived. It was remarkable in the case of S——, almost a boy, of the 90th; his conduct and conversation had great effect on all the rest, who were much his seniors. He seemed to have been well brought up, and very fond of reading the Bible. Being far from strong, though convalescent, he was kept somewhat longer than he otherwise would have been in hospital, as librarian or chaplain's orderly, a post which he filled to Mr. W.'s satisfaction. But at last he was sent to the camp, and reached it in time to be present at the

taking of the Redan, from which sad scene he was mercifully permitted to escape unhurt; and after which he wrote the following letter to the lady of the division in which he had been at Smyrna:—

Camp, Sebastopol,
September 19*th*, 1855.

Dear Miss,

I know not how to excuse myself, for not writing to you before, after promising to do so. I am happy to say that, by God's blessing, I still have health and strength, which is indeed a blessing we cannot value too much. I feel I ought to be thankful to the Great Disposer of all events, that I am still permitted time to prepare for another world. I sometimes think how it is that I am spared above those. around me: it is not because I am better than they—No! indeed I am not—then how can it be? It is of God's mercy that I am still spared; and Oh! may he give me strength and the desire not to abuse this mercy. When we look around us, we cannot help exclaiming, "truly his ways are wonderful."

Do not think that I have forgotten your kindness to me; No! I feel I shall ever think of you with gratitude: perhaps you will say then, why did I not write to you before; but do not think by my silence that I am ungrateful, for I assure you I am not. I have no more time now, but I enclose you a bit of Russian lace, that I got the other day in Sebastopol; it is common, but I thought it would please you because it came out of the Russian fortress.

Will you be so good as to remember me to Mr. Windsor, and Mr. Atkinson.

I pray that God will bless you in your efforts of mercy,

and alse grant you, when your earthly race is run, a place at His right hand. It is there you will meet with your reward.

I remain,

Your obedient and humble servant,

Miss —— WILLIAM S——.

But if it was true that the example of a good man had great power, it was no less true that the presence of a bad one also produced its effect. I am pleased to have to say, however, that in my experience I found few such; and I most sincerely believe, that if, instead of the roughness and swearing too often used to them by their superiors, they were spoken to kindly and quietly, we should have a very different style of soldiery. They seem too often to be spoken to like brutes, and they like brutes obey—not with the understanding and willing obedience, of which I believe them quite capable, if managed with kindness. I confess that while I personally found them much alive to any delicate or kind feeling displayed towards them, they were quite ready to be impertinent and restive at any appearance of harshness.

I had, in one of my wards, an Irishman, C——, rather a *mauvais sujet*, and used to have frequent complaints made to me of his rudeness and quarrelsome disposition.

One day, while sitting in my "Den," I heard C—— outside, talking and constantly making use of violent language and oaths. I got up, saying, "I must tell C—— to be quiet."

"You had better not," said a lady, sitting by. "You will only be answered insolently."

I went, however, and said very quietly—"C——, I am sorry to hear you speak in that manner. You are the only man in the division I have ever heard swear, and I hope you will not do it again."

"Well, mem, I'm sure I would'nt do nothing to offind you, for ye're a rale leddy, and a very well-natured leddy too, and I ax yer pardon; but I raly did'nt know ye was in there, or I would'nt have done it."

"It ought not to make any difference to you, C——, whether I was there or not; it is equally bad."

"Thrue, for ye, mem—; but faith, it's very difficult for a soldier to give up the habit of swearing, he's so used to it; but I'll thry."

A very short time afterwards, I heard a sound of loud voices down the corridor, and went out to restore peace. I found C—— had been at some of his malpractices, which had provoked the second lady of my division to scold him rather sharply. He had retorted

in no measured language; and I came up just in time to hear him say, "Report me, then, if ye like, and go to the divil!"

So it was evident that whatever style suits them best from their commanding officers, our only chance of securing obedience was by using mild persuasion. But they really were most obedient when we were present; and we thought it, perhaps, wise frequently to ignore certain little derelictions which went on in our absence. But sometimes the rigidity of their obedience to the letter of the order was absurd. One who was taking a powerful and dangerous medicine, which required to be given with caution and regularity, was told by the lady that he must not take it himself, nor from any one but her; and once, when she was unavoidably absent at the time it ought to have been given, and had deputed one of her nurses, Mrs. H——, to give it, he most obstinately refused, saying, every time she approached to try and induce him to take it, "Ye're not the woman!" F—— was ordered port wine, too, which he looked upon with great contempt, saying, "It is not *hot* enough." "I suppose," said Miss ——, "you would prefer a glass of potheen?" "Thrue for ye, Miss ——, that would be the stuff to do me rale good!"

If it caused us pain to part with those of our

patients who went home, we felt doubly for those poor sufferers, who, with all the horrors of war fresh upon them, were going back again, to take their part in the strife. It was pitiable to see them muster in the yard, while their names were called over, in their worn uniforms, a world too large for them, many in those of their dead comrades, and as often not the right regimentals at all, with their pale and sometimes desponding faces; nor is it to be wondered at if they did feel low-spirited. But that these feelings proceeded from want of courage, no one dare say who had read how British soldiers fought, bled, and died at Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava. True, they had also conquered; but their victories were dearly bought, and seemed to have effected little. Sebastopol was still untouched; and I believe it was the fear of another such winter as they had passed which was ever vividly before them, and knowing how powerless they would again be under like circumstances, which thus powerfully affected them, and filled them with hopelessness, and not the prospect of storming the Russian fortress, which they would have hailed with delight. Indeed, that terrible winter of suffering in the Crimea—of 1854 and 1855—seemed to have caused a depression of spirits in the men, which was almost worse than any mere physical evil

could have been, and had produced a nervous debility and languor, which it was extremely difficult to overcome.

Many who were not suffering from active disease still appeared to be wasting—or, as we say in Scotland, "*dwining*"—away, without any very apparent cause. I often thought it a pity we had not some music for them, for I felt convinced it was more spirit-cheering than anything else, these men required. Indeed, several have said to me, "O ma'am, I wish we had a band here; it would do more for us even than the doctors. Do you think we could get any instruments in Smyrna? There are several bandmen here, and we could get up a nice little concert, and play in the yard every day for an hour." But music we had none, except the daily bugle-calls.

I must not forget, by-the-bye, to say, that we had a piano in the chapel, and, several of our party being good musicians, the singing in church was generally very good. There were regular practising days, and singing-classes for the men were conducted by Miss P——, Miss K——, Mr. Windsor, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Jardine, Mr. Goolden, and several others, which seemed to be a great pleasure to them.

I am convinced that supplying the men with harmless recreation and amusement does more to further

the work of the medical man than is at all imagined. We were rather badly off in this particular. We had no backgammon-boards, and such like things, except a stray one or two brought out by ourselves; but some of the patients contrived to manufacture boards for chess, draughts, etc., from bits of paper and pieces of their old coats, and we endeavoured to amuse the rest as best we could. Some tried crochet-work; others knitting, drawing, carpentering, engineering; and one made purse-slides out of our leg of mutton bones! One or two possessed a box of dominoes, which were in great request; another had been with an artificer in hair, and made rings for most of the ladies and nurses. Many of us wrote home to friends whom we knew would be glad to send a supply of suitable amusements; but things were a dreadfully long time coming to us, and often were lost.

There seemed a great want of proper management about sending boxes out. One transport, which had many packages for us on board, was detained several days at Syra, because all the goods to be landed there were stowed at the very bottom of the hold, while those for Smyrna and Constantinople were thrown promiscuously over them. Often our things used to go on to Constantinople, and reached us after being

delayed several weeks there. Our winter clothing, which was sent out in September, had not arrived at Smyrna when most of the party left, on the 27th of November, and consequently they suffered much from cold in the Channel, which greeted them with a strong north-easterly gale. These mistakes, perhaps, could not have been helped at the time; but if I were ever again going out in the same way as I have done, I should take as much care to be provided with some means of amusing the sick soldiers, as with bodily comforts and articles of clothing for them, which friends at home were so willing to supply.

We were often greatly distressed at the weakness and nervousness to which we have seen strong men reduced. In going through my division one day, almost immediately after the medical man's morning visit, I found a sergeant, a quiet, silent man, who had been for some time ill with a chest complaint, weeping bitterly. He endeavoured to conceal his face from me, and for some time would not tell what was amiss. At last I drew from him that one of the ladies had told the surgeon he had secreted a flannel-jacket, intending to steal it, and that he never dreamt of such a thing. "I have been fourteen years in the service, Miss," he said, sobbing like a child, "and I never was accused of taking a ha'porth."

I inquired into the matter, and found he was perfectly innocent, and told him I would put it all right with Mr. M'Leod at the afternoon visit; but I thought he would never get over it: he sat all day without moving, tears streaming down his face; and was only comforted when Mr. M'Leod expressed his sorrow at having unjustly accused him, from a mistaken representation.

The disappearance of clothing, which frequently happened, obliged us to be very strict in looking after any apparent defalcation. When the men got clean clothing; the same number of soiled things had always to be returned to the linen-store, as we had distributed of clean ones, and sometimes these were not forthcoming. On one occasion, a lady missed eleven flannel jackets; they could neither be found nor accounted for; and she said, "I know these flannel jackets ought to be here, and I shall not leave the division till they are found." At length they were drawn forth from bunkers at the end of the ward; and the men confessed to having kept on the soiled jackets, and saved and secreted these. When asked, how they could think of stealing them? they replied, "We thought we would have much more need of them up in the *Crimee*, than here."

The habit of sometimes appropriating what did not

belong to them, was about the greatest fault we had to find with the soldiers. They did not seem to think that taking from each other was any sin. A fertile source of complaint used to be, that they went away with the contents of each other's knapsacks. When they came into hospital, their kits were all examined, put into store, and an inventory taken, until the owners should be leaving the hospital. When men were picked out for the camp or for home, they were taken to this store; and how it happened, I cannot tell—but I know it frequently did happen—that many of them walked off with the well-stocked knapsacks and good new shoes of others, leaving their own empty ones and old worn-out shoes instead.

I tried all I could to prevent this. I have pasted the men's names, regiments, and regimental numbers on their boots myself, but without any effect—the same grievance still continued; and no small one it often was. Men who had come down with tolerable kits, on being ordered away, found nothing to put on; and not being allowed to take hospital clothing away with them, they were often literally without a change; and I remember well the white, ghastly face of one man, who was past all hope of recovery, and was ordered home, being raised up to meet mine with

a vehement assurance that he would not move an inch—he had been robbed of several pounds' worth of clothing, and could not go home without it.

Some of them who had not worn flannels in camp, but who had been in the habit of wearing them during their stay in hospital, on being ordered out again, had none of their own to put on—often hardly a pair of stockings; and it was miserable to see them go off shivering and down-hearted. I have sometimes, in such an emergency, when the small store of clothing I had been kindly provided with by friends, to give away, was exhausted, made them keep on small portions of the hospital clothing as were absolutely necessary, to prevent further illness; and on representing the matter to the surgeons afterwards, got an order signed by them, to say, "the things were required," and that I had not been making away with government property improperly.

In all these abuses, the innocent always suffered with and for the guilty; and some instances of deception were found out, which almost justified the remark we heard so often made: "They are such a pack of thieves, there is no believing anything they say." All this was a great pity, but very difficult to remedy; for the wonder is, not that there are common soldiers of little principle in the army, but that

there are many whose good conduct and delicate, honourable feelings would be an example to persons in any rank of life, and who felt deeply hurt at being classed with those who were not so scrupulous.

CHAPTER IX.

Resignation of Mrs. Coote, the Lady Superintendent—Change of Quarters—Illness of an Armenian—Sectarian Bitterness—Arrival of the Duke of Newcastle—Want of Employment—Efficiency of Dr. Meyer—Guarantee for Ransom—Danger of Sketching-parties—Difficulty in Donkey-riding—Meeting the Pasha—Horses in the East—The Pasha's Son—The Pasha—Turkish Exclamations—Civility of the Turks—Turkish Dislike of the War—Turkish Indolence—Turkish Obstinacy.

On the 23rd June, Mrs. Coote, who had been lady superintendent since our arrival, resigned her post, and joined her husband, Mr. Coote, who sometime afterwards went on, as one of the senior surgeons, to the hospital at Renkioi. Dr. Meyer asked the eldest Miss Le Mesurier, one of our number, to take her place, which she did, I believe, somewhat reluctantly, as it would necessarily prevent her from attending to the soldiers—especially now that we were to begin housekeeping on our own account, the agreement with the landlord of the Deux Augustes being completed. From that time, all our food was provided by the purveyor for the hospital; and one of the

orderlies or nurses acted as cook, while some of the others took it in turn to come to our quarters and do house-work.

We found the change from M. Miel's elaborate and oily dishes to our plain roast and boiled meat highly beneficial and salutary. We felt, also, that we had considerably more of the freedom and comforts of home under the present arrangement. Formerly, if we were not disposed for dinner at the time it was provided, we were obliged to go without; if we sat down to the table, and ate nothing, it cost the government two and a half francs; if we felt unwell, and unable to eat *table d'hôte* food, our names were struck off M. Miel's list for the time, and we were provided with arrowroot, beef-tea, etc., etc., from the hospital, but if we felt rather hungry on such fare, and wished for a little meat, the two and a half francs stared us in the face, and made us leave the tempting morsel untasted, as it really would have been paying too dear for a scrap of food.

Our numbers were now considerably thinned. Mrs. Coote had resigned; Mrs. M——, Mrs. L. J——, and two other ladies, had left; and four of the paid nurses were sent home. Death had taken one away, and another was now to follow. Mrs. Payne, one of the nurses, had been sent into the Hotel Des Deux

Augustes, to attend on Mr. Coote, who was seriously ill. While there she was seized with cholera, and died after twelve hours' illness, being conscious almost to the last. She was buried early next morning in the soldiers' burial-ground. This death caused a good deal of consternation, not alone amongst ourselves, but in the people of Smyrna; for cholera had always made fearful ravages there, and they were terrified at the prospect of its re-appearance. But we had cause to be most thankful that, except this isolated case, there was no other which proved fatal. Mrs. Payne was a stout hearty woman, and her sudden death brought again before us forcibly the uncertainty and precariousness of the life we were leading.

An Armenian, who used to carry our supplies from the hospital to the quarters, and also did scrubbing-work there, gave us a fright some days afterwards. He had drank a large quantity of Sir J. Burnett's disinfecting fluid, which was lying about in a bottle, fancying it was raki. He was dreadfully ill, and at first no one could make out what was the matter, till he enlightened them on the subject. He was taken to the hospital, but was very ill for some days. An Armenian priest came constantly to visit him, a pleasant kind-looking man. I spoke to him several times, and on one occasion said, I should like much

to ask him some questions about the Greek and Armenian churches. He said he should be most happy to speak to me on the subject, and asked me when I should be at leisure. I named an hour on the following day; and accordingly he came to my division, accompanied by a brother priest. They sat with me for a long time; but instead of obtaining the information I wanted, I found that we were going round in a wheel—that they were Roman Catholics, although Armenians, and were labouring to convince me that the western church was the most ancient and only true one, and that the Armenians who were not Roman Catholics were schismatics. As I could not agree to this, we parted without much mutual edification.

These Romish Armenians are a very small body in Smyrna; but the Armenians belonging to their national church are very numerous, though not so much so as the Greeks; and the different sects all hate each other with a bitter hatred. I have heard Greeks call Roman Catholics "dogs," as they passed each other on their way to their respective churches. The inhabitants of Smyrna who are neither Turks, Jews, Greeks, nor Armenians, call themselves "Catholiques," and are from all parts of the world, French, Austrians, Prussians, Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians,

etc.; but many of them have been so long resident, that they seem quite to have forgotten their origin, and know nothing except that they are Smyrniotes.

Shortly after Mr. M'Raith's capture by the robbers, we were terribly alarmed at the report of the body of a man in a Frank dress having been found on the road to Bournabat with his throat cut, and taken to the pasha's to be identified. Here was a horrible fulfilment of the throat-cutting threat! Great was the consternation felt by all; but the murdered man turned out literally to be "a man of straw," dressed up, no doubt, by the friends of the brigands, to intimidate us from further pursuit, as active measures were still being taken for their capture.

I have omitted to mention that, on the 12th of June, the Duke of Newcastle arrived at Smyrna, on his way to Scutari and the camp. He staid a long time in the hospital, inspecting it minutely; and I afterwards heard he expressed his approbation of the arrangements. He went also to our quarters, visiting our several rooms, to see the extent of our accommodation. The hospital was not very full then, and shortly afterwards it was much less so; for on the 24th, eighty-two men embarked for England. Removals were constantly going on; each transport

that came in taking some men either to the camp or home; so, although our party was considerably smaller than when we came out, we had not a great deal to do, and were always hoping for a reinforcement of invalids from the camp or Scutari hospital, which we found was a wish impossible to be granted us, as all the gentlemen who went from Smyrna to Scutari returned with the same news, which was that the ladies there were in the same state of hopeful idleness as we were.

At this time, we were often able to see something of Smyrna and its neighbourhood, through the kindness of the medical men who still remained; but many had volunteered their services at the camp; and though Dr. Hall never asked them to go up, he did not fail to receive them kindly, and employ them when they went. I have frequently heard him blamed for not requesting Dr. Meyer (who had informed him of the wish of several of the medical men to proceed to the camp) to send the surplus medical staff to the camp hospitals; but I cannot think that, as head of the military medical department, he was at all blameable for not soliciting aid from a civil establishment; his great ambition and object conscientiously must have been to make the body of which he was head sufficient for its own wants.

Among the ladies, too, at this idle time, were many volunteers. Seven made application, directly or indirectly, to Miss Nightingale, to be employed at Scutari, Koulali, or elsewhere; but were told, their services were not required. I believe Dr. Meyer felt a little hurt at these applications, as they appeared to indicate a wish to leave his superintendence, and thought they ought to have been made through him; and so they ought; but the omission occurred entirely from want of thought, and the applicants being unused to official proceedings: for so far from wishing to escape from Dr. Meyer's rule, we should all (as far as I know) have been very sorry to change it for any other. We always found him just and honourable in all his dealings, and ever anxious to rectify any abuse or grievance that came within his control. We were only anxious to get away because there was little to do; and he would have been the last to hinder us from finding occupation for ourselves, if we could; but, as I said before, our services were declined, Miss Nightingale saying that "she had no occupation *for ladies.*" Some of us had almost determined on returning to England, but we were led to expect the arrival of sick soon; and in this expectation lingered on, with very little to do, during the months of July, August, and September.

The panic caused by the Klephtes had somewhat subsided. I was possessed of an antidote to fear on their account, through the kindness of the Bishop of Moray and Ross, who sent me the following guarantee for a ransom in case of my capture:—

HEDGEFIELD-HOUSE,
INVERNESS, SCOTLAND,
September 12*th*, 1855.

I hereby undertake to repay any amount which may be necessary to recover Miss ——— out of the hands of the robbers.

ROBERT EDEN,
Bishop of Moray and Ross.

To the English Consul at Smyrna, or any European Consul there.

If the robbers had heard what a valuable individual I had suddenly become, I might not have been here to tell the tale; but as it was, I was enabled to set at nought Dr. Meyer's jocular and oft-repeated assurance, that "if we were captured while out of sight of superintending eyes, we might ransom ourselves, or remain in the hills, as he would not be answerable for us in any way."

The medical men sometimes kindly formed escorts for sketching-parties, to some picturesque spot in the neighbourhood. One very favourite place was a

ravine about two miles off, at the foot of which run the Meles, which was there crossed by a bridge and two old aqueducts, partly in ruins: some say they are of Genoese, others of Roman architecture. At all events, they were very interesting monuments of days long gone by, and made very pretty sketches. In the neighbourhood was a monastery and church, called "the Church of the Prophet Elijah." It is said, some one digging on the spot found a picture of the prophet, which was considered equivalent to an order to build him a church; and this was accordingly done, with the addition of a monastery for Greek priests. It is beautifully situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking a small stream edged with oleanders and other beautiful trees and sweet-scented shrubs.

Our great security, I believe, was in the fact of the medical men never going out without their revolvers. Of this the robbers were well aware, as we often had reason to know that they were perfectly acquainted with all our movements. We always rode on donkeys at these little excursions; and the Turkish saddles used at first to perplex us dreadfully: they are a high, padded sort of seat, without any pommel to hold one on, and no bridle save a rope; but each donkey has a Greek accompaniment to it, who

supports you by putting his arm round you. This is not peculiarly desirable; and many were the frantic attempts we made to dispense with this assistance; but for some time we were obliged to submit to the ignominious alternative of holding on, with a frightened grasp, to the shoulder of the Greek, or speedily finding our level in the dust. We, however, soon became accustomed to the pace of the animals, and then we felt pretty secure, and able to relinquish the attentions of the Greek; and at last found it quite pleasant to canter along unassisted.

As to guiding the donkey with the rope fastened at one side of the head (generally the left), it was quite out of the question; the animals had neither bit nor bridle—and our pulling at this rope, which was joined on to a sort of halter and muzzle, scarcely induced them to move their heads; indeed, one might almost as well tug at a stone wall, for donkeys in general like their own way—at all events, they make a strong effort for it. They certainly are stubborn; but there is something very gentle, loveable, and patient about them; and when properly trained, they are invaluable in the East: but their drivers have a habit of walking behind, and beating them from side to side according to their pleasure, which makes your

acquired elevation very insecure. You are going along at a tolerably steady pace—not fast enough, perhaps, to please the driver, who comes and gives it a blow on the side, which neither you nor the donkey expect, and which considerably upsets his equanimity and your equilibrium. I have had more than one fall on this account. You cannot tell on which side the man means to strike, and the creature sways about to avoid these blows, without any thought of the precious burden on his back.

An amusing thing happened to me once, which will show how completely we were at the mercy of our donkeys and their men.

I had been spending part of the day at Boudjah, and one of the party had kindly offered himself and his revolver to escort me home in the afternoon: we had progressed about half-way, when we saw a number of people coming towards us, who, on nearer inspection, turned out to be the Pasha and his suite. As I had before been favoured with a bow from him, he having once, by accident, occasion to speak to me, I thought I might have a similar honor this time, although it was his general habit to pass the females of our party without even a look. So I arranged myself as elegantly as I could in my old leghorn hat and lilac calico dress, and made every

preparation for a most graceful return to the expected salutation. After making a salaam to Dr. C——, who was on horseback, he did turn towards me with one equally gracious, and I had gathered up all my dignity for a suitable acknowledgment, when lo! my donkey, always *en rapport* no doubt with his driver, although several yards off, feels the intention of a coming blow, throws his ears back and bumps—for bump it was, neither trop, amble, nor gallop—past the great man; reducing me and all my elegant intentions, to what had very much the appearance of a bundle of old clothes.

Notwithstanding this defeating of all my plans, I still uphold the donkey to be worthy of the greatest regard. My acquaintance with the race had been very limited. Before going to Smyrna I had seen but very few, never been on the back of one, never seen a dead one, nor met any one who had. So it was almost a new introduction for me, and one which afforded me much pleasure. I began to think them quite pretty and peculiarly loveable, and I never see a miserable little European specimen, without my heart's warming towards it.

Horses, too, in the East, seem nearer to you and more trustworthy than they are at home, they amble and caper about and even come down, but they

never do you any harm; they right themselves immediately; indeed, how they keep themselves up at all, is the marvel. I have ridden on roads that, used as I am to the moors and mountains of Scotland, made me tremble with fear, and my horse has come down with me quite comfortably, never unseating me, nor hurting himself, and, quietly gathering himself up, proceeded on his way as if nothing had occurred.

I do not know how it is, the horses always seem ready for any fun or trial of fleetness and skill, and quite to enter into the spirit of the thing; but any serious accident on horseback you never hear of. The pranks the eldest son of the Pasha used to play with great good-natured spirited horses, were marvellous; he was a boy about fifteen or sixteen, and pranced and figured before our quarters frequently, dressed in his furred and embroidered robes; sometimes he was accompanied, and he and his companions ran races, and stopped and turned like lightning, this, indeed, seems the great secret of Eastern horsemanship, the way in which they can halt in an instant, and turn so rapidly and unexpectedly is, indeed, wonderful.

The young Suleyman, the Pasha's son, was a fine boyish-looking youth, with a round fair face, certainly not more than fifteen and a half years of age; but

during the time we were there, in August, as far as I recollect, he was married. Great rejoicings were made on the occasion, and he appeared afterwards with more retainers and finery in his dress; but a perfect boy he was, and looked the same up to the time we left.

His father was a rather good-looking, fat old man, clever and astute, I have been told. He was always very civil and courteous to us; indeed, really kind, in trying to oblige and serve us. I heard among the Smyrniotes, about the time of Mr. M'Raith's capture, that he was accused of only keeping a very small number of the cavasses, or police force, appointed by government, and retaining the money, which ought to have paid the others, for himself. I do not know whether this is true; but any of our party, who came in contact with him, described him as most anxious to further anything for our comfort; and they said, in his magisterial capacity, he was uncommonly acute and sensible. One or two stories are told of him, which caused much amusement to us all. On our arrival, General Storks had requested him to order his cavasses to respect our habits, and see that we were not molested in any way. He promised strict compliance; and so effectually were his orders carried out, that on an evening, when one of the chaplains,

Mr. E——, was walking about our quarters, waiting till it was time to come to a practising of church music, which we had established, some cavasses, who were near, seeing him on, as they thought, prohibited ground, asked him, "What he was doing there?" ordered him to leave the spot, and not understanding his explanation, were proceeding to carry him off forcibly, when some one arrived who explained the state of affairs. Another time, the Pasha was walking about our premises, and encountered a tall, stout lady, with a large Leghorn hat, upon which he threw up his eyes, and exclaimed, with an emphasis which it is impossible to convey, "Mashallah!"

I heard a Turk make use of this expression once, and I know how impossible it is to give any idea of its force. An old man, who used to notice, admiringly and pityingly (for he was a delicate child), Mr. W——'s little boy, "Charlie," on his return from Boudjah, after three months' absence, met him near the hospital, and expressed his surprise and pleasure at the change in his appearance by such a "Mashallah!!!" as did one's heart good to hear.

These poor Turks were always so kind and polite to us. Never—although proceeding against all

their ideas of propriety, by taking hold of a gentleman's arm—have they shown anything but courtesy and civility, frequently crossing the road to present us with bouquets of flower, or some fruit, a portion of what they were carrying in to Smyrna from the interior on their donkeys. Once, in the bazaar, a Greek boy said something insulting to a lady of our party—at least, it was supposed to be so, though not understood—when a Turk, standing by, seized the boy, beat him soundly, and then admonished him and sent him away.

At first, the Turks followed their usual habit, and avoided looking at us as they passed. There was one boatman, whom we occasionally employed, who used, in rowing, to turn his back on us as much as he could; but, latterly, they all got so accustomed to our presence and *sang froid,* that they evidently looked on us as a separate class of beings from their own women, and were always most deferential and respectful, and did not seem to think it at all a breach of etiquette to talk to, guide, or render us any service they could.

We were not very sure of the Greeks, and felt rather strange in any other quarter of the town than our own; but the moment we reached the Turkish quarter, we had a sense of protection and an at-home

feeling, which was very pleasant. The women, too, evidently liked us. Many a time have we been stopped in the streets, to have our hands shaken and "Bono Inglese" said to us, with kind looks. The children used to run after us, also saying "Bono Inglese"; and a very favourite speech with them all was, "Inglese bono, Françese bono, Turco bono, Mosco *no* bono." Then followed a hearty pat on the back, a laugh, and shake of the hands. I always felt perfectly safe with the Turks, notwithstanding the saying of a boatman, Mehmet, whom we used to employ, "That some of the Turks were not at all grateful for our help in this war, and would have as little compunction in seizing us for a ransom as Symoon and his band, if they dared."

I asked him if he and his people did not call us Giaours?

He said, "No! they only called the Greeks Giaours"; and asked me, in return, "Whether British women abused each other, as Turkish women did? saying to each other, when they were angry, 'I wish your eye may be put out.'"

Mehmet and his brother were often employed by us, and almost the only Turks who were, the generality of boatmen being Greeks. Mehmet was by no means so indolent as the rest of his class,

who would not go out if there was the slightest ripple on the water. They are especially lazy, as a general rule, these Turkish boatmen.

One afternoon, I had asked Miss C. Le M—— to go to the lazaretto with me, to see a convalescent soldier. I had engaged Mehmet for a certain hour, and he had promised most faithfully to attend; but there was a slight breeze, and no Mehmet appeared. We walked down to the Scala, about 200 yards off (at each of these there is always a *café*, where boatmen sit smoking and drinking coffee, during the intervals of their occupation), and there we found him quietly smoking his pipe. He made us understand it was not his fault he had not brought the boat punctually, but his brother Achmet's, who would not go out. The sea was a little rough, but we were anxious to go, and offered rather more than the usual fare. Mehmet would have gone, and was anxious to oblige us; but not one of the twenty others sitting in the *café* could we get to move. At last I really fancied there was danger, and said inquiringly, in my best Turkish, "Chok denis?" *i.e.*, "Too much sea?" Mehmet repeated my attempt to the rest, who gave an exclamation of satisfaction, reiterated "Chok denis," turned themselves round to their pipes again, and left us to our own devices. It

was no use saying anything more to them. When a Turk wont do a thing, he wont; but we observed many caïques in the bay, well able to weather the storm, which was too much for the indolent Turks.

CHAPTER X.

Jewish Burial-ground—A Jewish Funeral—The Soldiers' Burying-ground—Antiquities of Smyrna—Turkish Carpet Factory—Politics of the Cafés—Turkish Sensitiveness—Turkish Imperturbability—Life of the Women—Latest Fashions—Visit to a Turkish House—A Turkish Bath—Closing Operation.

Our favourite, and, indeed, I may say, only walk, used to be in the Jewish burial-ground, which extended along the hill towards the Lazaretto. Here we considered ourselves pretty safe, as there were people generally passing and re-passing on the road by the sea. One of our party was possessor of, and generally carried, a life-preserver, in whose protection we had great faith. We frequently used to see Jewish funerals in our walks. One came up while we were standing by an open grave: we asked if we were in the way, or if they objected to our presence; and on their saying "No," we remained till the interment

was over. Several priests and rabbis chaunted as they walked up with the corpse, which was carried on a bier, and wrapped in a white linen cloth; and one gave a vehement address over it as it lay beside the grave. He was responded to by another from time to time, who seemed to give assent to what was said. They then walked round the body, chaunting all the while; it was afterwards raised, and given to a man, who received it and placed it in the grave, sprinkling sifted earth first over the face and then over the rest of the body, which was then covered, and the grave filled with coarser earth, the marble slab put on the top, and all was over.

One old man remained howling over the spot; and I said to a Jew, who stood by, "Poor old man! I suppose it was his daughter who was buried." It was a young girl, about thirteen years of age.

"O no," he replied, "no relation; he is hired to mourn."

"Were there none of her family then at the funeral?" I asked.

"Yes, a brother; but he went away immediately."

The Jews, when they can, bury very deep; but in many parts of the cemetery they cannot dig at all, it is so rocky; and in such cases they lay the corpse on the surface of the ground, and build it in, and

cover it with marble slabs, filling the tomb with earth, and always sifting the part of it which goes nearest the body. Before the rainy season comes on, they plaister and cement the crevices of such graves, to prevent the rain getting in and washing away the earth.

One Jewish funeral procession passed our quarters which was very picturesque. It was that of a rabbi, and took place at night, most of the people carrying torches, which displayed their many-coloured garments and vehement gesticulations, as they chaunted, and lamented their dead brother.

The soldiers' burying-ground was, as I before said, on the top of the hill, above the Jewish one. The medical men had raised a small monument to mark Mr. Edmondes' grave: it was in the form of a Maltese cross enclosed by a circle, and his name, age, and day of his death engraved around it. A few hours after it had been erected, it was discovered utterly destroyed and broken to pieces. For some time we blamed the Greeks for this wanton outrage, but were afterwards convinced it was committed by the Jews, who could not bear that their dead should rest under the hateful symbol of the cross. The soldiers' graves were afterwards enclosed; and I have heard, since my return, that the medical men who remained behind us are collecting money to erect an obelisk to the memory of the poor fellows who sleep there.

On the hill, and amidst the Jewish tomb-stones, are evident remains of a ruined temple; some marble pillars are still to be seen, and many of the monuments seem also to have belonged to the building, which is said to have been a temple of Cybele.

The site of the ancient church is supposed to be within the enclosure of the Genoese fort.

The upper part of the town is full of remains of antiquity, cornices and entablatures built into the walls of the present houses; and not far from the fort, in a Turkish cemetery, are some very old pillars, with part of a wall still standing, which seems evidently to have belonged to a Christian church. But considering the former grandeur of Smyrna, there are wonderfully few remains of ancient splendour to be found, nor are there apparently many tumuli. In a field near the Caravan-bridge there are a few, some of which have been opened. I saw one or two sarcophagi which had been found there, and which the possessor assured me were upwards of two thousand years old.

Mr. Spieglethal, the Prussian consul, has a very interesting little museum of antiquities found in the neighbourhoods of Smyrna and Sardis, where he had also made several excavations, and discovered the tomb of the father of Crœsus, the inner chambers of

which were still unopened. Mr. Spieglethal intended excavating that year at Pergamos, but was obliged to put off his intention, not having been able to start at the proper season of the year, either in the spring or autumn. He told me that at Berlin they had established a Turkey carpet manufactory, which he thought produced quite as good articles as those made near Smyrna. It was very troublesome to get at the secret of the manufacture at first. The carpets are all made at a village about sixty miles from the city, and entirely worked by women; they can only make a very small piece in a day, and are paid about the rate of eightpence or ninepence per diem.

The Prussian deputation were at first refused admission to the place altogether, but by dint of perseverance and bribes they at last effected their object, and the establishment at Berlin was the result.

Mr. S——, who has resided several years at Smyrna, gave me one or two amusing anecdotes of the Turks in connexion with the war, which used to be a fertile subject for discussion amongst their wise men, as they sat at their *cafés* smoking.

A party of this kind met one day, and after smoking for some time in silence, a Turk said, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "Do you think we can

at all give in to these demands of Russia?" here followed a long silence, and vehement smoking; at last, one more oracular than the rest, replied, "if we do, we are lost!" then there was another interval of smoking and silence, which the first speaker broke by saying, "then there is nothing left for us but to accept the aid of France and England:" after a tremendous pause, the other replied, "if we do that, we are twice lost"—an opinion which seemed to coincide with that of my Scotch nurse, who said to me one day with a sigh, while looking out of one of the hospital windows at Smyrna, "Well, this is a beautiful place, and there 's nae doot it'll soon be under Breetish Government."

"Indeed! Mrs. M——;" said I, "what makes you think that?"

"Oh, there 's nae doot o' it;" she replied, "but do you know I dinna think it richt of us to take every place the way we do, we should leave some for the people themselves!"

At another of these meetings, an old Turk, whose opinion was evidently of great weight, said, in reference to their success in the war, "Formerly the Western Nations had *Esprit*" (I use the French word, because any English one I can think of, will not give the full force of the meaning) "Formerly,"

said the old Turk, "the Western Nations had *Esprit* and we had strength; but now we have neither *Esprit* nor strength:" an opinion which was acquiesced in by the rest with that quiet hopelessness, so much a characteristic of their nation.

I heard, however, that they were sensitive about our opinion of their deeds of arms: when the news reached us of the taking of Sebastopol, the Turkish soldiers, in meeting any of the medical men, used to go up to them with pleased faces, saying, "bono Johnnie, Sebastopol, Sebastopol!" and shortly after when tidings arrived of the splendid defence of Kars, by General Williams and the Turkish Contingent, a soldier, or officer, for it was very difficult to tell one from the other, met Mr. W—— reading a newspaper, pulled him by the sleeve, and pointing to it, said, interrogatively "Kars?" then, by way of explanation, laid his head on his arm, and said, "Mosco," to indicate that Russians had been killed; and then added with an air of great glee and satisfaction, "Turko bono!"

It is almost impossible to tell the different ranks of the Turks by their appearances; true, the Pasha may be known from his being generally attended by some of his suite; and another great man, by his pipe-bearer, and the fine trappings of his horse; but you

will find as much dignity of bearing in the poorest artisan, as in the Pasha, indeed, more; for the moment a Turk puts on the Frank dress, notwithstanding his quiet impassive air, he becomes shuffling, shambling, and inelegant, and looks as if he was ashamed of himself in his new clothing; and this is not wonderful, for a more ugly invention from the hat downwards is not easily imagined. But I believe, in reality, the ranks in Turkey are not very well defined; a man in any position is eligible for the office of Pasha, or any other government post, and although just removed from his workshop, will fill his new appointment with the greatest ease and dignity; the grand secret of the latter quality is, that it is impossible to put a Turk out of countenance, "nil admirari" seems to be interwoven into his existence. The very children never appear astonished at anything, and instead of staring or manifesting the rude inquisitiveness about strangers, in which Western children indulge; they seldom appear to take any notice, however novel or strange your manners and customs are to them.

The women, poor things! are idle and gossiping; but what can they do? they must have some amusement, and their principal one seems to be stumbling

about in the bazaars all day, or, taking some coffee with them, to go out in hordes to the burial-grounds, or a little distance beyond Smyrna, and sit there in the sun, chattering and drinking this favourite beverage.

I certainly never saw any of the want of liberty of Eastern women, so much talked about; on the contrary, they appeared to me to go out at all times they pleased, and often stay out the whole day; seldom alone to be sure, but in parties, apparently of two or three families. They are very rarely seen with their husbands, but occasionally on a Friday or Sunday, a family party may be observed, the husband walking in front with a young child on his shoulder, or holding it by the hand, and his wife or wives following with some more children; but the custom of having more than one wife is very much dying out. It is not the fashion among the richer classes, and the poorer cannot afford it.

In the specimens I saw, of the domestic life of Turkish families, the balance of power seemed pretty equally divided between the husband and wife; and if the women are ignorant and uneducated, they are very fit companions for the men, who are much the same.

Soon after our arrival, the Commandant of the Turkish troops at Smyrna, asked to be introduced to us, and invited us to go and see his wives; a party of nine or ten went, and were ushered into a tawdry house, and seated on low cushions which surrounded the room, by a black slave.

Soon the head wife, I fancy, made her appearance, followed by her daughter, about eight or nine years old. She was what would be called a comely good-looking woman, stout, with a high colour, and blue eyes, was dressed in gaudy calico rags, and diamonds, which fastened the usual handkerchief-headdress on: and be it known, that Turkish ladies change their style of dress, and have their fashions like us, and some of them are equally absurd; for instance, the trowsers now fashionable, are fully half a yard longer than reaches the ground, and though they confine them at the ankle, they trail along the floor in the most extraordinary manner, and are unpleasantly suggestive of all kinds of entanglements of the feet, as well as other accidents; this is quite a recent innovation, and whether an imitation of our train-like dresses or not, I cannot say.

Another late fashion is, that of cutting the hair quite short when they are married; so that, instead of the beautiful long tresses which used to be worn,

and which were such an adornment, now all the married females pretending in the least to fashion, have their hair cropped like boys.

But to return to the commandant's wife. We sat and looked and smiled at her, and she did the same at us. Then another wife came in, with her child, a boy: she was a sweet, interesting-looking woman, pale and dark. They appeared to be on very good terms with one another; and so did the old slave with both—who, although she waited on them, treated them, and was treated by them, with the greatest familiarity.

After sitting playing at dumb show for some time, we rose to go; but they signed to us, and said "Ottur," "Sit down"; so we did as we were bid, and the slave brought in a small plate of preserve, made of rose-leaves, and one spoon! We took a spoonful all round, and found it very good. Then there was a cup of coffee handed to each, in very small china coffee-cups, which stand always in "*zarfs*," as they are called, and which are generally of silver, more or less ornamented or costly, according to the wealth of the possessor. They resemble an ordinary egg-cup, both in shape and size.

At first I could not bear the Eastern coffee; but latterly I began to like it excessively. They do not

grind it as we do, but pound it in a mortar; so that much of it is as fine as flour. They put a great deal in for a small quantity of water, and it is generally as black as ink and very strong. It is made in a little yellow metal sort of jug with a lid, and is ready as soon as it boils: being scarcely left a minute to settle, it consequently is never clear. Very little is drunk at a time.

When we had discussed our coffee, Mrs. Commandant, senior, showed us over the house, which was by no means very nice. In all the Turkish houses I have visited, I have never seen any beds; they appear to use the divans for sleeping, and cover themselves with what my ward-master used to call "*palampores*," and others "*epaplomitas*"; but, *Anglice*, wadded silk or calico quilts. The part of the house of which the lady seemed peculiarly proud, was the bath-room, which had apparently just been used, the water being quite hot; and she kindly invited us to go there as often as we liked, and make use of it. Of this invitation we never availed ourselves. I had enough of a Turkish bath in our first house, where we had one, although it was somewhat out of repair, and could not be heated.

I was charmed with the idea of a novelty of the kind, and proceeded, the morning after our arrival,

to avail myself of it; so I adjourned to the bath-room, which was close by, leaving my Indian-rubber bath (which had been kindly given to me by a friend at parting) unused—with an air, too, as if I had found something infinitely superior. But when I arrived at my destination, I was considerably puzzled how to proceed. Here was a room, certainly, paved with marble. On two sides of it were marble receptacles for water, about the size of small wash-hand basins, fastened to the wall, about a foot and a-half from the ground, with a spigot at the top to let on the water, but none below to let it off: these were the only things at all resembling baths that I could see. Under each was a sort of wooden shutter, laid on the floor.

It was evident these basins were not intended to wash in; so the only thing one could do was to use the water by sponging, as one best could; which tedious process was at last effected, when I had the satisfaction to find that all the water ran off to the side of the room at which I had laid my clothes, that they were perfectly wet, and that I had caught cold; so I determined it would be my first and last attempt at an unassisted Turkish bath. I never took a proper one, as I always intended; but was amused at hearing, from one of the gentlemen, a part of the process

I had never seen recorded, which is—that, laying you flat on your face, the operator kneels on your waist, and then pulls up your shoulders till your back cracks, when the operation is over, and you are declared finished.

CHAPTER XI.

False Alarm—Disinterested Kindness of the English Surgeons—Cleanliness of the Turks—Vegetable and Animal Putrescence—Dead Donkeys—Verse-making Patients—Tendency to Epilepsy produced by Hardship—A Soldier from India—Suffering from Coup de Soleil—Insanity from Epileptic Fits—Escape from the Lazaretto—A Suicide—Letter from a Highlander—A Letter in Rhyme from a Soldier to his Mother.

I FORGOT to mention one absurd alarm we had early in June. I have before said, that Mrs. L. J——'s health had suffered considerably, and she was recommended to be, as much as she could, in the open air; accordingly, she fixed on a spot in the Jewish burying-ground, where she could be seen from the house, and where approach from the road was easy, but not from the hill behind, which was precipitous; and there she used to sit, reading, writing, and working, for many hours daily.

One evening, after tea, about nine o'clock, she was missing, and nowhere to be found. To be absent in the evening, without telling where we had gone, was

a thing never done; indeed, we hardly ever went out at all, without telling the lady superintendent; but no one knew anything of Mrs. L. J——. Mrs. M——, who occupied the same room, and was then ill and confined to her bed, said, she had seen her, in the afternoon, prepare to go out; but she had told her nothing, nor left any message; and we of course concluded she had gone as usual to sit on the hill.

It was now quite dark, and we were all seriously alarmed. We thought she must either have been carried off by robbers, or else become suddenly ill, and unable to move — perhaps had been lying dead or dying on the hill for hours; in fact, we thought of everything possible and impossible. But soon every one who was able was in motion. There could hardly have been more "racing and chasing o'er Canobie lea" after the lost bride of Netherby, than there was of doctors and ladies with dark lanterns in search of Mrs. L. J——. Two of the ladies and I did not join in the pursuit; but while one prepared all sorts of medicaments and restoratives in case of accident or illness, the others peered cautiously and fearfully into every corner of the house, looking with awe into all sorts of places where the missing lady could not possibly have entered. This went on for some time: we saw the lights passing quickly hither

and thither on the hill, and heard the parties in search shouting to each other, but they had evidently been unsuccessful; and our fears were assuming almost the form of certainty, when the gate of the quarters, which had been left ajar, was softly pushed open, and in walked Mrs. L. J—— in perfect preservation, accompanied by Mr. Hansom, at whose house she had been spending the evening.

It happened that she had gone to the bazaar, and wishing to say adieu to Mr. and Mrs. H., she had extended her walk to their house, and remained to supper. She had mentioned this intention to Mrs. M——, who, being ill, had forgotten to speak of it to the lady-superintendent, which caused the subsequent alarm and commotion, which, as it turned out, furnished us with amusement for many a day.

During this rest from hard work at the hospital—indeed, ever since their arrival—the medical men had given much of their time to the poor of all denominations who came to consult them. They had certain hours every day set apart to receive as many as came, but often did not confine themselves to these, but went also to see them at their houses when they were unable to come out, and performed many dangerous and difficult operations. I have heard that Mr. A——, one of the surgeons, who had operated on a boy for

some disease, which was giving him the only chance for his life, succeeded better than any one anticipated. The boy lived, and would probably recover; but in the meantime, thinking that his parents, who were very poor, would be deprived of even the little assistance he had been able to give them, and perhaps be put to more expense on his account, Mr. A—— provided for his support, and I believe does so up to this day.

The people in general seemed very grateful, and used to beset the doctors' houses and our quarters in hordes. One day a poor Turkish woman was knocked down and ridden over by a Turk on horseback, who went galloping on as indifferently as if nothing had passed. She was carried into our quarters, and was, they feared, materially injured; but Dr. Rolleston, who happened to be on the spot, rendered her every assistance, the ladies got her restoratives, and two sat up with her all night, and the next evening she was able to be sent home. After a little time she recovered, and was so grateful; she used to watch for all of us going to the hospital, and pray "Allah" to bless us; she also made frequent attempts to embrace us, which was not always very desirable.

But here I must say a word for the Turks, whom I have generally heard accused of being dirty in their persons, houses, and habits. This, from what I have

seen, I do not think is correct. Any of their houses I visited were always scrupulously clean, and so were their persons and dress; indeed, I should say, the poorer classes infinitely surpass ours in cleanliness; very few of even the poorest do not now and then endeavour to provide for themselves the luxury of a bath; while, if they are anything like devout Mahometans, they always wash their face, hands, and feet at sunset, previous to saying their prayers. But they have one or two idiosyncrasies which, I believe, have acquired for them this reputation. One is their dislike to destroy animal life, in whatever shape it presents itself; and by this amiable trait we suffered, for all our houses literally swarmed with animated nature of every description. Mosquitoes, of course, we expected in their season; but I am sorry to say, fleas and bugs became household words with us. It was of no use delicately indicating them, as we do at home, as things too dreadful to be mentioned; for there they were numerous, unpleasant, self-evident facts, not confined alone to their legitimate territory, our bed-rooms, but I have seen them in my plate, in a glass of wine, etc., etc., while in the hospital they were everywhere, and a great annoyance to the poor men; one of whom once gravely informed me we had so many of the plagues of Egypt in Smyrna—I for-

get the enumeration, but recollect one of them was "fleas."

The other habit I alluded to in the Turks is the utter disregard they show towards sanitary reform; and I really think, unless Smyrna was the most healthy place in the world, they must have the plague there perpetually: at least, I am sure if we had at home all the horrors we had there—stagnant pools, refuse of vegetable and animal food lying rotting in all directions, filthy drains never cleaned, and carrion of all descriptions meeting you at every turn—we should all be dead of the plague in a month. I often wondered there was not more illness and deadly fever, from the noxious gases which must arise from these things. It is difficult to account for it; but I have heard Dr. Meyer do so by saying, he thought their safety lay in never attempting to close up or cover anything, but leaving all open to the sun, which absorbs the impure vapours; and, indeed, it would need a very powerful sun to do so. Animals are never killed when they are too old for work, or have been injured so as to be unfit for it: they are left to die, and generally to lay where they die until they decompose, or till the dogs, who are the sanitary police of the place, assisted by the jackals, devour them, leaving only their bones to bleach

in the sun. Sometimes a horse, donkey, or camel, which has happened to die in a caravanserai close by, was thrown into the sea; not far in, but just on the margin; and in a tideless bay of the tideless Mediterranean, that rather made matters worse, and a stop was obliged to be put to such proceedings.

If one never saw a dead ass before going to Smyrna, he need not remain long there without seeing that wonderful curiosity in all stages of dying, death, and decomposition. I remember one poor animal, grey with age, who lay down with his burden, one hot summer's day, on the road between our quarters and the hospital, literally unable to move a step further. His owner took off his trappings and left him there. We tried, when passing, to make him move out of the broiling sun to the shade of the wall around the convalescents' field, and offered him some food; but the poor donkey's work was done. He seemed to like to be patted and stroked, and that was all. Next day, he was food for the dogs and jackals.

In the month of July, half the hospital was shut, only four divisions were kept open, and these were not entirely filled. Fever was still making its appearance every now and then; but most of the patients in hospital at this time were kept on, as too

ill to be moved home, or else in hopes of being able in time to return to the camp. This lingering on was very distressing and wearisome to them, but they endeavoured to make the best of it; and those who had the care of them at this time got better acquainted with the men, their dispositions, and their little histories, than they could do when the hospital was full.

Writing poetry used to be a favourite amusement among many of them. I subjoin some verses written by a man, F——, a patient of Dr. Wood's, who had a very bad pulmonary complaint, which, it was thought, would prevent his ever seeing again the bright green fields of Old England. But F—— had brighter prospects in view, and looked for "a better country, even a heavenly." He did live to reach home; but whether alive now or not, I cannot tell. During his stay in hospital, he wrote out for himself a selection of texts from scripture, making them into a little book, which he called "Daily Food"; and he evidenced, by his conduct and temper, that he did live by the Word of God:—

JESUS, thou preashous bleeding lamb,
  To Thy dear side I come;
For in Thy blessed word I find
  That Thou will cast out none.

O that my heart was fill'd with love,
  To love Thy blessed name!
And see Thee with an eye of faith,
  That loving body slane.

Help me to feed on Thy dear word
  With true and loving faith,
That I may love Thee better, Lord,
  And see Thy smiling face.

O melt my heart to glowing love,
  And draw my soul to Thee;
That I may look to Thee above,
  And in Thy death on Calvre!

A very painful effect produced on the men, by the hardships they had endured, was a tendency to epilepsy: many of them had severe fits, which it was terrible to witness. B——, a strong, powerful man, in my division, who had only been admitted the night before, was seized with one, just after the morning medical visit. I was at the other end of the corridor, and hearing a noise which resembled smothered roaring more than anything else, I hastened to the direction from which it proceeded, and found B—— lying on his bed, near the door of my store-room, in strong convulsions, and several men trying to hold him down. His face, throat, and arms were swollen to twice their usual size, and he foamed at the mouth and struggled dreadfully. All the surgeons

of the division had left; but one from the next came and bled him directly, while we despatched a messenger for Mr. M'L——, whose patient he was, and who was shortly at his post. He ordered a blister at the back of B——'s neck, and scolded me for allowing the orderlies to hold him down so tightly. I believe it is a generally adopted theory, not to do so in such cases now; but I do not know what would have happened to the other patients, if poor B—— had been allowed to go loose at that time. They slackened their hold, however, according to orders, and in his struggles his arm became unbound, and the floor beside his bed was a perfect pool of blood. "Doctors differ," too, I believe, about the expediency of bleeding in such cases; but with that I had nothing to do. My efforts were confined to bathing his head and wrists profusely with eau-de-Cologne, which I happened to have, and fanning his forehead and breathing on his wrists, to expedite evaporation. He was getting a little quieter, when all at once the hand I held unconsciously grasped mine, and wrenched my arm round with such force, that I thought it was fairly out at the shoulder, and for some minutes I could not use it. To give an idea of his great strength, while under the paroxysm, I may tell that seven or eight men had very little power to hold him.

Two or three days afterwards the swelling had subsided; and poor B——, who was a fine strong-looking fellow when he came in, was so changed as to resemble a decrepid old man, with a curious twisted face, and did so for many a day. He had one other fit, but not nearly so severe as the first; and the surgeons having explained to him minutely the symptoms and feelings likely to precede a repetition of them, warning him, if they were not in the hospital, to let me know instantly if he felt any such; he was always on the watch, and came immediately to report any unusual sensation he had. So many fits, I believe, were averted in this way; and before he left, there had been a long interval of decided improvement in him.

N——, another man, who had been invalided home from India on account of a *coup de soleil*, was sent out as one of our orderlies from Chatham. I do not know how he got on at first; but I hear the lady, in whose division he was, gave him a good character for kind attention to the sick; but having, on one occasion, to attend to a man in a fit, he was soon after seized with one himself, and had a succession of them, which completely disordered his already not very strong intellect. He was taken into the division next mine as a patient, and used to wander about the

corridor in an apparently harmless state, dressed up in any odds and ends of ribbons, etc., he could find. He afterwards got rather excited, and it was found necessary to have a man to watch him. He was Irish, and a Roman Catholic, which were of a religious nature; and the priest had great influence over him during his fits of excitement.

It was hardly possible to help being amused at some of his proceedings. He was excessively grateful to the surgeon, Mr. H——, who attended him; and as soon as he saw him, would prostrate himself on the floor before him, flat on his face, seizing hold of his legs, and exclaiming—"Oh! God for iver bliss ye, my dear Mr. H——!"

He was soon after changed into my division, and occupied, with his attendant, a small ward. Having been an orderly, and not a regularly admitted patient at first, he continued to get down stairs to his own room, and carried back with him some of his goods and chattels; and, to our consternation, we found he had among them a razor, which he certainly used every ten minutes to his poor face. I wonder a particle of skin was left on it, for he alternately washed and shaved it all day. It was not thought wise to take the razor forcibly away from him, or even to let him see we did not think it safe in his hands, and

every opportunity was eagerly watched to subtract it without his notice, so that he might think he had lost it; but before we had effected this, as I was going along I observed N—— coming up to me. I stopped at once, for I never wished to appear to avoid him; and when he held out his hand, I gave him mine, as it used to please him very much to shake hands with us; but, to my horror, he put up his other hand to my neck, and then bent down his head over it. I expected—I may almost say I felt, so sure was I of it—the razor at my throat, and, for the moment, was perfectly paralysed, never thinking of offering the least resistance, when, to my relief, he raised his head; and I, feeling not quite sure whether I had mine still uninjured on my shoulders, heard him say—"O Miss! I ax yer pardon; ye're not offinded now, are ye? but I was obleeged to kiss the holy crass!" and this reminded me of a Scotch shawl brooch I had, fastening my collar, which was in the form of a heart, surmounted by a cross, and which had been the object of his attraction.

He sometimes got very excited, talkative, and noisy—indeed, terribly so—uttering sense and nonsense alternately, but his mind always running on serious things; frequently saying, that we were all going the same way, and that "God knew all." It

was very difficult to quiet him. I used to say to him, "O N——, you are disturbing the poor sick men! and He (pointing upwards) won't be pleased with you." He generally got quieter then, and repeated frequently—his tones getting lower, till his voice almost sank to a whisper—"Yes, He knows, He knows all." But what generally had most effect with him, was Miss O——'s reading the Bible to him.

When the military orderly was appointed to watch over him, he turned round and said to him,

"What d'ye want here, sir? I'm not the commandant. Its only the commandant has an orderly dancing at his heels always."

"O I'm just come to keep you company."

"Be off wid ye; I don't want none o' yer company. Ye're jist come to watch me."

"No; but I thought you would be lonely, and want company."

"Company be hanged! But I'll tell ye what—if ye're come to be orderly here, I'll work ye; ye'll not be idle, I'll promise ye."

And sure enough he did work the poor man, who was most patient and gentle with him; never giving him five minutes' rest, but skipping up and down stairs, along the corridors, and performing antics in his own room, which required constant supervision.

He sometimes used to say to him, when he approached rather nearer than he liked, "Stand back, I till ye. Did ye ever see an orderly come so near his shuperior? What's the use of being a great man, if I'm not trated with rispict? Stand back, I till ye! I ben an orderly meself, and I knows well enough how they should behave."

When we met him returning from some of those excursions to the yard outside he was so fond of making, and said, "Well, N——, where have you been all this time?" "O bliss ye, my dear lady, I was only down cooling this poor head of mine!" And, indeed, it used to be his frequent employment to go and hold his head under one of the spouts of the fountain. He was quite sensible of the state of his mind sometimes; and it was very affecting to hear him then. When they wanted to take away his poor old uniform jacket from him, he made great resistance, and said, "I won't have my regimintals taken away from me! What are ye shutting me up here for? I'm a loyal subject, and well able to sarve me queen and counthry yet: she hasn't a better soldier than I am in her army."

It required great art to induce him to go to the lazaretto. Once he made his escape, and got back again, when they had taken him half-way; but at

last he was induced to remain. He was there for some time, and always glad to see any of us when we visited him. He was ordered, at last, to go home; and was so eager to get on board, that he eluded his keeper, and swam to meet the transport, which he observed coming in; and, on being missed, and search made for him, he was found quietly on board of her.

About this time, another man at the lazaretto put an end to his own life. He had been in very depressed spirits for some time, though not otherwise ill; and felt such horror at the idea of going back again to the Crimea, that he took this means of avoiding it. Poor fellow! I went to look at his grave the last time I was at the lazaretto: it was in a small enclosure at the back, and close to an old plane-tree, near which were also buried two or three of his fellow-soldiers, and a few travellers who had died in quarantine before our arrival. While I stood there speculating on the causes and state of mind which led this man to deprive himself of the first gift of God, N——'s words came forcibly to my recollection, and I said to myself, "He knows, He knows all."

M'D——, one of the 93rd Highlanders, who had been in hospital ever since it was opened, and suffered nearly perpetual agony from the worst kind of

chronic rheumatism, but ever displaying the most Christian patience and resignation, now left for England with a few others, whose recovery was deemed hopeless. He afterwards sent the following letter to Miss O——, who had been very kind to him during his sufferings:—

CRUFF, *Octr.* 21*st*, 1855.

MISS O——,

Madam,

Permit me to apolgise for not writing you sooner. I arrived in England on the 17th of August, and came home in the end of the same month, and will at least remain till the 17th of November. Am sory to say, that notwithstanding all the attention bestowed on me both in *Smyrna* and at home, that am not like to get better at all. The pains are still very acute. I hope they may soon get away.

Accept of my warmest thanks for the manifold kindness bestowed on me by you. And that you may be long spared to enjoy health yourself, and be a blessing to others, is the wish of your

Hmble and obedient Servant,

JAMES M'DIRMOT,

93rd Highlanders.

Plase remember me kindly to Miss S——, and say that the flanels were of great service to me on the voyage home; also Miss G—— I wish to be remembered too.

J. M'D.

She has had the satisfaction, since her return, of hearing that he is rather better, and able to join his

depôt; but, it is feared, he will never be fit for service again.

The following verses were written by a patient, F——, during this idle interval. He belonged to the 23rd regiment, and wrote a good deal, I believe, for Miss P——, in whose division he had been, and which he used to decorate and ornament for her; but the lines I insert, I had from Dr. Gibbon, who, observing the advertisement of this book in the newspapers, found me out through the publisher, and called—kindly volunteering them as likely to be of interest to the public; and also some medical reports and statistics, which I have not made use of, as I thought they scarcely came within my province.

FROM A SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER, AFTER THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

From our camp on Alma's height,
To my dearest mother I do write,
To show that midst the bloody fight
God was my life's preserver.

No other power, right well I know,
Could save me from death's fatal blow;
For numerous was the hostile foe,
And shot and shell were plentiful.

The Russians show'd their armour bright,
And mighty columns full in sight,
With batteries raised to keep all right,
And guard the heights of Alma.

Oh, how our hearts did glow that day,
While pressing to that bloody fray!
Though on us well their guns did play,
As we scaled the heights of Alma.

Frenchmen, like hares, ran up the steep,
And at proud Menschikoff did peep,
And did his mighty columns sweep
From off the heights of Alma.

But do not think we idle were;
You may be sure we did our share,
As all the Russians can declare,
Who fled that day from Alma.

But why, dear mother, should I thus dwell
On what the papers all can tell?
I think it will be just as well
To speak of my own feelings.

When thundering cannons ceased to roar,
And clash of steel was heard no more,
And night had spread her mantle o'er
The bloody scene at Alma,

I laid me down on earth's cold breast,
Which was by many an hero press'd;
And, strange to say, with sleep was bless'd,
Amid the dead and dying.

And as the dawn of morning broke
O'er fair creation, I awoke ;
My feelings then cannot be spoke,
As words are insufficient

To paint war's horrors on that day,
When morn did to our view display
The scene where mangled thousands lay
Along the heights of Alma.

There human forms lay bathed in gore,
Who had with me, the day before,
Press'd to the bloody conflict sore,
Upon the heights of Alma.

A Russian officer there lay,
Close by my side, as cold as clay ;
And us poor wounded seem'd to say,
"Have pity on our sufferings!"

They raised us from the ground of woe,
Whilst from my wounds the blood did flow,
And nourishment they did bestow,
For which I seem'd quite thankful.

The daring spirit then was gone,
Which urged our mighty hosts along,
To check the Eastern robbers strong—
Unman'd were all our feelings.

'Twas then, dear mother, I thought of you,
Likewise dear brothers and sisters too :
And weeping widows not a few,
Left husbandless at Alma.

And for the tears that would be shed
For the wounded and the dead,
When the news so sad had spread
Throughout their homes in Europe.

And should I not a savage be,
If God's kind hand I could not see,
In having thus protected me
Through bloody scenes at Alma ?

And pray that He may soothe each heart
That feels the agonising smart,
And must perform the mourner's part
For loss of friends at Alma ?

So now, good mother, I 'll say, " Good-bye ;"
The order's come—I must comply—
To have my wounds dress'd I must hie,
And leave the heights of Alma.

CHAPTER XII.

The Bazaar — Smyrniote Jewellery — Jewish Shopkeeper — Making Bargains with Turkish Shopkeepers—Spurious Manufactures—Turkish Porters—Strength of Turkish Porters —Laden Camels—Musquitoes, Sand-Flies, and other Insect-Plagues.

We now had leisure to make acquaintance with the bazaar, its commodities and curiosities. It was a most intricate place; and I do not think I ever got introduced to all its turnings and windings, although we made frequent expeditions into it, and passed through it when we walked into the Frank quarter.

In approaching that part of the bazaar nearest Frank-street, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Sheffield, and such-like manufactures of all kinds were displayed; but nearer us, in the Turkish quarter, were all the different varieties of native Eastern produce, mixed, of course, with much cloth and stuffs

made in France and England, and china and glass from Germany. Except the carpet manufactory, indeed, I know of none in the neighbourhood of Smyrna. All their silks they get from Brousa, their bournouses from Beyrout; gay handkerchiefs, bags, and slippers from Damascus; and their camel-hair shawls from Persia. But they embroider well, and make their own gold thread and bullion beautifully.

Their jewellery, too, of its kind, is very good; the gold they use always seems of so fine a colour: and there are bracelets worn by all the Smyrniote ladies of any standing, which we used to admire very much. They are made of links of solid gold, fastened to a long clasp, often to the width of four inches. This, if possible, is part of every woman's *trousseau* when she marries—a tolerably handsome pair costs £40—and frequently the lover, if a wealthy merchant, adds earrings, ring, and brooch of diamonds, which are worn by his wife until adversity comes, when they are no longer seen, having been sold or pledged to provide for emergencies; and we were told, by their disappearance the state of the merchants' affairs is often known: they are replaced or renewed when the husband retrieves his fortunes. Pearls and diamonds are tolerably plentiful, and not very dear;

but I did not see anything very beautiful of that sort.

We often had a great deal of amusement in our dealings at the bazaar. At first we could not move a step without Jews after us, who, in broken English, insisted on doing everything we wanted, and did not want, for us; but by dint of perseverance we sometimes got rid of these attendants, who, in spite of our repeated assurances, and these not given in the most polite manner, never left us without asking for "a piastre to buy something for *the* boy." Many people thought it was best to go to the Jews at once; they take a per-centage, but save you a good deal of trouble; and there was a very convenient little shop in a corner, kept by a Jew, who had collected together almost all the things strangers would be likely to buy, and made it unnecessary for you to wander backwards and forwards in search of what you wanted. I do not think, on the whole, you paid more in this way than you would have done by trying to bargain otherwise.

The shop of this Jew, I forget if I ever knew his name, was a good deal frequented by our party, and I have often been there. Some of us went in one day when he was at prayer. He never turned, nor took the least notice of us, till his devotions were over; he

then turned round, and said, "Well, Madam, what do you want?"

After a little time, I said to him, "You are a Jew, are you not?"

"Yes, I am a Jew," he answered; but rather as if he did not like being questioned or talked to on the subject.

I immediately rejoined: "I ask, because I like the Jews very much."

He turned round with such a pleased, surprised look, and said quickly, "Ah!" as if he had never heard such a thing before in his life; but then added quietly, "The English are good friends to the Jews."

"In general, however, after a little time, we preferred making our own way, and bargaining with the Turks; and often the transactions were not a little amusing. My own plan was, to go up to a stall with rather a confident air, as if I knew all about it, and say, "*Kats groush* (How much does it cost? or, how many piastres)?" The Turk would then name a sum, which was perfect Turkish to me, as I never could acquire their numerals; but I was quite sure it was at least as much again as the article was worth, so it was safe to say, with a decided air, "*Bek chok* (Immensely too much)!" The price was then lowered, as you

could easily ascertain from the man's voice, but still you might be tolerably sure he demanded much more than its value; so the next thing proper to be said was "*Oh! chok parà!*" as if it was a thing not to be heard of. Another offer was generally made; but at this stage of the proceedings I always required to have recourse to my fingers, to indicate finally how many piastres I would give; and if it was something greatly below the real value set on the article by the Turk, he would move his head back the least possible degree in the world, half shut his eyes, and make a slight noise with his tongue against the roof of his mouth and his teeth, with a significance which is perfectly indescribable, but which conveys the idea intended, that your offer is quite inadmissible, and not to be entertained for a moment; and, in fact, that under those circumstances there is an end of the matter. They also use this gesture to express a sort of contemptuous incredulity; and sometimes it is nearly equivalent to the French shrug; in short, it is a most useful and expressive sound for a taciturn people, who always object to wasting more words on anything than they can help.

The principal objects of attraction to us in the bazaar were the chaplets of different kinds, made of camels' bone; crushed rose-leaves, after the *attar* is

expressed; sandal-wood, cornelian, amber, etc., etc. These chaplets are to be seen in the hands of all the Turkish men, and are used by them at their devotions as the Romanists use their rosaries; but we found they made pretty bracelets. You hardly ever see an elderly Smyrniot, be he Turk, Greek, Armenian, Jew, or Frank, without one of these always in his hands, turning it round and round, and amusing himself with it as he speaks, walks, or sits idle.

There is one part of the bazaar, called the "Bit Bazaar," which is especially set apart for antiques, and second-hand articles of clothing, embroidery, etc. Here some of the gentlemen were occasionally tempted to buy real old Damascus blades, undeniably so, for they had the peculiar Damascus mark where the metal was welded together; but lo! by some strange process, after being purchased, they were suddenly transformed into real Birmingham white iron!

Collectors of antique coins were sometimes subjects of the like necromancy; and so expert have the Easterns become at this sort of juggling, that a friend told me, at Constantinople, of an Indian or Persian shawl having been bought in the bazaar, which had all the appearance of a beautiful new one, and, on close inspection, it turned out to be made of scraps

and pieces of old worn-out shawls, artfully joined together!

Sometimes we used to put down the sum we would give before the eyes of the vendor, take up the article we had made choice of and walk off with it. This plan invariably answered when the coin we offered was English. The money we had was generally new; and the Turks would look with almost tearful eyes of delight at these pretty, bright English shillings, and taking them up, say, "Bono! Bono! Inglise!"

A run into the bazaar, which was quite close to where we lived, was always interesting, one saw there so many phases of Eastern life.

It was necessary to be cautious, too, as we threaded our way through the crowded narrow paths, for unless you are attentive or accustomed to it, you are apt to disregard a sort of roar uttered by the *Hamals* or porters, as they pass along in the middle of the way with a pack of wool, skin of oil, or immense planks of wood, or bars of iron, almost a fit load for a camel; and which you have to squeeze yourself into the smallest compass to avoid.

These Hamals are men of immense strength, I never could tell exactly about their height, for I have seldom seen them except bent nearly double

under their burdens; but I think they are generally taller than the average of their countrymen, who are, as a rule, of short stature. This does not strike you when they are in their own costume (which certainly adds to their height); at least, unless you come close to them, when to your surprise, you find a man, who had the appearance of being tall and stately, is in reality very little taller than yourself; but, if the Hamals are deficient in height, their strength is enormous; they are regular beasts of burden, and a race quite peculiar and by themselves.

They inhabit a village some miles from Smyrna, and have very little communication with any strangers. Somebody was talking of their immense strength to a Highlander, who was looking at one as he passed, and he turned and said, with a disdainful air: "Pooh! I know many a man in the Hielands would carry him and his load twice over, and think nothing of it."

The Hamals have a sort of wooden frame-work, several inches thick, which hooks on to their shoulders, and is stuffed with pith, and generally covered with canvass; this is a great protection to the back, and seems to prevent the weight from falling so heavily on them.

We had to beware, too, of the camels in the

bazaar, although they always announced their approach by the tinkling of their bells; still, the loads they carried, were often so enormons, as to brush either side of the narrow streets. To see those camels going along with their stately, dignified pace, and mild, beautiful, melancholy eyes, was very striking; but it is strange how soon the eye becomes accustomed to sights, however new, that are constantly before it; I had not been a fortnight in the East, ere they seemed no longer more strange to me (though I confess considerably more picturesque) than a London cab-stand. One really in time does get reconciled to most things! We were even getting accustomed to the fleas, although at first they were nearly equivalent to a blister; and the musquitoes, we looked on as a necessary evil: I frequently had a struggle in my mind, in determining on going to bed, whether it was preferable to be bitten as we generally were—so as to resemble a pretty severe attack of small-pox—or to be suffocated under the thick muslin musquito curtains. The heat, I did not at all mind, but the want of air was intolerable, and even the most open net curtains, used most sensibly to affect its circulation, and also to let through the sand flies, whose bite is most vicious; but the bugs were positively unendurable, in vain were cajeput oil, turpen-

tine, camphor, and even the infallible powder made for the Levant in requisition, the latter certainly killed or stupified them, but they always contrived to satisfy their hunger first. Ugh! the recollection of them is so unpleasant, that I really ought to beg my own pardon for putting myself in mind of my misfortunes, to say nothing of bringing the subject before the notice of the polite public: but so lost to all sense of decorum had we become in these matters, that our conversation on meeting in the morning used often to consist of accounts of midnight hunts and massacres, quite terrible to listen to.

On one occasion, a lady, who had been absent for some days at Boudjah, was heard in the middle of the first night after her return, uttering faint sounds of horror and distress; a light was struck by a friend, who went to her assistance; and on getting up she found, as she described it, her bed absolutely peppered with bugs of no ordinary dimensions, who scampered hither and thither with amazing velocity; but in five minutes, upwards of fifty were captured, and such things were not uncommon. They were terribly annoying to the patients in the hospital, and so were the musquitoes by night, and scarcely less so the flies by day. In bad cases, we contrived to hang some muslin from hoops fastened to the ceil-

ing, which was a protection, but it could only be for a very few, and it was miserable to see the others irritated and annoyed by the swarms of flies, they had in the summer months, although we did the best we could to cover their faces with squares of muslin.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sanitary Condition—Convalescents' Field—Turkish Drilling—A Military Band—Beauty of the Scenery—Turkish Soldiers' Funerals—Dancing Girls—A Turkish Entertainment—A Dinner in Turkey—Absence of the Host—Turkish Etiquette—Symoon beheaded—A Robber in the Hospital—The Taking of Symoon—Decapitation of Symoon—Audacity of the Brigands—A New Band of Robbers—Alarm of Fire—Turkish Fire-Engine—Departure of General Storks.

How pleased the patients were to hear of the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal sending two of their pictures to be sold for the Patriotic Fund! They never could be done speaking of it, saying, with tearful eyes—"God bless them! Her Majesty will never want soldiers while there are such princes."

Dr. Meyer was busy, during this lull, endeavouring to improve the sanitary condition of the hospital. The kitchen was much altered, and made more con-

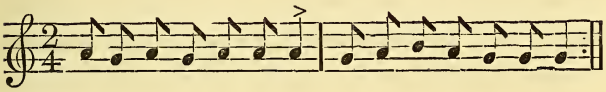
venient for cooking. The yard and convalescent field were drained, and the drains and sewers put into good order; and washing-houses, also, were made outside. These were all great improvements, especially the latter; for the washing done by contract was dreadful. The Greeks could have only been in the habit of dipping the clothes in water, and then wringing them out; at least, I know that I have often seen flannel jackets come back from the wash with the vermin still alive on them, and told the men not to put them on, for I was going to make a complaint about them, at which they seemed a great deal amused, and said—"Law bless you, Miss, we don't mind a few of these things. If you had seen us in the Crimee, you'd have wondered there was any of us left!!! We can assure you, Generals and Colonels would have been proud of anything half as good as that."

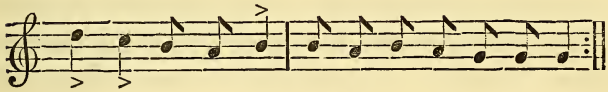
The field attached to the hospital, which was called the "Convalescents' field," was a pretty large piece of ground, but utterly without shelter, and, therefore, was not very available for the men to walk in. At first, it was in an unhealthy marshy state; and before it was drained, was not at all an advisable neighbourhood for the invalids; but afterwards, when the sun was not too powerful, it was a great advantage for them to have this place to walk in; and the orderlies,

for a short time, attempting to have cricket matches, they looked on at these games with much pleasure; and this recreation was greatly better for the orderlies than going into the Frank quarter, as they frequently did, and sometimes getting into trouble there.

The field came close up to our quarters, and stretched beyond them at the back, reaching to the sea. It was here all the Turkish troops used to be drilled. What a noise they made! At half-past three o'clock in the morning, or about that time, they used to begin operations. There were about ten or twelve brass instruments, I know not what to call them—but instruments of torture they were to us—and they were something in the shape of a cornopean. Each of these played, not a different tune, but the same, such as it was, either in different keys, or making the notes so slightly flat or sharp, that the most excruciating discord was produced. We took some time to find out the existence of a tune at all, for at first it sounded quite like nonsense music. They played with great energy and enthusiasm, however, moving from one foot to the other in the funniest way to keep time. One more original genius than the rest used to make frantic attempts at a change of tune, and always broke down, after producing something like the first bar of Strauss' Phi-

lomel waltz. The brass band was accompanied by several drums, and really the drum-playing was most marvellous. I never heard such rat-tat-tooing in my life; it came pattering down in perfect showers, resembling a hail-storm more than anything else, and must have required immense dexterity of hand. I have jotted down the notes of the march they used to play, but it will give no idea of the reality unless it is played out of tune.





The first sound emitted by this band was the signal for banishing all further repose, which was sometimes rather hard, when we were fatigued, and from heat and other causes had passed but indifferent nights; but to sleep amid these discords was quite out of the question. I used to get up and look out of the window, utterly forgetting my disgust at a Turkish military band from the exquisite beauty of the scenery before me. O how lovely these mornings were! My window looked into the small garden at the back of the house, which, indeed, was not much like a garden,

and had formerly been used as the European burying-ground. Now they have the dismal spot, I have before described, in the Frank quarter. Then came the "Convalescents' field," and beyond it the most exquisite bay, looking like a lake of mingled sapphire and gold, while many a ship and small boat, with sails full set, sat like swans and doves upon it. The opposite mountains, and the conical peaks of the "Two Brothers'" chain, glancing and glowing, with their thousand shades and colours, in the early morning light; and then the air, laden with that aromatic fragrance peculiar to the East; and its delightful temperature, cool but not cold. The Turkish band might have made more horrible noises than it did, and not have disturbed one's enjoyment of the beauty of this scene, although I cannot say much for the foreground of the picture.

The soldiers used to be drawn up in small companies; and though I do not know much about drill or drilling, it seemed to me their movements were peculiarly odd and ungraceful. A stout, inelegant little man stood in front, with his drawn sword, and grunted something occasionally, at which they used to march to the right or left, raising their legs to an angle of forty-five at each step. I believe people who knew more about it, however, said that they

went through their evolutions remarkably well. Their uniform was much against their appearance. The tunics, which in shape resembled those now worn by the English line, were blue with red facings, but so ill-made, that they were uncomfortable to look at. The only place at which they seemed tight was across the chest, and there they were drawn-in in the most unpleasant-looking way. Their trowsers were white, and, generally, by no means clean; and their shoes! the only wonder was, how they could march at all in them, great, clumsy, ill-made things as they were. I do not think they wore stockings either; at least, I used constantly to see them going about in summer with their bare feet moving up and down in these ugly-looking tubs of shoes.

We frequently used to see Turkish soldiers' funerals. They do not bury in coffins, but have a sort of wooden canopy, covered with green-baize, and a fez with a feather and some flowers stuck at the top at one end of it, this they put over the body, which lies in an open coffin on the bier. The most peculiar thing about the funerals is the quick way they walk to the grave, literally hurrying on as fast as they can move; the reason being, that they think every minute of delay till their friend is placed in his grave is a time of torment to him, but that once there, he is at rest.

We had the opportunity of seeing several Turkish ceremonies during our stay; the people, indeed, were very anxious to have us at their houses when we had time to go. On one occasion, two of our party went with Mrs. M'D—— (whom we had to thank for many marks of kindness) to an entertainment given by Scheriff Effendi, three days after the naming of his two sons, a ceremony which answers to the ancient Jewish rite of circumcision, and which is a time of great rejoicing. As they entered they were taken by the hand by the lady of the house, and placed on the divan, where they sat English-fashion; but it was soon signified that they were to draw up their feet, to make room for another tier, who sat upon the floor below them, forming a circle round the "dancing girls," who were in the centre of the room; one of whom only danced at a time, whilst the others sang and played on a tambourine and *Tarraboukas*. The ladies were asked, through an interpreter, how they liked this exhibition; and at the same time told not to look at it, as the performers were not respectable people. They in their turn asked why, in that case, they had them there; and were answered, that it was solely for their amusement! When the dancing was finished, each performer went round with the tambourine for small coins.

The house was crowded with gaily-attired females, dressed something in the style of the English court in the reign of George the Third — excessively low bodies, made very short at the waist—plain, tight, long trains—except that, of course, instead of the petticoats, were the excessively full and fashionable Turkish trowsers, which I have before described. The materials composing the dresses were very handsome, but their head-dresses were made up of gay tawdry pieces of gauze and embroidery; and although they sparkled with diamonds and other jewellery, the effect was by no means good.

The Turkish ladies expressed their disapprobation of the English ladies' figures, saying, "their waists were too small;" while an attempt to describe the enormous size of some of their own figures would seem unquestionably an exaggeration, and these among themselves are considered the greatest beauties.

Our party were particularly pleased by the appearance of a quiet nice-looking young woman, with a slight figure, who was nursing a pretty child about three years old. She told them that her husband had been pressed into the army, and was absent at the war; that she felt very dull and lonely, and did not care to go out, and this was the reason she had not adorned her person like the others—in singular contrast to whom,

she, and an unmarried sister, were not bedaubed with paint; they said, their father did not like it at all.

The Turkish women, in general, are not very pretty, having pasty, unhealthy complexions. Fine eyes, indeed, they have, but they are all alike; and they disfigure them by painting their eye-brows as they do, making them meet in a black straight line across the forehead. The use of paint and a sort of paste for enamelling is not confined to Turkish women, for I am told many others of the natives use it.

The furniture of the room was very scanty; indeed, except the usual divan, a chair or two, and a sort of tent-bed, on which lay the two children, there was none. To the curtains of this bed were pinned all manner of embroidered handkerchiefs and tinsel stuffs; while on it, near the boys, lay velvet pillows, on which were spread all the family jewels.

The lady our hostess, and all her guests the lowest in rank, going first, dined in a separate room, and then she called in her English guests and the children, whom she seated round a very low table; the sister of the host demeaning herself to dine with the infidels also. First, soup was placed on the table, and all ate from the same dish, a spoon being provided for each. Then followed meat and vegetables, with some dish from which each dragged a portion with her fingers,

the hostess standing by, and sometimes helping them with her own. After that came some nice pastry, sweetmeats, and stewed prunes. Wine was also sent up for the English, and a piece of ice to cool it put into each glass from the servant's hand. A great many slaves were standing by, as every lady of any rank brought one to attend on herself and her children.

Just before the party broke up I have just mentioned, the ladies crowded around the English ladies, holding out their wrists to have their pulse felt.

The host did not make his appearance at all upstairs, but met his English guests with great courtesy at the door, both in coming and going out, but was invisible to the Turkish ladies. He promised that his wife and sister should spend an evening at our quarters, if we would admit him also; but on no account were they to go alone. Scheriff Effendi seemed a hospitably-inclined old gentleman; for, after this, he invited a number of us to spend the day at his country-house some miles from Smyrna, making this condition, that he should not be asked to drink any wine.

We accordingly promised not to tempt the poor man with strong drinks, and a large party set off; the Effendi having a Turkish guard placed at various

places on the road, to protect them from the robbers, who were fond of this locality. On their arrival they were regaled with delicious grapes and figs, gathered with the morning dew on them, which makes them most deliciously cool.

The dinner was much the same as the other I have described, only on a larger scale; and there were no ladies present, except the English ones who went. They and the medical men who were of the party sat round the usual low table—which is no table, however, but a stool turned upside down, and a large metal tray placed upon it. Scherriff did not eat with them, but sat at a table apart. The dinner was most profuse, and lasted for nearly three hours. When the ladies rose to leave, he started up, to beg them not; for he "yet had something so good for them—an Inglis rossbif"! According to promise, he was not asked to drink wine; but he invited himself just to have a little; then a little more; till he ended by becoming exceedingly amusing to the gentlemen, as he spoke enough modern Greek for them to understand him, and also sang them some songs.

I must now return to the robbers, whom I have neglected for a long time, although it may be thought I say a great deal about them; but really they were so constantly a subject of consideration in all our

movements and plans, that hardly a day passed without something being said or done with reference to them.

But on the 12th of August, as I and two other ladies were leaving the hospital, at dinner-time, we saw a great crowd at the door of the *konac,* or pasha's house; and on enquiry, were told that Symoon, the chief of the brigands, had been taken, shot, and beheaded—and that his head was then stuck up at the pasha's palace. We had some thoughts of retracing our steps, and going through by another gate; but at last decided on passing, and even looking at the head, if it was there. We accordingly screwed up all our courage, to look up at the arch of the gateway—but no head was to be seen. Some Turkish guards, however, beckoned us to enter a few steps, which we did; and I, nerved myself to look up at the inner archway, where we thought it was sure to be—and thought of Sir William Wallace's head, and every other head that had been ill-used since his time—but it was not there. I then began to get very nervous, supposing it would be brought as John the Baptist's is always represented to be; and this I felt I could hardly bear, and was uncertain whether I should not beat a hasty retreat, when a man, whom I had not observed, brought in a small

bag of goat's hair, out of which he tumbled something, which he kicked with his foot. I looked down mechanically—and there was poor Symoon's head! It was small, with insignificant, mean-looking features; but there was nothing very ghastly about it. The dark hue of the skin, even in ordinary death, prevents that; and I suppose his having been shot and killed suddenly, in his case, made it less so than usual: at all events, the sight of a decapitated human head did not seem to me so horrible as I had fancied, and did not affect me so painfully as a scene I witnessed the day afterwards.

I was going from my division round the basement-floor, to morning prayers, and passed a door where an old patient of mine was on guard. He told me, there was one of the robbers confined there, and asked me if I should like to look at him. I said, "Yes"—fancying I could peep through a grating; but he opened the door of a very small room, and I found myself close beside a poor old man, laid on his back on a sort of wooden tressel-bed, and heavily manacled, who looked round at me so piteously, and shook his head, indicating that it was all over with him. He then made me understand that he was ill, and held out his hand for me to feel his pulse, which I did. He shed some tears; and I, hardly knowing

what to do, pointed upwards. He made an inclination of the head, and was going to endeavour to explain something to me; but I could stay no longer, for there was a cry of "The Pasha!" and I ran away as fast as I could, but was met in the outer doorway by some Albanian cavasses, and nearly knocked down by a miserable-looking object dressed in black, whom I at first did not observe to be manacled. He looked the picture of despair, as he tottered along; and I was told, in ten minutes afterwards, his head was off.

I went on to the chapel, and from there I saw the old man carried out on the back of a cavass. I felt too sick at heart to enquire about him, and I do not know what his fate was; but I have since had reason to doubt whether either of them were really killed—as I was told, no one could be executed without an especial order from the sultan; and I know, in Symoon's case, they had recourse to stratagem, to enable them to evade this law. He was about to leave the neighbourhood of Smyrna, to reinforce his band; and thinking it would, perhaps, be advisable to absent himself for a time, as Achmet Bey and the pasha were still vigorous in their pursuit of him. He had not proceeded far on his way, with one or two companions, when hunger compelled them to stop at a

farm, to try and steal something to satisfy their hunger; and he was prowling about for that purpose, when some cavasses observed him, and asked what he wanted there. I believe they did not know him by sight; but his answers were so confused, that they seized him and his friends, and shut them in an outhouse, fastening it rather loosely—because, if prisoners endeavour to escape, they are allowed to shoot them; and as there was a very heavy reward placed on Symoon's head, they wished to make sure of him: so they watched very closely, and poor Symoon did try to escape, but was shot, and lived only a few minutes afterwards; saying, as he died, "Cut off my head, but don't take my body into Smyrna." The others, who did not attempt to get away, were taken into Smyrna, to be tried by the pasha.

At first, the authorities were not sure of its being the head of Symoon; but Mr. M'Raith and others who had had a more intimate acquaintance with him than they wished, recognised and identified it. But if the two poor men I saw were not beheaded, they were in all probability shut up for life in as dismal a gaol, and under as dreary circumstances, as it is well possible to imagine; for they are subjected to cold, dirt, and literal starvation—hardly any provision being made for them; and the way they subsist, is

by letting down little canvass bags from the prison windows, for coins from the passers by. There are kept, from year to year, criminals of all sorts, as well as debtors, and too often innocent men, in hopeless captivity—no change and no amelioration likely to be made in their situation.

There were by this time about ten of Symoon's band captured, and they were daily finding more. One poor wretch was in such distress from the closeness of the pursuit, that he was reduced to a state of actual starvation from want of food; and in creeping from his hiding-place to procure a slice of bread, he was shot, and soon after taken into town past our quarters, a most ghastly and horrible sight, which some of us could not avoid seeing. Some of the farmers and shepherds in the neighbourhood were taken as accomplices of the brigands, and I believe the pasha displayed great cleverness and acuteness in their cross-examinations.

Many of the offenders were cowardly spirits enough, but some of them were of a bolder stamp; and one, on being confronted with a Greek merchant, who had been captured by them some time before, but was afraid to identify them, and who, on being asked, said he "had never seen the one then before him." The robber turned round to him and said, with an air of contempt:—

"You lie, you dog; you know I am the man who took you."

The band was now pretty well dispersed; but no time elapsed before we heard that there was the nucleus of another already formed, which was likely to be ten times worse; for this latter one was composed of Croats, headed by a man named Lucca, who was already pretty well known about Smyrna. He was a man of some education, and very clever; had formerly been an architect, and had not long before been employed in constructing a new aqueduct at Boudjah. While there, it was supposed he fell in with some of the robbers, and got enamoured of their lawless life. His ferocity was very great, and he and his band seemed to love crime for its own sake, as well as a means to an end which was not at all a characteristic of the other band. Lucca had a message conveyed to us soon after Symoon's death, to the effect that "he would take any of us he could catch, man, woman, or child; and if their ransom was not forthcoming in four and twenty hours, he would flay his victims alive!" A pleasant threat, and one which considerably crippled our liberty.

We had an alarm of fire at the hospital in the second week in August. I was going leisurely along

with my letters to the hospital post-office, for it was mail-day, when at the top of the first stairs I met Gen. Storks, who rushed up to me, saying, "How do you do, Miss?—Fire!" and off he ran like a shot; and then turned back and added, "It is in your division!" Where? I had not been in hospital before that day, so I could tell nothing about it, but ran after him as fast as I could, and truly I found the fifth division choked with smoke. The fire, however, was not exactly in the part occupied by the patients; but at each end of the building there were some rooms partitioned off, which were used for nurses upstairs, and orderlies and ward-masters below; and it was here it had begun in the Sergeant-Major's room on the basement floor. It was occupied by two men who were on duty, and the door had been locked for two or three hours; some one smelt fire and burst it open, and the room up to the ceiling was in a blaze—everything in it was destroyed, and the flooring all burnt. The engine, which was always in readiness, was playing in a few minutes, and it was soon extinguished; but there was still some fear of the ceiling having caught, and its then smouldering on, and if it once broke out in the upper story, there would have been no saving the hospital but by a breach.

While they were considering what was best to be done, we saw the pasha and a body of Turkish soldiers approaching, some of them carrying pick-axes, and others, the funniest little fire-engine ever seen, and all marching to about the time of the Dead March in Saul. The pasha walked up and inspected the flooring above, and all was found right; so they went back again, carrying their odd-looking little fire-engine with them. I am told it is not to be laughed at, however, for although it has to be fed by hand, it is of very great power.

And so mercifully ended the fire. Of course there were the usual observations, "If so and so had happened," etc., etc.; but the truth is, that it would be difficult to conceive a place more capable of being burnt with frightful rapidity. Many people fancied it was the work of incendiarism, as the window of the room was open, and the fire was supposed to have begun there, and some one proposed to hang a Greek as the best preventive of another.

There were one or two fires in Smyrna during our stay there, but of no great consequence; generally, however, they are frequent and most destructive, often burning down almost the whole quarter in which they occur; and the Christian natives believe that Polycarp comes at last and puts them out.

Great regret was felt amongst our party at the prospect of losing Gen. Storks, who was to proceed to Scutari on the 30th of August. He got on so well, and was always so courteous in his difficult position; for it may be imagined, that when a place is half under military, and half under civil rule, the authorities are not a little likely to clash, but to his honour, and Dr. Meyer's, be it spoken, they always got on most comfortably and amicably together. The medical men gave him a parting dinner in expression of their appreciation of his kind and gentlemanlike administration. The pasha also made a feast in his honour, but whether it was conducted after the English or Turkish fashion I did not ascertain.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jewish Wedding—Invitation to a Turkish Wedding—The Bride's Trousseau—Turkish Sweetmeats—Fountains in Smyrna—Want of Occupation—Excursion to Ephesus—Death of Mr. Complin—The Wounded from Sebastopol—Garden at Boudjah—Smyrna Grapes—Washing Grapes—Almond, Fig, and Olive-trees—Lessons in Turkish—Turkish Hospitality—Turkish Attentions—

SOME of us now had time to go to a Jewish and a Turkish wedding; the former ceremony lasts for eight days, but those who went only saw the principal one, which is the fifth, when the ring is put on. They were first conducted by the bridegroom to his father's house, where a large party of ladies were assembled in handsome costumes, of rich gold brocaded silks, and much jewellery; chains, bracelets and clasps for the waist of massive gold, and many precious stones; they were received by the mother of the young man with great kindness, and seated among the Jewish ladies until her son had put on his bridal dress. They then

went in procession to the bride's father's house, preceded by musicians playing on stringed instruments, and singing in really no unpleasing style. When they reached the house, they were received by a number of people drawn up on either side of the door, while some others came and sprinkled them with rose-water; and then they were brought into a small room, where they awaited the bride; she was conducted to the divan by her mother, who took a seat beside her; a friend fanned her from time to time. The mother saw that we were all well cared for, as far as good places could be given us, for the room was crowded to suffocation.

A thick white muslin veil, embroidered at the edge, was now thrown over the bride, which reached to the ground. At this part of the ceremony the gentlemen arrived, attended by music; and after a short service in an outer room, which consisted of a chaunt and turning to the east, the men then entered the one in which the bride sat, and the bridegroom presented and put on the ring, she sitting all the time as impassive as a marble statue, with down-cast eyes. Then followed a little muttered chaunt, and two rabbies emptied a glass of its contents, throwing it with much violence on the ground—of course, smashing it to pieces. The bridegroom kissed the hands of several of the ladies,

who were expected to deposit a piece of gold or silver in his. The bride afterwards performed this part of the ceremony by holding out her hand to the gentlemen, who made her a present of money in their turn. Then they (the English) departed, and were entertained with music and dancing, and refreshed with water-melons, at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, and the same amusements went on at the bride's house, she taking no part in it except as a spectator; it not being considered etiquette to display the slightest emotion on such an occasion.

Her dress was similar to the general costume, of rich Brousa silk, in gold and green, with red spots, trimmed with gold gimp and fringe. The texture of some of the dresses was entirely of cloth of gold.

We were invited to the Turkish wedding by the interesting young wife of the officer of whom I have before spoken; she seemed to cling to us, poor thing, fancying we knew all about the war, and could tell her something of her husband. We went first to her house, where she lived with her father and mother; there we saw her dress; and after her pretty sister and herself waiting upon and handing us coffee and the usual sweetmeats, she was joined by some other gaily-dressed Turkish ladies, and we set off with them for the bride's father's house.

Shortly before we left, Mrs. M'D—— told us her husband had been prescribing for the sister, a sweet interesting young girl; but she was in a decline, and he had no hope of her recovery. She had impaired her health by too frequent use of the bath. When we were going away, she seized hold of our hands, burst into tears, and asked whether we thought she would die. It was very affecting, and we could say little, for we knew that in all probability she would die very soon, poor child!

When we arrived at the house where the wedding was going on, we were ushered into a room crowded with women of every age and size; while at the door stood the bride, a brown, dumpy little woman, not at all pretty, and loaded with every sort of finery imaginable. Her eyes were more than half-shut, and a thick black gauze veil was thrown over her head. Her hair was covered with gold coins, and she had a quantity of jewellery on her person. She kissed the hands of all her friends who came into the room, but merely saluted us as we passed; she then sat down close by the door, rising at every fresh arrival. All round that room and two others were hung portions of her *trousseau,* consisting of veils and handkerchiefs embroidered in gold; the peculiar kind of silk-muslin chemise made at Brousa, and worn by all the Eastern

females of any note, and a lot of tinselled stuffs; the rest was folded on tables, placed on the divan at the top, and on it was a very handsome silver service for the sweetmeats and coffee which are always handed about to visitors, consisting of a round silver tray, in the middle of which was a richly-embossed silver vase, about the size of a tumbler, in which was a set of small silver spoons; round this were a dozen *zarfs* and small coffee-cups, while the crystal dishes for the preserves, and the tumblers for the cold water, which always follows, lay beside them.

We sat there looking at everybody, and everybody looking at us; our interpreter reporting some of the conversation that went on, which was by no means very elegant or polite. We got very tired of it, and rose to go away; but of course could not be permitted to leave without the never-failing preserves and coffee. This time the sweetmeats were sugar-plums, which a good deal resembled the pink and white stuff called here, I believe, "Gibraltar rock."

This fashion of handing about sweetmeats, cold water, and coffee, to visitors, is adopted by all the European inhabitants of Smyrna. Their preserves are often very delicious, particularly one made of the petals of the orange flower, which is very delicate and fragrant.

We were happy at length to get into the open air,

and leave this female crowd, who would remain there all day, gossiping and doing nothing. The same thing continues for several days, during which time the bridegroom never sees the bride at all; but at the end of this exhibition of herself she is conducted to his house: a mollah meets her on the threshold, and utters a few words of prayer and blessing over her, and the ceremony is complete.

How refreshing the fresh air was, and how eagerly we drank of one of the many pretty fountains which meet you in every street in Smyrna, with their engraved yellow metal drinking-vessels, attached by a chain to them. The sight of these fountains always afforded me great delight; they looked so pleasant and provident, and sometimes they were graceful and prettily-designed, although none could at all compare with the very beautiful ones at Constantinople.

I spent the two idle months of summer at Boudjah, with Mrs. W——, wife of our chaplain, and her two children, one of whom was very delicate, and who had been taken there for change of air; Mr. Beltazzi, a Greek gentleman of Smyrna, kindly offering them his country house, which he did not then occupy. I was very glad to be with my kind friends, at this time especially, for we all had an unpleasant feeling that we were staying out under false pretences, as

there was so little work to do; and I had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that I was of use to some one, as poor Mrs. W—— would otherwise have been very lonely all day, when her husband was necessarily absent at the hospital, only returning every evening at dusk; and as they had, shortly after my arrival, tidings of a severe family bereavement, and both their children were very seriously ill, I did not feel so completely that my "occupation was gone" as I otherwise should have done.

All the ladies of the party felt this staying on doing little or nothing very much; and Dr. Meyer wrote home, asking what was to be done with the overplus of the eight ladies (who only now remained of the original party), whom he said were all efficient; but on an answer being returned, that he was to keep them all on, in case of emergency, we felt more comforted, and were glad the interval from work had happened as it did, in the height of summer; which was a very fortunate thing for both patients, ladies and nurses, for had we been as hard worked during the hot season, as we were the first three months, I doubt if many of us could have told the tale now.

The Medical Staff, too, was now much diminished, Mr. and Mrs. Coote, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Wells

had gone to Renkioi. Mr. M'Leod had staid at the camp, and Messrs. M'Donnel and Complin had now volunteered and gone to the Crimea. Dr. Cullen and Mr. Wordsworth had been sent home in charge of invalids, the former did not return, and the latter on his return, went on to the Crimea; and Mr. Lakin, who had been on duty at the Lazaretto, and who was ordered change of air, on account of his health, which had suffered severely, went up to the camp, where he remained; Mr. Streatfield taking his place at the Lazaretto, so that the number of medical men was considerably lessened, although more than enough were still left for all the hospital required, but they employed themselves in the way I have already said, and lived as we did, in hopes of more busy days. They all made one or two excursions to Ephesus, which rather filled us with envy; and eager were the enquiries with which they were assailed on their return. "Do tell us all about Ephesus," "What did you see at Ephesus?" etc., etc.; and as we found the general reply was, "We saw some broken pillars, cornices, and blocks of marble, evidently the remains of great temples and buildings," we consoled ourselves, for these were also to be seen near Smyrna.

Mr. M'Donnel and Mr. Complin, after seeing some

hard work at the camp, were seized with Crimean fever, which they both had very severely, and which I regret to add ultimately ended in the death of the latter; who made some progress towards recovery, but was seized with dysentery at the General Hospital at Scutari, on his way back to Smyrna; which it was his earnest desire to reach, that he might be nursed by those friends, to whom he had become accustomed and attached; but this wish was denied him, poor young man! He was unable to proceed with Mr. M'Donnel, who was too ill to remain with him, as he much wished, and came back to us in a very weak and reduced state of health.

Mr. Atkinson immediately went up to Scutari, to attend on Mr. Complin; but in spite of every care he died, and great regret was felt, by all who knew him, at the untimely fate of so amiable and promising a young man.

Mr. M'Donnel returned to Smyrna, shortly after the taking of Sebastopol; and his description of the great night was truly terrific and sad. He was lying in bed in one of the hospital tents some distance from, but within sight of Sebastopol, or rather within sight of the sky above it, which he describes as resembling nothing he could imagine, but "Hell's gulf opened"; the town itself was hid by a rising

ground that intervened; it poured with rain all night, which came into the huts in such a way, that in spite of their india-rubber coverlids, they could not escape a drop reaching them in some part.

In the next tent to his, our wounded men were carried; and all night their groans and shrieks under amputation and other surgical operations, fell on his ears; while outside, placed under the eaves of the huts for shelter, were some poor wounded Russians—for whom there was no room inside.

A sad sight he said it was, to see some of the poor fellows on their way out to join in the attack, come into the acting surgeon in the tent, to entrust to his care, what would probably be their last dispatch to friends at home, and to mark the forced attempt at cheerfulness in the parting—"Good-bye; all right old fellow!" which was ill attested by the quivering and blanched lips of him who uttered it.

But I must return to Boudjah, where I passed such a pleasant time, only going in now and then to see what was doing in the hospital, and hearing about it every day from Mr. W——, when he came home. How sweet were the old house and garden at Boudjah, where we lived! They were enclosed by a high wall, as were all the houses of the residents in the village, thus making them both sheltered and private, no one

being able to overlook you from the road. From it you entered into a sort of shrubbery, where the stables and some out-houses were situated. Then, in front of the house, along which it extended, was a wide verandah, paved with tiles, trellised closely, and perfectly covered with passion flowers, clematis, and other creepers. The house consisted of four rooms and a sort of pantry, all curious and quaintly constructed, one opening into the other, and uncomfortable in winter, I should fancy, but perfectly charming in summer. At one end of the verandah was a large running cistern of water flowing in and out, with a perpetual pleasant gurgling sound, and turned on to the garden, every morning and evening, in numerous small streams, which surrounded and irrigated all the beds, plants, etc. At the entrance to the verandah were beds of lavender, pinks, balsams, verbenas, violets, tuberoses, and other exquisite flowers. Some fine plane and chesnut-trees were in front, built round the roots, to the height of a foot or two; and the sort of basket, in which they were enclosed, covered with evergreens, creepers, and periwinkles, out of which also peeped cyclamen and crocuses.

Down the garden was a straight walk or avenue, perfectly walled in by beautiful tall oleanders, with their magnificent blossoms of pink, red, and white;

and myrtles, jessamine, and rose-trees of all kinds. There were also walnut, fig, almond, peach, plum, pistachio, filbert, olive, and pomegranate trees, each bearing its different fruit, with some of the splendid blossoms of the last-named still remaining on the tree. The ground was covered with plantations of the never-failing tomata, melon, kolokythias, and gourds, with their pretty flowers and fruit. The egg-plant, with its purple fruit and beautiful blossoms, calabashes hanging fantastically from many trees; beds of carrots, capsicums, onions, parsnips, lettuce, cauliflower, parsley, beet-root, etc.; in fact, every sort of edible vegetable; while round the borders flourished gorgeous masses of marvel of Peru, and other gay flowers of many kinds; and sweetest of all were the yellow mimosa tree, with its scented tufty blossoms, called by the Turks "amber." Especially lovely, too, was the Gul Briseen, or "silk-rose," with its feathery waving foliage and its clusters of exquisite peach-coloured blossom, also of the mimosa tribe.

The grape, which seems principally cultivated at Smyrna, is the small sultana, which is much prized, and more expensive than other kinds; but the real grape of Smyrna is a very large green one, without *much* flavour, of which there are two kinds: one very fleshy, the other particularly juicy. The size and

weight of each bunch of these is enormous: one would fancy that the small vines must break under their load, for they are not supported or trellissed at all, and grow only to about the height of small currant bushes, the bunches often resting on the ground. In the season, you get an *oke*, or two lbs. and three-quarters, for 2*d.* In the beginning of the season, the kind most plentiful, because first ripe, is a small black grape, very sweet and juicy; but when the others come in, it is much despised. The sultanas, when ripe, look like drops of beautiful honey; and the large white and purple grapes, with their immense bunches covered with exquisite bloom, are indeed inviting; but best of all, though not so pretty to look at, are the muscatels, with their delicious, almost overpowering fragrance.

A favourite amusement of the ladies at Boudjah is to go in the evening to some neighbouring vineyard, and sit on benches in the shade, placed near to the well which is sure to belong to it, and eat fresh-gathered grapes, which are always first let down into the well, to be washed and cooled. This habit of washing grapes before eating is universal in Smyrna: they do not care about preserving the bloom on them, as we do at home, but always wash them and leave a little water in the dish.

In the vineyard attached to Mr. W——'s house were also sweet almond, fig, and olive-trees, which yielded fruit abundantly. Old Ibrahim, the gardener, used occasionally to treat us with some of the produce of both garden and vineyard, and generally every Sunday morning threw the gates of the latter open, that we might help ourselves at pleasure, which we considered a very great courtesy on his part; but an equivalent was always given him for any depredations committed on his preserves, and he was well remunerated for the daily house supply; but Mrs. W—— had the satisfaction to find afterwards that she ought not to have paid for any, as a supply of grapes for the house was part of the agreement between Mr. Baltazzi and the proprietors. Indeed, I am sorry to say, old Ibrahim, although a most dignified and gentlemanly old Turk, was too fond of turning a penny in any way he could, which was, perhaps, admissible; but what was disagreeable about him was, that he was mean and avaricious, keeping his wife, a most hard-working, industrious creature, in rags, while he himself was always well dressed, and rather imposing in his attire; but notwithstanding my disapproval of some of his home proceedings, I could not help liking old Ibrahim, he was so very gentlemanlike in his bearing. His manners and gestures were those of

a prince; and although he was not a particularly amiable, domestic character, still, I am sorry to say, we have not to go far from home to find very much worse—husbands and fathers. He was my instructor in Turkish, and used to come into the verandah; and after making his graceful bow, stand up like a statue and name any article I pointed to distinctly two or three times over, until I had got the right sound. He often volunteered these lessons; and when I walked round the garden with him, always improved the occasion by telling me the Turkish name of any tree, flower, and other objects we saw. He was generally accompanied by his youngest child, a pretty little girl, of four or five years old, whom he seemed very fond and proud of, often bringing her to us, to show off some little bit of finery about her dress.

The rest of the family consisted of his wife and two sons, about twelve and fifteen, Achmet and Hassan, two taciturn and morose boys, who looked much as if the father kept them in considerable and rather hard subjection; for on the days when he went to Smyrna to market, and they were left at home alone with their mother, they almost seemed merry and joyous. She was a particularly nice, sweet, amiable woman, kind and unselfish. She had been,

in her girlhood, at the school attached to the Protestant church, which was superintended by Mr. Lewis, and I think she was very favourably disposed towards Christianity. But Ibrahim was a devout Mahommedan. He had a corner in the middle walk of the garden, which faced the East, where he frequently used to prostrate himself during the day. Nothing interfered with his prayers. He has often almost, while speaking to me, on finding the stated hour had arrived, thrown himself down and commenced his devotions. The whole of the family seemed to have a kind and friendly feeling to us and the other English residents of the place; indeed, during all the time we remained in Smyrna, and in all our dealings with the Turks, the same feeling was apparent. They were often very anxious that we should go to their houses, and accept their hospitalities.

Two of the ladies once had an amusing interview and invitation from a Turk, who came up to them as they were sitting at work in the cool of the afternoon in the Jewish cemetery; he admired their embroidery, and after looking at them for some time, he seated himself in front of them on the ground, taking from his breast a handsome tobacco pouch, richly embroidered in gold, and offering first to one and then to the

other a piece of fine silk paper from his pocket-book, and some tobacco; he then made a cigarette, and pointed to them to make themselves each one, which they did; and after examining one and then the other, he expressed his approval of the best made by a goodnatured smile and a "bono," and kept it, exchanging the one he had himself made for it; he then, by signs, indicated his wish to learn whether they resided at the lazaretto or at the quarters, by pointing first to them, and then to the two places mentioned; they showed him that they lived at the quarters, and he drew a coffee-cup from his coat pocket, and again pointing to them, attempted to drink, and showed them that he lived in the Turkish quarter also, and wished them to go to drink coffee at his house, One of them used her pocket-handkerchief, which was of plain lawn, and he directly examined its texture, showing them his in return, which was embroidered at each corner and round the border with gold. He took their hands and looked for rings, appearing quite surprised at their wearing none, shaking his head and saying "No? no?" They began to tire of their guest and his polite attentions, and seeing one of the doctors at the bottom of the hill, made towards him. Their Turkish friend, nothing daunted, followed too, and

walked to the gate of our quarters with them, where his hospitality was extended, by gesticulations of invitation to Dr. W.; who pointed to the stars which were showing their heads, signifying that it was too late for them to go then—he looked disappointed, and finally took his leave, but not without shewing his regard for the English residents, by throwing his arms round Dr. W.'s neck, whose look of surprise and confusion can be better imagined by my readers than described by me, and has often caused us many a hearty laugh.

Some more of our party were able to have the benefit of the Boudjah air also in summer, which was a great privilege and advantage for them, through the kindness of Mr. G——, who lent his cottage to the Misses Le M——, so that three of the ladies and two of the nurses were always able to be there; and by taking it in turns, as they did, each had some change of air, which was a great boon for those who had been weakened and enervated by fever. Some of the nurses, however, did not much admire the still and dull life at Boudjah, nor at all relish having to do house-work, and cook; others, on the contrary, were excessively enchanted with the country life, and were constantly quoting scripture and fancying they were in the midst of Bible scenes. Every

well was put down as Jacob's; and indeed, making allowance for a little geographical inaccuracy, which was very excusable, it is not at all to be wondered at that they should suppose these wells were the identical ones described in the sacred narratives, for the scenes we saw daily enacted at them answered the descriptions to the life.

It used to be a favorite occupation with us all to go out and see the flocks watered in the evening, and watch the women, with their gracefully shaped jars on their shoulders, going to the different fountains.

Boudjah is most abundantly and unfailingly supplied with beautiful clear running water, which is brought from the hills at some distance. Each house of any note has a large and deep cistern and fountain in the garden, besides another at the house; this never fails all the summer, indeed I have seen it running to waste in the streets; sometimes the supply of one or two houses may fail, but this always and only happens when a thirsty Turk, Greek, or Zebecque passes the fountain or some of the pipes, and deliberately breaks one to satisfy his wants, thus destroying the communication with the houses. Often there is some defect in the mode of conveying the water, and pools and streams are to be seen wasting themselves over the roads; but there is never a

scarcity, and if it were properly used there need be no barrenness of the soil complained of. Some of the wells in the vineyards are very large and dug to a great depth, and to these there is generally attached a story of the apparition of an old Turk or Greek.

We were not able to see so much of the neighbourhood of Boudjah as we might have otherwise done, because of the band of Dalmatian robbers who lurked about, and the news of whose deeds reached us from time to time; indeed, if we wished to take a donkey ride a little distance into the country, the drivers refused to go on account of the Klephtes.

I recollect once being so much annoyed by an old man, whose donkeys we hired in hopes of being able to go a few miles into the neighbourhood, having one of the medical men who happened to be at Boudjah, and his revolver, for an escort; but in vain we wasted orders and entreaties on the old man, for over the donkeys, independently of his volition, we had no power. Nothing could induce him to move more than a few hundred yards from the village, round which he kept leading us in a most intricate and circuitous manner, so that I fancied we had come to some other place—but on asking him, he replied: "No, no, tu-ti Boudjah, no bono more; i Klephti! i

Klephti!" holding up his hands, indicating great terror, and that we were to make the tour of Boudjah, and nothing more; but the poor old man was right, for the next day we heard of their being lurking in the very ravine I so much wished to ride in.

Some time afterwards, when one evening I was extremely desirous to go to a Turkish cemetery, at the distance of about ten minutes' walk, and quite in sight of our house, Mrs. W —— objected to come, saying it was too late. I felt much disappointed, but agreed to give up my expedition, as the evenings closed in so rapidly, and it would not have been quite prudent to be overtaken by the dark. Very shortly after we heard several shots in that direction, and learned that two Turkish cavasses had been shot by the Croats, about the very place I had wished to go to. They had been lurking there, and near the new aqueduct, a spot well known to Lucca, and a labourer coming home from his work had noticed them, and reported their presence to the Aga of police, who sent out a body of his men, two of whom had been killed, while the robbers escaped unhurt; for as I have said before, it is nearly impossible to take them, save through treachery in their camp; they are always so much on the alert.

Except for this fear on account of the robbers, a

very tranquil and peaceful time we had at Boudjah, sitting in the verandah all day reading, writing, and working; going out for an evening stroll in the direction of the three wells, which were close at the back of the vineyard I have spoken of, and seeing the flocks watered—or else to some springs at a short distance, from which one had beautiful views of the country all round, and where some of the party sketched, while the others went about looking for pretty shrubs or flowers, and gathering almonds and walnuts, or arbutus berries, which grew in such profusion, and looked so very lovely. Both Turks and Greeks who happened to pass when any sketching was going on, seemed excessively interested in it, and were most eager to have their likenesses taken.

In the evening we generally sat on a most unsafe-looking kiosk, built over the stable; but how exquisite those evenings were, from about eight till ten or eleven o'clock! In spite of the mosquitoes, whom we allowed to feast themselves at pleasure, it was delightful to sit, in the cool night air, under as lovely a sky as can well be imagined—the moon making everything almost as bright as day, and the shooting-stars, darting to and fro, like missives between distant worlds, in the illuminated heavens; while a sort of hushed hum of insect life sounded round you; and

the occasional dismal howl of the jackal, and the melancholy and rather pretty cry of the small owl I used to call the *aziola*, not knowing whether it was so or not—only that

"'Twas nothing but a little downy owl"—

fell from time to time on our ears.

And the air, how enchanting it was! Very often at that time there was a cool breeze, which was so refreshing after the heat of the day, and which came to us laden with the peculiar perfume which belongs only to the East. I will not say, it is more delicious than the scent of the clover-fields and gardens of England, or the heath-clad hills of Scotland; but it always used to please me excessively, and I never seemed to lose the sense of its peculiar aromatic fragrance. Sometimes, to add to the beauty of the scene, a group of gaily-clad Turks and Greeks would come and seat themselves, with their lanterns, under a tree close by, and play on a curious sort of little mandoline they use, some of which are the smallest stringed instruments I ever beheld, not even excepting the fiddle of our juvenile days, and having about as much power of sound and music. The man on donkey-back, who always rides in front of the long strings of camels, generally carries and plays one of

these; and as he goes along, you hear the faintest and thinnest tinkle, tinkle, you can imagine, and are at a loss to know from whence it proceeds, when you observe this curious little instrument in the man's hand.

But their chief delight was drumming all night on the *tarabouka*, which is a sort of red earthenware jar, open at both ends, and covered at the broadest with a piece of parchment, on which they beat. This noise used to be incessant in the Turkish quarter of Smyrna all day, and during the Ramazan, all night also. The favourite place of resort there was a café at the Scala Sultanie, near our house. The men used to go in crowds there to sing, drink coffee, and smoke; and the women went in hordes to sit in the Jewish cemetery above, and listen to them, I suppose, for their voice is never heard in song outside, though I believe they sometimes do sing, and accompany themselves on the perpetual *tarabouka*, in the house; and one or two of them are possessed of pianos, which they jingle for pleasure, without any attempt at time or tune.

CHAPTER XV.

Feast of the Ramazan—The Bairam—Turkish Swings—Sacrificing Sheep—Turkish Singing—Greek Shrine of John the Baptist—Greek Baptism at Boudjah—Ceremony with a Godfather—Duties of Godfathers—A Turkish Dance—Armenian Service—Eastern Love of Flowers—Reported Fall of Sebastopol—Turkish Illuminations—Kindness of Prince Albert—Intermittent Fever—Village of Sedekioi—Greek Banditti at Sedekioi—Pasturage of Camels—Smyrna Fruit-Market—Grape and Fig-Drying—Raisin-Packing—Chameleons—Red-Legged Partridges—Pigeons—Greek Boys.

SMYRNA was greatly embellished, during the Ramazan, by the illumination of all the minarets: the galleries at the top of them, from which the muezzin calls to prayer, were one circle of light; and these being very numerous and scattered over the town, the effect was beautiful in the extreme. This fast of the Ramazan—or rather we may call it fast and feast, for if they fast all day, they make ample amends all night, feasting and having all kinds of stupid festivities—but whatever it is, it is ushered in by the promiscuous firing of guns; nor do they confine themselves to powder, but sometimes use shot and

bullets; and it is by no means safe to be out at or after sunset. A shot came right into my room in our second house, which would have been exceedingly unpleasant, had any one been in its way.

The women used to congregate at the top of the hill, sitting on the ground, doing nothing all day; and we frequently have taken them for a flock of sheep: indeed, it was with difficulty some of us could be persuaded they were human beings, till they all rose in a mass, and walked down the hill to their homes.

After the Ramazan, comes the Bairam, or sacrificial feast, which lasts for three days. During this, the Turks and their children dress themselves in their best and gayest attire; and it was exactly like a fairy tale, to see them pass our windows, decked in every gorgeous colour imaginable, and sparkling in silver and gold tinsel, to the Jewish burying-ground, which is their favourite resort on all occasions. Not many women went, although a few of them were to be seen sprinkled here and there; while the men amused themselves in the most inane way that can be imagined. A wooden swing was erected on three long poles—it somewhat resembled an inside Irish car—and into it clambered great men, who, seating themselves on opposite sides, a dozen or two at a time,

swung backwards and forwards by the hour, occasionally taking some of the children in, and giving them a turn.

They sacrifice sheep at the Bairam, the heads and feet of which are distributed among the poor; and one day we were attracted to the window by a most peculiar odour of burnt wool, which ought not to have been so strange to my olfactory nerves, as to most others of the party. On looking out, we saw a charcoal fire lighted on a pile of stones, and a boy elevated on a stand of some kind, blowing away with a bellows; while strewed in masses, on the ground, were quantities of sheeps' heads and feet, some of which they were in the act of singeing. And Captain B——, from his window, which was at right angles to ours, and to which he had likewise been attracted by the perfume, was admonishing them, in his shirt-sleeves, and ordering them to retire, with a—

"Hai-de! Get out of this, you rascals! What are you doing here? How can any one eat their breakfast with such abominations going on under their noses? Hai-de! I tell ye—"

Here followed a remonstrance from our window—

"O Captain B——, let them alone for a few minutes. I'm sketching them."

"Let them alone, indeed, to poison us all; no, no! Hai-de, you villains!"

Another remonstrance from our window:—

"O Mrs. B——, do ask Captain B——, to let them stay a few minutes, I am making such a beautiful sketch of them!"

In vain, however, was all pleading; Captain B——, thinking he was not imposing enough in his undress, disappeared for a short moment, and returned to the charge in full uniform, with his "Hai-de, you vagabonds!" And whether it was the terror of the red arm shaken at them, or that they had finished their operations, they scampered quickly off, Miss K—— leaning out of the window to catch the last glimpse of their retreating figures (all unmindful of the perfumes which assailed her) in order to complete her sketch.

But I have left my picturesque party of Turks sitting under the tree all this time; and we must really return and listen to their music. I have already mentioned their absurd little guitars and taraboukas, but the crowning thing was their voice; and how they contrived to make the kind of noise they did, puzzles me to this day. It was a sort of sound they made between their throat and their nose, which I can compare to nothing except what we call

in Scotland "skirling," and which is something between shrieking, crying and singing; anything better than this I have never heard from the Turks, in the the way of singing, and the only word I could distinguish in their songs was "Amaun," which seemed the beginning middle, and end of them. The sole thing at all approaching music, one ever heard, was the muezzin's call to prayer, which, particularly when heard in the stillness of night, is solemn, melancholy, and not at all unmusical.

The Turkish language I like very much; and to hear it talked at a little distance, it does not sound at all unlike English.

The music of the Greeks, as of indeed any of the Eastern people I have heard, was little better than the Turks.

Close to our house at Boudjah, was a small Greek shrine, dedicated to John the Baptist. It was a ruinous little hut, in which, over a small ledge serving the purpose of an altar, was placed a daub of St. John and his mother Elizabeth; and before and around it, some scraps of silk, gauze, tinsel, and artificial flowers; a lamp, too, was generally burning, which the devout fed, as they went in to say their prayers, sometimes burning incense, the perfume of which we found pervading the place when we visited it.

There were one or two trees growing close by, which were always hung with rags and shreds of all kinds, sometimes a mere thread, to which it is supposed the peculiar disease or affliction of the person who brought it is attached, and that he goes away cured, after fixing it near the shrine.

Many of the wells and fountains also round Smyrna, which have by tradition been blessed, have fragments of clothes hung about them for the same purpose.

It was a curious little spot this shrine; although so very near the road, it always seemed so solitary and away from the world; but then, except at certain hours, the road was little frequented. And some time previous to our arrival, a lady who had been taking an afternoon stroll with a book in her hand, close by this chapel, which was no distance from her own house, was accosted by a Zebecque, who told her he had seen her before, and admired her very much and wished her to be his wife, and go and live with him in the mountains. She did not feel by any means inclined to accept his proposal, and declined it very decidedly; upon which he was going to take the matter into his own hands, and carry her off, but she made strong resistance, and screamed for help, when fortunately some one was seen coming in their direction, and her admirer quickly fled.

The Pasha took up the affair very warmly, and had several Zebecques who were suspected seized and brought for the lady to identify; but she knowing the penalty would perhaps be death, or at all events perpetual imprisonment, did not identify the man, saying she was so frightened at the time, that she had no recollection of him. I do not know whether the Zebecques have any peculiar fancy for European wives or not; but a little before we came to Boudjah, when a party of them, who had arrived from the mountains were to pass through the village on their way to volunteer for the Turkish contingent; the Pasha requested all European ladies to keep inside their houses and not to appear at the windows as they went by. A very fine-looking set of men in general these Zebecques are; they are known by the peculiar high-fringed turbans which they generally wear, their dress otherwise pretty much resembling that of a Cavasse.

Mrs. W—— and I went to see a Greek baptism while at Boudjah, which struck us as being very curious; we were taken to the house by Mrs. S. M——, a resident at Smyrna, in whose family the mother of the child about to be baptized had for many years served. She was still a very pretty woman, and her house was the perfection of neatness and cleanliness.

She had been a great belle in the village, had many suiters, and finally fixed on the plainest, not the most prosperous, and decidedly not of the most pleasant calling, for her husband was a butcher. Her choice was no doubt a very wise one, for they were a comfortable and happy couple; and this was the baptism of their second child.

The guests began arriving, and soon the two small rooms were almost full of people, a sort of bare and dark place at the other end of the house being also filled with some men, who appeared shy of mixing with the rest of the company, among them the husband also staid, seeming to have no part to perform in the ceremony. Next arrived some Greek priests with two of their sacristans carrying a large metal stand and vase, which they placed in the middle of the room and filled with water, placing oil, incense, and tapers on the stand alongside the vessel with water. The priest then prayed over it, and burnt incense, pouring oil into it and blessing it. He then took three tapers, which I suppose were intended as symbols of the Holy Trinity, and which he stuck on the font; and after again praying, the child was brought in; it was some weeks old, and since its birth had been wrapped up tightly, in a manner peculiar to the East, with bandage upon bandage, giving it much the appearance of a mummy.

The godfather, in whom I recognised a donkey driver of our acquaintance, now stepped forward with the child; and the priest began reading the service, faster than I imagined it possible for human lips to move; this continued for about ten minutes, when he lighted the tapers on the font, took the child up by the neck—much as he would a puppy—and anointed its head, hands, feet, and joints with oil; he then submerged it completely three times under the water, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and then anointed it with oil again, when it was given to its godfather, the mother throwing some clothes over it, while we who stood about lighted our tapers which were given to each of us on our entrance; the priest then took a pink scarf from the godfather and tied the child to him, and leading him round the font, made him repeat his vows; he then told him to spit on the child, which he did, and after a few more words the ceremony was complete. The child was wrapped up like a mummy as before, and laid in its cradle. We had a liqueur glass of Rosolio handed round, and a cup of coffee; and, after wishing the mother good-bye, took our departure, observing that the sacristan eagerly dried up a few drops of the water which had been spilt, and carried the rest carefully back to the church.

It appeared that all the expences of the ceremony—priests' fees, festive dresses, and refreshments—were paid for by the godfather; and this was the second child of the family he had baptised "for the good of his soul," as he said, besides marrying the parents, which is a more expensive affair.

But the office of godfather in the Greek church is not a mere name; the sponsor really does educate the children, besides assisting the father and mother if they need it. He stands much in the relationship of a brother to them, and uncle to the child he baptises, ever afterwards. So near is the connection considered, that he is not allowed to marry the sister of either of the parents, as he is looked on quite as a blood relation.

Most young men, before they marry, either christen a friend's child, or marry a couple (as paying the attendant expenses is called). Both these things are considered very meritorious; and this young man had been most praiseworthy, according to their ideas, and was shortly after to be married himself, when some friend, no doubt, would do the same for him as he had undertaken for others.

In returning from the baptism we came on some Turkish cavasses, who were seated at a well, and were amusing themselves by playing on the sort of guitar

they use, while one of them danced. We stood still to look, for we were most anxious to see this dance, of which we had heard much. I could not help wondering at the difference between them and our own countrymen, who, under like circumstances, would either have stopped their performances, or looked confused and oppressed with shyness. Not so the Turks; they never even looked at us, but proceeded as calmly and systematically with their amusement as if we were not in the world. The dance is peculiar, consisting of walking about lightly in a circle, and moving backwards and forwards, throwing the body into peculiar positions, and making many gestures with the hands. I believe the style of dancing is always the same, only the gestures of course differ when they wish to express different things, but they never slide or spring as we do.

In the cool evenings, at Boudjah, and, indeed, in the Greek, Armenian, and Jewish quarters at Smyrna, are to be seen gaily-dressed ladies, sitting on benches outside their garden walls; and very beautiful many of those I saw were. I had before heard of the beauty of the Smyrniote women, and I was not disappointed; but after a little time I began to tire of a certain sameness in their magnificent black eyes and regular features, and to miss the varied shades of thought and

expression peculiar to our own countrywomen; still I confess they were very lovely, and we whity-brown individuals shewed to little advantage beside them. I was much struck with the appearance of the Armenian women on going into their church one day, when it was crowded. I thought them more beautiful even than the Greeks, one of whose churches I visited the same day (Good Friday). I found the people there all very busy creeping under a table which stood before the screen in front of the altar. They then gave a small piece of money to the priest who stood beside it, and in return got a bouquet or flower. He lifted the cover for me to creep through, but I declined; the friend who was with me, however, paid a piastre, and I was presented with a bouquet. I have never been able to find out the meaning of this ceremony of creeping under the table; I fancied it represented the lifting of the veil after the crucifixion; but I was told, not.

The Armenian service struck me as not being in the least imposing—a sort of burlesque on the Latin and Greek ceremonies: it consisted of a great deal of ugly querelous-sounding chaunting, and a procession of priests and boys, decorated with a quantity of tinsel, and holding artificial flowers in their hands.

The love of flowers, and use of them on all occa-

sions, is a very beautiful custom in the East. The women, even of the lowest class, adorn themselves with flowers if they can; and the afternoon-dress of no Greek or Armenian lady seems complete without bright blossoms in her hair. The little children, too, in the streets, Turks and all—boys as well as girls—endeavour to have a sprig of some kind fastened in their handkerchief head-dress, or fez. Nor is the custom confined to the women or children; the men are fond of sticking roses, oleanders, and other gay flowers in their turbans. They have a very pretty way of making up a nosegay of fragrant blossoms which are apt to fall off their parent stem, such as jasmine and others, by stripping a peculiar wild plant which has many tough stalks of its own leaves, and threading the other blossoms on each of them. These they have a graceful habit of presenting to you if they meet you out walking, or if you have occasion to speak to them about anything.

I was excessively surprised one day, when the taciturn gloomy-looking Hassan, Ibrahim's youngest son, came up to me, and gave me one of these bouquets which he had made, and actually smiled when he offered it, which was the greatest wonder for him, as it was a thing he was scarcely ever seen to do.

We were now hearing daily rumours of the fall of

Sebastopol. One day we heard it was positively fixed something great was to be done at a certain time; which time came, passed, and still nothing was heard of the taking of that weary fortress, which had cost us so dear. Many were the theories we heard laid down, and opinions broached, as to what would be done, could be done, and *ought* to be done at the camp; and judging by a story which reached us from there of a conversation held on Cathcart's hill by three Irishmen, a night or two before the storming of the Malakhoff took place, those at head-quarters were in the same state of incertitude as we were.

"Och!" says one, looking with a despairing eye towards Sebastopol; "Och! then, we'll niver take it; I don't believe we *will* iver take it!"

The second, who was not quite so desponding, said, "Well, now, I don't know; may be we *will.* Who can tell afther all but we may take it?"

Upon which the third, who had not spoken before, said very decidedly, "Faith, then, we *will* take it; next time we'll take it in spite of the ginerals!"

At last the authentic account arrived of the destruction of Sebastopol, and the terrible cost it had been to us. However, it was what we had been fighting for, and it was proper to rejoice when we had gained our object; so the pasha ordered illuminations on the

16th of September, which I was not there to see, but I am told they were very grand for Smyrna. Over the pasha's gateway were the crescent and the star; and in the front of the hospital were variegated lamps and various devices, the principal being the Redan and Malakhoff, out of which for a long time came rockets, Catherine wheels, etc., etc., and which finally ended in a grand explosion. There was also the old hobby-horse, with its eccentric movements, which was propelled by a poor old deformed slave of the pasha's, and he must have been much burnt, poor creature; but every one said, "O it is only a slave!"

The last and prettiest part of the scene was the illuminated bazaar, however, which, I am told, really looked most picturesque; the grave and dignified old Turks sitting by their stalls, and entertaining each person who wished it with coffee.

At Boudjah a bonfire or two was made in honour of the event, which was all I saw of the festivities.

There were thanksgivings offered in all the Christian churches on the occasion. Some French soldiers, in coming out of the Consulate chapel, were attacked by a party of Greeks, who did not share in the general hilarity, and who stabbed one of them so severely that he died. The assault was quite un-

provoked, for the Frenchmen were going along quietly, and doing nothing to exasperate the Greeks, so it must have been a sore feeling on account of the Russian defeat which prompted the deed. Every effort was made to find the assassin; and at last he was found, and hanged on board the Turkish brig.

Sergeant Cull, one of our ward-masters, died on the morning of the 18th, of fever, after having been ill a week; he was a most respectable man, and regretted by us all. We had been much interested shortly before his death, in hearing about a son of his who was deaf and dumb. Cull having shewed us the copy of a letter the boy had written to Prince Albert, asking him for some employment, which began—"Dear great Prince, I am deaf and dumb;" and went on to say that his brother was employed at the arsenal at Woolwich, and his father out nursing the sick soldiers at Smyrna, and that he was very anxious for some occupation by which he could earn a livelihood; and the Prince, with his usual kindness, immediately got him employment at Woolwich, at which he earned 4*s*. a week. Sergeant Cull was very proud of this, and used constantly to talk with great satisfaction of his boy's letter and the Prince's kindness.

We had now great hopes that we should be no

longer idle, and looked almost with certainty to the arrival of sick; but day after day passed and none came; at last we heard that we were to have none at this time, so we almost settled down to our former state of listless apathy. Remittent, or intermittent fever, was beginning to be very prevalent, however; and although it was not to be dreaded so much as typhus, it still was exceedingly weakening, and so very apt to return; indeed it is said to hang about a person ever afterwards, and return at stated intervals. Mrs. W——'s baby was seized with it, and so quickly and suddenly prostrated and altered in appearance while under the fit, that it was quite painful and alarming to look at the poor little thing. In this fever, quinine seems to be the constant remedy applied, and it seldom fails of success; its effects on the child were quite wonderful.

On one of these idle days, a party of us went to Sedekioi, a village seven or eight miles distant, which was further into the country than we had yet been, and a most lovely ride it was. On the road we passed some ruins, evidently the remains of a large temple, but which had been turned to a Turkish cemetry, although then apparently deserted and not used as such. Here were pillars, slabs, and cornices lying about, the prettiest parts always being taken

by the Turks for headstones, and an ugly little turban or fez cut out on the top.

The road all the way was very pretty, and tolerably good riding, being chiefly across a plain. The rains had been very long coming this year, however, and the earth was literally gaping for water, and had rents large enough in it to make it almost dangerous for the donkeys' feet as we went along.

Sedekioi is a beautifully situated village, perfectly surrounded by lovely hills; it used to be much frequented as a summer dwelling by the Smyrniotes, especially the Dutch residents, but of late years they found it too far from their business; and it besides became so infested with robbers, that it has almost been abandoned. One gentleman who lived there, and who had been unfortunate in business, was seized by them almost close to his own house, where he was walking with his three children. After taking him, they found their mistake, and that he was not the person they intended to capture—a rich relation of his, for whom they mistook him. They said that they were very sorry; but now it could not be helped, and he must write to his rich relation, who would pay his ransom if he applied to him for it; Mr. Van L—— having told them, on their taking him, that he could only put his hands on

£200 of his own at the time. He asked them to give him pencil and paper to write a letter to his wife, who was in hourly expectation of her confinement; the robbers permitted him to write, and they tied the poor dear children to a tree, telling Mr. Van L—— that he must bid them cease crying, as noise would cause detection, and if they did not obey the order, sorry as they should be to do so, they must shoot them. After inditing his letter, he gave it to the eldest child, and desired him to give it to his mother. Of course he was very shortly afterwards ransomed; but poor Mrs. Van L—— has never returned to Sedekioi for longer than a day, not wishing to have a second trial of the kind.

This happened many years ago; but between that time and up till Yanni Cattagie's band began to infest the place, there was perfect safety in riding to and from Sedekioi to Boudjah and Smyrna, ladies frequently doing so in the evenings unattended by anybody but a servant.

Lucca and his band were at this time heard of on the road to Ephesus; they waylaid, robbed, and murdered some of the postmen who were carrying fig-money into the interior, and were always watching the return camels that they might seize on the drivers who were generally entrusted with large sums for

their masters. The number of camels that passed along this road leading into the interior at this time was perfectly marvellous; the first thing you heard on getting up in the morning, was the tinkle of the camel's bell, and so it went on all the day, while in the distance were seen long files after files of them, wending their way at their slow, staid, and unvarying pace. I should think it would be impossible to hurry a camel, or make it alter its deliberate stately gait. I always had a great wish, which I never accomplished, to get on one, although I suppose one would be apt to get sea-sick on this ship of the desert. I have sometimes seen women and children seated on the top of household furniture and rugs, which were perched on the backs of these camels; but that was only in the case of a general removal of a whole family, and when I conclude a several days' journey was to be taken. I used to be fond of going to see them rest at sunset in a field near Boudjah. I suppose they were by way of being at pasture, but such a mockery I never saw; a few thinly-scattered, hard, dry stalks of something that had, perhaps, been once grass, and here and there a thistle, were all that could be seen.

I do not know what the camels ate, I have never seen them get anything; they seem to walk on and

on, neither eating nor drinking, and seldom sleeping; indeed their endurance is most wonderful, and beyond all price in the countries to which they belong. The large wooden and stuffed frame-work, on which are fastened their burdens, is hardly ever taken off their backs; when they lay down to rest it is left on, and they sleep with it also; only in the event of its requiring repairing, or the hair growing too long underneath, so as to require cutting, is it removed; this latter operation the camel does not seem to like, at least I have seen them attempt to bite viciously while it was going on. The hair of all parts of their bodies is never left on after it becomes of a certain length, but is cut off and sold to make burnouses, shawls, etc., etc.

What a sight the fruit market of Smyrna used to be in the season—there were sorts of sheds on either side, some of which were piled up nearly to the roof with melons, others with figs, walnuts, almonds, citrons, peaches, plums, and apricots; the three last were almost uneatable; as you passed, the odour was delicious, but if you were tempted by it and their appearance to approach and eat, you were sadly disappointed, for they were hardly better than pieces of turnip; they, however, make very good preserves; one sort made by the Turks is very

luscious — they squeeze the juice of grapes, and clarify it by boiling it with lime, and then add the apricots and peaches to this clarified juice, without any sugar, boiling the whole till it is thick and brown; they also make a sort of jelly of the juice of the grape, which is boiled, and thickened with flour, and then cut into cakes and dried in the sun.

We used to see too the process of grape drying going on in the vineyards. A square piece of ground was cleared out in the centre, which was completely exposed to the sun, so that the earth was quite baked and as hot as an oven; when the grapes were gathered they were washed in a soapy sort of composition, made of ashes, water and oil, then they were laid out on the square piece of ground to dry, being sprinkled from time to time with water, to prevent their drying too rapidly; after this they were packed and sent in sacks into Smyrna, where they are repacked for the English markets. The size of some of these packing establishments is quite wonderful, and the number of people employed is immense. Mr. G——'s fig-packing place was like a small village, and the fruit was piled up in the different storehouses in cart loads; they are not picked off the tree, but let fall and then gathered off the ground, packed into goat's-hair bags, and

sent into Smyrna to be sorted and put in their boxes. The best are selected for the English market, the next best for the American, and the rest, as they said, were sent to "Russia, or anywhere." They undergo no preparation, except dipping in salt water or sea-water, and being spread out by the women, and placed in the boxes as we see them in this country. The old *drums* have almost entirely given place to the square packing boxes now used, as the latter take up so much less room in stowing in the ships.

Raisin packing (at least the common pudding kind) is a very unpleasant-looking process. You see men up to their knees in a great mass of black-looking stuff, which they shovel about with a wooden spade, dirty and black as ink; it is indeed no wonder that pudding raisins require such cleansing. The Sultanas are paid a little more respect to, and not shovelled about in that horrid manner; but lying so long on the bare ground as they do, they must carry a good deal of earth with them.

Towards the end of the grape season, there is a perpetual warfare waged against the poor beccaficos, sparrows, and golden auriols, which infest the vineyards. I was speaking to Mrs. Ibrahim one day, when her son brought in a beautiful specimen of the latter he had just shot. I wished to get a few of

the feathers, and picked one or two from the breast and tail, and was giving it back, when she insisted I was to keep and eat it, as they always did. The beccaficos were very fat and good at this time of the year, they fed principally on the berries of a large tree, whose name I forget, but which make them delicate and fat. Eastern people eat these berries very much too, and say they make them plump and good-looking.

I was very sorry to leave Boudjah and all its rural and simple pleasures, but Mr. W——'s baby required change of air, which is, next to quinine, the best thing for remittent fever, so we returned to Smyrna; Mr. and Mrs. W—— taking up their abode in our second house, and I returning to our quarters, where, to console myself for the gardens and vineyards of Boudjah, I cultivated the acquaintance of some chameleons and tortoises, pets of our servants; the former are certainly extraordinary-looking creatures, well described, as having:—

> "A lizard's body, lean and long,
> A fish's head, and serpent's tongue;"

unlike the latter in aught else but its shape, however, for it is the most harmless (except to flies) and helpless creature in the world, and to see it crawling about with its hand-like claws, gives one an idea of the lowest

phase of animal life. It hisses when it is angry, and opens its mouth wide, but is utterly powerless to do any harm or to defend itself. One morning, to my horror, I found the largest of six which were hung up in cages in the corridor, had its tail half eaten off by the cat in the middle of the night, the poor thing not being able to make any cry or sound to announce its distress. I found that they will not live for ever on air, for all we had died after a time, as they do not catch flies for themselves when caged; but an orderly of mine managed to keep them alive by stuffing a small piece of raw meat down their throats from time to time, perhaps once a month, and wrapping them in cotton as soon as the weather got at all cold. In this way they live for a long time.

When Yaniko was with us, we had a nightingale, too, as a pet; but it did not sing much: and several of the pretty Eastern red-legged partridges, one of which was so tame, and became so fond of one of the doctor's Greek servants, that it followed him about everywhere he went, uttering the croaking cry peculiar to it. Pigeons, too, were great pets of the Greek boys; they were very numerous, and had a curious melancholy note, which has the sound of "da chochta," and about which the Turks have a legend, that one of their women was one day baking some

cakes, and went out, leaving nine ready. A beggar coming to the door, her daughter gave one of them away to him; and on her mother coming back, and asking for the ninth cake, she said, "there had only been eight." The mother began to beat her; and she, still declaring there were only eight, was turned into a pigeon; and the bird ever since has gone about saying, in a sad tone, "da chochta! da chochta!" which means "eight."

What imps some of the Greek boys, the servants of the doctors, used to be! And then to hear their fine classical names, and those also of any Greeks who worked for us, was very amusing. There was Apostole, Hercule, Demetrie, Anastâse, Athanâse, Periclé, Andronique, etc., etc.; and I found the cook of a friend was called Adonis! Some of these boys were great plagues to their masters; but it was difficult to do without them. One or two seemed well brought up, good boys, however, which was the exception to the general rule. One of these, Stavree, cried bitterly, because his master, Dr. G——, would not take him to England with him. He was a good, honest boy; and his parents, when the doctor engaged him as his servant, declared emphatically, that "his hands were clean," which was evidently quite true.

Mr. W——'s servant, Christophe, was a great

curiosity—imperturbably good-tempered, and as obstinate as a pig: words were utterly thrown away upon him. He would hear all you had to say, and leave the room, holding a kind of muttered conference with himself, which no one understood; and then would most deliberately proceed to do what he had been expressly forbid. He had a habit of making diminutives of all his English words, which in money matters was very perplexing—always calling six, and eight, "sixty, and eighty"; and in others very absurd, as, "The beefie is on the firée"—and, "There is no breadie in the housie."

CHAPTER XVI.

Thoughts of returning to England—Arrival of fresh Patients—The Nurses, and their Squabbles—Efficiency of the Arrangements—Condition of the Patients—Night-Watching in the Hospital—Destruction of Dogs—An Evening at Dr. Meyer's—Patience of the Turks—Gun-shot Wounds—A withered Arm—A distressing Case—Short Provision—A Case of Choking—A Letter from Renkioi—Military Orderlies—A poetical Sergeant—A Sergeant's Poems—Porridge-making—Increase of Employment—Writing Letters for Patients—Breaking-up at Smyrna—Embarkation for England—Parting Regrets—Bashi Bazouks—Xerxes' Hill—French Soldiers—Hospital at Renkioi—Constantinople—Scutari—Miss Nightingale—Letter from a Medical Officer—Pleasant Reminiscences—Passage Home—Farewell Letters.

We had now almost given up expecting any more sick, and were in hopes of being sent on where we should have some work to do, instead of remaining as we were, with the hospital nearly empty. Some of us seriously meditated returning to England; for we thought, that if, after the much-talked-of fall of Sebastopol, we had nothing to do, our occupation must really be gone.

Madlle. E—— had some time before volunteered,

and been accepted by Miss Nightingale, as a sort of linen storekeeper at the general hospital at Scutari. She left us and the scene of her past labours with regret, which we all reciprocated; but she was in hopes of having more active occupation where she was going, and of being able to minister to the wants of those she went out to nurse.

Three more of the medical men, Dr. Ranke, Mr. Hulke, and Mr. Eddowes, had sought and found employment at the camp; and we were almost despairing, when Dr. Rolleston, who had been up there on account of his health, returned, bringing sixty-one patients with him. This was a beginning; and things were immediately put in working order, in hopes of a further reinforcement.

Our party now was reduced to nine ladies, including the lady superintendent. Two more had left in the same transport as Mr. H——, one of the assistant surgeons, whose illness, I have before said, rendered it imperative he should go home. One of them, Miss A——, had never sufficiently regained her health, since her bad attack of fever, to be able to attend to hospital duties, and had spent most of the time with Dr. Wood's family at Bournabat; and on this account, though she much regretted having to leave, it was thought advisable she should return to England.

Dr. Meyer thought he might reduce his party of ladies to six, exclusive of the lady superintendent—appointing one to each of the four divisions of the hospital, and keeping two others in reserve, to relieve them occasionally, and take their place in case of sickness; but as he thought all the party efficient, he received instruction to keep on the two not deemed exactly necessary according to the new arrangement of things, in case of further need for them there or elsewhere.

We had now seventeen nurses, one of whom, Mrs. Suter, acted as cook at our quarters—and a very excellent one she was. Not only was she kind and obliging as a servant, but she was one who thoroughly knew her place, and was never above doing anything to assist us, or add to our comforts in any and every way, both at Boudjah and at the quarters. Another, Mrs. Gunning, who was also exceedingly obliging, was our household servant. My nurse, Mrs. Bowler, who had been with me from the commencement, was obliged to leave at this time, on account of her health; which I much regretted, as I had always found her hard-working, respectable, and obliging; and I felt perfect confidence in her and my other nurse, Mrs. Michael, who remained with me till the hospital was broken up—and whom I saw married, on my return to England, to an old patient,

Sergeant W——, who had come home some months before; but, previously to leaving, had spoken to me of his wish to marry Mrs. M. on her return, after she had completed the agreement on which she went out—begging me that I would befriend her, and not throw any obstacles in their way; to which I agreed, after applying to our commandant, Major Chads, who kindly undertook to procure information from W——'s commanding officer, of his habits and character. All proving satisfactory, I had pleasure in furthering an engagement which was entered on in such an honest and proper manner; for the conduct of both was always such as to excite no sort of remark, and their proposed marriage was never made a topic of conversation, or known to any one but myself. Of Mrs. Bowler I had some slight previous knowledge. She was a short time at St. John's House, training for the East, where I also was kindly received for that purpose; and during my stay, was afforded every facility, and treated by the good ladies there with the greatest attention.

In all we had now seventeen nurses, two of whom, I have said, acted as servants; and preferred infinitely the quiet of our quarters, to the brawling and quarrelling—to say nothing of petty jealousies—going on among themselves at the hospital. One of the nurses, after having been for ten days at Boudjah, on

taking leave of the ladies there, said, "Good-bye, Miss so-and-so; and thank you for ten days' blessed peace!" But the amusing part of it was, that each declared the other to be the disturber of the peace, and that she herself was perfectly innocent in the matter. Then there was the matron; and three were appointed for each of the four divisions, which left only a reserve of two in case of sickness, extra night duty, or other emergencies. These were all working well, after having been kept in "abey" for some time, as one of their own party said, by way of advice, to one of the ladies.

Our sixty-one patients were now increased by the arrival, without the slightest intimation, of a transport containing a hundred and sixty-one sick, on the 29th of October: they were landed at two o'clock in the afternoon. Great was every one's eagerness and alacrity at the news: we all hastened down to the hospital, in hopes of having our hands full; and I stood in great expectation near the top of the staircase in my division, where Dr. Meyer and other officials received and registered each man as he came in, sending them on to the various divisions afterwards. But in vain I stood there; each one that passed me I heard told to go on to the medical division; and I was left *planté* without a single surgical case for my

surgeon's department. This was a terrible business, and I felt very ill-used; but consoled myself by going up to help my friend, Miss K——, to receive her people, as her division was nearly full.

And here I cannot help speaking of the admirable way in which the hospital worked; for these men, who came upon us quite unexpectedly, and for whom no preparation had been made, were received, bathed, and either in bed or clothed freshly, and fed, in less than two hours. What making of arrow-root, tea, etc., etc., there was for the poor creatures, many of whom were much exhausted after their voyage from the camp. The dinner-hour, even if they had been expected, was long past, and they had no doubt been well attended to in this respect on board the transport; but many of them were very ill, and the exertion of coming ashore fatigued them much. Some were quite unable to walk, and a party of Turkish soldiers conveyed them on stretchers into the hospital, and to their several wards. We all admired the gentleness and kindness with which they performed their office. They were not always particularly expert, perhaps, but unvaryingly pitying and feeling in their way, and truly some of the light burdens they carried were fitting objects for pity. Men stricken down in the flower of their youth and strength, so as to look

like old war-worn veterans, whose fight was well nigh fought, and whose countenances expressed neither hope nor desire for aught in this life, but a weariness and longing to be at rest.

Poor fellows! I often, as I looked at them, thought how many had gone to the battle on their own charges, supposing in their unthinking youth what a fine thing it was to be a soldier, but not counting the terrible cost; for, either in victory or defeat, it is terrible!

Far be it from me, however, to say anything in dispraise of the calling of a soldier: as long as good and evil are at war in this world, the battle must be fought, and a very great enterprise is his who combats for the right. He perils that which is most dear to him, "for all that a man hath will he give for his life." But such a man has need to be pre-eminently a Christian—assured that God bids him engage in the fight; otherwise I cannot fancy a more miserable position for any one. Our country, I am proud to say, always takes part with the oppressed; that her actuating motives are always and all right, I cannot undertake to say—I hope they are: but of all the titles Britain has earned, to my mind, the proudest and the best is, "the refuge for the destitute and friend of the oppressed."

I have said there were some very bad cases among this detachment of invalids; and an order having been issued that when any one or more of the patients requiring much care or attention were in hospital one of the ladies should sit up, I took my watch on this night: but I do not mean to infer that we had never sat up till then; for although, as a general rule, and unless specially needed, Dr. Meyer did not require the ladies to take night-work, still he never prevented their doing so, and on many occasions they did take night-watching, the Misses Le M—— and Miss B—— often wearing themselves out in the service. But for some time before there had been so little to do, and no cases requiring constant supervision, that I fancy night-nurses, orderlies, and ward-master, were not peculiarly on the alert; for on this night I remember Dr. Martin saying, when he met me in one of the corridors, "I could not understand why I found every one so wide-awake to night, but now I see."

Any of the ladies who watched never attempted to sleep, but walked from corridor to corridor of the hospital all night, keeping themselves awake in this way, and rather encouraging the orderlies and ward-master, and even the nurses, if they wanted discretion, to keep still and sleep if they chose; for the noisy sort of silence with which they used to

go about was often more irritating to the patients than anything; and our endeavour was not to disturb any one at all likely to sleep, nor to awaken those who had fallen into a light slumber. This, of course, was sometimes a difficult task; for in wards of ten, twelve, or nineteen, there were many minds and dispositions; but, as a general rule, they were all forbearing to each other, those who could not sleep being very quiet in consideration of their fellow-sufferers who lay beside them, while others, who were kept awake by pain or sickness, were as quiet as possible in their complaints.

A curious walk it was, that midnight hospital one at Smyrna, pacing round and round the corridors, looking in at each window, and listening at every open door for a sound or a breath inside, and then passing on and round and round, to keep off the sleepy feelings which would steal over you. I must confess I felt rather dreary and forlorn when I came in my rounds to my own empty corridor; but O how lovely it was to look out of the windows, and see the town, the bay, the mountains, bathed in the glittering moon-light, while not a sound broke the stillness around, save, perhaps, the chattering of a neighbouring stork.

The dogs in Smyrna, although very plentiful, were

not addicted to such constant barking and howling as one generally hears complained of in the East; at least, we enjoyed an immunity from it in our part of the town, which we owed, if all tales be true, to the plentiful administration of strychnine; at all events, it was certain that a large number of dogs and cats, which had excessively annoyed us at our quarters by the most frightful serenades, were silenced, the road to the hospital strewed with their dead carcases, and they appeared to leave no owners to make inquiry or lament their loss.

The hospital now was in most excellent working condition, every department seemed prepared to meet any emergency. I had occasion for some beef-tea in the middle of the night for one man who was seriously ill, and who was obliged to be fed perpetually; the right quantity had been sent up from the cook-room, but I do not know how it happened, when I went to look it had all disappeared. Beef-tea it was absolutely necessary I should have, and the nurse and I went to awake the cook, who came across the yard at once to the kitchen, and in ten minutes he had given us beef-tea, heated and all ready for use.

The day after the arrival of the first sick, another transport came in with 215. Now we were indeed

all sure of occupation, and great was the bustle we were thrown into. We had not even time to regret our being prevented accepting an invitation to a pic-nic, arranged for us by Dr. and Mrs. Meyer for the same day on which the sick arrived, so unexpectedly did they appear among us. We were to have gone to a lovely village called Koklujah, at the foot of some mountains, about three miles from Boudjah, and at which we frequently looked when there with wistful eyes. The scenery was so very lovely.

Some of our party spent the evening, after our duty was over at the hospital, at their house in Smyrna, however, to assist in eating the viands prepared for the occasion; and were told by Dr. M. to imagine ourselves at Koklujah. We had a very happy evening, and returned by water over the smooth and beautiful bay of Smyrna, little thinking how shortly we should leave it for ever.

I had stripped my corridor of sheets, blankets, etc., the day before, to provide another which was not expected to be used; and now all the beds had to be made up, and a suit of hospital clothing laid on each, for some patients would be sure to fall to my share this time, and I was not in the least particular as to their being purely surgical cases. But before

much time had elapsed, I had the satisfaction of seeing my division quite full, and of surgical cases too. This detachment, of which there had not been the least expectation or intimation, was received in the same regular and orderly manner as the former, without the slightest confusion, noise, or disorder; and in the same short space of time was comfortably settled in its new quarters; and we were all much pleased to see in the "Times," that the hospital received due credit for its orderly arrangement.

When the Turkish soldiers were returning, after having carried one of the men to his ward, they met a sergeant of the 92nd Highlanders in my corridor, a tall, fine-looking man, who had two or three medals on his breast, one of them stopped him, pointed to the medal in great admiration and said, patting him on the shoulder—"Bono, bono Johnnie, bono, bono!" and then pulling me by the sleeve to draw my attention, he pointed after him, repeating, "Bono Johnnie!" with great emphasis.

A patient, quiet set of creatures, the Turkish soldiers appeared to be. In cleaning out the mosque-ward, one of them contrived to put his shoulder out of joint, and stood like a statue uttering no complaint, as the others pushed by him which must have hurt him considerably. I saw something was

amiss with him, but could not tell what it was, nor could the poor creature himself; he looked quite stupid. At last I saw there was something wrong with his arm, so I sent him off to the surgery with an orderly; and Mr. Futrel, the head dispenser, soon put him all right.

We decidedly rose in the estimation of all the Turks after the fall of Sebastopol. The women used to embrace us when we met them, and say—"Bono! Sebastopol!"

How pleased we all were to be at work again! All was life and activity with us, and we devoted all our energies to the work. My division was principally filled with men who had gun-shot wounds, some of them very bad, or had been hurt by shells. One poor fellow had his jaw all shattered, the bone was coming away piece-meal, and his face was swollen to a frightful size. He could not speak, that is to say, not so as to be understood, and we were obliged to guess what he wanted. It was very difficult to feed him, for his appetite was good, and Mr. Holthouse, who was head surgeon of the division, wished him rather to be kept up and well fed; but the trouble was to contrive something which would not stick in the wound inside his mouth, as that always produced great inflammation.

Egg-flip as we called it, which was egg beat up with boiling water, and either port-wine or brandy in it, was invaluable in his case; and also in that of a man in the next bed to him, whose stomach utterly rejected all other kind of food. Some of the patients did not live long after their arrival, but any deaths we then had did not proceed from fever, but from diarrhœa, and other diseases of long standing, brought on by cold and exposure in the trenches. One man in Miss K——'s division completely lost the use of his right arm from working in the trenches; and she told me of her horror one day when Dr. Leared, one of the senior physicians, brought her six large darning needles, asking her to put sealing-wax heads on them, which she did very carefully, fancying as he was an entomologist they were for entomological purposes, but on going down her corridor a few minutes afterwards, she saw them sticking deeply in this man's arm. He accosted her in his usual jocose Irish manner, and told her they did not give him the least pain. Nor did they, for his arm was quite dead.

A day or two after, he asked her "if there was not in the Bible a story of a man with a withered arm?" She answered "Yes," and he begged her "to turn it up and read it to him, for he was sure

it was exactly his case, as his arm was withered up." He never got better, and soon after was sent home.

There was a distressing case in Miss K——'s division, of a very young corporal, who had many good conduct stripes, but who had been induced either to send for some raki by the Greeks, or else they having brought it in he bought it from them, and made himself most seriously ill by drinking it. At first it was hardly known what was the matter with him, but Dr. Rolleston, whose patient he was, soon found out the state of the case, and was obliged to inquire into and report so grave a breach of hospital discipline. The offender, a Greek, was of course dismissed, and the poor young man was disgraced and his stripes taken from him. His youth and previous good conduct were strongly urged in his favour, but the commandant would not reverse his sentence, as such a precedent could not be allowed. Gen. Storks had always been very stringent in his rules about drunkenness in the hospital, which was an unpardonable offence; and I have heard that his strict discipline in this matter was productive of much good.

The day after the last sick arrived, a mistake occurred in my division at which I could not help being amused; although at the time it rather put me to my wit's end. The surgeons were anxious to

examine the men's wounds, when unexcited by external causes, such as over-fatigue, the excitement of moving, or any sudden change of food, and for this reason put many of them on spoon diet, unaware that during their absence the scale had been altered, and that "spoon diet" now was but a thing to hang extras upon, and consisted of only tea and bread. I had not observed this, as the patients arrived late, and as soon as the surgeons had filled in their diet-boards, they were sent down to the purveyor's to be summed up. When the dinner hour next day arrived, imagine my consternation to find many of the men clamouring for their food like a pack of hungry rooks, and none to give them. I positively did not know what to do, but by dint of begging and borrowing, I got them in some measure satisfied.

One poor fellow, who had a severe operation performed on his leg, which had been hurt by a shell, but was otherwise in robust health, though he required to be kept very low, for fear of inflammation, could not at all understand the cause of his food being cut off, and was always sending to tell me he was very hungry. I told him why starvation was necessary for him, and rather avoided going near him, as I was not allowed to give him anything. At last, I had a peremptory message from him, saying, "that

he wanted to speak to me." So I went to him, and found he had actually worked himself into a hungry rage; for he turned round to me and said, in the most reproachful way, "What sort of treatment is it, to keep a man lying here all day without ever asking him if he has a mouth on his face?"

Another of them, who had petitioned for an extra half-pound of bread, got it after dinner, to which I had been allowed to make some additions, so that he was amply satisfied, eyed the half loaf wistfully, and said with a sigh, "Ah, I wish I had eaten it yesterday!!"

An orderly, who required much care, used to send for me constantly, although I had been with him almost immediately before. On my saying to him, "Well, M——, what do you want?" his answer generally was, "Oh! nothing in life, only I was thinking long to see you." The history of his illness was singularly awful. A bottle of brandy had been missed, he had been accused of taking it by those who had reason to think him guilty; and he asserted his innocence, saying, "He hoped, if he did take it, the first thing he ate would choke him." When assembled at dinner, he was observed in the act of choking after having put a spoonful of soup into his mouth; a piece of turnip had stuck in his throat, and he would have died instantly, had not some one,

seeing him gasping and unable to breathe, taken a spoon and with the end of it pushed it down his throat, destroying, as he did so, the mucous membrane, and causing the man, for a long time afterwards, to suffer acute agony; in fact, for several days his life was despaired of. Even a few drops of milk, given at a time, returned through the nostrils, and caused the most frightful torture. He was long before he could swallow with anything like ease, or in any way resume his duty. So if poor M—— took the brandy, his punishment was severe. He was a very good orderly, and a sober abstemious man; on being sent on to Renkioi, much against his inclination, he said to one of the ladies—"Ah, Miss, if I was a drunken fellow, I'd get sent home; but I'm a sober man, and they are going to send me away from here, where I was so happy and comfortable, to this new place, I don't know nothing about."

I was terribly troubled by only having military orderlies. The ward-master and I arranged them in their separate wards, and gave them their trays, pen and ink, etc., and rules for their guidance; but nearly every morning one of them was missing. "Where is so and so?" I would ask. "Please, ma'am, yesterday was his day out, and——" there was no occasion to finish the sentence, for I knew the general conse-

quence of the "day out" was a night in the guard-room. The absence of one of course put the whole in confusion: things were mislaid, the pens and ink, in particular, never could be found, although often the last thing I did, before I went home at night, was to place these in readiness for the surgeon's visit in the morning. I was sure to have demand upon demand —"Please, ma'am, Mr. H—— wants the pen and ink." Indeed, the disappearance of these were almost as mysterious, and as difficult to account for and answer, as that intricate question, "Where do the pins go to?" My ward-master, too, Torrington, who had been with me from the commencement, until he caught the fever, poor man! was for a long time in one of my wards as a patient. He recovered partially, but afterwards became unwell, and I had enough to do to keep all things straight; although Plumley, an orderly put in his place, worked very well, and I had most capital assistants in four of my orderlies, Barter, Martin, Parker, and Williams, who were excellent, steady, hard-working men. From the last-named I have received a letter since my return, which I subjoin—

Renkioi, March 5th, 1856.

To Miss N——.

Miss,—I now take this great liberty of addressing you with these few lines, hoping they will meet you in the very best of

health and happyness, as I am happy to say they leave me. it is useless for me to give you a description of the hospital, as I know you have seen it; but it is greatly enlarged since you was here. There is only about three hundred sick here at preasent, and we are told there are no more coming here, and that we will all shortly be sent home, and this is to be a station for troops. Every one here seems to be enjoying the very best of health; even the patients at preasent in hospital appear to me to be quite well. There are two orderlys gone home at their own request, Smith and Harris; and two nurses going the next ship, L—— and R—— are there names. The rest of the Smyrna nurses are behaving themselves well, and enjoying good health. A short time back we had a very rough wind, that blew part of the roofs off some of our wards, but there was no great damage done. The weather at preasent is very fine and warm. It is not known here yet weather the war is setteld or not, but I suppose you know all about it before this in london. There is nothing fresh stiring up here, so I can send you no news. I hope you will excuse my ruff way of addressing you, Miss, but it is for the want of knowing better. No more at preasent from your ever obedient and humble servant,

W. Williams, 96 Regt.
Orderly, Renkioi Hospital,
Renkioi, Turkey.

W—— was, indeed, a great help to me, performing many little offices, which were not exactly his province; and if it had not been for their unfortunate habit of getting into trouble when they went out, and thus throwing things into confusion, I liked the military orderlies very much: they were prompt,

active, and obedient, and generally capital nurses. One poor fellow, M——, who was as kind, willing, and excellent an orderly as could be desired, seemed utterly unable to resist temptation. When it was his turn out, it was quite useless to look for him; indeed, I never expected him. He was, of course, dismissed several times, to do duty at the lazaretto; but always promised amendment, and was taken back. This trouble about the orderlies was a very great one; but we always felt comfort in knowing, that if it was possible to ameliorate or redress our grievances, they were not allowed to stand over, but immediately attended to by Dr. Meyer.

Some of the ward-masters were very well-behaved, respectable men, and our comfort depended much on them; for unless they did their work steadily and correctly, everything went wrong. One of them, Sergeant R——, was rather a literary character. In his younger days he had been at Cambridge, he said, where "some great dons much admired some of his early compositions, and would have become his patrons, had he not left the college abruptly, and without letting them know." But he still thinks that a patron is all that is required to advance him in the poetical world; and I hope I am not committing an indiscretion in giving some of his verses (kindly lent

me by Miss O——– and Miss B——) to the public, and that Sergeant R—— will not be disposed to prosecute me for pirating his compositions, as I don't know where to find him, to ask his permission. But I should be sorry to annoy Sergeant R——, whom we all had every reason to respect, for his orderly behaviour and consistently good conduct. He was extremely fond of his evening stroll in the Jewish burying-ground, and was terribly disappointed when an order came out, that neither nurses, ward-masters, nor orderlies, were to go beyond the yard of the hospital in which order we were included, Dr. M—— being anxious, on account of some cases of cholera which had proved rapidly fatal in the town. R—— went to Miss S——, and said—"It is very hard for a man at my time of life to be prevented going out, as if I could not take care of myself." She told him why it was thought necessary to make no exceptions, on which he said—"Well, ma'am, you'll grant, at least, it's not unique!" He used to say, it was well to follow in the footsteps of that philosopher, who replied to one who boasted of having written much—"I have only written one line, which will probably live to futurity, while yours will perish with yourself." He often said—"People wrote verses without much point in them; but the

fault of his verses was, that they generally had too much point. And now I must let them speak for themselves—

HOW CHOOSE YE?

A SAGE, he appear'd one day,
  Two parcels he laid before me;
"Choose either, be quick," he did say,
  "Of nought 'tis mine to advise thee."

I gazed on 'em twin in dimensions,
  In externals the opposite they,
Creating queer doubtful sensations,
  To reflect, then turn'd me away.

But premp'tury now spoke the sage,
  "Delay this fast age cannot brook;
With reason you'll rightly presage,
  Or prove you've discretion by look."

In coarse sacken garb was the one,
  Confined by a rude hempen string;
So unsightly, I readily begun
  To have a distaste for the thing.

Not so with the other beside't;
  Envelop'd in satin and gold,
A fine coat of arms ran astride't;
  'Twas temptingly rich to behold.

Ah, what a dilemma was this!
  To select the unseen, yet be right;
Appearances might prove amiss,
  But how could I fancy a fright?

The beauty I took to my arms ;
  All smiling, I thought it a prize—
Undone, 'twas the wrapper had charms—
  A mere lump of lead in disguise.

Then laugh'd loud my guest outright,
  While the rustic he 'gan to unfold ;
And lo ! in a moment, so bright,
  Out tumbled an ingot of gold.

"Go, youth," he exclaim'd, "learn hence,
  To decide not by poor outward show ;
Too often a specious pretence,
  Where nothing's worth craving below.

"When worth may be frequently found
  Unpretending, simple and plain,
In wisdom that's truly profound,
  Despising what art may obtain."

THE VILLAGER.

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

GOOD morrow to you, Polly, dear,
The advent of a new-born year
  Time ushers in for you ;
But listen, in thy hour of mirth,
As reason counsels thee on earth
  To *think* in all you do.

Yes, *think* this an important day,
First of thy teens, a dang'rous way,
  Unless God guide thy feet.
Num'rous temptations crowd thy path,
Pitfalls and snares enough it hath,
  For tempers far more sweet.

For oh, my child, my length'ning age
From past experience (truthful page)
  Has never found releif,
By playing lax the father's part
With those who broke their mother's heart,
  And flooded mine with grief.

Then *think*, my child, from hence allway
To muse, and meditate, and pray.
  Seek grace and gratitude.
In that thou'st much to thank the Lord,
A step-mother He did afford,
  To thee so passing good.

Who took thee, when a tiny thing,
Beneath her foster-handleing ;
  Just as her own thou'st been.
How kind, but let thy conscience tell,
She's clothed, and clean'd, and fed thee well,
  And taught thee right atween.

Then how I'm pain'd with that I hear;
THINK deeply, child, so you'll forbear
  To give your passion rule.
Think, and you'll never be so blind,
To wound the peace of one so kind,
  Or come so near the fool.

You read of Jesus, Lord of heav'n,
Obeying parents by nature give'n ;
  Like him, a child on earth,
Think, and resolve, by God's free grace,
To make reason's reign temper displace,
  From this, thy day of birth.

Thus shalt thou grow a thing most lov'd,
By us, the good, and heav'n approv'd,
  More perfect with each year.
Think deep, thou'lt realise all this,
Find earthly joy, eternal bliss,
  And please thy father, dear.

THE EPITOME.

AIR—"*O no, we never mention her.*"

THEY tell me there 's a nobler realm,
  Yon starry skies above,
Where all is joy and happiness,
  And never-dying love.
They tell me, I believe it true,
  That in that blissful home
There 's room for I, and thee, and you,
  If we to Christ will come.

They tell me there's a world of woe,
  Beneath the Almighty's ire,
Where sin and sorrow ever reigns,
  And soul-tormenting fire.
They tell me, I perceive it too,
  Transgressors meet this doom ;
But O may I, and thee, and you,
  With Jesus find there 's room.

They tell me there's a coming day
  When Adam's fallen race
Before the Judge of quick and dead
  Shall take their destined place.
They tell me, dare I that deny ?
  Uprising from the tomb,
If righteous here, you, thee, and I,
  With Christ will find there's room.

They tell me, I discern it just,
  But for the Saviour given,
Heir to the second death I'd been,
  And had no hope of heaven.
They tell me, O sublimest truth !
  The sinless met our doom,
And paid for you, and thee, and me,
  The price of that blest home.

H. E. Rhees, *Freshford*, 1849.

SEBASTOPOL'S FALL AT HOME.

Hark ! Hark ! 'tis the herald of war ;
  Hither from the battle he sped,
Glad tidings he bears from afar—
  Let Victory mourn not her dead.
(*Chorus.*) For the stronghold is done,
  Great Sebastopol's won,
  The Russia's proud boast,
  An invulnerable host,
Fly before the twin banners in one.

Thro'-out England let there be joy—
'Tis Godlike the weak to sustain—
Shout, shout, with unmix'd alloy,
The stave of—"We've beat 'em again!"
For the stronghold, etc., etc.

The matrons and sires of our race,
Renow'd for true martial bearing,
Clap hands, all their losses efface,
T' the mem'ry of virtue so daring.
For the stronghold, etc., etc.

Then up with the gaunlet of hope!
Up, defiantly high, in the air!
With the trio and union to cope,
Bid the tyrants of earth all beware.
For the stronghold, etc., etc.

But I must descend from poetry to the homely and unsentimental prose of porridge-making; to the universal delight of the patients, it was found that there was some oatmeal in store, and most of them were allowed a little porridge for their supper, which was thought the greatest possible treat; poor fellows! I fancy I see them now crowding round the large tin can in which it was made with their little basins, eager to secure their respective portions; there was often a want of milk, for which we endeavoured to make up by giving them a little moist sugar instead, which they liked very well.

We all found the attending to the one hundred and twenty-five patients which each of our divisions contained, as much as we could possibly do; indeed, in the medical divisions it was almost thought necessary to have two ladies to get through the work at all; but in mine, which was the surgical one, there was less to do, and I found, though I also had some cases of remittent fever, I could manage that number very well; but many of the other ladies were very hard worked, having fever and other bad cases, which required unceasing care and attention, and running about. But no one complained of that; we were all quite pleased at again having plenty to do, and numerous were the incidents and anecdotes we had to tell each other when we met at meals, for we seldom saw each other in the hospital, each keeping strictly to her own division, never interfering or even visiting another except for some special purpose.

I wish I could recollect some of these stories, which were often both interesting and amusing; but I was so occupied with my own work that they escaped my memory. I recollect on one occasion, Miss K——'s account of her perplexity about a letter one of the men requested her to write for him, telling her that he himself had "a very poor utterance with his pen"; she asked him what she was to say, and he told her

"to write anything, he was sure it would do"; she then suggested that it would be necesary for her to know who the letter was for; and after several attempts having extorted from him that it was to his parents, by dint of perseverance she managed to extract from him an idea or two of what he wished expressed to them, and found that his sentiments were kind and affectionate enough.

Everything was going on so quietly, so busily, and to all appearance so securely; no more talk of returning home, or volunteering for Scutari or the camp; when lo! to our consternation, astonishment and dismay, a government shell suddenly burst in our midst in the shape of Colonel Lefroy, who scattered all our fine hopes and prospects to the four winds, by telling us that our excellent hospital was to to be given up and converted into barracks for the Swiss Legion, while the patients were all to go to Renkioi.

I need hardly say, that the order gave universal dissatisfaction, and some of us could hardly help apostrophising Renkioi as "Caddy Jellaby" did Africa, saying "it was a beast, and we wished it was dead"; for indeed, we felt rather illused, as the elder to be thus superseded by a younger sister. The enthusiasm of our work departed much after this announcement, and up to Monday the twenty-sixth of Novem-

ber, when the last patients were sent off, we continued doing our usual duties, it is true, but not with our customary spirit.

These were, I believe, the general feelings of the party, who universally regretted this break-up; and like the Irishman, we were glad that we were all sorry, and that Colonel Lefroy expressed his great satisfaction with the hospital; for though obliged to carry out his cruel mission, he said he could hardly believe it was the same place that he had seen some months previously.

The disgust of one orderly was intense, as he saw the preparations made for the Swiss Legion. He went about grunting his displeasure, which at last found vent in words, "Humph, they let the British soldiers lie like dogs all last winter in the Crimea, and now they are making all this fuss about a Legion forsooth! a Legion indeed!" I do not think that his ideas as to what sort of a thing the Legion was, were at all defined.

There was no help for it, we had to make way for the Legion, and leave poor Smyrna hospital just as it was, at its very best. And it delighted us not a little to hear from Mrs. Hanson, that even the Greeks, whom we thought disliked us, said, they were very sorry the good doctors and the kind English ladies

were going away, and these horrid French coming. Mrs. H. told them they were not French, but Swiss, who were coming; but they said it was nearly the same thing, and they seemed to regret us much, which was pleasant as we knew, at first they were not disposed by any means to like us.

Two nurses, Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Edwards, volunteered and were sent on to Balaklava; Dr. Hall before this, having requested, that if they could be spared, two should be sent up to him. Six more nurses, Mrs. Paxton, Rogers, Hely, Warcus, Lamercraft, and Rotheram, were sent on to Renkioi, where they were needed; and most of the rest of the party embarked on the twenty-seventh, in the Canadian transport for England. These consisted of Miss S——, Miss O——, Miss G——, and Miss B——; five nurses, Mrs. Michael, Crocket, Hamilton, Blakey, Stanley, and Mrs. S. A. Rogers the Matron; and one Laundress, Mrs. Cheeseman. Mrs. Windsor and her children, with Dr. Gibbon, who had charge of the invalids, went home also in her.

Part of the government instructions to Dr. Meyer had been to retain a small party as "a nucleus," in case of the necessity again existing for a hospital there. He accordingly asked Miss Le M—— and her sister to remain, which they agreed to, and he also

retained four nurses, Mrs. Church, Ross, Gunning, and Suter. They went to live at our second house; and our pretty quarters, which had been the Turkish hospital, were again converted into one for the Swiss legion, or any other invalids who might come in the way. We since heard that their first patients were some Bashi B'zouks, who got wounded in a quarrel on board the French *messagerie,* which was taking them up to the Dardanelles; but since then their hands have been pretty full. The Swiss legion brought dirt, fever, and small-pox with them; and lately some of their own party have been suffering from fever.

It was with great regret, that, on the 1st of December, I bade good-bye to Smyrna, where we had all spent so many pleasant days, and where, from being strangers to each other, we had become interested in one another, and some of us formed friendships which, we hope, will last all our lives; while from the medical men with whom we worked we had always experienced the most gentlemanly courtesy and friendliness. With the residents, also, we had some pleasant intercourse, which had made our sojourn amongst them very agreeable; and it gave us pain to think that, in all probability, we should see them no more. But there was no help for it; the "nucleus" could not

be increased, and we, like nebulæ, must disperse; so Miss K——, Miss P——, and I, embarked in the "Melbourn" steam-transport for Constantinople, and looked our last on "Ismeer" the Beautiful, or the better-known dear old Smyrna. Colonel Lefroy was on board, on his way to break up the Koulali hospital; and as he had also some business to do at Renkioi and Abydos, we had the opportunity of seeing those places, which was very pleasant. We had also with us the party of Bashi B'zouks I mentioned before as having had some fracas with the sailors of the French *messagerie,* the captain of which declared he would sooner blow up his ship than have such a murderous set of ruffians on board. We, however, found them a most peaceful, harmless set of creatures, who were always pleased when we took any notice of them as they squatted forwards on the deck in their varied and picturesque costumes, some of them remarkably fine-looking men, and all well-behaved and quiet. When they were leaving, the captain gave them each a glass of rum-and-water, as they were cold and wet, it having been raining heavily; and it was very amusing to see some of them endeavouring to get served twice, by altering the arrangement of their bournouses or turbans, so that they might look different people. One or two of them succeeded in out-

witting the captain; but they were then found out, and seemed highly diverted with their joke.

Mr. Windsor came with us as far as Abydos, where we left him, he having been appointed chaplain there; and when we saw his destination—

"By Helle's streams there was a voice of wail;"

for it was a dismal-looking place, and we much regretted his being left where, apparently, there was nothing for him to do. It is a few miles from Renkioi, and is its convalescent station. We went on shore, and walked to the top of Xerxes' Hill, which is immediately above the English barracks. There is a small Turkish earthern fortress on it, but we only saw one or two miserable-looking Turkish soldiers inside.

At the distance of about ten minutes' walk from the English barracks is a French hospital, into which we went. I think they said it held from two hundred to three hundred sick, but am not quite sure. We went through one or two of the wards, and spoke with some of the men, most of whom were quite young, and had either lost a leg or an arm. I was talking to one fine-looking man, who had lost his right leg; and on my compassionating him, with a shrug and a smile he said, "Ah, Madam, it is only the fortune of war!" Many of these had been

wounded on the 18th of June at the first attempt upon the Malakhoff; and on my saying, "You did indeed sustain a severe loss on that occasion," one of them turned quickly round, and said, "Pardon, Madam, you (*vous autres*) had a much greater loss in comparison than we had."

They were a contented, light-hearted looking set of men, and appeared gratified by our going to see them. Sometimes, at the hospital, we used to have visits from French soldiers on their way to the camp; they always showed great interest and a kind feeling to the invalids, and asked them many questions through us.

The French hospital, English barracks, a house in which the officers lived, and another a little way off, are the sum total of the habitations at Abydos. The weather was very stormy while we were there, and I must confess it did not look at all inviting. We landed at Renkioi in the morning, and breakfasted with Mr. Coote, who kindly came to receive us, and took us all round the hospital, Miss Parkes showing us the internal arrangements, which I was obliged to admit, notwithstanding the previous "Caddy Jellaby" sentiments, seemed most admirable. The washing and bathing departments in particular; and Renkioi had this advantage over poor old Smyrna, that every-

thing there had been made for the express purpose for which it was wanted, while with us we had to make the most we could of what was intended for quite a different use, and our poor old and ill-constructed flooring and dingy paint, had we scrubbed from June till January, could never have worn such a nice fresh look. It seemed a very healthy, pleasant place, and the air was very fresh and good. We had the pleasure of seeing some of our old friends there, Mr. and Mrs. Coote, and Mrs. Spencer Wells, who were quite delighted with the place, to say nothing of Yaniko and many old patients, nurses and orderlies; so we had quite a second leave-taking with many of our party.

We arrived at Constantinople on the 6th of December, after a very stormy night in the Sea of Marmora; and my first view of the far-famed city was not at all under favourable circumstances; there was mist and drizzle, and everything looked cold and gloomy. The Bosphorus was very rough, and we landed with some difficulty—my friends Miss K—— and Miss P—— going to the General Hospital at Scutari, while I went to Constantinople, and was most hospitably received by the American consul and his family, whose kindness to me, a perfect stranger, I shall not readily forget.

It would be worse than useless for me to go over the oft-told tale of the sights and wonders of Constantinople; each step that one takes is full of interest and ancient historical associations. Thanks to the kindness of friends, I saw nearly everything that was to be seen. Santa Sophia—The Mosque of the Sultan Ahmet, with its six minarets—The tombs of the Sultans—The Hippodrome—Museum of the Janissaries—The Sultan's new Palace—The bazaars, etc. These last mentioned, although very splendid in their cloth of gold, and slippers embroidered with pearls and other gems, did not strike me as so prosperous or business-like as those of Smyrna.

The streets are terribly bad, and were, when I was there, dirty beyond expression; but it was better, even then, to walk, than go in the *Talaka*, a sort of pretty enough looking close carriage, without springs; for except for the honour of the thing, it was a great deal less fatiguing to walk.

I crossed, one day, to Scutari, in order to report my arrival to General Storks, and inquire what vessel we were to go to England in; and, somewhat to my dismay, was told, that we were to sail in the "Emeu" on the following day. I had little time to devote to looking at the hospital, as I much wished. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Nightingale at the barrack

hospital. She was much occupied, it being mail day; but she kindly gave me a little of her time. I was glad to meet there, also, an old friend, Dr. Sutherland, who told me, that the statistics of our hospital showed a great amount of sickness and death amongst the staff, and a great and rapid decrease of death in the patients.

Dr. Linton, at the request of General Storks, took us over the lower part of the hospital, which was a very fine one, and in excellent order. At the general hospital, I had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Madlle. E——, who seemed rejoiced at seeing any one from "dear old Smyrna," as she called it. Miss Tibbets showed me part of the hospital, with which I was also much pleased; but to attempt any description of either, would be quite unnecessary on my part; and from the cursory view I had of them, I am not competent to do so. Taking leave, therefore, of the subject of hospitals, I give an extract from a letter received by a friend, the other day, from a medical man at the camp, which tells of the state of things there now, and shows pretty plainly whether the care and attention bestowed on our sick were not amply productive of good results.

Copy of a Letter from a Medical Officer in the Crimea.

"We are encamped here (Baidar), in one of the most romantically-beautiful spots you ever saw. We are surrounded with woods on every side, so that we had a superabundance of fuel all through the winter. There was capital shooting, also: bustard, hares, deer, woodcock, etc., etc. The men all comfortably housed before the cold weather: they were well clothed and fed, and not over worked. I may say I have had no sick; the average daily last month was thirteen I have at present only *four* men off the duty-list, with sore fingers, or other trifling complaints. What a difference between this and the dreadful sufferings we witnessed last year, when I buried seventy men in one week.

"The French are suffering very much. I say this not from hearsay, but having both witnessed it and personally known many of the officers. From bad food, want of vegetable diet insufficient clothing, and exposure under tents, lying on the damp ground. *Precisely* the same circumstances have taken place as in the British army last year, under similar conditions Scurvy in its worst form, followed by dysentery, diarrhœa; and, latterly, typhus, of a most virulent form, has been sweeping them off by thousands. I was assured by a French officer, that the loss of their medical officers alone was so great, that the whole number attached to the army have been twice replaced from home.

"I am sure that these accounts explain at once, without any enquiry or commission, the cause of sickness which prevailed in our army — we were neglected last winter, and *perished.* This winter the soldier has been properly taken care of, and there never was, I believe, so healthy an army, whilst, on the same ground, the French are perishing at the rate of 170 per diem. The Sardinians, too, are very healthy, are remarkably well hutted, and have been well fed and clothed.

"I rode yesterday to Backshi Serai; it was a very long ride, but the climate is now delightful, and the country in fine order for a canter. The Russian officers were particularly civil to me; they all speak some French. I went through several of their encampments; they are or were at least very wretchedly off on the M'Kenzie heights. The militia in particular look half starved, and had nothing on under the grey great coats except a wretched calico shirt. I went through the ancient palace of the Khans of Tartary, which is now used as a fever-hospital; the place occupied by the sick was much neater than I could have expected; they were suffering under low typhus of the worst form. I judge from a casual inspection; I had not an opportunity or seeing any of their medical officers, which I shall endeavour to do when I get away again, as I intend trying for leave for ten days to visit Simpherapol."

On the 11th of December, Miss K——, Miss P——, and I, embarked in the "Emeu" for England—not without many feelings of regret for the beautiful scenes we were leaving behind; for my own part, I must say, that notwithstanding the high expectations I had formed of the East, I have in no way been disappointed. I like the country, the climate, the people, their customs, and, more than all, the varied and deeply-interesting associations which surround them all; and if it should never be my lot to revisit it, it will ever remain a bright spot in my recollection. And as for the work we undertook for our poor countrymen, I have only to say, on behalf

of myself and the other eight ladies who constituted our party when the hospital was broken up, that, although it is the furthest thing from our desire to have to witness such sorrow and suffering, there is not one who, in case of such a misfortune happening to our beloved country, would not readily and willingly again volunteer their services to Her Majesty.

We had a very stormy and rough passage home. At Malta, two ships which had left the Bosphorus with us, had to put in for repairs. But, thanks to the great attention and kindness of the commander of the "Emeu," Mr. Small, our voyage was made as pleasant as it could be under the circumstances; and I have heard that the ladies who came home in the "Canadian," bear the same testimony to the care and attention of Mr. Green.

We stayed two days at Malta, and had the questionable pleasure of passing Christmas-day in the Bay of Biscay; landing at Liverpool on the 29th of December.

And here I will bid my readers Farewell! giving them, in conclusion, the parting letter addressed to us by General Storks on behalf of Lord Panmure, and Dr. Meyer's letter to the lady superintendent.

Head-quarters, Scutari,
21*st Nov.*, 1855.

MADAM,

The ladies and nurses of the Smyrna hospital being now about to separate, in accordance with instructions received from the Secretary of State for the War Department, I am commanded by his lordship to convey to you his sense of the very zealous and able manner in which you have discharged the duties of Lady Superintendent.

You will also be good enough to express to the ladies and nurses, Lord Panmure's thanks for the devotedness displayed by all in the performance of their onerous and responsible duties, which has been in so many cases a source of comfort to the sufferers, and of confidence and encouragement to the medical officers.

It is to me most agreeable to have the opportunity afforded me of conveying his Lordship's acknowledgment and thanks to yourself, the ladies and nurses, knowing as I do by personal observation, how well all have merited this expression of Lord Panmure's approbation.

I have the honour to be,
Madam,
Your most obedient Servant,
W. E. STORKS,
B. General.

Miss Le Mesurier,
Lady Superintendent
Smyrna.

British Civil Hospital,
Smyrna, 26*th Nov.*, 1855.

MY DEAR MISS LE MESURIER,

The best friends must part. You and all your party must be well aware how much I regret the changes

now in progres. Others also may regret, but no one so much as myself. The establishment of this hospital was called "officially" a great experiment; many doubted its success; all must have been aware of many difficulties. Will you express to the ladies and nurses about to leave, my warmest thanks for the zeal and energy they have displayed in tending the sick entrusted to my charge, as well as for the support and assistance I so freely received at their hands.

Some of us may, I trust, be allowed to meet again. It can never fail to give me heartfelt pleasure to shake by the hand a member of the Smyrna Civil Staff.

Believe me,

My dear Miss Le Mesurier,

Very faithfully and sincerely yours,

JOHN MEYER.

Miss Le Mesurier,
Lady Superintendent.

THE END.

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THE primitive mode of computing time, still in use among the Arabs when the founder of the Islam faith made known to the world his pretended revelations, was not merely sanctioned, but actually adopted by him as an element of his religious system. Thus, unsusceptible of reform without subverting some of the fundamental prescriptions of the Koran itself, and combined with the new era, to which the *hegira* (هجرة) or *flight* of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina gave rise, it has become the common chronological standard of Mahometan nations, and the unchangeable basis of their kalendar: — a kalendar, owing to its purely lunar character and its vague and uncertain mechanism, suited rather to the rude habits and yet ruder knowledge of the wandering tribes of the desert, than to the state of modern science and the requirements of a civilized and enlightened people.

It may thus happen, that one and the same event is by different Mahometan writers, according to the kalendar they have chanced to use, ascribed to two or even three different days of the *month,* whilst they agree as to the corresponding day of the *week.* The latter, consequently, forms an important element in the statement of Mahometan dates: an element, indeed, on which not unfrequently their true reduction to the Christian kalendar altogether depends.

To facilitate such reductions, is the object of the following tables. They are by no means the first attempt of their kind; but with one exception, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak, the former tables have exclusively given the Christian dates, corresponding to the first day of each year of the *Hegira*, in many cases erroneously determined. Their practical use was thus restricted within very narrow limits, by leaving a considerable and not the least troublesome part of the reduction to be performed by those, for whose especial convenience they were intended. With a view to this defect, Professor Wüstenfeld of Göttingen has lately, at the request and the expense of the German Oriental Society, published tables on an enlarged plan. They are, certainly, the most useful, which have thus far been offered to the public; yet, notwithstanding their somewhat bulky size, extending as they do over 53 goodly quarto pages, they also leave much to desire, and answer their end but very imperfectly. The learned Professor is evidently no chronologer, as the few remarks, by which he prefaces his work, sufficiently betoken; and whilst he leaves the principles of Mahometan chronology, on which his tables are based, altogether unexplained, the arrangement of the latter is far from being a practical one. Thence their use is attended with a considerable degree of uncertainty, the more so as the results are, in an indirect manner, obtained by a final calculation, more or less perplexing to those not accustomed to the solution of chronological problems. For these reasons, the author, having, in the pursuit of his historical studies, had occasion to construct similar tables, which appear to him to unite all the essential elements of practical usefulness, has been led to think that their publication, more particularly at the present time, might prove acceptable to a numerous class of persons.

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Turks must be prepared to fight as valiantly against the abuses which are engrained in their system of government as they did against the Russians on the Danube. Mr. Wortabet's volumes contribute weighty suggestions on this subject, and WE VERY EARNESTLY ADVISE THEIR ATTENTIVE PERUSAL; THOSE WHO MAY DIFFER WITH THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUSIONS WILL AT LEAST CONFESS THAT THEY HAVE DERIVED INFORMATION FROM HIS NARRATIVE."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

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