



Mary Seacole - Journey to the Crimea

Written by Rob John

Mary: Mary Seacole...that's me...born more than two hundred years ago in Jamaica. My father was a white man and my mother black. That meant I was a Creole and I was proud to be so. My mother was a famous healer in Jamaica and when I was a child she taught me all her skills.

In 1854 when war broke out in the Crimea I knew at once I was meant to go there. I read about a woman called Florence Nightingale who was looking for nurses to go with her to help the soldiers. I made up my mind: I, Mary Seacole, would go to the Crimea.

So I bought a ticket and boarded an American ship. But things were not always easy for a Creole woman like me. As soon as I went aboard I knew that something was wrong.

American woman: And where do you think you're going?

Mary: To England.

American woman: To England?

Mary: Yes, Ma'am.

American woman: You expect to travel with us?

Mary: Yes, Ma'am. I have a ticket.

American woman: Look around you, woman. What do you see? White faces. American faces.



- Mary: But I have a ticket.
- American woman: Somebody call the captain!
- Mary: Nobody spoke up for me. Not one person. So I just went and bought another ticket...and this time I was on my way.
- When I arrived in England I made straight for the War Department in London. I had an interview to join Florence Nightingale in the Crimea.
- Mrs Hamilton: So...Ah...I see you are...
- Mary: I am what, Ma'am?
- Mrs Hamilton: I see you are...
- Mary: I am a Creole, Ma'am. From Jamaica.
- Mrs Hamilton: And you wish to go to war in the Crimea as a nurse, Mrs Seacole?
- Mary: Yes, Ma'am. It is my greatest wish.
- Mrs Hamilton: And what made you think that you'd be of help?
- Mary: Look at my references. It's all there, Mrs Hamilton. I learnt nursing and medical skills from my mother. She taught me about medicines and cures and -
- Mrs Hamilton: Magic potions, I suppose? Have you any idea what you'd be dealing with in the Crimea, Mrs Seacole? This is war. A terrible, brutal, cruel war.



- Mary: Mrs Hamilton, I want to join Florence Nightingale. I am determined to go to the Crimea. Give me the chance. I won't let you down.
- Mrs Hamilton: I am sure you wouldn't. However, I regret to tell you that Miss Nightingale does not have any places for nurses at present.
- Mary: I'm sorry?
- Mrs Hamilton: Miss Nightingale has all the nurses she needs.
- Mary: But I don't understand. There were other nurses here today. You've been talking to other nurses. I don't understand.
- Mrs Hamilton: Then let me make it very clear, Mrs Seacole. I am very sorry. You will not be needed.
- Mary: I was 'not needed'. But that wasn't going to stop me. If Florence Nightingale wouldn't take me to the Crimea I would go there by myself. And if they didn't want me to work in their hospital then I would build one of my own. So...I bought another ticket on another boat...
- Sailor: You're going out to the Crimea are you, Ma'am? You been there before?
- Mary: No.
- Sailor: No offence, Ma'am, but you must be mad. Four times I sailed to the Crimea and I tell you it's the coldest, dirtiest, smelliest, place I ever seen.
- Sailor: Whole place is full of thieves. You never seen so many thieves. You'll need a guard.

- Mary: A guard? What for?
- Sailor: To guard all your stuff when you're asleep. Keep the rats off too. I tell you, in Balaklava once saw a rat eating a man's foot while he was asleep and the weird thing was he didn't wake up...
- Mary: I was afraid. I was very afraid. But I was determined. I would not go back. I would sail on to the Crimea and I would build my hospital.