

The Victorians

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. She was like a doctor and a nurse all rolled into one: a doctress. 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.

But first I had to get from Jamaica to London. 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 on this ship to

England.

1





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

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

White faces. American faces. Now these good folk can put up with a lot but sharing a journey with a coloured person - well that is asking too

much.

Mary: But I have a ticket.

American woman: Somebody call the captain!

Mary: But I have a ticket.

Nobody spoke up for me. Not one person. But I was Mary Seacole. 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: Yes, I'll be with you in one moment. I'm just...

Well...that seems to be in order. Good. 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.

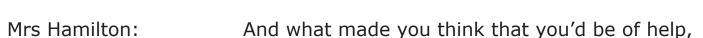
Mrs Hamilton: And you wish to go to war in the Crimea as a

nurse, Mrs Seacole?

Mary: Yes, Ma'am. It is my greatest wish.







Mrs Seacole?

Mary: Look at my references. It's all there, Mrs Ham-

ilton. I learnt nursing and medical skills from my mother. She taught me about medicines and

cures and -

Mrs Hamilton: Magic potions I suppose.

Mary: There is no magic, Mrs Hamilton. Just skill and

care.

Mrs Hamilton: 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 Nightin-

gale. 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 have been talking to other nurs-

es. 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.

Mary: Really?

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 and when the ship

docked at Gibraltar on the way I nearly got off. But I was Mary Seacole. I was determined. I would not go back. I would sail on to the Crimea

and I would build my hospital.



