

grass and its solitary beehive, from which no one ever takes the honey, that is altogether delightful. I have to remember that I am not describing Hospitals this journey, for I should love to sketch the four I saw in Philadelphia, all different and with characteristics of their own.

I have a map of Philadelphia open before me as I write, and it is exactly like a gigantic chess-board, all the streets running from East to West are precisely at right angles to those running from North to South, and the blocks of houses between them are all the same size, or nearly so. The streets of any importance from East to West are called after trees—Spruce, Pine, Chestnut, Walnut, and so forth, those running from North to South are numbered from 1 to about 45, so that quite a rudimentary notion of arithmetic makes it easy to find one's way about.

Philadelphia, built by William Penn, is still called the Quaker City, and New York residents are said to go to it for a respite. Certainly, for a town of more than one and a half million inhabitants and riddled with tram lines, it is very quiet and peaceful; the people seem busy, but they do not bustle about, and many of the streets boast old-fashioned houses. The paving of almost all the streets, by the way, looks very old-fashioned, and in some places I should not have been surprised to hear that it was some of the original laid by William Penn. I saw Philadelphia restfully, and not too hurriedly, and thoroughly enjoyed it. One of the first places to see is the Hall of Independence. It is an old red brick building, built in 1730, or thereabouts, for a Colonial State House, and has since become famous as the place where the Declaration of the Independence of the United States was drafted and proclaimed, where the first Congress met, and where preparations for the great Revolutionary war were made. Here also hung the Liberty Bell, which proclaimed the Independence of the States. It is now kept (cracked) under a glass case. I asked whether it had cracked during the Civil War between the South and North, but I was told, no; on a more prosaic occasion, only whilst tolling for a Judge. Various charters and Indian treaties, the Declaration of Independence, historical portraits, and chairs, and so forth, are kept in the old rooms. They are, many of them, of great interest, but I felt my ignorance of American domestic history to be so deplorable, that I entreated my guide to be good enough to lead me to a book store. This she did, and I invested in a fat book on the History of the American People, and felt better.

There are some fine shops in Philadelphia, notably "Wanamakers," to which I was soon led

as a great object of interest. It is a kind of glorified Whiteleys, with tessellated pavement floor, a fountain and ferns at one end, and departments for everything and anything you could want to buy. I was told that here, as in England, large stores were swamping and squeezing out smaller shops.

I drove through a grand park called Fairmount, 3,000 acres large, very wild in parts, beautifully situated, with plenty of statues, a Horticultural Hall, and a delightful drive along the Schuylkill river, along which are dotted the numberless boathouses of the Philadelphia rowing clubs, some of them quite handsome buildings. On the Friday, I had to tear myself away from Philadelphia, where I felt as if I were at home, to end my American tour in New York.

I sent my trunks on ahead by check system, and I here solemnly warn any one travelling in America to take only one box, the larger the better. I should say an iron-bound packing case for choice. American porters are not accustomed to handle small trunks, and the results are disastrous. They also charge for each *separate* parcel or trunk, by number, not by weight. Thus a huge trunk weighing several hundred weight would be charged less than three small portmanteaus weighing altogether about fifty pounds. It is worth remembering. Only I don't know what you would do with your box when you reached home. I am certain no English porter would handle some I saw on the other side.

(To be concluded.)

News from Rio.

Miss J. A. Jackson, Matron of the Strangers' Hospital, Rio de Janeiro, makes a very satisfactory report of the nursing department to the Governors for 1900-1901, but what havoc matrimony does make of hospital management out there to be sure. Three years ago we selected four sisters—of course, they were all very nice indeed—and now at the end of their term three are married, and one dear girl has died at her post, a victim to yellow fever. These constant changes have to be anticipated by Matrons in the tropics.

Miss Burtwell's wedding was very quiet, but she had many lovely gifts, and the Christening feast in honour of Mrs. Quayle's (Sister Davie, R.N.S.) little son, was very festive.

We are sorry to hear that plague is again rife in Rio, and it is feared that if it cannot be stamped out, it will in a year or two, make a clean sweep of the natives, who are not cleanly in their habits.

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