

"NURSING RECORD" BENEVOLENT FUND.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE want to assist, by the united efforts of the readers of the *Nursing Record*, Trained Nurses who may be in need of temporary or permanent aid, and for this purpose donations, whether small or large, will be thankfully received, as the Fund has already many demands made upon it.

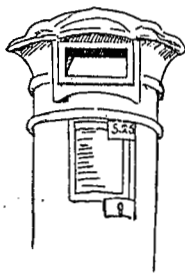
HELP WANTED HERE ALSO.

Mrs. Sarah Duyck, aged 48, is a widow, and has broken her leg so badly, that she will probably be a cripple for the rest of her life, besides dislocating one shoulder some years ago, so that she is even unable to use her crutches for long at a time.

Mrs. Duyck wishes to obtain an annuity of £20 a year from the British Home for Incurables. To do this at least 1,000 votes must be procured from subscribers to the Institution. Lists of subscribers can be obtained by sending eight stamps to the offices, 73, Cheapside, E.C.

Will every reader of this journal please do what she or he can to obtain votes for this sad case—to assist, in however small a measure, to bear another's burden? Such help will be gratefully welcomed by the Editor, *Nursing Record*, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C., and all subscriptions, &c., will be duly acknowledged.

Proxies will also be thankfully received by the Editor for the British Home for Incurables on behalf of a most deserving candidate for an annuity of £20 from the above Institution. Votes for other Charitable Societies will also be gladly received as they can be exchanged. Candidate's name, Ann Thompson; single; aged fifty-one; and who has been suffering from spinal injury and paralysis for more than six years past. She is now quite unable to earn her living.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly grant me space to correct an error which I made in my notes on "The Jenny Lind Hospital" (see *Nursing Record* No. 95)? The gentleman who

so long cherished the scheme which he afterwards carried out by the aid of Madam Goldschmidt was J. Godwin Johnson, Esq., at that time one of the leading Surgeons in Norwich.

Mrs. Radford Pym would, I am sure, be much disconcerted should she discover that I had accredited her father instead of her uncle with this noble thought. Therefore would I "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." A man's misdeeds live for ever, but his good works are, alas! too soon forgotten, and I am glad to be able to revive the memory of one who was not only possessed by a great and good desire, but rested not until he saw it accomplished.

The summer days are yet far away, but the ache of the tired feet which have been scudding the long Wards all day is ever present, and perhaps it may refresh my poor tired sisters to write of the good time coming, when all Nature is decked in her softest garments, when the sweet scent of the wild flowers is filling the air, and the songs of feathered warblers delight the senses. For those who while they like city life would yet be "far from the madding crowd," Norwich would make a fine holiday resort. It has exceptional facilities in being so close to three watering places—*i.e.*, Yarmouth, Cromer and Lowestoft, to which there are frequent cheap excursions.

One might begin by resting a day or two in one of the prettiest villages in England—Thorpe. This lovely suburb is like a cluster of beautiful petals thrown off by a flowering city, for Norwich has been justly termed "the city of gardens," and all the residents are noted for their love of horticulture.

Then after the sweet repose which only a Nurse knows how to appreciate, take yourself to the old city. I should advise that you sleep there. The meanest lodgings could not offend you, and you would have the advantage of enjoying the evenings, as there is always some pure pleasure for each day, and if by chance there be not a lecture, a concert, or any other kind of entertainment, there is sure to be a special sermon or service in "the place where His Honour dwelleth," which should at least be equally welcomed and enjoyable.

The first thing that impresses you as you enter from the station is the beauty of the pavements, the cleanliness of the wide streets, the compact and artistic effect of the town dwellings, and the general air of refinement which overspreads the whole city, with its well stored London-like shops, where the meanest assistant knows how to address a lady, and waits upon you with hands not repulsive. If you are fond of agriculture you must go on a market day to see one of the largest live-stock markets in the kingdom. If it does not happen to be market day, you will find the place clean enough for the daintiest of foot gear. You will want a long morning wherewith to enjoy the grandeur of the Cathedral, which is of the Anglo-Norman style; and a still longer afternoon to do the exterior, with its beautiful gates, at one of which a lady artist sat busy as I passed that way. You will inspect the Bishop's Palace on the north side, and pause by the western door to list for the hum of voices in the free grammar school, and perhaps, if your imagination be sufficiently active, you might think the low murmur was the voice of one of the four priests empowered by Bishop Salmon, then Lord Chancellor, to sing "mass for his soul, those of his parents, and of all his predecessors and successors in the see for ever." Now as the days are long, you will find time for a good walk along the fine open road to Mile End, passing the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital on your way, and returning ere the queen of night appears.

You might begin the next day with a trip through the town. You will note the fine compound of red brick and stone which is known as "the Agricultural Hall," and the handsome white structure adjoining is the Post Office.

You must run into the Corn Exchange and take a peep at the portrait of the father of Norfolk agriculture, *i.e.*, the Earl of Leicester, and strive to get a glimpse of the fifty thousand volumes contained in the public library. Mr. Booty will not

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