

and sing for them. To this she consented, and when the concert was given, notwithstanding the tickets had been set at a high figure, there were many who could not obtain admittance, and thus a goodly sum was raised; and though the world-famed Madame Patti followed suit in this beneficent work, Madame Goldschmidd was looked upon as its foundress, and the Hospital bears her professional name."

*Apropos* of Jenny Lind. My memory does not permit me to give the name of the author of a "Biography of Women," who records that Jenny Lind was never known to make any meritorious comments on her musical abilities, or even to acknowledge the wonderful power she possessed; but once when it was told her that, notwithstanding the prices were doubled all over the house, the carriages of those who could not gain admittance lined the street, she replied, "Ah! it is nice to be able to sing so well." The concert was given in aid of some Hospital, probably the one of which I am writing.

We found the Hospital centrally situated, though in a narrow by-street. It has no architectural or ornamental beauty, being simply two houses made into one.

We were received by a lady, whose sweet grave face looked somewhat delicate in contrast with her black gown and white lawn cap. The wooden staircase was so highly polished that we had to mount with care; so also were the boards of the floor, which shone like satin.

We visited three rooms or small Wards, all of which were decorated with plants and fresh flowers, amongst which the sunflowers were the most conspicuous.

I know not which most delighted the eye: the refined faces of the Nursing Sisters, with their black gowns and linen of snow-white; the pretty brass cots, with bed-linen spotlessly clean, and the little occupants looking contented and happy—yes, even to the little boy whose face was so swollen one could not form an idea of what he really looked like. Carefully as we had timed our visit, the little ones were about to have dinner. One tiny toddling sat at a chair-table, lowered almost to the ground, wielding her spoon with great dexterity. One little maiden lay white and silent, not caring at all about visitors or the golden custard pudding, which Nurse would be tempting her with presently.

In a cradle, sheltered close by a screen, lay a month-old baby, just been operated upon for hare lip. While I knelt admiring the face, so lovely in its innocence and sweet repose, and thinking that even at this early age human nature had power to endure, my ear caught the wailing cry of an infant, and I turned to comfort the little

one. Never shall I forget how that sight appealed to my heart. The blue eyes, wide open, looked sightless.

The face was turned away, but slowly, slowly the head of the helpless wee one turned right round on its pillow, as if in search of the comforter. Presently the comforter appeared in the shape of Nurse with a bottle. In reply to my query, I found this babe was three months old. If, as the Lady Superintendent intimated, "The sins of the father had been visited upon the child," I could not help thinking God and Nature had also blessed it with an unusual amount of intelligence.

The cot given by my friend's mother, the late Mrs. Fitch, was empty, the child being convalescent, and we found the Institution in need of another cot to make up the usual number. Each cot bears the name of the donor, and every donor might see his or her face in the brass work if only they had an opportunity of looking.

We returned once more to the board-room, to which I omitted to say we had been ushered on admittance. Here were the portraits of the foundress and Madame Patti, together with numerous framed testimonials on the merits of the Hospital by visitors of high degree.

My friend, Mrs. Radford Pymm, was of opinion that the picture of Jenny Lind (an engraving) was somewhat at fault, "though it may be," she said, "that the fault lies in my memory, as I was but six years old when she took me on her knee and talked to me, but still I think the portrait is somewhat flattering. She was not quite so good-looking as she is there represented."

After entering our names in the visitor's books, with a few well-deserved notes of praise as to the general air of cleanliness and order that prevailed everywhere, we took our departure.

Having heard that Miss Wainwright was a recently-appointed Lady Superintendent, I inquired if she were happy in her new position, to which she replied in the affirmative, adding that though she had many callers, she had not much time for making friends, but had already begun to love the old city.

My time being unexpectedly shortened, I could only get a passing view of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, which is a fine, large, handsome building, in red brick, situated in one of the main roads.

Any church-loving Nurse who likes old towns and country walks would be glad to live in Norwich, where she might enjoy the quietude of the Cathedral cloisters, the beauty of the suburban roads, richly lined with trees and studded with lamps, which is quite panoramic in its effect by night.

A NORWICH VISITOR

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