

MARSHLANDS.

careful estimate puts the number at four thousand.

Such an emergency as this tested the capacity of the women in charge, but Sister Gonzaga came through the ordeal with flying colors. The surgeon in charge of the hospital was Dr. Isaac Hayes, who achieved much fame in the celebrated Kane Arctic Expedition, and who afterwards headed an expedition of his own. The wards of the hospital were very commodious and comfortable, each one accommodating at least seventy-five patients.

Dr. Hayes was a kind father to the Sisters, consulting them upon everything that would contribute to their comfort and happiness. Through his kind offices and those of Dr. Atlee they secured a chaplain, Father Crane, who said Mass for them once a week.

There is an old and very rare print of the Satterlee Hospital from which it is clear that the Hospital occupied many acres of ground. Yet the histories of Philadelphia remain singularly silent regarding it.

All during the war Sister Gonzaga, besides managing the hospital, remained in charge of St. Joseph's Asylum, which she visited at regular intervals. At the close of the war she relinquished her work at the Satterlee Hospital to give her whole time to the asylum, the other Sisters from the hospital returning to their various missions.

Sister Gonzaga has had frequent visits from grateful soldiers who were nursed back to life through her Christian devotion. One who heard of her aerious illness a few years ago, called upon her, and then as the outpouring of a grateful heart sent the following letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Star* as "a soldier's tribute to the noble work of Mother Gonzaga during the war:"—

In your valuable paper dated yesterday the announcement was made that Mother Gonzaga, in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, southwest corner Seventh and Spruce streets, was lying dangerously ill. In reciting her many acts of charity for the young orphans under her care and protection, victims of epidemic, etc., during the many years of her life, you were not aware that the short notice touched a tender chord of affection in the breast of many a veteran of the late war.

Mother Gonzaga was a mother to sixty thousand soldiers, as patients under treatment in Satterlee United States Hospital, Forty-fourth and Pine streets, from 1862 until 1865. Those who were under her care, no matter of what religion or creed, who received the midnight visits of Mother Gonzaga, made in silent steps after "taps," and by the dim gaslight, will recognize her familiar countenance surrounded by that white-winged hood or cowl. They will recall her form bending to hear the faint breath or whisper of some fever patient, or to attend to some restless one throwing off the bedclothes, kindly tucking them in around his body as a mother would to a child, then gliding to the dying to give them expressions of comfort—those who recall these scenes, I say, think of her truly as an angel of peace and sweetness.

Administering medicine when required, loosening a bandage or replacing the same, watching a case of a sufferer in delirium—at all times annoying to those near him—was her daily duty. To see her always calm, always ready, with modesty and fidelity faithfully performing a Christian duty as an administering angel, when physicians, surgeons, friends, and all human aid had failed, was a beautiful sight. No poet could describe, no artist could faithfully portray on canvas the scenes at the death-bed of a soldier