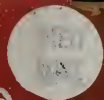


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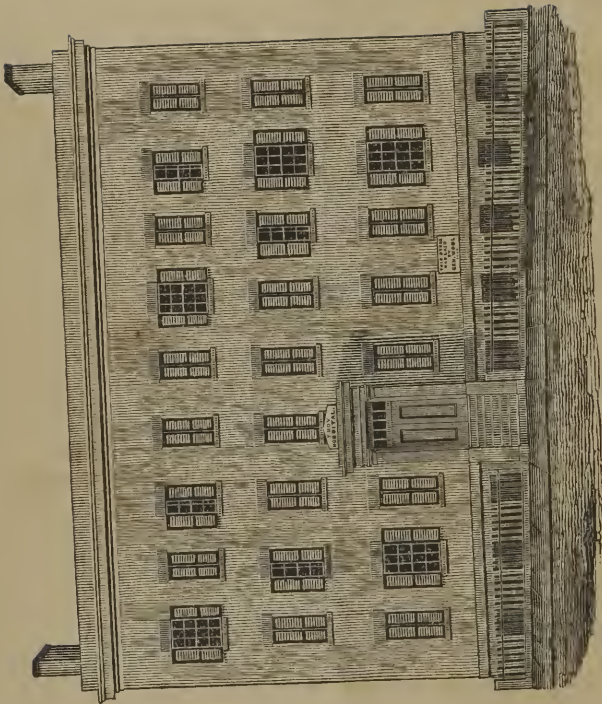
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# ADDRESS,

DELIVERED

BEFORE THE FRIENDS AND PATRONS

OF THE

# TROY HOSPITAL,

BY THE

HON. DAVID L. SEYMOUR,

FEBRUARY 12, 1850.

ALSO

The Remarks of Maj. Gen. Wool, and the Rev. Peter Havermans,  
on the occasion of the laying of the Corner Stone  
of the above Institution.

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## MAJ. GEN. WOOL'S REMARKS,

*On the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Troy Hospital.*

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[On the 15th of August, 1849, the Corner Stone of the Troy Hospital was laid, on which occasion Gen. WOOL addressed the very large number in attendance as follows :]

FELLOW CITIZENS :—

The object for which we are assembled has been so ably and eloquently presented by those who have already spoken, I find that little remains for me to add. Some few remarks, however, may be expected from one to whom so distinguished a part in the ceremonies of the day has been assigned.

It is the establishment of an Institution for the benefit of the sick and destitute—for the stranger and wayfarer—for all who are unable to take care of themselves. With a population like that of Troy, such an Institution cannot fail to enlist in its favor, the sympathy and support of the pious, the humane and liberal of all classes ; for it must be obvious to all that no city in the State requires one more. The only wonder is that it should not have been thought of before,—that the benevolent—and our city abounds in persons of that character—have not, ere this, provided such an asylum. I do not mean a poor house, for the lowest of the poor loathe your poor houses. Many would starve rather than go into them.



It seems to have been left for the pious, enlightened and generous Pastor of St. Mary's Church to project and commence an asylum for those who cannot take care of themselves; where the sick may be healed, the hungry fed and the naked clothed, all "without money and without price." Who is there among us that would not contribute to such an institution? For the honor of Troy I hope there is not one. That this holy and pious design will prove to be all that it has been represented, I cannot doubt, for it is to be placed under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. Their unceasing devotion to the cause of humanity throughout the christian world is a guarantee that whatever they undertake to do, will be faithfully and devoutly performed. Wherever found they have shown themselves the "Good Samaritans"—ever exhibiting a self-sacrificing devotion to those who most require assistance—the poor, the needy and helpless—always seeking to do good, regardless of consequences. No danger, however appalling, deters them from fulfilling the holy offices of charity. When almost every one—friends as well as kindred—fly from the victim of the destroying pestilence, the Sisters of Charity remain at their posts, and are seen by day and by night, ministering to the sick and comforting the afflicted. For instances of such self-sacrificing devotion, we need not look beyond the United States. The records of New Orleans and St. Louis furnish ample testimony of their untiring efforts to avert from the poor, destitute and helpless, the pestilential scourge which recently visited those cities, and is now spreading over the land.

A Protestant writer residing in St. Louis, in giving an account of the cholera in that city, describes in the most feeling and stirring language the indefatigable exertions of the Sisters of Charity to stay its ravages, and to aid and comfort the dying thousands by whom they were sur-



rounded. He says: "When public Hospitals were established in every ward of that devoted city, and where the loathsome objects of this loathsome disease were huddled together in large numbers, and to take care of whom neither money nor entreaties would secure attendants, the Sisters of Charity, with heroic firmness, voluntarily tendered their services to the public authorities as nurses.— There, in those charnel houses of the living, for week in and week out, they stood as faithful sentinels, facing death with a composure and fearlessness that nothing but an unbounded reliance in the overshadowing care of a crucified Redeemer could impart. And when they found that nature must yield to the king of terrors, and that the curtain of death was rapidly drawing around the sufferer, upon their bended knees they were seen inclining over the infected lips, and entreating the expiring penitent to look with the eye of faith upon the image of the expiring Savior." Such, hitherto, has been the character of the Sisters of Charity, and such I trust it will be for all the time to come.

For assurances, however, of the intention of the pious and benevolent projector, in regard to the institution to be established, we need not go beyond what we see around us. The eight hundred children who have passed before us, attest his labors, and show how much he is doing for his people. To complete his well doing, he now asks for aid to establish a Hospital for the common good of the whole community. It is to be open to the sick and destitute of all sects, and free to all who may partake of its benefits.

In conclusion, I have only to remark that I feel deeply the honor conferred on me of laying the corner stone of an institution which will, I cannot doubt, be cherished by our city as one of its noblest ornaments.

## REMARKS OF REV. P. HAVERMANS.

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[The following is the substance of the remarks made by the Rev. PETER HAVERMANS, at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Troy Hospital :]

“The object, my respected fellow citizens,” said the Rev. Gentleman, “which has brought us together this afternoon, is the laying the corner stone of the Troy Hospital, by the honored citizen who dwells in our midst.

Your numerous attendance on this occasion is gratifying to me, and proves to me at once the intense interest all feel in its success.

This benevolent undertaking, as all admit, is one of great necessity, but is also full of difficulties. I feel the heavy weight of it sensibly. I own it is more than I can accomplish by myself, but I have my confidence in God. He that gave me the desire to undertake so necessary a work can also give me the means to accomplish it.

He can himself make the means, if he so pleases, or move the hearts of others that have them, to make an offering of them now for the sake of humanity.

He loves us, and I have confidence in his goodness ; and I have also confidence in your goodness. That you can help me I know ; and that you will help me I cannot doubt for one moment ; especially when, by experience, you shall have found me worthy of your confidence.

Indeed, the poor sick, when stricken down by acute diseases, must have good lodgings, as well as competent

attendance. They are not, like animals, to die by the way side. Their sufferings are those of rational creatures—of members of the human family—who can realize their situation, and know and feel their distress, and long for relief as well as consolation. And would it not be a sin against God and man obstinately to refuse aid to accomplish such a purpose? And when I say poor sick, I mean all sick—rich as well as poor.

In our sickness, especially our final one, are we not all poor? Riches, honors, good health, strong constitution, and all temporal blessings have then already passed away, or are fast taking wings to do so.

The great leveler—death—who, by sickness, admonishes us of his approach, makes us then truly and pitifully equal. Then the good things of this world do no longer gratify us, nor dainties please us. All have then become needy, poor and helpless, and “real objects of charity.”

This Hospital, if possible, is intended to be made a home for all that are severely sick—of all classes and without distinction;—for those who can pay and those who cannot pay, *provided I can secure means sufficient to accomplish so great an object.*

In that case, the mechanic, the way-farer, the stranger and the resident citizen may, in case of an accident, or severe disease, rely on a hospitable place here,—and such care as the Sisters of Charity in all time to come, may be able to bestow.

And, beloved fellow citizens, though I was born in another land, I do not now feel like a stranger here. I loved this country before I saw it; because of its freedom and universal liberty; and since I came to it, I have been identified with it.

You have adopted me and I have adopted you ; we are now one ; and those of you that may honor me with your confidence, and think well of this undertaking, will stand by me to make this institution successful, and do all the good which it is intended to accomplish.

LETTER FROM THE HON. D. L. SEYMOUR.

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REV. P. HAVERMANS,

*Dear Sir :—*

Enclosed I send, as you requested, a copy of the address which I had the honor of delivering on the 12th instant, before the friends and patrons of the TROY HOSPITAL. The many imperfections, both in the matter and style of this address, will, I hope, find a sufficient apology in the fact that it is the hasty production of a few hours stolen from pressing avocations of my profession during the late term of our Supreme Court.

Yours, truly,

D. L. SEYMOUR.

*Troy, Feb. 23, 1850.*

# ADDRESS.

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FELLOW CITIZENS :—

We are assembled to celebrate an event, honorable alike to our city and to those benevolent minds who first conceived this enterprise, and have finally carved it to a full and successful completion.

The establishment of a Hospital in Troy, is an event of no ordinary interest. It well deserves a pause amid the din of business and the ceaseless round of daily cares, to mark this point in the history of our town. Sixty years ago, and the ground now occupied by this place was a well cultivated Dutch farm. True, a few men from New England, of restless spirit and roving mind, had, in 1790, like the California adventurers of 1850, in search of wealth, braved the dangers of the wilderness, left the homes of their fathers, on the bleak hills of New England, boldly pushed their fortunes into the "west," as the valley of the Hudson was then called, and had built some dozen dwellings and half a dozen small store houses along the margin of the river ; but all the rest of the tract, as originally granted to Derrick Vanderheyden, at an annual rent of three bushels and three pecks of wheat and four fat fowls, was still held and improved as a farm. Let us look back in imagination to that period ; let us take our stand upon some one of the majestic hills which form our back grounds on the east ; they are all so beautiful in prospect that I know not which to select, and if I did, I should not know what to call it, for as yet the Gods had not named



our Olympus, nor had the Goddesses visited our Ida. Taking, however, our position on one of these lofty heights, let us look down upon the valley as it lay at the opening of the year 1790. I suppose the little plain at our feet where the Vanderheydens had planted themselves presented the same prospect as did all "the little retired Dutch Valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York." For we all know that the residence of a thrifty Dutch farmer, wherever in our wide country it shall be found, has an appearance and character as decidedly and unmistakably national as the dykes and canals of his fatherland; and there can be no doubt that at the time of which I speak, the graphic description given of the residence of old Baltus Van Tassel, would well apply to the little kingdom of the Vanderheyden Patroon: "His stronghold was situated on the bank of the Hudson, in one of those green sheltered fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling—a great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook that bubbled along through the alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm house was a vast barn that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves, and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then,

troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered house-wives, with their feverish and discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered."

Turning from this quiet scene of agricultural life, and looking to the northward, the "new city" of Lansingburgh was seen with its increasing population and trade, then fast rising, as was thought, into hopeful competition with the capital, while still further to the west, the waters of the Mohawk, after fertilizing a rich valley, as yet almost unoccupied by the white man, plunged over the "great falls" amid an unbroken forest.

At the South, snugly sheltered at the foot of the Capitol hill, lay the then unpretending and unenterprising city of Albany, which, after having for upwards of one hundred years, under the auspices of its Dutch settlers and their descendants, engrossed the trade centreing at the head of navigation on the Hudson, had attained the very respectable size of a settlement with four thousand inhabitants.

Such was the prospect of the spot where we now stand, as viewed by the observer sixty years since. To correctly survey it—to receive the full impression of this ancient picture in all its lights and shades—to appreciate the honesty, the simplicity, the very rudeness of the society—to comprehend the true position of this region at that time in

all its higher relations of business and national character, requires a picture drawn by a master's hand ; demands a genius rich in fancy, and well furnished with the legends of the olden time. If the genius of Scott, the once "great unknown," could, by its magic spell, seize and hold captive the minds of two hemispheres, while in the historic fiction of "Waverly, or 'tis sixty years since," he unfolded to their view the manners, customs, adventures and spirit-stirring events gleaned from that period in the little kingdom of Scotland, may we not indulge the hope that some future Magician on this side of the Atlantic will yet arise, who, with a finished pencil and in unfading colors, shall transmit to future times as true and as touching a picture of the first settlements and the characteristics of the former settlers of this interesting, populous and rapidly improving region. Such was the state of things here in 1790. Peace reigned, and it was a propitious time for planting those settlements along the fertile banks of the Mohawk and the Hudson, which, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and under its more genial influences, should become the thronged cities of an Empire State.

At the end of the Eighteenth Century, the great drama of war and carnage, of oppression and unsuccessful struggle for liberty, had nearly closed. That period of the world's history had been eventful—the war spirit had ruled the age.

Let us briefly sketch the almost uninterrupted succession of war during the eighteenth century. First came the war of the Spanish succession. All Europe was convulsed ; her Princes formed a grand alliance against the Bourbons, and on the 15th May, 1702, war was declared, by concert, at London, Vienna and the Hague. This war, filled with great events, lasted twelve years, and was marked by the splendid victories of Marlborough at Blenheim and Ra-

miles. It was succeeded by the desperate struggle of the continental powers to restore the Stuarts to the British throne, distinguished by the battles of Dettingen, Fotenoy and Culloden. Then followed the seven years war, when Frederick the Great, of Prussia, boldly throwing his crown and kingdom into the arena of national strife, challenged the admiration of the world in a contest, which, for its fierceness and extreme vicissitudes, stands without parallel.

The agitations of the old world were so deep, her throes of agony so mighty, that they were felt even in the wilds of America; and on the banks of the Ohio, at Cape Breton, and on the Plains of Abraham the great game of European politics was played, and the mighty blows by which thrones and Empires fell were given. Then came the tide of revolutionary conflict. Commencing in our country, it rolled back on the old world its mountain billows, up-heaving and rending assunder all the pillars and support of monarchical insitutions, and causing the very foundations of the social system to totter. Indeed, from the battle of Bunker Hill, fought on the 17th June, 1776, to the end of the grand drama at Waterloo, on the 18th June, 1815, a period of thirty-nine years, the nations had hardly for a single year found rest from war and the fierce arbitrament of the sword. All this time the Temple of Janus was kept open for its bloody sacrifices, and the God of War himself seemed to have been installed by Christendom as the one all potent and ruling Deity. Every quarter of the globe witnessed his sway. On the plains of Saratoga and Yorktown, in America—at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Eylau, Borodino and Waterloo, in Europe,—at Aboukir and the Pyramids in Africa, and on the plains of British India in Asia.

Such are some of the great events characterizing the Eighteenth Century, and the opening of the Nineteenth by

the supremacy of the War Spirit and the ascendancy of the science of War over the arts of Peace.

At the general pacification in 1815, the nations sought repose nearly within the same territorial limits and under substantially the same political institutions as they had enjoyed at the commencement of this great battle of an entire Century. At length a great change appears. Tired of slaughter, satiated with carnage, the masses of mankind seem to turn in disgust from self-destruction. Instead of seeking the occasion for hostile attacks—kindness, forbearance and brotherly love are beginning to be felt. It is the day spring of hope for our fallen world—the early dawn of the light of the Nineteenth Century.

That light at length arose and is now, like the orb of day, rising higher and higher, and shining brighter and brighter. If the Eighteenth Century boasts its splendid triumphs of war to garnish the page of history, the Nineteenth Century shows that “peace hath her trophies too,” and that the characteristics of this age are “peace and good will to man.” If here and there be found a spot on this earth’s wide surface where strife prevails, it is marked by its peculiarity. Peace is the general rule, war is the exception.

The present age is an age of invention. The restless powers of man, turning from the time worn tracks of war and desolation, have found new channels for themselves; the sciences and the arts of peace have felt their pervading influence. What has not been achieved by the inventive faculty? Time would fail me to speak of its results. I refer you to the printed volumes of its recorded triumphs; to the archives of every civilized nation—to the bureaus organized for the granting and regulation of patents—to the codes of law, statutory and common, defining and protecting the rights of inventors, to mechanical construc-



tions, and to operations and results meeting us every hour of the day, and in our ordinary avocations which would have astonished the heroes and philosophers of the last century. Napoleon, while marching his armies across the plains of Egypt, more than once saved his troops from being utterly destroyed under the desperate charges of the Mameluke cavalry by the *hollow square and the rolling fire* which scattered his foes, and gave to him the terrible name of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire.

But could that great conqueror witness the results of the present day in transportation by steam on land and water, and its effects on the commerce of nations and the art of war, his astonishment would not be less than was that of the wild sons of the desert, and even he would be compelled to yield the startling title of King of fire to the inventor of the steam boat and the steam car.

When Franklin with his boy and kite returned from the field where he had drawn the lightning from the clouds, and proved it as controllable as the electric spark generated in his own laboratory, he felt all the exultation of the old philosopher who ran through the city crying "I have found it! I have found it." But even Franklin would now be more than astonished at seeing the daily operations of the same electric power through the telegraphic wires, communicating intelligence through the medium of language.

The present age is distinguished by the progress of human industry. The labor of the masses, instead of being absorbed by the ambitious schemes of Kings and Potentates, is now applied to the production of the necessaries and comforts of life. The amount of labor which is withdrawn by war from the national industry, is not generally appreciated. The effect is felt, but the cause seldom com-



prehended in its full extent. A single instance in the history of France, will at once show the exhausting drafts which a large military establishment never fails to make on the industrial powers of a nation. The military levies in France, from the year 1793 to 1813 inclusive, a period of twenty years, reached to upwards of four millions of men. All these were withdrawn from civil life, and very few of them were again restored to it. Not only is national industry crippled by withdrawing the power of the masses, but that which remains employed in all its branches, agriculture, commerce and manufactures, is cramped, impeded in its progress, and crushed by taxation. If our country has contracted a debt of one hundred millions in war, the industry, the labor of the people must pay it. The national debt of Great Britain, at the close of the wars with Napoleon, amounting to eight hundred and sixty four millions of pounds sterling, has ever since been resting, like an incubus, on the industrial prosperity of that country. It reaches every branch of labor, and affects every man, woman and child in the kingdom. But let the times of peace return, as they have, in the main, for the last forty years, and then the industry of man has full play, its force is unimpaired and its results are enjoyed by all without stint. Agriculture plants its colonies in the wilds of nature, and secures to itself every where a superior cultivation and a more bountiful product. Manufactures increase in variety, in quantity and quality, and commerce expands its arms to receive and carry the multiplied and increased products of a world. Look to the statistical returns of the commerce of our own country—our increased foreign and internal trade. The amount has more than quadrupled within the period of which I am speaking; and then contemplate those other trophies of peaceful industry—the harbors built, the canals dug, the railroads laid. Let us come

nearer, and descend to the domestic comforts of mankind. Are they not better fed—better clad and every way elevated in the scale of human happiness?

The present age is characterized by the general education of the people; the great effort of the age has been to *diffuse* knowledge, not to concentrate it, not to rest satisfied with Universities and Colleges where the few may gain the heights of science, and where the garnered lore of ages may be found by the recluse and the scholar. Hence have been founded Sunday Schools, Charity Schools, Free Schools, and the great and all pervading engine of popular education, the Common School system, has been elevated in its scope and enlarged in its powers.

The press, too, has, by the agency of steam, multiplied its powers an hundred fold, and, not only by books, but by pamphlets and penny papers, adapted itself to the supply of the increased demand for information. So that now the orator who, in Parliament or in Congress, or in the political canvass, addresses a few hundred auditors, is soon read in every reading-room, coffee-house, parlor and cottage throughout the land, and thus the whole nation becomes, in effect, his hearers, and are instructed and moved by his appeals. And this general intelligence is felt in every department of life, elevating the standard of thought and action, purifying the morals, and increasing the power of the masses; not their political power alone, but their efficiency, as adapted to every influence they can exert, and every result they can accomplish.

The present age is also characterized by its benevolence. This was manifested at first in meliorating the horrors of war. The burning and sacking of cities, the indiscriminate slaughter of the vanquished, not excepting the unarmed and the women and innocent children, were the too frequent melancholy finale of a great battle in former ages, even as

late as the partition of Poland in the last century ; the capture of Warsaw was marked by one of the most brutal outrages of this sort. The victorious general “let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed and unresisting people ; men, women and children, nay even infants at the breast, were doomed to an indiscriminate massacre ; thousands were inhumanly and wantonly butchered ;” and yet the author of this fiendish massacre was not rebuked by the spirit of *that* age. The highest honors were awarded him, and he was inscribed on the pages of the history of those times as *a great General*—“the hero of Poland.”

Mark the contrast now. A few years since, when a French Marshal, in hot pursuit of a force of wild Arabs, ventured to exterminate them in their rocky fastnesses by fire and sword, he drew down upon him not only the censure of the legislature and people of France, but the execrations of the whole civilized world ; and at the present time, the cruelties practised by the Austrian general, Haynau, upon the unfortunate Hungarians, has rendered the name of that monster too odious to be repeated.

The benevolence of this age has not merely by its *silent influence* tended to make man love his fellow man, but it has originated and pushed forward the great charitable efforts of the day. It has sent the Missionary of the Cross to the islands of the sea, the burning sands of Africa, and the snows of Lapland, to dispense the Word of Life. It has educated, furnished and sent “the school master abroad,” to freely instruct the poor. It has proclaimed to the enslaved of the Indies, in the eloquent language of Curran : “No matter in what language their doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon them ; no matter in what disastrous battle their lib-

erty may have been cloven down ; no matter with what solemnities they may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, they stand redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

It has opened the store house of a nation, and in the mighty pulsations of a peoples gratitude, has poured into the lap of oppressed but warm-hearted and noble-spirited Ireland, that relief which, in the hour of her destitution and suffering, ministered consolation to her famishing sons. It has followed the sailor on the stormy ocean, and prepared for him a "snug harbor" at his destined port. It has stood by the soldier, in the camp and in the battle-field, assuring him of the gratitude and the bounty of his country. It has gathered the funds which relieve the wants of the widow and the fatherless. It has founded asylums for the deaf and dumb, for the insane, for the blind. It has built our alms-houses. It has built our *hospitals*. It has built this edifice. It has gathered us here to-night to congratulate its founder, its patrons and its friends on its completion. And I will add, it was the spirit of progress and improvement, combined with all these elements of greatness and goodness, which brought the first settlers of Troy here, and has since continued to gather its citizens from all parts of the world. In that spirit they have converted the meadows, the arable lands, the garden and the whole domain of the old Dutch farm, as it was sixty years since, into a city of more than 25,000 inhabitants, flourishing in commerce, in manufactures, and in all that creates prosperity, and adorned with its numerous institutions, dedicated to the cause of religion and philanthropy.

Our city was incorporated in 1816. It commenced its career of prosperity as a city in the true spirit of the Nineteenth Century. It dates its birth as a city from the opening of this era of progress in the arts of peace. Its growth

has been the result of the enterprise and untiring industry of its citizens.

Located at the head of navigation on our noble river, and possessed of a fine water power, it soon concentrated the business of the adjacent country, and thus made its first advances in population and wealth. The completion of the Erie and Champlain Canals, and their junction with the Hudson at this point, opened our communication with the north and the west, while we reached the east by good roads, and the south by sloop and steamboat navigation.

Although subjected to a vigorous competition from their neighbors at Albany, the citizens of Troy have from the first secured their share of the trade of the canals and the river. Since its incorporation, the city has never been retrograde nor even stationary, but has always continued to advance. And when of late years, it has been found here, as in other interior towns, that the increased facilities afforded by railroads and steamboats in reaching the great marts of commerce on our sea board had begun to prevent the extension, if not to diminish our trade, our capital has sought that avenue which our natural position so readily supplied. It has occupied the water power in our midst, the two beautiful streams which empty here and the Hudson itself. Indeed, the manufacturing interest has already attained such pre-eminence among the interests of our city, that it yields to no other in importance at the present time.

There is a limit sooner or later reached by all inland towns in their commercial operations. This limit is prescribed mainly by the facilities offered to the surrounding country in reaching the great depots of foreign commerce. In a country like ours, the trade of all inland commercial centres, has already been much affected, and is destined to be still more restricted by this cause.



In such a state of things our true policy is evident. It is to avail ourselves of the peculiar advantages of our natural position. To foster and extend our manufacturing interests. While the raw material can be brought to our manufactories, by the waters of our rivers and canals, the manufactured products can be, with equal ease, distributed throughout the length and breadth of our land.

When we look to the great and growing West, already teeming with its millions, and destined soon to become the richest and most populous agricultural region on earth, who can fail to see that New England, Northern New York and Pennsylvania are to become the great workshops of manufactures for the supply of the one hundred millions of intelligent freemen, who will yet occupy the great valley of the Mississippi ?

In Northern New York, no place can compete with our locality in manufacturing advantages. It is in the power of the citizens of Troy to make it the centre of the manufacturing interests of this region. And permit me to add if they would preserve to our beautiful city its present relative position in business, wealth and social life, they must do this—they must do one thing more—they must extinguish the heavy debt which incumbers its industry and fetters its growth.

But this is not all ; our ideas of the greatness and glory of a nation, or of a smaller community, a city or a town, should not be confined to its prosperity in business affairs. We must sustain other and higher relations to our fellow-men than those which arise merely from the associations of business.

We are daily reminded of this by the calamities of life, by sickness and death. Not only are railroads and steamboats to be built—the halls of justice and temples of religion to be founded, but hospitals are to be erected. Troy



has long needed a hospital. The want of one was severely felt as long back as the first prevalence of the cholera, in 1832. That want has been more pressing, as our population and business has increased since that period, until, during the recurrence of the pestilence the last year, it became apparent that an establishment of this character could be no longer postponed.

The project was taken up, and has been carried through mainly by the zeal and energy and christian philanthropy of a reverend gentleman, who will ever be regarded as its founder. And now, reverend sir, after the many discouragements which have met you in this enterprise—after laboring daily in this work more than a year, besides discharging all your other duties to the people under your care, you are here with us to-night to receive our congratulations, and the thanks of this entire community for this great charity which you have conferred on our city. We congratulate you, sir, upon the completion of this beautiful edifice, from the foundation to the topmost stone, upon the prospect that it will soon be ready, under the direction of those messengers of mercy, the Sisters of Charity, to dispense that kindness, sympathy and care for which it was designed, and particularly upon the fact, repeatedly announced by you to our citizens and the public at large, that this establishment will not be sectarian in its character, but be thrown open to the poor, the sick and suffering of all sects and denominations, and be conducted in the true Catholic spirit of an enlarged and liberal philanthropy.

I congratulate you, sir, but I can never express that measure of thanks which your noble efforts in this work demand. I leave that to be expressed by those unfortunate sufferers whose pains shall be here alleviated, whose sicknesses shall be here healed; by those, too, whose last breath shall here whisper, in broken accents, their gratitude,

and finally by Him, at whose altar you minister, in that blessed allotment which shall be awarded to those by whose charity the poor are fed, the naked clothed and the sick healed.

I tender the congratulations of this occasion to him whose bounty has sustained and whose hands laid the corner stone of this edifice. Your fame, sir, had already become the common inheritance of your countrymen. That military reputation which has for upwards of thirty years been steadily rising, requires, especially since the victory of Buena Vista, no more laurels. It has become a part of the imperishable records of our country's history, and will live whilst our nation and its name shall live. But even the splendor of a long and brilliant military career, enhanced should it be by still brighter honors (as you richly deserve) at the hands of your grateful country, will not outshine this one noble charity with which your name is identified. And, amid the thunder of popular applause the "still small voice" of the obscure and suffering sons of sorrow, who shall here find relief, will be heard in grateful remembrance of their benefactor.

I congratulate all of the patrons and friends of this institution, and all our citizens upon its completion. It is one of the ornaments of our city. Let us cherish and sustain it with a liberal hand. Let our bounty be not stinted, but be enlarged as the broad philanthropic charity which it is intended to subserve.

*From the New York Freeman's Journal.*

## CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS IN TROY.

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DEAR MR. McMASTER :—Since December, when we commenced to put the Troy Hospital in operation, we have received about two hundred patients. The great majority have been poor, and some so destitute that the Sisters of Charity have frequently been obliged not only to get for them bedding, nourishment and medicines, and do their washing, but also to furnish them with the necessary clothing and linens. We confidently relied on the Legislature for aid, as heretofore it has been in the habit of assisting similar institutions in your city and elsewhere ; but we have as yet failed to get anything. We continue, however, to hope that something will yet be obtained, during the extra session of the Legislature. There is no hospital here of any kind for sick people, within more than a hundred miles, whilst we have in our immediate vicinity a population of more than a hundred thousand people, with a variety of rail-roads and canals, and steamboats, and vessels of every kind coming here, and all sorts of manufactories where numerous accidents are continually happening, to say nothing of the ordinary sickness of our people, and of the poor emigrants that crowd our shores, often sick and destitute.

The Archbishop was kind enough, before he went to Europe, to allow me to call privately in his Archdiocese on such charitable persons as might feel inclined to lend assistance. I have been down for that purpose since last Thursday, engaging the kind hospitality of Rev. Mr. Quinn, of St. Peter's. I have received during my short stay in New York from fifty to sixty dollars, for which I feel sincerely thankful. The contributors to our hospital, or to the girls' or boys' orphan asylum are entitled to the benefit of the masses that are monthly said in the chapel of the hospital, and to the prayers of the inmates who are relieved by their bounty. Any donations that may be sent to us will be gratefully acknowledged, and laid out to the most advantage on the miserable objects of disease and misfortune, whom we have been continually receiving; whether we shall be able to continue to the same extent this work of mercy, must depend on the goodness of God, and the charity of the Christian public.

When our hospital shall be once out of debt, when we shall have only to procure the means to carry on its operations, our burden will be greatly lessened, and the means for extending our charity proportionably increased. To pay the heavy debts contracted for the grounds and the buildings of the hospital, and to provide at the same time for so many sick poor that crowd upon us, is a task which is indeed very heavy. We have, however, so far succeeded as to feel every confidence that the institution will be sustained, and become every day more and more important. Five eminent physicians volunteer their services to the hospital gratis, and they are indefatigable in their attentions to the sick. The Sisters of Charity, seven in number, keep everything comfortable, neat and pleasant. Notwithstanding the sickness of every description, the whole institution wears an aspect of comfort which ren-

ders it really delightful to be in it. It will become still more attractive during the summer, which is the first since its operation. Its little garden, which would have been a larger one, four hundred and fifty feet long, had not the Common Council taken two-thirds of it in the extension of Fifth street, is already teeming with beautiful foliage and flowers of every hue. And this, as well as its pure air, is a distinctive feature of our whole city, rendering it at once beautiful and healthy, and a place of great resort during the summer months. Our hospital being so located, will soon attract many wealthy sick to enjoy its comforts and advantages, not easily met with to the same extent that they are here. The doctors have also from their own munificence enriched the institution by various presents, and thus added essentially to its medical and surgical department, in which, I believe, nothing more is now wanting.

The Christian Brothers, who are really doing wonders here, will occupy the new building I am now trying to finish for them, by the middle of the next month. It is fifty-four feet deep, fifty wide, and will be sixty feet high, being four stories and a half. They will have comfortable accommodations for one hundred boarders. They have a very large yard and a nice little garden between the main building and the asylum for boys, which will also be under their care. The boarders will pay one hundred dollars a year, and this will embrace all charges except the use of books, and the orphans, except of our own congregation, will be received, as far as the room will permit, at fifty dollars a year. They will get a good education and a trade while they are with the Brothers, so that they will be useful and be able to help themselves when they will leave the Brothers.



I feel, dear sir, very thankful to you for the great kindness and assistance we have received from you towards our institutions. And I value them the more, as I consider them to proceed from your own conviction of their merit and usefulness.

I have the honor to remain,  
Your friend and servant in Christ,  
PETER HAVERMANS.

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## FIRST MONTHLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PATIENTS IN THE TROY HOSPITAL DEC. 24, 1850.

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1. Peter Hanlan, 40 years old, from Hoosic Falls; disease, cronic ulcer on both legs.
2. A Frenchman, 30 years old, from Whitehall; disease, rheumatism with dyspepsia.
3. Mary Parcel, 29 years old, from West Troy; disease, cancer: incurable.
4. Mrs. Eaton, 50 years old, from Albany; disease, cancer and dropsy: incurable.
5. Anne Hennesy, 30 years old, Troy; disease, fever, contracted in Poorhouse, by attending on her brother, since dead.
6. Wm. Maher, 38 years old, from Lansingburgh; disease, compound fracture of arm and fracture of skull.
7. John McCarty, aged 27, South Troy; disease, pleurisy.
8. Patrick Malone, aged 27, from Lansingburgh; disease, extensive gun-shot wound in the arm.
9. Ann McGoun, 5 years old, an orphan; disease, croup.



10. Ann Kelley, 40 years old, South Troy ; disease, fracture of oss coxigis, requiring removal.

11. A blind boy, 8 years old, orphan ; one of his eyes probably may be cured.

MEDICAL STAFF ATTACHED TO THE INSTITUTION.

DR. THOS. W. BLATCHFORD, *Consulting Physician.*

DR. JAMES THORN, *Surgeon,*  
DR. CHARLES FREIOT,  
DR. JOHN F. O'RIERDON.

SECOND BULLETIN.

1. Wm. Mahar, compound fracture of the arm, amputated ; doing well.

2. Patrick Mulloney, gun-shot wound, followed by lock-jaw.

3. P. Caton, fever.

4. C. J. Reichrester, compound fracture of the leg.

5. Jas. M'Cauley, inflamed eyes.

6. Gidcon Goubon, pectoral inflammation.

7. Thomas Enright, inflamed eyes.

8. John Herr, typhoid fever.

9. P. Smith, stone in the bladder.

10. Julia Delaney, severe affection of the throat.

11. Anne Hennesey, bronchitis.

12. Julia Fenning, polypus of the nose.

13. Michael Gleason, wound of the lung ; died.

14. Mary Eaton, cancer of the breast, and dropsey.

15. Wm. Gilling, extensive injury of the leg.

16. Eliza Donovan, typhoid fever ; hopeless.

17. Mary Percel, cancer of the womb ; died.

18. Peter Hanlan, ulcerated legs ; most well.

19. Maria Kelley, removal of bone oss coxigis ; got well.

20. Orphan boy ; nearly blind.

21. M. Parks, severe burn.

Medical advice and aid has also gratuitously been given at the Hospital, by the attending physicians, to other persons living in the city.

MEDICAL STAFF.

DR. THOS. W. BLATCHFORD, *Consulting Physician.*

DR. JAS. THORN, *Surgeon.*

DR. CHARLES FREIOT.

DR. JOHN F. O'RIERDON.

## THIRD BULLETIN.

1. Julia Fadden, bronchitis.
2. Timothy O'Hern, fractured leg.
3. Patrick Maher, inflamed eyes.
4. Alexander Dougherty, ulcers of the legs.
5. Francis Kimmy, dropsy.
6. Jno. Malor, discharged.
7. Michael Calon, stricture.
8. James McCauley, discharged.
9. Catharine Mahoney, discharged.
10. Patrick Brandon, fracture of leg, thigh and clavicle.
11. Mary Wallace, encysted dropsy.
12. George Beach, inflamed eyes.
13. Margaret Griffin, rheumatism.
14. William Maher, fever, discharged.
15. Thomas Giles,        "
16. Jno. Kearns,         "
17. Ellen Ryan,         "
18. Thomas King, compound fracture of arm.
19. Michael Fox, fever.
20. Michael Mahoney, injury of the chest: died.
21. Mary Cuninghame, chest affection.
22. Jacob Richester, fractured leg; discharged.
23. Anne Gallagher, colic; discharged.
24. Mary Campbell, congestive fever; died.
25. Mary Bradly, croup.
26. Catharine Chael, bronchitis.
27. Harriet Donovan, bronchitis.
28. Rich'd Parker, injury of the hand, requiring amputation.
29. Jno. Coffin, chronic eccema.
30. Ellen, a child, chronic pneumonia.
31. } Two persons, names unknown, out door patients. Frac-
32. } tured elbow-joints, abscess of axilla.

## MEDICAL STAFF.

- DR. THOS. W. BLATCHFORD, *Consulting Physician.*  
 DR. JAS. THORN, *Surgeon.*  
 DR. CHARLES FREIOT.  
 DR. JOHN F. O'RIERDON.

## FOURTH BULLETIN.

1. Julia DeLaney, bronchitis, cured, discharged.
2. Mrs. Eaton, cancer, incurable.
3. Ann Hennesey, typhoid fever, cured, discharged.
4. Wm. Mahan, amputation of arm, cured, discharged.

5. Patrick Maloney, gun-shot of arm, convalescent.
6. Thomas Inright, inflamed eyes, cured, discharged.
7. Maria Kelley, removal of bone, cured, discharged.
8. Patrick Eaton, fever, convalescent.
9. John Hern, typhus fever, cured, discharged.
10. James McCally, inflamed eyes.
11. Jacob Reichrester, fracture of leg.
12. Julia Faddon, polypus of nose.
13. Wm. Gillon, sore legs, cured, discharged.
14. Patrick Smith, lithotomy, convalescent.
15. Mary Callon, sprained wrist, well, discharged.
16. Patrick Mahar, hydrocephelos.
17. Ed. Downey, granulated eye-lids.
18. Alexander Dougherty, sore legs.
19. Francis Kimmey, dropsy.
20. Anne Gibbon, cold, cured, discharged.
21. James Fox, congestion of the lungs.
22. Timothy O'Hern, fracture of the thigh.
23. A Frenchman, inflammation of the bowels, well, discharged.
24. Robert Hanning, fractured shoulder.
25. Michael Collin, stricture.
26. John Farmer, disease of the lungs.
27. John Meloney, inflamed eyes.

MEDICAL STAFF.

DR. THORN,	}	DR. BLATCHFORD,	} <i>Consulting</i>
DR. FREIOT,		DR. ROBBINS,	
DR. O'RIERDON,		} <i>Surgeons</i>	
		} <i>and</i>	
		} <i>Attending Physicians.</i>	

FIFTH BULLETIN.

1. Thomas King, fractured arm, discharged.
2. Richard Parks, amputatiou of the hand, discharged.
3. Francis Ryshall, intermitten fever.
4. Catharine Ryan, fever, discharged.
5. Johanna Connors, inflammation of breast, discharged.
6. Margaret Fitzpatrick, pleurisy.
7. John Harding, injury of the limbs.
8. William Maffet, diseased elbow, amputated.
9. Edmund Welsh, fever, discharged.
10. Michael Landra, amputation of the hand, discharged.
11. George Judge, pleurisy, discharged.
12. Alice Fitzgerald, lepro, discharged.
13. Michael Hennesy, fever, discharged.

14. John Halan, finger amputated, discharged.
15. Denis Lawler, sore eyes.
16. Eliza Long, Large tumor removed, discharged.
17. Maria Mahoney, chest affection, discharged.
18. Michael Qinlan, fever, discharged.
19. Patrick Conserdine, burn, discharged.
20. Bridgit Sullivan, fever, discharged.
21. Mary Reilly, fever.
22. Michael Ryan, sore eyes.
23. Peter Riley, fever.
24. Bridget Riley, fever.
25. William Bennett, fever and ague, discharged.
26. Michael Riley, fever, died.
27. Michael O'Connell, sancree.
28. Peter Handlen, ulcers of the leg.
29. Mary Costello, fever.
30. Eliza Cowen, erysipelas.
31. George Birch, inflamed eyes.
32. Mary Lyons, fever.
33. Michael Mahoney, inflamed eyes.
34. Patrick Brandon, fractured limb.
35. Francis Kimmy, died.

OUT-DOOR PATIENTS.

1. Thomas Thompkins, fever.
2. William Hogan, fever.
3. Margaret Filas, fractured arm.
4. William Ragan, fractured arm.
5. Sarah McGarrick, canker in the cheek.
6. William Kearney, fractured arm.
7. Margaret Conlon, inflammation of the breast.
8. Margaret Tranor, chest affection.
9. Ann Kenney, bronchitis.
10. Eliza Emett, hydrocephalus.
11. Michael Hiedey, sore eyes.
12. Ellen Halper, chest affection.
13. John Murphy, burn.
14. James McGinn, inflamed leg.
15. Catharine Hollagan, fever.
16. Patrick Lynch, fever.
17. Margaret Lynch, fever.

	DR. BLATCHFORD, } Consulting	
	DR. ROBBINS, } Physicians.	
DR. THORN, DR. FREIOT, DR. O'RIERDON. }	Surgeons and Attending Physicians.	
	REV. P. HAVERMANS, <i>Principal.</i>	

TROY, May 6, 1851.

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ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FRIENDS AND PATRONS

OF THE

TROY HOSPITAL,

BY THE

HON. DAVID L. SEYMOUR,

FEBRUARY 12, 1851.

ALSO

THE REMARKS OF MAJ. GEN. WOOL, AND THE REV. PETER HAVERMANS,  
ON THE OCCASION OF THE LAYING OF THE CORNER  
STONE OF THE ABOVE INSTITUTION.

TROY, N. Y.:

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1851.







