

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER, AND THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

87792

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. AUGUST 15, 1864.

No. 1.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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WILLIAM S. FALLS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.

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The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1864.

To the Friends of the Rochester City Hospital.

The Ladies associated with the Hospital have long felt the need of some means of direct communication with our friends and donors—some way of thanking them for their repeated and generous donations, and of acknowledging the receipt of them—some way of making known to them our wants and aims—of acquainting them with what we are doing for the sick and the suffering, and with what we hope to do. As our work progresses, and friends multiply, we find it impossible to do all this satisfactorily by mere individual correspondence, or through our Secretary—the tax and constantly increasing labors would be too immense. Neither can we accomplish all that we desire, as we have attempted to do, through the medium of the daily press. The space allowed us is too limited—the expense of publishing the lists of donations too great, and we cannot feel at liberty, through its columns, to speak personally and directly as we would like to do to our friends. This, then, dear friends of the Hospital, is our apology, if one is needed, for coming before you at this time in this new form; and these are some of the reasons which have induced us to organize a

paper devoted exclusively to the interests of our Soldiers and Hospital. We cannot see you all as we would like, and speak to you face to face—but we have felt that the next best thing would be, to speak to you, heart to heart, as we only may through a little paper of our own. So, will you not, then, welcome our Messenger? It comes to you a stranger—and an unexpected, uninvited visitor it may be to many of you—but it comes to you from the soldier—from the wards—from the couches, where all these long bright summer hours, the wounded, the suffering, the weary, and the sorrowful, of our brave armies are gathered; and will you not listen to its appeals—will you not take it home to your firesides and to your hearts?

"The Hospital Review," the name of this visitor, by introducing itself, rather unceremoniously you may think, to your notice, and soliciting your favor, will be issued the fifteenth of every month, and will contain, besides miscellany and communications, a faithful review, as its name intimates, of the labors of the Hospital from month to month—a complete list of the donations received, and an account of all the incidents of interest or importance connected with our object. Those who have contributed so generously, as many of our friends have done, to the building and furnishing of our Hospital, and in supplying its wants since its opening, cannot fail, we think, to take pleasure in hearing from time to time of its welfare, and to such we need not bespeak for it a welcome. But we have other aims in publishing our sheet. We hope that through its influence a wider interest may be excited for our Hospital, and that it may not only be read with gratification by our old friends, but that it may be the means, as we feel it must be, of making new ones for us. We believe that no one can be made acquainted with our work, without seeking in some way to aid us, and to share our labors. This is the object of our Review—to speak for us—to make known our

wants and our aims; and we believe it has only to be sent forth on its errand, and allowed to deliver its message, to accomplish much for us. It will be the endeavor of those conducting The Review, to render its pages acceptable to our readers, and an agreeable fireside companion. For this purpose, some of our best literary talent has been secured for its columns; and original articles, in prose and verse—choice selections—clippings from our Hospital correspondence, and other entertaining matter will be given, as space and opportunity allow. Contributions to our columns, and any communications of interest to our cause are respectfully solicited.

Once more we bespeak a welcome for our little sheet. It comes to you on a holy mission—will you not receive it, and will you not bid it God-speed?

Our First Number.

This, our first number of "The Hospital Review," will be sent, as far as possible, to all the donors to our Hospital, which will include many who have not as yet given their names as subscribers. We trust, however, that they will take our hint kindly, and enter cordially into our enterprise, sending us not only their individual subscriptions but will lend us their aid in inducing their friends and acquaintances to do the same. Our terms are exceedingly low, considering the present prices of paper and printing—only fifty cents a year, payable in advance, and we believe the friends of the soldiers cannot expend a half dollar in their cause to better advantage than in the support of our little sheet.

Our Wants.

Where so much is always needed, as in a large Institution like ours, and where nothing our friends may choose to send us can ever come amiss, it is difficult to specify "our wants." In short, dear reader, we want everything, and all you can possibly send us, which is ever of any use in any family.

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS,

RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

From June 7th to August 28th, 1864.

1864.	NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 7.	Rufus Adams,	I,	1st Dragoons,	Dansville, Livingston Co.
	Samuel R. Avery,	L,	10th Cavalry,	Jenksville, Tioga Co.
	Milo Arnold,	K,	112th N. Y. V.,	Forestville, Chatauqua Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island.			
	Richmond J. Ameigh,	K,	74th	" Lima, Livingston Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, June 18.			
	Abram Blew,	J,	148th	" Lodi, Seneca Co.
	Orlow Babcock,	A,	108th	" Jacksonville, Allegany Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 19th.			
	Michael Boardway,	A,	64th	" Marshfield, Erie Co.
	John Bird,	H,	148th	" Paris, Seneca Co.
	George W. Bennett,	E,	64th	" Ithaca, Tompkins Co.
	Cassius C. Bowen,	L,	21st Cavalry,	Brighton, Monroe Co.
	Henry C. Bigelow,	B,	64th N. Y. V.	Ellington, Chatauqua Co.
	Orrin Carpenter,	G,	111th	" Williamson, Wayne Co.
	James J. Chittenden,	A,	111th	" Arcade, Wayne Co.
	Corp'l Harrison J. Caldwell,	G,	151st	" Johnson's Creek, Niag. Co.
	George W. Carr,	G,	14th H. Art'y,	Bluff Point, Yates Co.
	Lewis B. Carrington,	C,	112th N. Y. V.,	Forestville, Chatauqua Co.
	Sergt. Wm. L. Chriscaden,	K,	126th	" Branchport, Yates Co.
	Sergt. B. F. Cole,	C,	117th	" Utica, Oneida Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	Stephen B. Curtis,	B,	64th	" New Albion, Chatauqua Co.
	Melvin Clark,	D,	U. S. Engineer,	Syracuse, Onondaga Co.
	Corp'l Willard Clark,	G,	100th N. Y. V.,	Oneida, Madison Co.
	Uriah Chapman,	C,	112th	" Hanover, Cattaraugus Co.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 21st.			
	Samuel E. Dawley,	I,	81st	" Ansellville, Oneida Co.
	Louis E. Daniels,	D,	100th	" Amherst, Erie Co.
	Henry Dutcher,	I,	14th H. Art'y,	Somerset, Niagara Co.
	Marvin G. Day,	D,	154th N. Y. V.,	Franklinville, Catta's Co.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 25.			
	James Duffy,	D,	6th Cavalry,	
	William Davis,	E,	3rd U. S. Art'y,	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	Silas Ellis,	H,	4th H. Art'y,	Victor, Ontario Co.
	George Foas,	D,	122d N. Y. V.,	Lee, Oneida Co.
	George Fussleman,	G,	126th	" Waterloo, Seneca Co.
	Martin Friday,	C,	117th	" Utica, Oneida Co.
	William Flynn,	I,	98th	" Clyde, Wayne Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 16.			
	Sylvester M. Foster,	L,	9th H. Art'y,	Harford, Cortland Co.
	Charles W. Few,	F,	151st N. Y. V.,	Albion, Orleans Co.
	Harrison Goldsmith,	A,	76th N. Y. V.,	Netting, Chenango Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, June 21.			
	Isaac H. Granger,	A,	111th	" Ontario, Wayne Co.
	Willard Guernsey,	D,	122d	" Prairie City, Illinois.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 26.			

1864.	NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 7.	Curtis Goodenough,		140th N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Sent to the Front, June 21st.			
	Lewis Haag,	F,	98th " "	" "
	Geo. H. Huntington,	D,	148th " "	Geneva, Ontario Co.
	George Hoyt,	B,	115th " "	Canajoharie, Mont'y, Co.
	Chester Hilsinger,	M,	9th " "	Lisle, Cortland Co.
	John Harig,	C,	15th " "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	George Hadley,	K,	112th " "	Cherry Creek, Catt's Co.
	Edward Kelly,	B,	1st Dragoons,	Dansville, Livingston Co.
	Joseph Kress,	H,	140th N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Returned to the Regiment, July 19.			
	Joseph Katzenstiner,	F,	" "	" "
	Marvin Lindsay,	G,	1st Dragoons,	Livonia, Livingston Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	Charles E. Love,	H,	126th N. Y. V.,	Wadsworth, Wayne Co.
	Thomas G. W. Morey,	L,	4th Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 16.			
	James McGuire,	A,	100th N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Sergt. Daniel McLean,	G,	76th " "	Truxton, Cortland Co.
	Newton B. Norris,	G,	77 " "	Proctor, Chenango Co.
	Albert H. Pierson,	I,	126th " "	Waterloo, Seneca Co.
	Alfred Palmer,	G,	100th " "	Forestville, Chatauqua Co.
	Aseph Perryman,	K	97th " "	West Yorkshire, Catt. Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 28.			
	John Paulson,	C,	9th " "	Cortlandville, Cortland Co.
	John Ruland,	I,	76th " "	Conquest, Cayuga Co.
	Sherman W. Robinson,	E,	126th " "	Prattsburg, Steuben Co.
	William Rouse,	G,	148th " "	Canandaigua, Ontario Co.
	Bazil Susias,	H,	98th " "	Bombay, Franklin Co.
	Henry Schlitchman,	F,	100th " "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	Deserted.			
	Joseph Stafford,	K,	9th " "	Ellington, Chatauqua Co.
	Barney Smith,	F,	48th " "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	John R. VanKleeck,	F,	117th " "	Utica, Oneida Co.
	George T. Vosburg,	B,	51st " "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	William Ware,	F,	9th " "	Port Byron, Cayuga Co.
	Robert Woolman,	C,	147th, " "	Bernhard's Bay, Oswego Co.
	Henry Wood,	K,	86th, " "	Painted Post, Steuben Co.
	Joseph Weeks,	F,	81st " "	Baldwinsville, Onondaga Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	Theodore Walter,	I,	9th Cavalry	Dunkirk, Erie Co.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 21st.			
	James J. Ward,	B,	44th N. Y. V.,	Norwich, Chenango Co.
	Henry Ziegenfuss,	B,	1st Dragoons,	Dansville, Livingston Co.
17	Corpl. Asa Brownell,	F,	107th " "	Woodhull, Steuben Co.
	Sears F. Brainard,	D,	126th, " "	Geneva, Ontario Co.
	Martin L. Bennett,	G,	148th " "	Ovid, Seneca Co.
	Thos. J. Birch,	F,	109th " "	Dryden, Tompkins Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	James Crosby,	K,	98th " "	Fulton, Oswego Co.
	Jeremiah Collins,	R,	111th " "	Ledger, Cayuga Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	James P. Eighmy,	K,	98th " "	Canandaigua, Ontario Co.
	Frederick Ellis,	K,	94th " "	Williamsville, Erie Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	John Fink,	D,	148th " "	" "
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, June 21st.			
	Peter Goodrich,	G,	158th " "	Naples, Ontario Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 19.			
	Alonzo Greenfield,	M,	9th Artillery,	Savannah, Wayne Co.
	Robert H. Holmes,	G,	47th N. Y. V.,	Watertown, Jefferson Co.
	Park M. Jenks,	B,	100th " "	Jenksville, Tioga Co.
	Did not return on expiration of furlough.			

The Matron wishes us to thank, in a special manner, those kind friends who have sent us so many fresh eggs. She believes they have been the means of saving many lives among our soldiers; so we need not tell you *not to forget the eggs!* Our stock of wine, too, for the sick, is nearly exhausted. We want wine, and we want fresh fruit and vegetables.—Those of you living in the country and enjoying the luxuries of gardens and orchards, oh remember our soldiers!—There is nothing so tempting to their appetites—nothing for which they express so craving a desire as for vegetables and fruit. Fill a basket for them from your gardens, as you are coming into town; put in some of those nice cucumbers, tomatoes, and onions, and beets, and potatoes, &c., &c. You will hardly miss them, and we will promise you in return, the blessing of the soldiers upon you. Harvest apples and peaches, too, as they ripen and become more plenty, will prove a very welcome donation. But we are sure a hint will prove sufficient. Our friends do not need to be urged to remember the soldiers, only to be reminded of what they are most in need. We have a large family to provide for—one hundred soldiers just now—besides our other sick and invalid ones.—Bring us from your own household stores what you can most easily spare, and be assured that everything, however trifling, will always be acceptable.

Agents Wanted!

Immediately, for "The Hospital Review." Who, of the many friends of the soldier, both in city and country, will volunteer their services in this work? Will not all interested in our Hospital, come up to our help at this time? Let every ward and town and neighborhood be thoroughly visited, and our cause presented; and let each one see what a long list of names they can furnish us before our next issue! We have no premiums to offer, and we are

sure that none are needed. Those who have dear ones in the army—as who has not—need no pecuniary incentive for their labors in behalf of the sick and wounded of our Hospital. They care for these under our charge as they trust others may care for their dear ones far away. Our paper is an appeal for these committed to us. Let it go forth on its mission! We have not, as we stated, any pecuniary reward to offer our agents. We are permitted, however, by our Publishing Committee, to say, that we will send a copy of *The Review*, free, to any one who will procure the names of six subscribers.

To our Donors.

We publish in this number our list of donations for the past month, both of money and provisions, as reported at the monthly meeting of the Managers. We propose to print these lists regularly, and we shall be greatly obliged to our donors for making known to us any errors or omissions which may occur from time to time, that an opportunity may be offered to us of correcting them. We hope to be able to give in our next issue the entire list of contributions to our Hospital from its opening, but which we have been obliged to omit from this number, for want of space.

Deaths at the Hospital.

Since the opening of our Hospital, we have thus far to report only four deaths, which, considering the large number of sick received, speaks well, we think, for the care as well as medical attendance of those under our charge. Of these, the first was Mrs. Roberts, and soon after, Mrs. Graham—both of whom had been ill for a long time before coming to us, and were great sufferers. Mr. Swanton, the next to follow, fell in Mr. Hart's coal yard, and died from the effect of his injuries. The last and fourth case, is that of a soldier whose death is

elsewhere noticed in our columns. His death is the first and only one thus far among our soldiers.

Praiseworthy Self-denial.

A friend handed us five dollars, not long since, from a lady in a neighboring town, who had felt her desire so strong to do something for our soldiers, that she had decided at last to give up getting a new bonnet which she very much wanted, and to send the sum which had been laid aside for its investment, to our Hospital. We do not believe she regrets her decision, and we are sure that she wears her old bonnet with a feeling of sweeter satisfaction than any new bonnet, however pretty or stylish, or becoming, could have given her. Blessings, we say, on the old bonnet! It has a beauty in our eyes which it could never have had when it was new. O ladies, fine ladies, bedecked with soft laces and feathers and flowers, is there one among all your most dainty and exquisite hats—Parisian though they be—that can tell half so lonely a story as this dear old bonnet?

CHANGE OF SUPERINTENDENT AND MATRON.—The deepest regret is expressed by the soldiers and by all connected with our institution at the necessity of parting this month with Mr. and Mrs. Sly, whose faithful and efficient services as Superintendent and Matron of our Hospital since its opening, cannot be too highly estimated. Mr. and Mrs. S. will carry with them as they go, the kindest wishes of all and the blessing of the soldiers. But while regretting their loss, the Managers feel to congratulate themselves upon having secured the services of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Williams, to fill their places; and who, they have reason to hope, will prove equally kind, faithful and acceptable.

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Ladies wish to make a special acknowledgment of \$50, received several months ago from Dean Richmond, Esq., of Batavia, through Mrs. G. W. Bisher; and also of \$50 from the members of the Grand Jury, during their session in this city in June.

DIED

Died, at the Rochester City Hospital, August 2d, of Typhoid Fever, JOHN FITZGERALD, Co. G, 14th Heavy Artillery. The remains were taken by his friends, to Geneseo, Livingston Co., for interment.

Superintendent's Report for July.

Patients in Hospital, July 1st,	15
Admitted during the month,	6—21
Discharged unimproved,	2
" improved,	3
Restored,	4—9
<hr/>	
Remaining, August 1st,	12
Number of Soldiers received from June 7th to August 1st,	140
Discharged, transferred, and on furlough, ...	50
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Remaining in Hospital, August 1st, ...	90
Citizen Patients,	12
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Total,	102

List of Donations to the Hospital during the Month of July, 1864.

- Mrs. Ethan Allen and others, of Mendon N. Y.—Pillow-case full of Shirts, Towels, Pillow-cases, and two linen Coats, one Vest, Hop Pillows and Dried Fruit.
- Mrs. J. Smith.—Three pounds Crackers.
- Public School No. 13—Three Bottles Wine, one bottle Arnica Liniment, one peck Cherries, Bandages and Lint, Flowers.
- Two Young Ladies—6 bottles Wine.
- Mrs. Perrin, Conesus—Large package Dried Fruit.
- Mrs. Nichols—Basket Cherries.
- Mrs. Bronson—One bush. Potatoes, two baskets Cherries.
- Mrs. Parker, Bloomfield.—One bottle Grape Wine.
- Mrs. H. P. Brewster—Basket Biscuit, Crackers, and boiled Ham.
- Friends from the Country.—Box Honey, two lbs. Butter, three doz. Eggs.
- William Brown, Lyell Street—One barrel Flour.
- Mrs. Grunendike, Chili—Basket, various articles.
- Miss Little, Riga—Crock Pickles, three Jars canned Fruit, peck Apples.
- Miss Jones, Riga—Can Peaches, bundle Clothes.
- Ladies' Riga Sewing Society—Two Flannel Shirts, two pair Wool Socks.
- Mrs. Shelly.—Bundle old Linen.
- "Class of the Pilgrims," Grace Church—Basket Oranges and Lemons.
- A. A. Root, 145 Main Street—Box Cakes and Crackers.
- Clarkson Aid Society—Box Clothing, Dried Fruit &c.
- Mrs. Weeks, Wheatland—Butter, about twelve pounds.
- Mrs. Dewees and Miss Fuller—Brown Bread and Crackers.
- Miss Briggs—Jelly.
- Mrs. Keeney—Shirts.
- H. P. Brewster—One bushel Green Peas.
- Mrs. D. D. Gordon—One bottle Currant Wine.
- Mrs. Ellis—Bowl Jelly, basket Cherries.

Mrs. Anthony, Chili—Basket of Tarts and Apples; Town of Hartland, District No. 8—2½ pounds Lint, one bag dried Apples, dried Cherries, one pair Linen Pants, one pair Drawers, one cotton Shirt, one Sheet, two doz du Handkerchiefs, nine bundles Rags, 500 yards Bandages, one five gallon keg Pickles.

Hartland Little Girls' Society—1½ pounds Lint, four Cushions, three Handkerchiefs, forty yards Bandages, one bundle dried Peaches.

Johnson's Creek Aid Society—Thirteen Pillows, four bundles Rags, 412 yards Bandages, ninety Handkerchiefs, 5½ pounds white Sugar, 1½ pounds and two cakes Soap, nine-teen Lemons, one bundle Patches, one box Ointment, three Rolls Sticking Salve, 3½ pounds dried Fruit, eleven rows Pins, one bottle Cologne, 208 Compresses, one bottle Wine, one-half pound Lint, one can Red Raspberries.

Friend—Bundle old Linen.

Neighbor—Pail Cherries and pail Currants.

Friends from the Country—Basket Currants, dish Raspberries.

Mrs. J. H. Whitney—one-half bushel Cucumbers.

Mrs. Loop—Two Jars Pickled Cherries.

Mrs. Van Nest—Four quarts Black Raspberries Bandages and Cloths, crock pickled Beans.

Mrs. Betsey Reed, of Richmond Mills—five small bottles Camphor, one peck dried Plums, one Linen coat, one white Shirt, one Pillow-case, two Towels, two Handkerchiefs, two Stand covers.

Friends—four quarts Raspberries.

Mrs. Parsons—Two bowls Jelly.

Miss Badger—Two bottles Wine.

Mrs. Harvey Stone, Henrietta—Two quarts Raspberries, basket young Beets for greens, two jugs Milk, one Feather Pillow, dried Apples.

Livonia Benevolent Society—One bag Lint, Bandages and Cloths.

Young Girls' Potato Society—Five bushels Potatoes; cost over \$10.

A Friend—Basket of Cakes, one basket Potatoes.

Ann Flinn—One jar Raspberry Jam.

Mrs. Pixley—Two dozen Eggs, one gallon Milk.

Mrs. H. Sibley—One pail Brandy Peaches, one can Pears and Peaches.

Mrs. Birch—One pail Ginger Snaps.

Ladies of Kendall Mills and North Parma—Bundle Lint and Bandages.

Mrs. E. Mather—Basket of Potatoes.

Mr. Seward—Two dozen Eggs.

Mrs. Miller—Linen Coat.

Mrs. House—One pair Linen sheets, 2½ pairs linen Pillow-cases (old), one jar Black Currant preserves.

Lady Friends—Four bottles Cordial.

Little Annie—Five Bibles.

Emma Fairbanks, Sweden—Two pounds Butter, three dozen Eggs, four quarts Currants.

Friend—Bundle Lint and Bandages.

Ladies of Henrietta—Twenty dozen Eggs.

Alling Brothers—One ton Coal.

Town of Farmer, Seneca County—Large box, containing Lint and Bandages, dried Fruit, dried Beef, Shirts and old cloths, Feather and Hop Pillows, Corn Starch and canned Fruit.

Treasurer's Report for July, 1864.

J. D. Husbands, subscription,.....	\$5 00
Public School No. 13—by Mr. Armstrong,.....	\$2 75
Mrs. Bennet, 50cts; Mrs. Burgess, 50 cts.....	1 00
Mrs. Rhoda Perrin, Conesus Centre, by Mrs. J. Nichols,.....	5 00
Avails of Little Girls' Festival, Chestnut street,.....	12 63
West Avenue Mission Chapel Sunday School,.....	5 52
1st Lieut. Solomon; 61st N. Y. Regt, Ladies' Sewing Society, Riga,.....	3 00
Loomis L. White, Esq., N. Y., by Mrs. M. Rochester,.....	2 00
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin,.....	20 00
Friends in the Country,.....	1 00
G. A. Smith, Esq., by Allings & Cory, Avails of the North Sophia street Childrens' Bazaar,.....	5 00
Mrs. Rose, Victor,.....	3 50
Mrs. F. A. Whittlesey, by Mrs. Dr. Strong,.....	5 00
Ladies of Henrietta,.....	7 00
Contents of Donation box.....	3 50 143 40
<i>Cash Receipts for July 4th.</i>	
Contents of Donation Box,.....	13 05
By Mrs. M. Rochester—Mrs. M. F. Reynolds, \$5; Dr. McGregor, \$1; Mrs. Talman, \$2; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, 2; Mrs. Claxton, 50 cts.; Mr. Greenwood, \$1; Montie Rochester, \$1; Nellie Minger, \$1.....	13 50
Mrs. Gen. Martindale—by Mrs. Dr. Strong,.....	5 00
By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Mrs. C. Dewey, \$2; Mrs. E. Peck, \$1; Wm. F. Peck, \$1; Mrs. Nichols, 25 cts.; Miss Griffin, 25 cts.; Mr. Parker; Sutherland, Niagara County, \$1; Cash, 15 cts.,.....	5 65
Sale of Tickets for Refreshment Tent,.....	106 60
Sale of Refreshments,.....	137 03
Avails of Mr. Smith's efforts in the Arcade Hall, July 4th,.....	365 17 646 00
Received from Patients,.....	30 00
" for Board,.....	31 34
Sale of articles, beadstead, &c.,.....	10 50
Premium on Pennies, &c.,.....	52
	\$866 76

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,
Treasurer.

Children's Department.

To our Young Friends.

DEAR CHILDREN—This part of our paper we propose to devote exclusively to the little boys and girls, who love our soldiers and our Hospital, and we hope to see it always well filled and running over, as it is this month, with the record of what little hands and loving hearts can do. Go on, dear children, in the work you have so well begun! We shall hope to find space from time to time, (perhaps in our next number, although we dare not promise,) for some of those pleasant stories and beautiful verses we have in store for you; but our sheet is small, and you must learn to be patient and wait. We hope our young friends will all take an interest in our Review, and will ask permission of their parents to subscribe for it. It will tell you what so many little boys and girls are doing for the Hospital; and it will tell you, too, what you, each one of you, have done and may do for us. We shall try and make our little paper just as entertaining and agreeable to you as we can, and we hope some of you will answer this letter and tell us how you like our first number. Direct your letter to "The Hospital Review," Box 381, Rochester, N. Y., and we shall get it, and will promise to answer it, too.

Fire-Cracker Money.

Of all the donations to our Hospital, nothing has touched us as more beautiful than the childrens' offering of their "fire-cracker money," on the Fourth of July. Learning that Mr. Smith (of razor-strop renown, and to whose services the Ladies of the Hospital and the cause of the Soldiers are so much indebted,) was to receive donations for the Soldiers of the City Hospital on that day, in the Arcade, they flocked around him,—dear little boys and girls,—with a spirit and an enthusiasm worthy of the grand old days of 1776, and handed him

their "fire-cracker money" — the careful earnings and savings of some of them for weeks, to be given to the Soldiers. It was a precious little package, all told—the small neat envelopes, with their touching labels, addressed many of them, in their own hand writing—and others in that of their mothers, who had evidently been only too glad to stimulate and encourage this noble, self-sacrifice. We have these envelopes before us, as we write — for they were preserved by some of the Ladies on that day, as expressions of patriotism and love for our soldiers, too beautiful to be lost—and we wish we could show them to our readers, just as they are. There is a significance in these dear little notes, with their various labels, we cannot transfer. We can only give the list, and this we cannot promise to do entire, but as it was handed to us.— Here is from

"Willie Foot, an offering for wounded soldiers,"	08
"The little Husons' candy-money, July 4th, 1864," (sum not named.)	
"From Nettie, fire-cracker money,"	\$1 00
"Minnie Foot, an offering for wounded soldiers," (sum not named.)	
"Annie's fire-cracker money, for the soldiers,"	1 00
Frank Elwood,	3 00
Agnes Elwood,	3 00
"For the sick and wounded soldiers, from Libbie and Eddie Curtiss,"	50
"From Nellie, Ned and Blossom,"	1 00
Charlie R. Cushman,	10
Willie E. Cushman,	06
Libbie S. Atkinson, (sum not named)	
Emily Sibley,	60
Nancy M. Dagge,	50
F. Buell Durand,	25
Sarah McNabb,	10
Julia McNabb,	10
"Susie's fire-cracker money, for the soldiers,"	10

Our sick and wounded soldiers, not only here, but those far away in other Hospitals,

1864	NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 17.	Adam Kaufman,	I,	4th Artillery,	Bátavia, Genesee Co.
	Sent to Elmira, Aug. 17.			
	Charles W. Lawrence,		1st. Vet. Cavalry,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John E. Maloney	H,	109th N. Y. V.,	Mt. Ver'n, Westchester Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	Goody Puff	F,	4th Artillery,	Little York, York Co., Penn.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 25.			
	Lorenzo Thomson	B,	16th N. Y. V.,	Grand Rapids, Michigan.
	Charles Fraser,	C,	111th " "	Montezuma, Cayuga Co.
	S. F. Vail	F,	109th " "	Dryden, Tompkins Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 28.			
	Daniel Whipple,	E,	126th " "	Ovid, Seneca Co.
	John Wright	E,	117th " "	Rome, Oneida Co.
20	Harrison Russell	H,	140th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
22	Cyrus Baker	M,	6th H. Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
23	Frederick Law	A,	117th N. Y. V.,	Ver'n. Centre, Oneida Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 19.			
25	John T. Teller	A,	49th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John T. White	E,	140th " "	" "
	Transferred to Portsmouth Grove Hospital.			
27	Corpl. George Wiley	H,	9th H. Artillery,	Ontario, Wayne Co.
	Mack Rouch	B,	9th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Transferred to Washington, July 8.			
	Robert McCargo	M,	8th Cavalry	Greece, Monroe Co.
28	Corpl. Fred. Farrell	C,	140th Regulars,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John Hamm	E,	140th " "	" "
30	Royal E. Cochran	C,	8th H. Artillery,	Carlton, Orleans Co.
	Hiram Manning	E,	109th N. Y. V.,	Oswego, Tiogo Co.
	William B. Storms	D,	6th Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Corpl. John H. Sniffen	D,	157th N. Y. V.,	Sullivan, Medina Co.
	Sent to Elmira, July 8.			
July 2	James F. Adsit	I,	8th H. Artillery,	Wellington Village, [Prince Edward, C.W.]
	Sent to David's Island, July 28.			
	Delos Fowler	I	116th N. Y. V.,	Elma, Erie Co.
	Sent to Baton Rouge, July 19.			
	John Gray	E,	24th Cavalry,	Oswego, N.Y., in Hosp't
	H. M. Hewitt		23d Ind. Battery,	Ransomville, Niagara Co.
	Sent to Newark, N. J., July 28.			
5	Corpl. Alfred H. Bryant		18th Battery,	Lockport, Niagara Co.
	Eben Hart	I,	140th N. Y. V.,	Penfield, Monroe Co.
	Washington M. Stevens	H,	110th " "	" "
	Sent to his Regiment, July 8.			
6	Wm. S. Mockford,	A,	140th " "	Brockport, Monroe Co.
	Jacob A. Wright,		18th Battery,	Webster, Monroe Co.
	Sent to Baton Rouge, August 3.			
12	Almeron H. Hopkins,	B,	14th H. Artillery,	Westbury, Orleans Co.
	A. W. Williams,	A,	116th N. Y. V.,	King Street, Rochester.
	Sent to Elmira, Aug. 17.			
15	William J. Shaver		8th Cavalry,	Sodus, Wayne Co.
	Sent to Regiment, Aug. 17.			
16	Levi Orser,	C,	3d N. Y. Cavalry,	Parma Centre, Monroe Co.
18	Serg't. Christian Trawgutt.	I,	108th N. Y. V.	Rochester, Monroe Co.
20	A. E. Syke	H,	4th Artillery	" "
22	David W. Courter,	G,	76th N. Y. V.	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John Fitzgerald,	G,	14th H. Artillery,	Genesee, Livingston Co.
	Died, August 2.			
23	Serg't. Daniel Ringle,	G,	140th N. Y. V.,	Brighton, Monroe Co.
	Thomas E. Crouch	A,	108th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
25	Amos Eldridge	A,	76th " "	Victor, Ontario Co.
26	Richard Russell,	B,	8th H. Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Serg't-Major Milo H. Hopper, ..		126th N. Y. V.,	Moscow, Michigan.

1864.	NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 26	James G. Moore,	D,	8th Artillery,	Gasport, Niagara Co.
27	Serg't. Wm. Irwin,	D,	140th N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
28	Corpl. Elroy F. Sabin,	D,	140th " "	" "
	Transferred to St. Mary's Hospital.			
	Albert Harper'	G,	9th " "	Glen, Wayne Co.
30	Edward A. Spaulding,	K,	8th H. Artillery,	Churchville, Monroe Co.
Aug. 2	James A. Freeland	E	100th N.Y.V. Inf.	Allegany, Catta's Co.
	Alanson Gifford	B	147th " "	Hannibal, Oswego Co.
5	William Moore	F	160th " "	Wolcott, Wayne Co.
	Edward Bradshaw	I	25th " "	Cav. Granby, Oswego Co.
	Charles Day	A	151st " "	Inf. Carlton, Orleans Co.
	H. F. Fordham	I	8th " "	H. Art. Leroy, Genesee Co.
6	Francis Rubardson	K	108th " "	Infantry, Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Elias Hewitt	A	8th " "	H. Art., Leroy, Genesee Co.
8	Wm. Tompkins	K	1st " "	Vet. Cav. Rochester, Monroe Co.
	S. C. Smith	F	21st " "	Cavalry, Springwater, Liv. Co.
	R. Gladwell	F	15th " "	" " Baldwinsville, Ond'a Co.
9	Leonard Hinckley	C	10th " "	" " Williamsville, Erie Co.
	Delos Myers	F	1st " "	Dragoons, Hume, Allegany Co.
	Clarence Ware	F	9th " "	H. Art'y., P't. Byron, Cayuga Co.
10	Henry Edwards	F	108th " "	Infantry, Churchville, Monroe Co.
12	J. T. Estes,	I	22nd " "	Cavalry, Union Springs, Ca. Co.
13	Chas W. Corey	E	75th " "	Infantry, Summer Hill, "
	Smith Dutcher	F	151st " "	" " Somerset, Niagara Co.
	Lewis Light	A	159th " "	" " Syracuse.
17	Henry J. Bennett	M	8th " "	H. Art'y. Seneca Falls.
	George R. Hutchinson	M	8th " "	" " Lima, Livingston Co.
	Robert J. Robinson	M	8th " "	" " Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Elijah P. Fowler	K	4th " "	" " "
	Ira D. Harrome	B	108th " "	Infantry, Ogden, Monroe Co.
	Erastus S. Marsh	L	24th " "	Cavalry, Victor, Ontario Co.
18	Milton M. Dixon	C	9th " "	" " Prattsburg, Steuben Co.
19	Hiram Lyon	C	6th " "	" " Naples, Ontario Co.
	Chester Hutchinson	B	108th " "	Infantry, Fairport, Monroe Co.
20	Sergt. Wm H. H. Pecock	K	151st " "	" " Somerset, Niagara Co.
	John Heins	K	151st " "	" " " "

and lonely tents, as sometimes they read over—as we hope they may—this little list, will, we believe, find the tears starting to their eyes, brave soldiers though they be, at this loving remembrance from their young friends; and we trust that our dear little readers, every where, will be incited by this example to similar sacrifices for those who are willing to go forth and suffer and die, if need be, for our country.

“The Little Girls’ Potato Society.”

This is a funny name for a Society, is it not? But the little girls who are members of this society, know very well why it is called so, and those of our readers who do not, will, we are sure, be very glad to know; and they will acknowledge, when they do learn all about it, that the name is not so very funny, after all, but very proper and very appropriate. Well, the story is this: Some little girls on Clinton street held a Festival in one of their yards for the soldiers, and a very nice little Festival it was, too—(we are sorry we could not have been there to see)—from which they realized \$12.63. Well, they brought it up to the Hospital themselves, and saw the soldiers, and had such a nice time that they went home, and all went to work harder than ever, to make some more money for the soldiers. After they had collected another nice sum, they paid another visit to the Hospital, where they met our good friend, Mr. Smith, who requested that they invest it for potatoes for the soldiers, as potatoes were just then very much needed, and that they call themselves “The Little Girls’ Potato Society.” Now, the little girls were very much pleased with Mr. Smith, and with his proposal, so they bought the potatoes, five bushels in all, notwithstanding the high prices, and hence they call themselves to this day, “The Little Girls’ Potato Society.”

“God loveth a cheerful giver.”

Children’s Bazaars for the Soldiers.

We hear pleasant stories of these little Bazaars, which the children are getting up for us in various parts of the city. From some of these we have already received handsome sums, and we are expecting to hear soon from others, now in progress. Little busy hands, and busy brains can do more, we find, sometimes, than larger ones. Among these Bazaars, the results of which have been handed us, is one by the little boys and girls of North Sophia street. They held their Bazaar three evenings, from which they realized altogether \$65.

Another of these Bazaars was recently held by some boys and girls in the vicinity of Caledonia Park, the entire profits of which were \$150; ten dollars of which they gave to a wounded soldier from St. Mary’s Hospital, who had attended door for them on the evenings of their Bazaar, and the remainder, \$140, was devoted to our soldiers. They brought the amount to the Hospital themselves—a band of about eighteen in number—where they were met by Mr. Smith, who made a nice little speech to them. He said he thought it quite a coincidence that they should have brought just \$140, and that he should have been a member of the 140th Regiment—a fact he should never forget, &c. After the conclusion of his remarks, he presented, in their behalf, the ten dollars inclosed in an envelope, to the soldier from St. Mary’s. Mr. Smith then observed, in looking over the group, that their faces looked as if they could sing; and it seems that his impressions were correct, for they *could* sing, and they did very beautifully, “Mother, is the Battle Over?” “The Star Spangled Banner,” and other patriotic songs. Before dispersing, the soldier from St. Mary’s proposed three cheers for Mr. Smith, which the children gave with a will. He then proposed three cheers for the ladies. Mr. S. rather thought the cheers for the ladies should have come first, but as he was the oldest, perhaps it

would do, and so the soldiers and all witnesses present, joined right gallantly in cheers for the ladies. We believe there were other cheers given—for the soldiers, perhaps, or for the Caledonia Park Bazaar—we forget exactly, but we are sure there should have been—and then some one proposed three groans for the rebels, which was properly responded to. The managers were sorry to miss among the visitors, Harry Evans, who had taken so active a part in getting up the Bazaar, and to whose services so much of the success was indebted.

A Pleasant Visitor.

A little girl,—a member of that famous "Potato Society," to which we have already alluded, paid us a visit at the Hospital a few days since, bringing with her a basket of nice ripe tomatoes and fresh eggs, which she asked the privilege of distributing herself to the sick soldiers. We were only too happy to welcome her on so pleasant a mission, and so up into the attic and through the wards she went,—that "child-angel," as we could not help calling her—carrying comfort and sunshine every where with her. She returned with her empty basket, and then informed us that she had two ripe musk-melons which she had also brought with her, which she would like to cut up and serve, if we would allow her to do so. We helped her to cut up her melons and to take out the seeds, and then back again she went to the couches of the sick, the weary and the suffering. She told us, with a gleaming face, that her mother had given her permission to come every Saturday, and bring something to the soldiers; and so, when the next Saturday comes round, we shall look again for our pleasant visitor with her basket, and the soldiers will be looking out for her too. We wonder if there are not other little girls who would like to bring something to our soldiers!

DONATIONS FROM NO. 13.—We acknowledge with pleasure, the receipt of \$2.75 from the scholars of the Public School No. 13, (Mr. Armstrong, Principal), besides other acceptable donations of wine, cherries, lint, &c. Will not the rest of our Public Schools follow the worthy example of No. 13?

SABBATH SCHOOL DONATION.—Among the recent gratifying donations to our Hospital is one of \$5.52 from the West Avenue Mission Church Sabbath School.

The Ladies wish to express their special thanks to the "Little Girls' Society of Hartland," for their remembrance of us, noticed in our list of Donations; and also to "Little Annie," for those Bibles for the soldiers.

Hospital Notices.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. Mathews.

The Hospital will be open, daily, for the reception of visitors, from two to five o'clock, P. M., Sundays excepted.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

Election Notice.

SHERIFFS' OFFICE—County of Monroe.—Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice of the Secretary of State, that a General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November, (8th,) 1864, at which Election the Officers named in the annexed Notice are to be elected.

JAMES H. WARREN, Sheriff.

Dated Rochester, August 8th, 1864.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1st, 1864.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that the General Election to be held in this State, on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Horatio Seymour.

A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Franklin A. Alberger.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Abram B. Tappen.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

Three Members of Assembly.

A Sheriff, in the place of James H. Warren.

A County Clerk, in the place of Joseph Cochrane.

A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Addison N. Whiting.

Two Justices of Session, in the place of George Wright and Elias Wehtersch.

Two Coroners, in the place of James Buckley and Samuel M. Olden.

A Special County Judge, pursuant to chapter 263 of the Laws of 1864.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPER, Secretary of State.

Aug. 15, 1864.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. I

ROCHESTER, N. Y. SEPTEMBER 15, 1864.

No. 2.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 331.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins.

For the Hospital Review.

Our Fallen Braves.

Not in the quiet churchyard shade,
Where friends might come to weep;
And not where love might deck the spot
And nightly vigils keep:
Not in their native valleys green,
Not by their fathers' graves;
But far from homes and far from friends,
They sleep—our fallen braves.

No mother bows, in sorrow o'er
The new-made soldier's grave,
Where sleeps the boy so dearly loved,
So manly and so brave.
In stranger-lands we laid them down,
Where foes tread o'er their graves;
And far from all the heart holds dear,
There sleep our fallen braves.

Yet weep not for the noble dead,
But tread the path they trod;
And nobly die as they have done,
For Liberty and God:
And count it life's most precious boon
That you may find your graves
Where Freedom's sons have nobly died,
Where sleep our fallen braves.

MRS. B. BRAESTED.

Letter from a Soldier,

TO THE FRIENDS AT THE ROCHESTER CITY
HOSPITAL.

ALEXANDRIA, July, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As it has fallen to my lot to participate in the generosity, sympathy and kindness of the attendants of the City Hospital of Rochester, I think it no more than justice that I let you all know that I most fully appreciate your kindness. With others, I had been to the front, and having disease lay hold of me, I was unable to remain there longer.

But little did I think that when I should reach the North, that *such* a place awaited my reception. I was perfectly accustomed to the general style of caring for the sick and wounded. I have often heard the remark made, as a wounded man passed, hobbling along on his crutch, "There goes a man that the government will have to give a pension; he will have a good time of it, he never will have to work," seeming rather to pity the government for having to pay a pension, than the poor cripple. But thank heaven, we find no such feeling in Rochester. On the contrary, *there* a sick or wounded soldier is welcomed with true sympathy and kindness, and no pains is spared to make him comfortable. Nor do they stop at seeing him simply comfortable, they try even to make him *happy*; and I venture to say that in a majority of cases they suc-

ceed. The kindness exhibited in that place has made a deep impression on the hearts of many of our soldier boys, and a thrill of pleasure will attend the thoughts that in future may arise at the name of Rochester. Allow me to say to you, people of Rochester,—you have *been* and *are still* doing nobly; yes, in comparison with other cities, I may say, *most nobly!* Let me say, with unwearied purpose continue in your good work! We are all so scattered about, that it is impossible for each father, mother, or sister, to bestow their favors on the particular object of their affection; but we are all united for the preservation of our common country, upon which we are all dependent for protection. So, like the good people of Rochester, let every one feel an abstract interest in their country's welfare, and each one acting in his or her place may do a world of good.

The small hands of the fair ones it would seem, could do but little toward putting down a rebellion so enormous, but not so; we see them ready, willing, and earnestly engaged at the Hospital of Rochester. They are there with cheering words and enlivening smiles, with the gentle hum of some good hymn or pretty song that we had almost forgotten in our soldier life; and occasionally we hear them singing some patriotic strain, to us quite new, and which comes like the refreshing breeze of a spring morning, and our patriotism is rekindled anew as the stirring melodious echo reverberate throughout the spacious rooms. Can any one doubt its cheering influence? Why, it is enough to drive pain away, or if not so, it does at least help to shorten the long tedious hours of hospital life.

In conclusion, I would say, *go on*, as in the past, ministering to body and soul, and may Heaven's choicest blessings be with you. From your SOLDIER FRIEND.

A Word of Sympathy for our Soldiers.

A friend from Conesus, writes: "I should be happy indeed to visit the soldiers and

say 'God bless you,' if nothing more. My heart swells with emotion when I think what they have suffered and are suffering for our unhappy country—for us. Tell them a grateful country will not forget them, although it may seem to them sometimes they are not remembered as they should be. I know of ladies who are now preparing good things to take to them.

Please write if I can be of any service to you."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1864.

Our Review.

A month has not yet passed away, and yet the responses to our little paper have been so numerous and so kind, and its welcome so cordial, that we can no longer question the success of our enterprise, and we find ourselves already dreaming bright dreams and hoping great things for the future. To those kind friends who have sent in their subscriptions so promptly and with such a hearty good will, we would express our grateful acknowledgements; and to those who have not only sent us their own names, but a list of others, which, by their efforts they have procured for us, we owe still greater thanks. We hope their efforts for us in this way may be imitated by all who take an interest in our *Review*, and in our Hospital. Our present number will be sent, like the first, to all of our donors, trusting that those who have not already sent us their subscriptions may yet decide to do so.

Another Extra.

We found it necessary, last month—our sheet being so small—to issue an extra to contain the long list of names of the soldiers received by us, and we find it equally necessary with this number to publish another extra in order to give the lists of donations to our Hospital since its opening, and also

the sums contributed toward furnishing and getting the building ready for the opening. We have endeavored to make this list full and complete, but doubtless many errors and omissions have unavoidably been made, and we shall be greatly obliged to our donors for giving us notice of any such they may discover, and for an opportunity to correct them. Persons visiting the Hospital and distributing their donations through the wards, will not of course expect to see them noticed, unless reported to the Superintendent. We will also state that it will be impossible for us to make special mention of the books which were brought in at our opening, as they were left in different rooms of the building and handed to various persons. The donors of these books, however, may be assured that their offerings were duly prized and appreciated. Our little library, made up almost entirely of the books contributed on that day, is a source of great comfort and entertainment to our soldiers.

Soldiers' Aid Society.

The Ladies connected with our Hospital, feel that it would be difficult for them to express all the deep and lasting gratitude they owe to this noble Society in our city. From the opening of our Hospital it has come repeatedly to our aid, giving generous sympathy and encouragement at times, when, but for its assistance, we would hardly have known where to have turned for the means of providing for our sick and wounded. Among their donations, we would like to make special mention of those nice blankets, and sheets and pillows, and shirts, with which, at different times they have supplied us—articles so preeminently demanded in our Institution, and yet so expensive at the present time, that we know how to prize them.

The Ladies of this Society, in the name of our Hospital, will please accept our most hearty thanks.

Letter from Aminadab Jeremiah Obededum

It would be impossible for us to describe the jubilee of our paper committee, extending through our whole line of Managers, at the reception of the following note, enclosing \$25, for our *Review*:

NEW YORK, Sept. 7th, 1864.

Madam:

As a practical approval of your enterprise, ("The Hospital Review,") I am pleased to be able to send you a mite.

With much respect,

AMINADAB JEREMIAH OBEDEDUM.

Many thanks, brother Aminadab! This expression of approval of our enterprise, fills us with radiant hope and encouragement. We feel that our *Review* cannot prove a failure from the bright rays which already tinge its dawn. Our brother Aminadab is not the Aminadab Sleek, of Burton reminiscences, who refused aid to a poor woman and her starving children, whose husband had fallen from the scaffolding of a building, where he was at work, because it "would be a *bad precedent*." "Everybody's husband," as he said, "would be falling off a scaffolding, if they found they could get themselves and their families provided for." It would not do to encourage the thing—it would be a *bad precedent*." Our Aminadab, we are happy to find, does not withhold his aid from our sick and wounded soldiers, like some of the Mr. Sleeks we might mention, for fear of a "*bad precedent*." On the contrary, we rather think that brother A., by helping us to provide our suffering soldiers with care and comforts, means to encourage enlistments, and the returning of our heroes again to the field, to fight for our Union, even at the risk, if need be, of life and limb. And now since our brother has bestowed one great favor upon us unasked, there is another we will venture to ask of him. Mr. Obededum is not only the possessor of a large and generous heart, but he also, as we happen to know, "holds the pen of a ready

writer," and our little *Review* would feel highly honored to receive occasional communications from him to its columns. Is this asking too much!

Groveland and Clarkson Aid Societies.

The Ladies wish to acknowledge, in a special manner, a donation, valued at over ninety-two dollars, from the "Groveland Aid Society," consisting of feather pillows, sheets, pillow-cases, clothing, butter, pickles, and other articles always so much needed, and so very acceptable in the care of the sick.

The Ladies wish also very gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome donation of similar articles from the "Clarkson Aid Society."

A Good Example.

Our friend, Mrs. P. of Ogden, paid a visit to our Hospital not long since, bringing with her—as pleasant visitors like her are apt to do—something nice for our soldiers; nor was this all. After her return home she sent us a whole load of vegetables, and two barrels of apples. We wish there were more people in the world just like Mrs. P!

Eighth Ward Aid Society.

The Managers of our Hospital avail themselves of this opportunity to express their most cordial thanks to the Ladies of the "Eighth Ward Aid Society," for a part of the avails of a Festival, (\$75.) held by them during the latter part of June, and which they have expended from time to time, in delicacies and comforts for our sick.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO THE PRESS.—"The Rochester Evening Express" and "The Soldier's Aid," of this city, will please accept our thanks for a friendly notice of our little paper in their columns. A few words of sympathy from the "Aid" were peculiarly gratifying to us, its aims and abors being so closely allied to our own.

Encouraging Responses.

We give the following, from among the many encouraging responses we have received to our first issue of the *Review*. Mrs. Palmelee, of Ogden, the same kind friend who sent us that load of vegetables and the apples, has also just brought us six subscribers.

EAST GROVELAND, Sept. 7th, 1864.

Dear Madam

Your favor of Aug. 30th, together with "The Hospital Review," has been received. I have circulated the paper and have obtained quite a number of names—hope to get as many more. I am very willing to work for the soldiers. God bless them. I was much pleased with my visit to the Hospital, and hope soon to repeat it.

With respect, M. C.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 5th, 1864.

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS,

Treas'r Hospital Review.

Madam:—Please find herewith double pay for the "Hospital Review."

Your obt' servt,

S. M. SPENCER.

The following letter, just received, gives us enclosed, the names of *twenty-six subscribers!* We congratulate our friend "Maggie" upon her success in her efforts for *The Review*:

East Groveland, Sept. 16, 1864.

DEAR MRS. M.—Your favor of the 10th inst., was duly received, and agreeably to your request I send the names of subscribers to *The Review*. I hope to add more names from time to time. My brother, who is home on sick leave, wishes a copy sent to his Company for the benefit of his men. Our Society are about putting up a firkin of pickles and sending them to the Rochester City Hospital, if they will be acceptable.

Yours, with respect,

MAGGIE.

Miss Hays of our city will please accept our thanks for seven subscribers to our Review.

Acknowledgments to Mr. Smith.

The Ladies connected with the Hospital, desire in some way to express their appreciation of the valuable services of Mr. Smith. For the last few months he has labored in the capacity of volunteer nurse in our Institution, entirely without remuneration, greatly endearing himself to the soldiers and all the inmates, by his kind and faithful attendance, and cheering all within his presence, by his genial manner and his lively wit and humor. Few have shown the true patriotism, the self-sacrifice and the devotion to our country, that Mr. Smith has done. To quote from "The Express" in speaking of him: "Enlisting and serving in the army until disabled by wounds, leaving a profitable business, to come home and then devote all of his time to recruiting, until the wounded soldiers in hospitals needed his attention!"

The Striped Tent at the State Fair.

The Ladies of the *Third Ward Volunteers' Aid Society*, who refreshed the people so successfully during the State Fair two years ago, are making arrangements to do still more at the coming Fair, to be held in this city Sept. 20th to 23d inclusive. Their headquarters will be the STRIPED TENT, where choice refreshments will be furnished and the avails devoted to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers in our midst, at the City Hospital and others, through the agency of the *Christain Commission*.

Those wishing to aid the soldiers, will find this Society an excellent medium. The Ladies solicit and will gratefully appreciate any contributions, either in money or articles which can be made available.

Such contributions from our citizens or country friends—especially cake, pies, eggs, butter, poultry, milk or cream, fruit, etc., can be sent to the house of Mrs. D. D. T. MOORE, No. 64 Plymouth Avenue, during the week of the Fair, or can be left at the STRIPED TENT, any day while the exhibition is in progress.

Treasurer's Report for August, 1864.

Mrs. Roswell Hart, donation.....	\$ 5 00
Mrs. J. W. Colburn, ".....	2 00
Children's Bazaar in Caledonia Park.....	140 00
Children's Bazaar on Atkinson St. 40 00	
Children's Bazaar 'on Brown's Square.....	103 65
Contents of Donation Box.....	3 44
	\$294 06
Received from Patients.....	14 50
	\$308 56
	MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
	Treasurer.

List of Donations to the Hospital for August, 1864.

- Mrs. H. P. Brewster,—Fresh Fish.
- From the Groveland Aid Society,—1 Quilt, 25 Feather Pillows, 6 pairs Slippers, 2 Coats, 2 pairs Pants, 14 Shirts, 1 Sheet, 17 pairs Pillow Cases, 15 Arm Slings, 18 H'dkerch'fs, 10½ lbs. Hops, 20 lbs. Lint, 18 yds. Bandages, 3 lbs. hard Soap, 1 firkin Butter, 1 firkin Pickles, 27½ lbs. dried Fruit, 25 Towels, valued at \$92.05.
- Mrs. G. H. Mumford—1 bushel Tomatoes, basket Cucumbers, 2 baskets Tomatoes.
- Soldiers' Aid Society, Manchester, Ontario Co.—10 lbs. old Cheese, by O. D. Grovesnor, Treasurer Christian Commission.
- Mr. Beardsley, Fairport—1 bushel sweet Apples.
- Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Basket of Cucumbers.
- Mrs. Henry Stanton, Irondequoit—Basket of Apples, 2 gallons Pickles.
- A Friend—Basket of Apples and Pears.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Basket of Tomatoes.
- Mr. Hayes—16 quarts Blackberries.
- A Friend—Half bushel Tomatoes.
- Mrs. Nutt—Half bushel Apples.
- Miss Upton—1 can Blackberry Jam, Cakes.
- Friend—A can of pickled Clams.
- Mrs. Parsons—Beets and Cucumbers.
- A Lady Friend—Bandages.
- Mrs. Wm. H. Jennings—1 bottle of Wine.
- Mrs. J. B. Parmalee, Ogden—Crullers, Pickles, Pies and Cheese. Also, a load of Fruit and Vegetables—Apples, Squash, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Onions, Beans, and 2 barrels of Apples.
- Miss Redfield—3 quarts Blackberries.
- Lady Friend—A jug of Milk.
- Mrs. Carter, 52 N. St. Paul St.—6 volumes Books.
- Mrs. Raines, Canandaigua—1 jar Raspberry Jam.
- Mrs. Lydia H. Strang, Scottsville—1 dozen fresh Eggs.

Ladies' Aid Society, Rochester—1 pail Pickles.
 Mrs. Albert Ketchum and Mrs. John Harvey, of
 Victor—2 pyramids of Cake.
 Young Ladies—2 packages of Lint, very excellent.

Superintendent's Report for August.

Patients received into Rochester City Hospital during the month of August, 1864.

- August 13. George Washington, City.
- “ 23. Mrs. S W Fisher, Private.
- “ 24. Elizabeth Marvin, City.
- “ 19. Mary Nelson.

Discharged from Hospital, August, 1864.

- August 2. Cathrine Sullivan, Recovered.

August 9. Isabella Cox.	
“ 23. Mrs. Mary Nelson, Convalescent.	
In Hospital, August 1,	12
Received since,	4—16
Discharged,	3
Remaining, September 1	13
Total number of Soldiers received from August 1st to September 1st,	42
Discharged, transferred, and on furlough,	76
Now in Hospital,	106
Citizen Patients,	13
Total number of Patients, Sept. 1st,	119

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, FROM AUG. 22d TO SEPT. 5th, 1864.

DATE	NAME	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE
Aug. 22.	Abram Colby, Q. M. Serg't.		18th Ind. Bat.,	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.
“	David Carter, D,		108th N. Y. V.,	Irondequoit, Monroe County, N. Y.
“	Horace Ensign, M,		9th “ H. A.,	East Bethany, Genesee County, N. Y.
“	James McMillen, B,		105th Ill. Vol.	York Center, Livingston County, N. Y.
“	Wm. G. Raines, M,		4th N. Y. H. A.,	Canandaigua, Ontario County, N. Y.
“ 25.	David Gibbs, Cdrpl. G,		14th “ V. Inf.,	Victory, Cayuga County, N. Y.
“	William Manning, H,		44th “	Deansville, Oneida County, N. Y.
“ 26.	Geo. G. Whitney, Musician, L,		24th “ Cav.	Shortsville, Ontario County, N. Y.
“ 27.	Ashley Randall, I,		8th “ H. A.,	Bergen, Genesee County, N. Y.
“ 29.	Alten B. Brink, D,		8th “	Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
“ 30.	Daniel F. Klein, E,		2d “ M. R.,	“ “ “
Sept. 1.	Rice H. Eaton, G,		1st “ S. S.,	Irondequoit, Monroe County, N. Y.
“ 2.	John B. Baker, C,		9th “ H. A.,	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.
“	Tallman P. Baker, D,		9th “	Lyons, Wayne County, N. Y.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from Aug. 22d to Sept. 5th.

DATE	NAME	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE
Aug. 22.	Wm. H. H. Peacock, Serg't, K,		151st N. Y. V.,	Somerset, Niagara Co., Sent to Elmira.
“	John Heins, K,		151st “	“ “ “ “ Washington.
“	Hiram Lyon, C,		8th “ Cav.,	Naples, Ontario Co., “ “
“ 24.	Daniel McLean, Sergt., G,		76th “ V. Inf.,	Truxton, Oortland Co., “ Bedloe's I.
“	John F. Elroy, Corpl., D,		140th “	Rochester, Monroe Co., “ St. M. Hos.
“ 27.	Amos Eldridge, A,		76th “	Victor, Ontario Co., “ Washington.
“ 30.	Robert Woolman, C,		147th “	Bernhard's Bay, Oswego Co., Dis. from Ser.
Sept. 1.	Sears F. Brainard, D,		148th “	Geneva, Ontario Co., “ New York.
“	James Duffy, D,		6th “ Cav.,	Rochester, Monroe Co., Dis. from Ser.
“ 2.	Charles W. Corey, E,		75th “ V. Inf.,	Summer Hill, Cayuga Co., “ Regiment,
“	J. P. Estes, Sergt., I,		22d “ Cav.,	Union Springs, Cayuga Co., “ Washington.
“	E. A. Spaulding, K,		8th “ H. A.,	Churchville, Monroe Co., “ “
“ 3.	Alfred H. Bryant, Corpl., 18th		“ Bat.,	Rochester, Monroe Co., “ New Orleans.
“ 5.	Royal E. Cochrane, C,		8th “ H. A.,	Carlton, Orleans Co., “ New York.
“	David Gibbs, Corpl., C,		111th “ V. Inf.,	Victory, Cayuga Co., “ Washington.
“	James Keitzensteiner, F,		140th “	Rochester, Monroe Co., “ New York.
“	Hiram Manning, E,		109th “	Owego, Tioga Co., “ “
“	Alfred Palmer, G,		100th “	Forestville, Chatauga Co., “ “
“	William Rouse, G,		148th “	Canandaigua, Ontario Co., “ “
“	Christian Tranguitt, Sergt., I,		108th “	Rochester, Monroe Co., “ Washington.
“	Geo. G. Whitney, Musician, L,		24th “ Cav.,	Shortsville, Ontario Co., “ “

Children's Department.

To our Young Friends.

DEAR CHILDREN:—"No Stories!—none of these nice verses you hinted of," we think we hear you say as you look over this page. No—but we have not forgotten them. Once more dear young friends we must ask you to be patient and wait. We mean these stories, &c., shall be forthcoming yet. But we have something on this page better and lovelier than all fairy stories. It is the record of the blessed work of little children just like you, for our sick and wounded soldiers. We are sure you cannot help but be interested in reading about it, and as you read will you not think of what you can do?

But, by the way, we have not received that letter we asked you to write us last month. Did you forget it, or did you forget our address? Remember that a letter directed simply to *The Hospital Review*, Box 381, will be sure to reach us—that is if you send it.

More Childrens' Bazaars.

We are glad to be able to tell our young readers this month of three more of these bazaars, which our little friends have been getting up for the soldiers. One of these was called the "Atkinson street Bazaar," and it was held in the yard of Mrs. Hall, a woman who has proved her patriotism by giving four sons to the army. We hear that the affair passed off charmingly, and we know it did successfully, for they raised in all \$50, ten of which they gave to the Christian Commission, and the remainder to us. The next one in order was held in Brown Square, by the children in that vicinity. Their receipts were \$103.65, which speaks more eloquently than anything we can say of the praiseworthy labors of these little folks for us. They brought the sum to the Hospital themselves, where they were met by Mr. Smith, who made a handsome

speech to them, and entertained them, as he knows how so well to do. They sang their lively and patriotic songs through all the wards—cheering and carrying sunshine with them—and getting pure sunshine back into their own hearts in return.

The last of these bazaars reported to us, was held by the little children of Troup and Plymouth Avenue, in Mrs. Hamilton's yard. It was a very pretty affair indeed, we understand. The little girls all appeared in those cunning white caps, which figured so extensively among the pretty waitresses of our grand Bazaar last winter. The arrangements were all very tasteful, and the results very successful. One of the attractive features was the "Boys' Side Show." We cannot enumerate all the wonderful things they had on exhibition,* but there were some of the dearest, cunningest and whitest of little white mice, we remember—a real live monkey—the "cherry colored cat," (we believe, although we cannot say definitely,) and several more of the very funniest and queerest things alive—and some that were never alive. They raised \$86 for us. Thank you, dear children of the Troup and Plymouth Avenue Bazaar—and of all the Bazaars! You have all done nobly!

A Little Agent.

We are gratified to find that we have at least one volunteer agent for our *Review* among the children—and we hope soon to hear of more. Maggie Hamilton, a little girl associated with the Troup and Plymouth Avenue Bazaar, came the other day and brought us, to our great delight, the names of five subscribers she had obtained for us. We want all the children who take an interest in our Hospital, to become our agents, and not only seek permission from their parents to subscribe for the paper themselves, but see how many names they can get for us. Will you, dear children?

Donations from No. 6.

Public School No. 6, does not it seems, mean to be out-done by No. 13. Our Cor-

responding Secretary has just handed us a note from Mr. Armstrong, the principal of No. 6, giving a list of donations of wine, lint, pickles, crackers, grapes and \$4.53 in money, contributed by the pupils in that school for the Hospital. Bravo, No. 6! Mr. Armstrong is the principal of No. 6, and not of No. 13, as we stated last month. Mr. Fegles we understand was principal of No. 13 at the time their donation was made to our Hospital.

Mr. Armstrong also sends us the names of three subscribers to our *Review*, from among his pupils. This is especially gratifying to us. We believe that No. 6 has once or twice before sent donations to our soldiers. Many thanks to No. 6!

Another kind Remembrance.

The Aid Society of School District No. 8, of Hartland, will please accept our cordial thanks for a half barrel of pickles just received for our Hospital.

Origin of the Children's Bazaars.

"The Soldiers' Aid," gives us the origin of these little bazaars for our soldiers, five of which we have already noticed in our columns, and we hear of others in progress. We believe our young readers will all be interested to know how their praiseworthy efforts which have realized such handsome sums for our Hospital began, and so we copy the following from the article alluded to in the "Aid," for their benefit:

"The idea of the 'bazaars' originated with three little girls on Sophia street, who designed one at first for their own amusement, arranging for the purpose two or three tents in a neighboring yard. But the thought occurring to them that the play might be made to pay something for the soldiers, they, with a little assistance, forthwith carried out the suggestion with a success which astonished themselves, the result of three evenings entertainments being a sum of \$65, which the young managers paid over to the City Hospital. Their example was infectious and several others succeeded, one on Caledonia Square yielding \$150, another on Plymouth Avenue about \$90; and all realizing handsome results."

Hospital Notices.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

The Hospital will be open, daily, for the reception of visitors, from two to five o'clock, P. M., Sundays excepted.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

Election Notice.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—County of Monroe.—Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice of the Secretary of State, that a General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November, (8th, 1864, at which Election the Officers named in the annexed Notice are to be elected.

JAMES H. WARREN, Sheriff.

Dated Rochester, August 8th, 1864.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1st, 1864.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

Str.—Notice is hereby given, that the General Election to be held in this State, on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit:

- A Governor, in the place of Horatio Seymour.
- A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of David E. Floyd Jones.
- A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Franklin A. Alberger.
- An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Abram B. Tappan.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

- Three Members of Assembly.
- A Sheriff, in the place of James H. Warren.
- A County Clerk, in the place of Joseph Cochran.
- A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Addison N. Whiting.
- Two Justices of Session, in the place of George Wright and Deles Westworth.
- Two Coroners, in the place of James Buckley and Samuel M. Olden.
- A Special County Judge, pursuant to chapter 368 of the Laws of 1864.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,

Aug. 15, 1864.

Secretary of State.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer,
Old Democrat & American Building, opposite the Arcade.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. I

ROCHESTER, N. Y. OCTOBER 15, 1864.

No. 3.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, / Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, / " Dr. MATHEWS,

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 361. Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins.

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

The Heart of the War.

Peace in the clover-scented air,
And stars within the dome;
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain, New-England home.
Within, a murmur of low tones
And sighs from hearts oppressed,
Merging in prayer, at last, that brings
The balm of silent rest.

I've closed a hard day's work, Marty,—
The evening chores are done;
And you are weary with the house,
And with the little one.
But he is sleeping sweetly now,
With all our pretty brood;
So come and sit upon my knee,
And it will do me good.

Oh, Marty! I must tell you all
The trouble in my heart,

And you must do the best you can
To take and bear your part.
You've seen the shadow on my face,
You've felt it day and night;
For it has filled our little home,
And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,
And yet I might have known
That hearts that live as close as ours
Can never keep their own.
But we are fallen on evil times,
And, do whate'er I may,
My heart grows sad about the war,
And sadder ever day.

I think about it when I work,
And when I try to rest,
And never more than when your head
Is pillowed on my breast;
For then I see the camp-fires blaze,
And sleeping men around,
Who turn their faces toward their homes,
And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,
My mates in other years,
Who pine for home and those they love,
Till I am choked with tears.
With shouts and tears they marched away
On glory's shining track,
But, ah! how long, how long they stay!
How few of them come back!

One sleeps beside the Tennessee,
And one beside the James,
And one fought on a gallant ship
And perished in its flames.
And some, struck down by shell
Are breathing out their life;

And others, maimed by cruel wounds,
Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty! Marty! only think
Of all the boys have done

And suffered in this weary war!
Brave heroes, every one!

Oh! often, often in the night,
I hear their voices call:

"Come on and help us! Is it right
That we should bear it all?"

And when I kneel and try to pray,
My thoughts are never free,
But cling to those who toil and fight
And die for you and me.
And when I pray for victory,
It seems almost a sin
To fold my hands and ask for what
I will not help to win.

Oh! do not cling to me and cry,
For it will break my heart;
I'm sure you'd rather have me die
Than not to bear my part.
You think that some should stay at home
To care for those away;
But still I'm helpless to decide
If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love,
And all are loved again;
And I am loved, and love perhaps,
No more than other men.
I cannot tell—I do not know—
Which way my duty lies,
Or where the Lord would have me build
My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean;
And though I seem to boast,
I'm sure that I would give my life
To those who need it most.
Perhaps the Spirit will reveal
That which is fair and right;
So, Marty, let us humbly kneel
And pray to Heaven for light.

Peace in the clover-scented air,
And stars within the dome;
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain, New-England home.
Within, a widow in her weeds,
From whom all joy is flown,
Who kneels among her sleeping babes,
And weeps and prays alone!

He that giveth bountifully shall reap also
bountifully.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1864.

Encouragements.

The long list of subscribers which we publish this month, and the numerous encouraging responses to our *Review*, speak for themselves of the cordial and pleasant welcome our little paper continues to receive. Our friends are doing nobly for us. We give this month a list of volunteer agents for our work, and we hope by another month to see it greatly extended. Several whose names we have not ventured to place upon the list, have also been very active and successful in getting subscribers for us, and many in forwarding us their names send us double pay for their paper, accompanied with words of sympathy and good cheer—better still. Thank you, kind friends, one and all! We know the deep undercurrent which prompts all this cordial action towards us. We know that it is a love for our brave heroes which is the spring of your generosity and of the outpouring of your hearts toward our efforts; and this thought is much more precious to us than any expression of personal interest could be. We cannot do too much for our soldiers. They are willing to give all—risk all for us, and what is dearest to us all, and shall we be willing to withhold aught from them? Can we make no sacrifices for them? We ask your continued help and encouragement. We are particularly anxious to increase our list of subscribers, that we may be enabled to enlarge our sheet and make room for much interesting reading matter which now we are obliged to omit for want of space. Shall this be done?

To Subscribers.

Subscribers failing to get their papers, may have them supplied by calling at No. 26 North Fitzhugh street, or at the Hospital, or by applying to any member of the publishing committee.

Tidings from the Striped Tent.

The following letter brings us most pleasant tidings from the Striped Tent. We are gratified to find that the efforts of the Ladies of the "Third Ward Aid Society" at the Fair, proved so successful. The Striped Tent was constantly thronged during every day of the exhibition, and the results were fully equal if not beyond their expectations. They realized \$500 above all expenses, \$200 of which, as will be seen below, was donated to our Hospital, and \$100 to the Christian Commission. The friends of the soldiers both in the city and country, will accept through us, the thanks of the Society for their generous patronage, and the Society will in their turn, we trust, accept our grateful acknowledgments for their very kind remembrance of us:

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,

Treasurer Rochester City Hospital.

DEAR MADAM—At a meeting of the "Third Ward Volunteers' Aid Society," held last evening, it was voted, that two hundred dollars of the avails received at the Striped Tent during the State Fair, should be appropriated for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers at the City Hospital.

I take pleasure in sending you the amount, sincerely hoping it will prove a timely and acceptable contribution in aid of the object for which our society labored during the past week.

Yours, respectfully, ANNA E. MOORE.
Rochester, Sept. 30, 1864.

The Hebrew Ward.

Especial praise is due to the Ladies of the Hebrew Ward in our Hospital, not only for the admirable manner in which they have furnished and fitted up their department but for the care they have bestowed in keeping it well supplied. They visit their ward frequently, make careful inquiries into all its wants, and see that nothing is missing which can add to its comfort or convenience.

A Generous Donation.

Mr. Isaac Ashley, of the Clinton House, will please accept our most grateful acknowledgments for a generous supply of oysters for a dinner for our soldiers. This rare treat to our soldiers is one they will not soon forget.

Bouquets for the Soldiers.

Among the most delicate remembrances of our soldiers the past month, were some rare and beautiful bouquets from Misses A—and H—. Past the season of flowers,—the breath of roses and the bright and varied tints once more of these lovely gifts, were peculiarly grateful to our sick and invalids. It was a beautiful and tender thought to "bring flowers."

A Ton of Coal!

We leave our readers to imagine our delight one morning at the reception of the following note. In these days of high prices of coal, and with a long cold winter just coming upon us, we can imagine no more acceptable donation than a ton of coal. Mr. Alling will please accept our most hearty thanks:

Mrs. DR. MATHEWS—Herewith please find order on Messrs. R. Hart & Co. for one ton of Coal, for the use and benefit of the City Hospital.

Yours, truly, WILLIAM ALLING.

A Correction.

The Mrs. Parmely referred to in our last number, was not from Ogden, as was then stated, but from our own city, and the barrel of apples and vegetables procured for us through her, were a donation from Mrs. Joshua Coats, of Clifton Springs.

Death of one of our Soldiers.

On Friday, the 14th inst., the ever solemn service of baptism, rendered doubly so by the circumstances under which it was administered, was witnessed in our Hospital. The subject was one of our soldiers, who, feeling his end drawing near, expressed a strong desire to receive this holy rite, which was performed at his request, by the Rev. Mr. Huntington, of our city. To-day, as we have reason to trust, the Christian soldier sleeps in Jesus. His remains, we understand, will be deposited in the vault of Mount Hope, awaiting the arrival of friends. We copy the following notice of his death from the *Democrat*:

"Sergt. James Simpson, 67th Co. K, 21st

N. Y. Cavalry, died at the Rochester City Hospital on Saturday. He was a native of Lexington, Sanilac county, Mich., and entered the service in September, 1863. He was taken prisoner by Moseby last March, but escaped the same night by seizing Moseby's horse and riding off. He was obliged to swim the animal across a river, and in the exposure to which he was subjected, contracted a severe cold, from the effects of which he never recovered. He remained in active service, however, till June, and was then sent to Hospital in Martinsburg. Subsequently he was transferred from one hospital to another until he arrived here on the 8th instant. He went hence to the arms of the blessed Saviour in whom this brave and suffering soldier trusted. The funeral took place at the City Hospital on Monday afternoon.

"We learn that the West Avenue Mission School raised nine dollars to aid in defraying the expenses of Sergt. Simpson's funeral."

Died,

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct 15th, SUB-MANTHA CASE. Her remains were taken to Attica for interment.

Encouraging Responses to the Review.

Accompanying the following note, we find the names of twelve subscribers to the "Review," and a donation of \$4.14 for the soldiers:

VICTOR, October, 1864.

I received the "Hospital Review" which was sent to me, and feel that it is a worthy cause, and that it is my duty to do all that I can to procure subscribers for your little paper, and donations for the Hospital.

From your friend, Mrs. I. B. K.

P. S. You will hear from me again soon.

EAST GROVELAND, OCT, 7th, 1864.

DEAR MRS. M.—Your favor acknowledging the receipt of the money (\$10.50) was duly received. I am still your debtor to the amount of two dollars. I enclose you the amount, together with the names of three new subscribers, and the money therefor, making in all \$3.50. Our Aid Society have collected a quantity of Pickles—enough to fill two firkins—one of fifty and the other of an hundred pounds weight. They propose sending these, with a few barrels of nice apples, to your hospital, provided they are needed and would be acceptable. I am glad to learn that you did so nicely at the Fair in getting aid for the soldiers. The people's hearts seem warm for the soldiers. I will close by adding the names of my new subscribers, hoping to hear from you soon.

Sincerely, your friend, M. C.

CLYDE, Oct. 4th, 1864.

DEAR MADAM—I had the pleasure of visiting the Hospital last week, and can bear testimony to the great blessing it is to the worn and wounded men, and trust heaven will bless those who so cheerfully contribute to its comfort.

We have a "Soldiers' Aid Society" here, which has labored faithfully from the first, and is still zealous in the good work.

With kind regards, H. P. W.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 1st, 1864.

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS—Madam—Enclosed please find one dollar, for which you will send "The Hospital Review" for one year to my address, using the surplus as you may find cause for the benefit of the "City Hospital."

Yours, for humanity, Mrs. D. C. A.

PERRY CENTRE, Sept. 30th, 1864.

Mrs. MATHEWS—Your kind appeal and the accompanying "Reviews" were received in due time. I anticipate much pleasure from your little periodical, and wishing you may be prospered in well doing,

I am, respectfully yours, L. H. B.

P. S. Please find enclosed \$3 for six subscribers to the "Review."

BRISTOL, Oct. 11th, 1864.

DEAR MRS. MATHEWS—I am much obliged to you for the "Hospital Review." I am deeply interested in anything that pertains to the help, aid or comfort, of our brave, noble, and dear soldier boys. You may set me down as a subscriber for one of your papers. Enclosed are two dollars, send the balance in your paper to the soldiers on the battle field. I think I shall call and see your dear, brave soldiers next spring, if well.

Your sincere friend and brother in Christ,

ELISHA HATHAWAY.

RUSH, Oct. 4th, 1864.

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS—Please find enclosed \$2.50, with the names of five subscribers for the "Hospital Review."

Mrs. S. S. H.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 13th, 1864.

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS—Madam—Please find here-in \$1, pay for one copy of the "Hospital Review" from August 15th. God bless your labor.

Your ob't serv't, P. McE.

Extracts from a Letter from our former Matron.

CAMERON MILLS, Sept. 19th, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. M.—Your good letter, telling me so much of interest concerning the Hospital, was duly and gladly received, also, the "Hospital Review," which we liked very much; may it never die. I wish we could send you as substantial an evidence of our approval as did your friend in New York, and, no doubt, a good friend of the Rochester City Hospital. May God prosper you and your good Hospital, and grant that your Superintendent and Matron may be endowed with patience and all other Christian graces. My heart and prayers will ever be with you, if my efforts are not. I am glad to know that A. and the rest of the soldiers remember us so kindly, and I pray God to bless them all. Please give my kind regards to all.

Enclosed you will find one dollar for the "Review." I hope to get some more subscriptions in a little while. I suppose many of our boys have left and others have taken their places, so that

probably by next summer, the time I hope to visit the Hospital, all will be strangers to me; but I see "Strangers admitted from two to five, daily," so shall consider myself invited. Mr. S. desires to be kindly remembered, and with kind regards from myself,

I am yours, truly, L. W. S.

We find in the list of donations published last month, that a gift from Mrs. Jas. H. Whitney, was credited by mistake, to Mrs. J. M. Whitney. We are indebted to Mrs. Jas. H. Whitney, for repeated kind remembrances of our soldiers; among which was their first treat of cucumbers in the early Spring, furnished them long before they had become plentiful in market, and at a time when cucumbers were a rare treat indeed.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Hospital Review:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland,
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester,
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre,
- Mrs. J. B. KNIPPEN, Victor,
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.

Treasurer's Report for Sept., 1864.

William Bristol, Esq., Wyoming, N. Y.,	\$25 00
Oliver Culver, Esq.,	2 00
Donation from Public School, No. 6, by E. R. Armstrong, Principal,	4 53
Collection in Grace Church, Fast day,	44 20
Children's Bazaar, corner of Plymouth Avenue and Troup St., Third Ward,	87 30
From the Ladies' Third Ward Volunteers' Aid Society, being part of the receipts from the "Striped Tent," at the State Fair,	200 00
Mr. Zimmer,	1 00
H. W. B.,	0 10
Contents of Donation Box,	9 60
	\$373 73
Received from Patients,	20 00
	\$393 73

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.

List of Donations to the Hospital for September, 1864.

- Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Apples, Cucumbers, jug of Vinegar, Tomatoes and Cucumbers, at various times during the month.
- Mrs. H. D. Snow—One bottle Wine.
- Mrs. E. Harmon, Wheatland—Bundle of Linen.
- Mrs. Isaac Bower, Riga—Basket of Cakes.
- Mrs. E. N. Buell—Box of Lint.
- Hebrew Society, by Mrs. Seligman and Mrs. Mock—Basket fine Peaches, 2 doz. fresh Eggs.
- Mr. J. K. Balentine, Chili—Barrel of fine Apples.
- The Misses Allgood and Humphreys—Numerous and choice Bouquets.

- Central Ladies' Aid Society—Seven Bed-quilts, 4 Comforters, $\frac{1}{2}$ box Crackers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ bbls. Bread.
- Ladies' Third Ward Vol. Aid Society—Nine new Shirts, 3 old ones, 1 doz. Pies, 12 loaves Cake, and a quantity of Grapes.
- Young Ladies' Aid Society—Three bottles Currant Wine, 2 bottles Catsup, Lint and Bandages, 4 Bed-quilts.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Three yds. Flannel, 2 pans of Biscuit.
- Wheatland Soldiers' Aid Society—Thirty pounds prime Butter, 3 lbs. dried Cherries, 1 qt. Blackberry Jam, and Apples.
- Mrs. Caroline Tremain—One basket of Fruit.
- Mrs. Charles W. Seeley—A lot of fine Grapes.
- Mrs. S. B. Roby—A basket of Grapes.
- Prof. S. S. Cutting—A basket of delicious Pears.
- Mrs. Ann Leech, West Bloomfield—One Pillow.
- Miss Rose D. Wile, and other Ladies of the He brew Society—Two baskets of Peaches, 6 doz. Eggs.
- Misses Rupp—Very fine Grapes.
- Mrs. Whipple—Two packages dried Fruit.
- Sheldon Smith, Esq., Pittsford—Basket Grapes.
- Hartland Aid Society, District No. 8—Half barrel of Pickles; also, 22 gallons mixed Pickles.
- Mrs. W. F. Curry—Books.
- Mrs. Rowell—Grapes.
- Miss Rossiter—Grapes.
- Mrs. Piffard, of Piffardina, Liv. Co.—Bundle of Linen and small Pillow.
- Mrs. M. Parsons—One bag of Apples.
- Mrs. S. Snow—A basket of Grapes.
- Mrs. Wm. C. Storrs—One pail of Pickles.
- Miss Sarah Shelton—A basket of Grapes, 1 bottle of Wine, 2 Melons.
- Mrs. John Craig—Basket of Grapes.
- Mrs. John Van Nest, Ogden—Four gallons pickled Cabbage.
- Mrs. J. Disbrow—Four nice second hand Shirts, Isaac Ashley, of the Clinton House—Fifteen or eighteen gallons of Oysters.
- A. G. Mudge—Thirty singing books, Golden Chain and Shower.
- Mrs. Anthony, Chili—A basket of Apples and Tarts.
- H. P. Brewster—A barrel of Flour.
- William Creps—A basket of Grapes.
- Mrs. Pottle—Two bags of Apples.
- A Friend—Three loaves of Bread, 1 pound Corn Starch, 2 old Shirts.
- Mias Carrie Upton—One barrel of Apples.
- Mrs. W. H. Whitney, East Henrietta—A large quantity of Biscuit.

Superintendent's Report for September.

Sept. 1, In Hospital,	13
Received during the month,	12—25
Discharged,	13
Oct. 1, Remaining,	12
Sept. 1, Number of Soldiers in Hospital,	106
Received during the month,	23
	129
Discharged, transferred and on furlough,	37
Now in Hospital,	92
Citizen Patients,	12
Oct. 1, Total number of Patients,	104

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, FROM SEPT. 5th TO OCT. 10th, 1864.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.
Sept. 8,	Robert Count,	Corp,	D,	9th N. Y. Vol Cav,	Smith's Mills, Chaut. Co., N. Y.
" 8,	William Ely,	"	D,	64th " " Inf,	Rushford, Allegany Co., N. Y.
" 9,	Charles H Griffin,	Prv,	M,	3d " Cav,	Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" 10,	Lewis S. Crocker,	"	C,	117th " Vol,	Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y.
" 10,	Thomas J. Pierson,	"	A,	3d " Cav,	York, Livingston County, N. Y.,
" 11,	Ruder B. Marsh,	Serg,	A,	76th " Vol,	Hartford, Cortland Co., N. Y.
" 12,	Levi Lawrence,	Prv,	G,	151st " " Cav,	Holley, Orleans County, N. Y.
" 12,	Morrell W. Kidder,	"	F,	147th " " Cav,	Kendall, " " "
" 14,	Egbert B. Goodwin,	"	D,	8th " H. A,	Jeddo, " " "
" 14,	George W. Gould,	"	L,	8th " " Cav,	Darien, Genesee County, N. Y.
" 15,	William Nims,	"	B,	61st " Vol,	Manlius, Onondaga " "
" 17,	Chas. W. Armstrong,	Serg,	A,	151st " Cav,	Carleton, Orleans " "
" 20,	Hammond Dupont,	Prv,	B,	24th " Cav,	Boonsville, Oneida " "
" 20,	Norman S. Snell,	"	A,	14th " H. A,	Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y.
" 26,	Amos Topliff,	"	I,	8th " " Cav,	Bergen, Genesee County, " "
" 27,	John Kelly,	"	I,	112th " Vol,	Murray, Orleans " "
" 27,	Anthony Goskey,	"	F,	10th " H. A,	Ogdensburgh, Jefferson Co., N. Y.
" 29,	William Burrows,	Serg,	K,	98th " Vol,	Penfield, Monroe County, N. Y.
" 30,	William H. Day,	Prv,	M,	8th " H. A,	Lima, Livingston " "
Oct. 4,	Franklin L. Hayes,	Serg,	F,	157th " Vol,	Peterborough, Madison Co., N. Y.
" 4,	C. Southworth,	Prv,	D,	149th " " Cav,	Hasten Centre, Oswego " "
" 5,	Orwin Nichols,	"	H,	151st " Cav,	Soram, Jefferson County, N. Y.
" 7,	Andrew Redinger,	"	"	" U. S. A,	Wayland, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.
" 7,	Warren P. Burke,	Mus'n,	K,	148th " Vol,	West Bloomfield, Ont. Co. "
" 10,	James Simpson,	Serg,	H,	21st " Cav,	Livingston, Samulac Co., Mich,
" 10,	Thomas McCarthy,	Prv,	H,	24th " " Cav,	Victor, Ontario County, N. Y.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from Sept. 5th to Oct. 10th.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	SENT TO
Sept. 20,	M. B. Bennett,	Prv.,	G,	148th N. Y. Vol,		New York Harbor.
" 17,	William H. Nims,	"	"	" " " " "	Manlius, Onondaga Co,	Washington, D. C.
" 20,	Eben Hart,	"	I,	140th " " " "	" " " " "	New York Harbor.
" 27,	C. C. Bowen,	"	I,	21st " Cav,	Brighton, Monroe Co,	" "
" "	Melvin Clark,	"	D,	U. S. Engineers,	Syracuse, Onondaga Co.,	" "
" "	Joseph C. Stafford,	"	K,	9th N. Y. H. A,	Ellington, Chaut. Co,	" "
" "	Steven C. Curtis,	"	B,	64th " Vol,	New Albion, Cat. Co,	Dis. from Service.
" 27,	Edward Kelly,	"	B,	1st Drag,	Dansville, Liv. Co,	" "
" "	Isaac H. Granger,	"	A,	111th N. Y. Vol,	Ontario, Wayne Co,	" "
" "	Harrison J. Caldwell,	"	G,	151st " " Cav,	Johnson's Creek, Niag,	New York Harbor.
" "	James McMillen,	"	B,	105th Ill. Vol. Inf,	York Centre, Liv. Co,	" "
" 26,	A. Colby,	"	Q. M. Serg't,	18th N. Y. Bat,	Rochester, Monroe Co,	Reg't or Battery.
" 28,	William Manning,	Prv. H,	"	44th " Vol,	Dansville, Oneida Co,	New York.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,
FROM AUGUST 15th TO OCT. 3d, 1864.

John M. Sly, Cameron Mills, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Steele, 50 cts.; Mrs. O. R. Sibley, Buffalo, 50 cts.; Mrs. James Melvin, 50 cts.; Mr. James Sperry, 50 cts.; Alvah Rice, 50 cts.; W. F. Peck, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. Wadsworth, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. H. Ellis, 50 cts.; H. W. O'Keefe, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. Starr, 50 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Mathews, 50 cts.; Aminadab Jeremiah Obodedum, N. York, \$25.....\$31 00

Capt. S. B. Culbertson, Washington, D. C., 50 cts.; Miss Kate M. Groesbeck, North Sparta, 50 cts.; Miss Mary R. Culbertson, Geneseo, 50 cts.; Mrs. Chas. Hendershot, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. Hendershot, 50 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Tertsworth, 50 cts.;

Mrs. O. Bigelow, 50 cts.; Mrs. N. Everitt, 50 cts.; Mrs. I. Benway, 50 cts.; Mrs. S. Gray, 50 cts.; Mrs. D. Ebenriter, 50 cts.; Mrs. ———, 50 cts., Groveland; Miss Emily Wood, 50 cts.; Miss P. Worthington, 50 cts.; Miss M. Van Antwerp, 50 cts.; Miss Kate Ewart, 50 cts.; Miss Jennie Baldwin, 50 cts.; David Warner, 50 cts.; John Boyd, 50 cts.; Augustus Palmer, 50 cts.; L. C. Clapp, 50 cts.; Mrs. Frank Culbertson, 50 cts., Mount Morris; Mrs. Sam'l Vance, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. Groesbeck, 50 cts.; Miss M. Slack, 50 cts.; W. W. Weise, 50 cts.; Fort Benway, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. Logan, 50 cts.—By Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.....\$14. 00

Mrs. M. F. Robinson, Fairport, 50 cts.; Newman Warren, 50 cts.; Milton Bud-

long, 50 cts.; Benjamin Warren, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. Cole, 50 cents.; Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, Scottsville, 50 cents.; Jacob B. Bell, 50 cts.—By Mrs. STRANG, <i>Scottsville</i> , \$3 50	
Miss Nellie Bradford, 50 cts.; Miss Marion Horton, 50 cents.; Miss Ella Logan, 50 cts.—By Mr. ARMSTRONG, 1 50	
Mr. Edward Sly, 50 cts.; Dr. D. J. Chittenden, 50 cts.—By Mrs. SLX, <i>Chameron Mills</i> , 1 00	
Mrs. A. Brofson, 50 cts.; Mrs. R. Lester, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. Farrar, 50 cts.; Miss E. P. Hall, 50 cts.; Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 50 cts.—By Miss LINDA BRONSON, 3 50	
Mrs. G. W. Parsons, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. B. King, 50 cts.; Mrs. F. H. Wood, 50 cts.; Miss E. Della Brown, 50 cts.; Miss L. E. Withall, 50 cts.; Mrs. O. D. Grosvenor, 50 cts.; Mrs. B. H. Hill, 50 cts.; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, 50 cts.; Miss Hayes, 50 cts.; Miss Belle M. Smith, 50 cts.; Miss E. Curtis, 50 cents.; Miss M. C. Masters, 50 cents.—By Miss E. A. C. HAYES, 6 00	
Mrs. J. W. Colburn, 50 cents.; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 50 cents.; Miss Rose D. Wile, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. T. Oatley, 50 cts.; Miss M. A. Welton, West Bloomfield, 50 cts.; Richard Haight, Batavia, 50 cts.; David Haight, Batavia, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. Ketchum, Victor, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. Hart, Leroy, 50 cts.—By Mr. WILLIAMS, 4 50	
Miss M. A. Perry, 50 cts.; Mrs. Seth Green, 50 cts.; Mrs. S. S. Hughes, 50 cts.; Mrs. Susan Sabine, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. T. Hyne, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. R. Beach, 50 cts.—By Mrs. PARMELY, 3 00	
Mrs. John F. Lovcraft, 50 cts.; Miss Harriet Chilson, 50 cts.; Miss Hattie James, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. H. Roberts, 50 cts.—By Miss ALLGOOD, 2 00	
Mrs. G. H. Mumford, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. F. Atkinson, 50 cts.; Mrs. William Foster, Clifton Springs, 50 cts.; Mrs. Cutts, 50 cts.; Mrs. Andrew J. Kellogg, Honeoye Falls, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. Allen, Brockport, 50 cts.—My Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, 3 00	
Mrs. Cummings, 50 cts.; Mr. Willis, \$1; N. T. Rochester, \$1.—By Mrs. ROCHES-TER, 2 50	
Mrs. Sheldon Wright, East Kendall, 50 cts.; Mrs. N. Braley, Albion, 50 cents.; Mrs. Wight, New York, 50 cents.—By Mrs. ARNER, 1 50	
Miss Maggie Herring, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. E. Butler, Moscow, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. H. Butler, 50 cts.; Miss Mary E. Wygant, Perry Center, 50 cts.; Miss Mary E. Butler, 50 cts.; Miss L. A. Butler, Perry Center, 50 cts.—By Miss L. A. BUTLER, <i>Perry Center</i> , 3 00	
S. M. Spencer, Esq., \$1; A. W. Fanning, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. S. Potter, 50 cts.; Mrs. Wm. C. Storrs, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. Waydell, \$1; James Law, 50 cts.; C. J. Hayden, 50 cts.; Mrs. Henry Fowler, Auburn, 50 cents.; Mrs. H. O. Fenn, 50 cents.; Mrs. O'Neil, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Craig, 50 cents.; Mrs. C. Dewey, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 50 cts.; A. H. Cole, 50 cts.; Mrs.	
H. P. Brewster, 50 cts.; Mrs. James C. Hart, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. C. Baker, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. W. Carr, 50 cts.; C. A. Dewey, 50 cts.; Mrs. D. C. Alling, \$1; W. D. Purdy, Chili Centre, 50 cts.; Mrs. Gilman Hill, Middlebury, Conn., 50 cts.; J. E. Fitch, Washington, D. C., 50 cents.; Miss Amelia Hill, Little Falls, 50 cents.; Mrs. Henry Roseboom, Cherry Valley, 50 cents.; Free Press, Burlington, Vt., 50 cts.; Mrs. Thos. C. Montgomery, 50 cts.; Mrs. Julia McWilliams, Caledonia, 50 cents.; Mrs. Cyrus Bentley, Chicago, Ill., 50 cts.; Miss H. Talman, 50 cts.; Martin Houghton, Eagle Harbor, 50 cts.; Charles Hart, Troy, 50 cts.; C. P. Dewey, New York, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. Wright, Washington, D. C., 50 cents.; Mrs. L. C. Brownell, Cooperstown, 50 cts.—By Mrs. PERKINS, \$19 50	
Mrs. J. B. Kniffen, \$1; Mrs. M. Gallup, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. Lewis, 50 cts.; Mrs. Emeline Lewis, \$1; Mrs. P. S. Bonesteel, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Snyder, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. Boughton, 50 cts.; Mrs. Henry Osborne, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. B. Bumpus, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. Bickford, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. J. Frazer, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. W. Farnham, 50 cts.; Mrs. S. W. Osborne, 50 cts.; Mrs. De F. Boughton, 50 cts.; Mrs. S. Collins, 50 cts.; Mrs. Susan Barks, 50 cts.; Mrs. James Wolling, 50 cts.; Mrs. Ruth Boughton, 50 cts.; Mrs. Johanna O'Connell, 50 cts.; Mrs. Mary Seavey, 50 cts.; Widow's Mite, 15 cents.; Mrs. Emeline Thayer, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. M. J. Decker, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. A. Norton, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Boughton, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. A. Pull, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. H. Peacock, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. H. Webb, 50 cts.; Miss Nellie D. Simonds, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. A. Boughton, 25 cts.—By Mrs. J. B. KNIR-FEX, <i>Victor, Ontario Co.</i> , 15 40	
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 50 cts.; Mrs. T. B. Ham-ilton, 50 cts.; S. B. Roby, 50 cts.; F. F. McNair, 50 cents.; Mrs. Henry Welles, Penn Yan.—By MAGGIE HAMILTON, 2 50	
Mrs. Geo. E. Ripsoth, 50 cts.; Mrs. David Hoyt, 50 cents.; Mrs. N. Sage, 50 cts.; Mrs. Geo. Shelton, 50 cts.; Mrs. Edward Chapman, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Nellis, 50 cts.; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 50 cents.—By Miss SHELTON, 3 50	
Mrs. G. W. Campbell, 50 cents.; Mrs. E. Pomeroy, 50 cts.; Miss Pomeroy, Pitts-field, Mass., 50 cts.; Mrs. O'Sullivan, 50 cts.; Miss Minnie Cady, 50 cents.; Miss Fanny Colt, 50 cts.; Miss Mary E. Smith, Milton, Ulster Co., 50 cts.; Miss Nelly Rockwell, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. Chesbrough, Copake, N. Y., 50 cts.; Miss Fanny Pome-roy, 50 cts.—By Miss FANNY POMEROY, <i>Pittsfield, Mass.</i> , 5 00	
Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 50 cents.; Mrs. J. F. Bush, 50 cents.; Mrs. Thos. Hawks, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 50 cents.; Mrs. Talman, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. A. Brews-ter, 50 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 50 cents.; Miss Kate Pease, 50 cents.; Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 50 cents.; Mrs. N. S. Dodge, Clarksburgh, Va., 50 cts.; Miss	

Lily Ely, Marquette, Mich., 50 cts.; Miss Mary H. White, Marquette, Mich., 50 cts.; Col. G. T. Davis, New York, \$5.—
By Miss MARY PERKINS, 11 00
Miss Oriel, 50 cts.; Mrs. G. O. Turner, 50 cts.—By Mrs. ORIEL, 1 00
Mrs. C. Hallock, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. E. Bunnell, 50 cts.; Miss G. Jeffords, 50 cts.; Miss Libby Foote, 50 cts.; Miss Libbie Hammond, 50 cents; all of Rush. By Mrs. HAMMOND, 2 50

Children's Department.

Our Little Agents.

We give in another place, a list of the names of several little girls who have volunteered their services as agents for our Review. They have had most wonderful success we think in their efforts, and yet we do not know as it is so wonderful after all, for who could resist the appeals of our dear little friends? We hope by the next number to see the list greatly increased. We are particularly anxious to get more subscribers, so that we can afford to enlarge our sheet and make room for those charming stories, &c., that we have been so long promising. Now, little boys and girls, we want you all to help us. See how many names you can send us this month.

From No. 6 Again.

In our last number, as our readers may remember, was a notice of a kind donation from No. 6, and now another note has just been handed us, from Mr. Armstrong, giving us an additional list of articles contributed by his pupils to our Hospital.—There are two boxes of lint, five baskets of grapes, wine, bandages, apples, pickles, bread, and last of all, a "half dozen large nice pears for little Willie." Once more we thank you, dear young friends of No. 6!

Aid Society of Hartland.

Still another very acceptable donation of twenty-two gallons of mixed pickles, has just been received from School District No. 8, of Hartland. This is their third kind remembrance of us within a short time.

Little Girls' Aid Society of Fitzhugh St.

We are much indebted to this praiseworthy Society for a very acceptable donation of \$5.75, which they realized for us for the sale of articles of their own handiwork. Even little hands, we repeatedly find, may be busy and accomplish much for our soldiers.

List of our Little Agents.

The following little Girls will please accept our thanks for their praise-worthy efforts in getting subscribers for the Review:

LINDA JOHNSON, Rochester,
MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
MARY PERKINS, "
FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.

Election Notice.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—County of Monroe.—Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice of the Secretary of State, that a General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November, (8th,) 1864, at which Election the Officers named in the annexed Notice are to be elected.

JAMES H. WARREN, Sheriff.

Dated Rochester, August 8th, 1864.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1st, 1864.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that the General Election to be held in this State, on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Horatio Seymour.
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Franklin A. Alberger.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Abram B. Tappan.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

Three Members of Assembly.
A Sheriff, in the place of James H. Warren.
A County Clerk, in the place of Joseph Cochran.
A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Addison N. Whiting.
Two Justices of Session, in the place of George Wright and Delos Wentworth.
Two Coroners, in the place of James Buckley and Samuel M. Olden.
A Special County Judge, pursuant to chapter 868 of the Laws of 1864.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next

Yours, respectfully,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
Aug. 1st, 1864. Secretary of State.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer,
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1864.

No. 4.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 82.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and ball,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there,—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in the waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart,
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

Letter from a Soldier.

JENKSVILLE, July 18, 1864.

Mrs. M.—Dear Friend. I say "friend," because I know you to be my friend, by your many acts of kindness, and the interest you have ever manifested in my behalf, and not only in mine, but in that of many of my brother soldiers who have been fortunate enough to attract your attention. For this we feel truly grateful, and hope we may ever prove ourselves worthy of your regard. Like a true friend, while you try to make us comfortable and happy, you do not forget to urge upon us the necessity of a preparation for a home beyond this vale of tears, "a home beyond the tide," of which we used to sing. I assure you I always appreciate such kindness, although my actions

may not express it. Many, many of us will look back to our stay with the people of Rochester, as a bright spot in the history of our lives. In days to come, when we shall be surrounded with the cares and trials of life, or shall be far away on the tented field—memory will love to return and again enjoy the pleasant scenes and happy days we have passed with you; and we will be refreshed and strengthened, ready to fight in defence of our dear old flag, or to bear patiently the burthens of life, whatever they may be.

We came to you a band of sick and wounded soldiers. But few of us had relatives residing in your beautiful city, and yet we were kindly received and cared for by the noble women of Rochester. Nobly you have labored and are still laboring in our behalf with that zeal which is ever characteristic of the women of America, their patriotic deeds making bright pages in our nation's history. You are engaged in a good and blessed work—do not weary—although you may not see its good effects now, your influence will be felt long after the soldiers have gone from your midst. As your reward is not of this world, neither will you know the amount of good done until you receive your reward from Him you have served so well.

You remarked that I seemed to have had more of the tender loving influences of home and friends than some of my comrades; perhaps I have. I had a mother's loving care until I was eleven years old, when death entered our happy home and removed our darling mother from our midst. Oh! how we have since missed her care—my sisters perhaps more than I, for they were younger than myself. Kind friends have cared for us, but none can fill a mother's place. I remained with or near father for several years after her death—had the benefit of both precept and example, and was early trained in the Sabbath school. The impressions made upon my mind while young have been my guide thus far,

and kept me from the practice of many of those vices common to the young. I am truly thankful for the beautiful Bible you gave me, and shall ever prize it highly, and read it in remembrance of you and the happy days I have passed in Rochester.

Your soldier friend,

S. B. A.

A Mother's Letter.

The following is a letter from the mother of Sergt. James Simpson, one of our soldiers, a notice of whose death was published in our columns last month :

LEXINGTON, Mich., Oct. 20th, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND:—I received your letter this evening, stating that my dear son must soon depart this life. It has brought sorrow to my heart. Oh! how shall I describe my feelings. It is more than I can do—the Lord only knows my grief. Three of my sons have fallen victims to this cruel war. Oh! how I wish it was in my power to come and see him; but it is not, and I must submit to my lot. I hope you will take good care of him, for a poor broken hearted, widowed mother's sake. Tell him his mother cannot come and see him, but that she thinks of and prays for him. It is a consolation to me that he is prepared to go. It will not be long before I shall follow him—and if we are not permitted to see each other again on earth, I hope we may meet in heaven.

Please write as soon as you get this, that I may know how it is with him.

From his mother,

ELIZABETH BURKE.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1864.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Thanksgiving Day, (Thursday, the 24th,) as we suppose it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, is drawing near, and our soldiers want a Thanksgiving Dinner! Shall they have one? We would like them to have just such a Thanksgiving Dinner as they would have many of them in their own dear homes far away, if they could only be

there—and just such a dinner, dear friends, as you would like and expect to have yourselves. These soldiers have given up their homes that your home may be the sweeter to you; and they have foregone comforts and luxuries that yours may be preserved to you. So we are sure there is no one but will be glad to see our brave boys have a good Thanksgiving Dinner, and will help to provide it. Let us see—we shall want turkeys—ever so many—and chickens for pies—and oysters we will not object to—and jellies and pickles, and pumpkin pies and mince pies, and everything good. We want them to have the very best there is, and why not? They are our *soldiers*, remember, the gallant defenders of our “stripes and stars,” and it would be a shame if those right in our midst could not have at least a good dinner on Thanksgiving Day. But we have not a doubt that the dinner will be forthcoming, and a bountiful one too—but it must not be the contributions of one nor two, nor three—you must *all* give something towards it. Let those in the country who have turkeys and chickens and vegetables, and more good things than we can name, bring them in—and let those in the city do their part, and we promise you each and all that you will sit down to your own Thanksgiving Dinner with a keener appetite, and a feeling of far sweeter satisfaction that you know the soldiers have one too!

“A Copperhead Donation.”

In our list of donations this month, our readers will observe a donation of three dollars and a half, styled “A Copperhead Donation.” We call attention to the fact, because we should be sorry to have any one suppose that we would willingly give so hard a name to any of our friends of whatever “persuasion.” A gentleman paid a visit not long since to the Hospital, and handed us this sum, upon condition that it should be put down as “A Copperhead Donation;” and as he refused to give it under any other name, or upon any other

terms, we felt obliged to yield gracefully as we could to his whim. We do not mean, however, that our little paper shall have anything whatever to do with politics. We have our opinions, and very decided ones too, as we think women are privileged to have—but we do not feel that this is the place to express our views, nor that of others—and if we did we should not say anything about “Copperheads,” nor “Black Republicans.” We do not believe in parties making up faces at each other and calling each other hard names. Each party has a right to its views, however they may differ, and while they both pour out as they have both so nobly done, their treasures of money and wealth, and still more precious lives for our common country, it is base to call each other traitors. The two parties may differ very widely as to the best means of restoring Union and Peace to our unhappy country, but we believe, that with the better portion at least of each, that their aims and their hopes are one. Union and Peace, and the sacred Liberties bequeathed to us by our forefathers, are precious to every true American heart—and it would be too pitiful to suppose that all the loyalty and all the patriotism in the country were confined to one party. Now that the fierceness of political contest is ended, we trust that we shall hear and see less of these bitter invectives. Let us think more kindly of those who differ from us. Upon their hearts too lies the weight of this great national sorrow,—they have suffered and sacrificed not less than we—they have given their best and their dearest as well as we—and their dead lie strewn with ours over many a well fought field.

We would have our unknown donor bear in mind that we did not call him a “Copperhead.” Our little sheet is devoted to higher uses. It is a messenger from our soldiers—from the sick and wounded, and from all the suffering ones of our Hospital. We ask for these your aid and sympathy. The cause of our brave soldiers is *one*. In this at least we are all united.

A Word about our Wants.

Our List of Donations this month, is, we are sorry to observe, not quite so long as usual, and not so long as we would like always to see it. With all due allowance for the bad condition of the roads, we think perhaps there is some little misapprehension among our friends about our real wants. We are often asked if the Government does not provide for its soldiers, to which we would here reply. Government does provide what may be deemed *necessary* care and maintenance, but it does not supply those delicacies and those little comforts so grateful and so needful oftentimes to the sick and the invalid. We want to do more for our soldiers than perhaps it would be possible for Government to do. We want to give them tender home care and attention, and those who have friends in the army will, we are sure, feel it a privilege to aid us in this work. Let us do for those placed within the reach of our personal sympathies and ministrations, as we trust others may do for our dear ones in their hour of need, remembering, that "with the same measure that we mete, it shall be measured to us again." Friends in the country, bring us whatever you can spare from your well filled garners—bring us vegetables and butter and eggs,—and none the less because they will bring such high prices in the market. We will pay you in something better than gold, and more than all the highest bidders in the market can offer you. Try us and see! And now we have one word more to say and we are done. Winter is upon us, and our soldiers are in great need of some *warm shirts and drawers*. But we are sure that it is not necessary to urge this appeal—a hint is sufficient.

More Responses from Victor.

Accompanying the letter which we give below, from Mrs. Kniffen, were the names of twelve more subscribers for our "Review," making in all, 42 subscriptions

that she has sent us within a short time. Mrs. K., in addition to this long list, has also sent us a donation of \$10.65, collected by her in that vicinity. Great praise is due to Mrs. K. for her successful efforts for us, and also to the town which has responded so generously to her appeals. One of our Managers speaks of Victor as the "banner town," and we think it has well won the title:

VICTOR, November 8th, 1864.

DEAR MRS. PERKINS,—I received your kind note, and was truly gratified to find that the small sum I had collected for you was doing good. You stated that your soldiers were very destitute of shirts and drawers, and you would like assistance from our Aid Society. As we had no articles of the kind on hand, I adopted the plan of soliciting donations. I have met with kind-hearted friends who are in sympathy with you, and although their donations are small their hearts are large, and they are doing much daily for the benefit of our soldiers in various ways. I think that we shall soon be able to further assist you.

Your friend, MRS. T. B. K.

A Generous Donation.

We have recently received a generous donation of \$110.25 from several young ladies who formed a Society and held a Bazaar some time during the summer, of which this sum was the result. We give below their names, and trust they will accept our most hearty thanks for their noble efforts, thus nobly expressed for our soldiers. Their names are as follows:

Mrs. John W. Archer,	Miss Kate Hancock,
Maggie & Nellie Hopwood,	Jennie English,
Jennie & Esther Rhodes,	Minnie Hall,
Libbie Renfrew,	Mary Warren,
Minnie Angevine,	Ella Jones,
Minnie Tate,	Jessie Jones,
Emma Bennett,	Julia Cogswell,
Becky Knapp,	Adda Summers,
	Freddie Rhodes.

At Mrs. Rhodes', 33 Atkinson Street.

✍ Mrs. James M. Whitney will please accept our special thanks for delicacies at different times for our sick, and for other kind remembrances.

Deaths at the Hospital.

Three deaths, as will be seen, are reported by the Superintendent this month. Two of these, Submantha Case and Sergt. Simpson, were noticed in our last number. The third case, was of a man brought to the Hospital the latter part of October, severely injured by the cars. Amputation was found necessary, and he died very soon after the operation.

Responses to The Review.

SPENCERPORT, Oct. 25, 1864.

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS—Enclosed you will find 50 cts. for the "Hospital Review."

Yours with respect, Mrs. J. B. P.

MIDDLEPORT, Nov. 7th, 1864.

Mrs. PERKINS—Enclosed you will find \$2 00 for copies of the "Hospital Review," which you will please send as per list. Mrs. J. T.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 18th.

Mrs. PERKINS—Enclosed are three subscriptions for the Hospital paper.

Yours very truly, S. L. R.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Hospital Review:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland,
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester,
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre,
- Mrs. J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor,
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.

Treasurer's Report for October, 1864.

"Copperhead Donation".....	\$ 3 50
Little Girls' Aid Society, Fitzhugh Street	5 75
Bazaar on Exchange St. in Sept., by 18 young Ladies,.....	110 25
Mrs. E. S. Hayward, by Mrs. Arner	0 50
Donation Box.....	1 98
	—————\$121 98
Received from Patients.....	19 50
	—————\$141 48

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
Treasurer.

List of Donations to the Hospital for October, 1864.

- Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Pears and Blanc Mange, three times during the month.
- Mrs. W. White, West Brighton—2 rolls excellent Butter.
- Mrs. Henry Vannest, Ogdens—Six gallons Cider Apple Sauce.
- Young Ladies' Aid Society—8 new Shirts.

- Mrs. J. J. Van Zandt—1 jar Jelly, basket of Grapes.
- Mrs. Edward L. Pottle—2 doz. fresh Eggs, basket of Grapes.
- Mrs. George Davenport, Penfield—A jar of Currant Jam, 2 bushels Apples, and a quantity of Grapes.
- Mrs. J. G. Klink—2 bushels of fine Apples, 2 large Cabbages, and a quantity of Beets.
- Mrs. M. Hays—1 dollar for the purchase of Boston Crackers.
- Miss Barton—A basket of Grapes.
- J. R. Coats, Clifton Springs—A box of Grapes.
- Mrs. Lydia H. Strang, Scottsville—2 doz. fresh Eggs.
- Mrs. Isaac Bower, Riga—A pan of preserved Pears.
- Soldiers' Aid Society—4 shirts, 1 cask dried fruit, 1 cask Pickles, 4 small kegs Pickles.
- Mrs. Winfield Scott—Lint and Bandages.
- Mrs. Carr—1 bottle Grape Catsup.
- Mrs. J. H. Howe—6 Shirts.
- Mrs. H. S. Draper—1 jar of Chow Chow.
- Clara Billings and Emma Kimble—Package of nice Lint.
- Miss Hattie Hays—Large package of Lint, 1 pair Slippers.
- Mrs. Neff—Quince Marmalade.
- Miss Frank Hutchings, Ardelia Brooks, Sue Badger, Bell Harrold, Minnie Culross, and Anna Beard, pupils of Public School No. 6—3 boxes Lint, half dozen Bandages, 5 baskets Grapes, 2 baskets Apples, 2 bottles Wine, 2 pails Pickles, 1 loaf of home made Bread, 6 large Pears for Willie.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM OCT. 7th TO NOV. 7th, 1864.

- Mrs. Isaac E. Sheldon, New York; Mrs. E. D. Smith, Mrs. R. T. Field, Mrs. Louis Chapin; Mrs. J. M. Cavan, Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, Mrs. W. H. Brown, Mrs. Benedict, Mrs. Joseph Frost, Mrs. C. M. Lee, Dr. H. W. Dean Mrs. Dr. Dean—each 50 cents; Mr. Peter McEwen, \$1.00; Mrs. C. F. Smith, Miss Fanny Hooker, John Gardner; Mrs. J. B. Parmalee, Spencerport; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva; Mrs. C. J. Porter, Mrs. Adolphus Morse, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. C. M. Crittenden, Dr. W. F. Holcomb, New York—each 50 cents. By Mrs. Perkins,.....\$12 50
- Mrs. E. T. Smith, by Mary Perkins,..... 0 50
- Mrs. D. M. Dewey, by Miss Shelton,..... 0 50
- Miss Fanny Q. Fowler, Mrs. Jas. J. Marsh, Mrs. Gertrude Brinkerhoff—each 50 cts. By Miss Rossiter..... 1 50
- Mrs. Henry Stone, Mrs. Dr. Hazletine, Mrs. N. Beagle, Mrs. Reuben Weekes, Mrs. J. Clarke, Miss Sarah Hibbard—each 50 cents. By Master S. Hall, Henrietta,..... 3 00
- Mrs. E. M. Pottle, Mrs. M. J. Dean, Mrs. Jennie Benner, Mrs. H. S. Draper—each 50 cents. By Mr. Williams,..... 2 00
- Mrs. A. Daniels, Mrs. H. McQuarters—each 50 cents. By Miss Algood,..... 1 00
- Mrs. Wm. Rhoades, Mrs. John W. Archer, each 50 cents. By Samuel R. Avery,.. 1 00

Mrs. H. B. Hooker, Mrs. DeGraff, Mrs. M. Galusha, Miss Van Voorhis, Taylorville—each 50 cents. By Miss M. Galusha... \$2 00
 Mrs. J. H. Robson, Pine Hill. By Mrs. Polly Cook 0 50
 Mrs. Edward P. Gould, Miss Sarah Bachus, Mrs. E. N. Buell, Mrs. M. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. Adams, Miss Della Stilwell, Mr. Wm. Burke, Mr. Sidney S. Avery, Jeremiah Cutler, Mrs. Wm. Alling—each 50 cents By Mrs. E. T. Smith 5 00
 Mrs. E. Roggen, New York; Mrs. Geo. S. Ellas, Bath; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, A. G. Buell, Mrs. Chas. Chapin, Miss M. C. Eddy, Troy; Mrs. S. E. Haskell, Lansingburgh; Mrs. John H. Rochester, Montie Rochester, Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin—each 50 cts. By Mrs. Montie Rochester..... 5 00
 Miss E. Hanford, Mrs. E. L. Thomas, Miss Jennie Watts, Mrs. Wm. Marson, Mrs. P. T. Turner—each 50 cents. By Fanny & Ella Colburn, 2 50
 Edward B. Smith, Andover, Mass.; Miss Minnie Williams, Clinton, Oneida Co.; Mrs. Dr. Strong—each 50 cts. By Mrs. Strong..... 1 50
 H. W. Ballistier, \$1 00; Mrs. Henry Kip, Buffalo, 50 cts. Rev. E. Hathaway, Bristol, R. I., \$2.00. By Mrs. Mathews..... 3 50
 Miss M. E. McMaster, Miss E. Curtis—each 50 cents. By Miss E. A. C. Hays..... 1 00
 Joseph Wolford, Albion—by Miss Linda Brown, 0 50
 Dr. John Mitchel, Addison; Dr. Samuel Mitchell, John Toles, Cameron Mills—each 50 cents. By Mrs. Sly..... 1 50
 Miss Kelly, Rhinebeck, \$5.00; Mrs. N. Hayward, Mrs. E. S. Hayward—each 50 cents. By Mrs. Arner..... 6 00
 Mrs. E. Jones, Webster; Mrs. O. Wilson, Webster R. V. Gage, (Miss S. Gage, 25 cts.)—each 50 cents. By Mrs. Thatcher... 1 75
 Mrs. E. W. Neff, Mrs. James Sargent, Mrs. John Diabrow, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. W. E. Adams, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Mrs.

C. M. Curtis, Miss M. J. Clark, Miss B. S. Scrantom, W. E. Powelson—each 50 cts. By Misses Jennie Hurd and Carrie Neff, \$5 00
 Mrs. Leroy Satterlee, Miss P. H. Andrews, Mrs. N. B. Baker—each 50 cents. By Mrs. Carr 1 50
 Mrs. J. H. Jeffres, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. J. Vickery, Miss H. P. Vickery—each 50 cents. By Miss H. F. Vickery, 2 00
 George McKay, by Mrs. D. Parmalee, ... 0 50
 Mrs. E. M. Smith; Mrs. Isaac Sherman, New York, Miss Maria Stevens, New York, Mrs. G. H. Smith, New York—each 50 cents. By Mrs. E. M. Smith, .. 2 00
 J. H. Brewster, 50 cents. By J. Nichols, 0 50
 Mrs. J. H. Van Ness, \$1 00; Mrs. E. Bacon, Mrs. Nancy Valentine, Mrs. E. Bupsee, Mrs. E. Williams, Miss Kate Hickey, Mrs. Louisa Aldrich, Mrs. M. L. Wilcox, Mrs. C. B. Hart, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Mrs. M. C. Longyear, Mrs. Caroline Van Ness—each 50 cents. By Mrs. Kniffen, Victor, 6 50
 Mrs. Wm. Ewings, Mrs. Horace Pierce, Miss Addie Odell, Mr. Timothy Spaulding,—each 50 cents. By Mrs. John Terry, Middleport 2 00

Superintendent's Report for October.

Remaining in Hospital, Oct. 1st	12
Received during the month	9— 21
Discharged,	6
Died,	2— 8
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Total remaining Nov. 1st.....	13
Soldiers in Hospital, Oct. 1st.....	92
Received during the month	28—120
Discharged	13
Died	1—14
<hr/>	
Soldiers remaining in Hospital, Nov. 1st..	106
Citizen Patients.....	13
<hr/>	
Total number.....	119

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, FROM OCT. 10th, TO NOV. 1st, 1864.

DATE	NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE
Oct. 11	E. C. Dusenberg,	Prv.,	C., 4th	N. Y. H. Art.,	Webster, Monroe County, N. Y.
" "	James F. Graham,	" I,	14th	" "	Geneseo, Livingston " "
" "	Levi Skinner,	" E,	136th	" "	North Java, Wyoming " "
" 12	Charles H. Griffin,	" M,	5th	" Cav.	Brockport, Monroe " "
" 13	Wm. S. Haynes,	" B,	136th	" Vol,	Assian, Livingston " "
" 14	Wm. Keeler,	" M,	8th	" H. Art.	Rochester, Monroe " "
" "	George Singler,	" G,	151st	" Vol.	Clarendon, Orleans " "
" 15	Henry B. Willoughby,	" B,	1st	" S. S.	Constableville, Lewis " "
" "	George W. Vaughn,	" G,	15th	" Inf.	Rochester, Monroe " "
" 19	William Maurer,	" E,	108th	" Vol.	" " " " " "
" 20	Dwight Mann,	" I,	8th	" H. Art.	Stafford, Genesee " "
" 21	Augustus Edmons,	" T,	140th	" Inf.	Norwich, Chenango " "
" "	John A. Orman,	" E,	126th	" Vol.	Waterloo, Seneca " "
" 22	William Loop,	" A,	143d Penn.	Inf.	Wilksberg, Pennsylvania.
" "	Hiram Clarke,	" H,	3d N. Y.	Cav.	Rochester, Monroe " N. Y.
" "	John Mannis,	" A,	108th	" Inf.	" " " " " "
" 24	Austin P. Thayer,	" C,	40th	" Vol.	Prattsburg, Steuben " "
" "	Robert Clarke,	Sergt. K,	2d	" Mtd. Rifles.	Btavia, Genesee " "
" 26	James P. Hanna,	Corp. D,	9th	" H. Art.	Lockport, Niagara " "
" "	Aug. Hittensmith,	Prv. D,	108th	" Vol.	Rochester, Monroe " "
" 29	John H. Wickham,	" I,	21st	" Cav.	Brighton, Monroe " "

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from Oct. 10th to Nov. 1st.

DATE	NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T	RESIDENCE	SENT TO
Oct. 4,	Wm. L. Chriscaden,	Serg.	C,	126th N. Y. Cav,	Brockport, Yates Co.	N. Y. N. Y. Harbor.
" 19,	William Ware,	Priv.,	F,	9th " Inf.	Port Byron, Cayuga "	" " "
" 4,	James Crosby,	"	K,	98th " "	Fulton, Oswego, " "	" " "
" 5,	George Wiley,	Corp.	H,	9th N. Y. H. A.	Ontario, Wayne " "	" " "
" 4,	L. C. Smith,	Priv.	"	1st " Cav.	Springwater, Liv. " "	" " "
" 19,	E. J. Marsh,	"	L,	24th " "	Victor, Ontario " "	Philadelphia.
" 4,	Horace Ensign,	"	M,	9th N. Y. H. A.	E. Bethany Genesee "	New York.
" 19,	Daniel Kline,	"	E,	2d Mtd. Rifles	Lockport, Niagara " "	Washington.
" 20,	Lewis G. Crocker,	"	C,	"	Utica, Oneida " "	Regiment.
" 19,	Thos. J. Pierson,	"	A,	3d N. Y. Cav,	York, Livingston " "	"
" 15,	James Simpson,	Serg.	H,	21st " "	Lexington, Sanilac " Mich.	Died.
" 19,	James F. Graham,	Priv.	I,	14th " H. A.	Genesee, Liv. " N. Y.	New York.
" 24,	William S. Haynes,	"	B,	136th " Vol,	Assian, " " "	Regiment.
" 19,	Henry B. Willoughby,	"	B,	1st " S. S.	Constableville Lewis " "	David's Island.

Children's Department.

"Why did you Bow to that Soldier, Ma?"



You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
 Though never I passed the man before?
 Because my heart was full and proud,
 When I saw the old blue coat he wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
 What chief he followed, what badge he bore;
 Enough that in the front of foes
 His country's blue great-coat he wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
 Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
 To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
 I only marked the coat he wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
 Or he might be rich in learned lore;
 But I knew he could make his mark in fight—
 And nobler gown no scholar wore,
 Than the blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
 And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore,

But I would not guess a spot so foul
 On the honored coat he bravely wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.
 He had worn it long, and borne it far;
 And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
 From midnight chill till the morning star,
 That warm great-coat the sentry wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.
 When hardy BUTLER reined his steed
 Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,
 Perhaps behind him, at his need,
 Marched he who yonder blue coat wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.
 Perhaps it was seen in BURNSIDE'S ranks,
 When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
 Perhaps on the mountain-side with BANKS,
 In the burning sun, no more he wore
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.
 Perhaps in the swamps 'twas a bed for his form,
 From the seven days' battling and marching sore,
 Or with KEARNEY and POPE, 'mid the steely storm,
 As the night closed in, that coat he wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.
 Or when right over him JACKSON dashed,
 That collar or cape some bullet tore;
 Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
 He flung to the ground the coat that he wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.
 Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
 Rang deep to HOWARD'S cannon roar;
 Or saw with GRANT the unchained waves,
 Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
 Though I its story guess no more;
 The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
 That the coat is mail which that soldier wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He may hang it up, when the peace shall come,
 And the moths may find it behind the door;
 But his children will point when they hear a drum,
 To the proud old coat their father wore;
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
 For whose fair home their blood they pour,
 Still bow the head, as one goes by
 Who wears the coat that soldier wore;
 That blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Still at Work.

We are glad to hear that our young friends are still at work getting subscribers for the "Review." Jennie Hurd and Carrie Neff, two little girls who were engaged in the first Children's Bazaar on Sophia St., have just sent us ten names, and Miss H. F. Vickery, who was also, we believe, associated with them in the Bazaar, has sent us four. This is doing nicely. They did not send us in their names as agents, but having succeeded so well in their first efforts we are sure they do not mean to stop now, and so we have added them to our list. Little Jimmie Nichols has also just brought us a new subscriber. We wonder if he does not mean to try and bring us several this month?

A word to our friend Linda.

Our little agent Linda Bronson, (*not Johnson*, as we gave her name by mistake last month,) has just brought us another subscriber. We are glad to find she is not deterred from a good work on account of our awkward blundering over her name. We were very sorry for the error, but did not discover it until too late to mend it. But mistakes will happen, little Linda, you know, even in the best of families. Forgive us this time, won't you? If we ever call you "Linda Johnson" again, depend upon it, it shall be when you cease to be Linda Bronson!

A Brave Volunteer.

We give below a note from Master S. Hall, of Henrietta, containing the names of six subscribers. This is doing nobly. Our brave young volunteer in Henrietta will please accept our candid thanks! We wonder if he cannot induce some of his companions also to "enlist" in our service! We have already quite a little army of boys and girls actively engaged for us. Who will help fill up the ranks?

We take the liberty of adding S. Hall's name to our list of Agents, and if he has any objections, he must let us know.

HENRIETTA, OCT. 17, 1864.

Mrs. PERKINS—Dear Madam—Please find enclosed the names of six subscribers to the "Hospital Review." S. HALL.

We are pleased to notice in the List of Donations, some nice lint from Clara Billings and Emma Kimble.

List of our Little Agents.

The following little Girls will please accept our thanks for their praise-worthy efforts in getting subscribers for the Review:

LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
 MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
 MARY PERKINS, "
 FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
 FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass,
 S. HALL, Henrietta,
 JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
 GARRIE NEFF, "
 H. F. VICKERY, "

Hospital Notices.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer,
 Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1864.

No. 5.

From the Soldier's Aid,

Hope Deferred.

I.

Listen! listen, baby!
Hear the robin sing
On the budding elm tree,
See the blue-bird swing;
Days are growing longer,
Frost and snows are o'er,
Every thing is telling
Summer's at the door.
Oh, baby, baby!
When the roses come,
When the lilies blossom,
Father will be home!

II.

See the cherries, darling,
Turning day by day;
Men are in the meadows
Raking up the hay.
See the naughty kitty
Jumping at the flowers,
Sending down the rose leaves
On the grass in showers.
Oh! baby, baby!
When the red leaves come,
When the apples ripen,
Father's coming home!

III.

See the scarlet creeper
On the garden wall,
Listen, how the west wind
Makes the apples fall.
See the dead leaves blowing
All about the lawn;
All the fruit is gathered,
All the flowers are gone.

Oh! baby, baby!
Could we only know
Whether Father's coming
With the coming snow.

IV.

Hush! oh hush, my darling!
Do not wake and cry,
That is but the north wind
Sweeping wildly by;
That is but the sleet storm
On the window pane.
Hush! my only treasure!
Sink to sleep again.
Oh! baby, baby!
Let the tempest rave,
Father will not hear it
In his Southern grave.

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

September, 1863.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1864.

The Thanksgiving Dinner.

The soldiers' Thanksgiving Dinner was forthcoming, as we knew it would be, and we refer our readers to the long list of turkeys and chickens and other good things sent in for the occasion (published elsewhere,) that they may judge for themselves of its bountifulness. Nor was this all—our soldiers not only had "the dinner," but at six o'clock an oyster-supper, and in the evening a gathering of kind friends and

ice-cream. For once at least the soldiers had all they could ask for, and "more too," we suspect, from some of the symptoms which manifested themselves the latter part of the evening. But then it is not wicked to eat just a little too much on Thanksgiving Day—is it?

All who contributed to make this day a happy and a merry one to our soldiers, will please accept our hearty thanks in their behalf! The gathering in the evening was a very pleasant affair. The National Airs were sung in full chorus, followed by appropriate and patriotic remarks from Dr. Claxton, of St. Luke's, and Mr. Beedle, of the 1st Presbyterian Church. Then quite a little season was occupied in singing those beautiful hymns, sung by the soldiers at their usual evening services, and with a prayer from Mr. Beedle, the Thanksgiving services closed. The day will not, we believe, be soon forgotten by the soldiers or by us.

Our Evening Services.

Of all the memories of our Hospital, we believe there are none which our soldiers will carry away with them so lasting and so beautiful as those of our Evening Services. The sweet hymns—the prayers—the kind and faithful teachings—will come back to them with a force they cannot realize now—in the lonely camps and far-off-fields to which they return. These services are held every evening, at seven o'clock, in the male ward usually, but often during the summer they were transferred to the other wards, and sometimes to the attic. They are attended by the different clergymen of our city. We were present recently at one of these services. It was on Saturday evening, Dec. 10th, and the Rev. Mr. PARVIN, the well known agent of the Christian Commission, had been invited to address the soldiers. The service was held in the attic, at the request of some of the inmates, and a feast it was, not only to the soldiers, but to all gathered with them. The scene was an

impressive one—so many of our brave young soldiers—some lying upon their beds too feeble to rise, others with their crutches, who, by painful effort had mounted the long weary stair-case, and all bearing upon their persons some sign of that suffering they had been willing to risk and to wear for our beloved country. Sweet and noble faces some of them were, and we thought as we looked upon them, of the mothers and wives and sisters, who, far away, were thinking of them and praying for them. Mr. Parvin spoke tenderly to them, and with the earnestness of one whose heart was in the work to which he has devoted himself for the soldiers, and whose whole aim was to lead them to Christ—and to enlist them in His service—that their courage might be Christian courage—and their highest victory, the final victory over sin and death. Can the soldiers who listened that night forget his simple, earnest words? O! friends, far and near, pray for our soldiers—pray that these services may be blessed to their eternal welfare. As Mr. Parvin remarked, "we may none of us choose our school of discipline"—God sends us where it pleases Him; and the trials and hardships of our soldiers—the loss of health and of limb—to be wounded and maimed and crippled, is *not* what they would choose, nor what we would choose for them, and yet these very afflictions may be the means through which they may be led to a knowledge of Christ—and the thorny path through which they are now called to tread, may prove to them, as it has to many, the path to heavenly peace and glory. This is the highest work and aim of our Hospital—not merely to provide for their temporal wants and comforts, and to alleviate their sufferings—but to administer also to the higher needs of their souls.—Let us not forget this part of our mission.

DROP-LIGHT WANTED.—We are requested to state that a drop-light is very much needed just now in the Hospital. Who will make us a present of one?

What about Christmas?

Are our soldiers to have a "Merry Christmas," we would like to know? To be sure they have just had a good Thanksgiving Dinner, but is that any reason why they should not have a Christmas Dinner too? We all had our turkies and our good things for Thanksgiving as well as they, and in consequence do we expect to have any the less for Christmas? No, indeed. On the contrary, we expect to have quite as nice a time for Christmas, and, on the whole, rather better, for, in addition to the turkies and Christmas pies and puddings, &c., we are looking forward to dear home gatherings—and Christmas trees—a pleasant exchange of gifts—and to all the glad and time-hallowed joys which cluster around that blessed day. Oh! are our soldiers to have no share in the universal festivity?

But we are not going to urge the matter and extend our appeals—we do not believe it necessary. No one interested in our soldiers, and who loves Christmas, will forget our brave boys on that day. Of course they will have a dinner—see if they do not! Why—each of you will send something towards it, won't you? And if there are any who would like to make our soldiers a Christmas present of some warm woolen shirts, or drawers, or socks—we can assure them they would be very acceptable—and so comfortable these keen, cold, frosty days.

As Christmas comes on Sunday, arrangements for the dinner will be deferred until the Monday after, and contributions for the tables are requested to be sent with reference to that time.

Acknowledgements to the Daily Press.

We take this opportunity to express our cordial thanks to the Daily Press, for copies of their papers for the Hospital. From the office of the *Democrat* we receive ten copies daily—from the *Union & Ad-*

vertiser, six—from the *Evening Express*, six. We are also indebted to all these papers for publishing gratuitously, our appeals for a Thanksgiving Dinner for our soldiers, and to the proprietors of the *Union & Advertiser*, for adding to this, favor a voluntary contribution to the dinner of a nicely cooked turkey, a pair of chickens, and cranberries.

Death of Martin L. Bennett.

We regret to learn that MARTIN L. BENNETT, one of the second squad of soldiers sent to our Hospital, was killed in a recent engagement. He came to us the 17th of June—was transferred, September 20th, to the New York Harbor—from thence returned to his Regiment (the 148th), and went immediately to the front. His clear, musical voice, as he joined in our evening services, will never be forgotten.

Reading for our Soldiers.

A friend asks if *Harper's Magazines*, would be acceptable to our soldiers. We answer very cheerfully, that they would be very acceptable, and any other kind of pleasant and profitable reading that our friends may choose to send.

Among our many kind remembrances of our soldiers, on Thanksgiving Day, were two nicely cooked turkies and cranberries, from Mr. JAS. MATHEWS, proprietor of the popular Saloon, "Oyster Bay," (formerly Worden's.)

Letter of Thanks from a Soldier.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:

A few days since I received the following letter, which I send you for publication, that those readers of *The Review* who gave so generously to supply the soldiers with a Thanksgiving Dinner, may see how fully they appreciated their kindness, and how thankful they were for this remembrance. Who does not feel amply repaid for all they did for those who have done

and suffered so much for us? We often hear it said, "Soldiers do not appreciate the kindness they receive." If we remember that soldiers are our Fathers, Sons, Brothers and Husbands—this aspersion cast upon them, comes back with anything but pleasurable reflections to us, as women, proving that we have failed in the influence God designed us to exert upon them. That this assertion, if true, applies only to the few, is proven by the grateful tender messages which reach us from the couch of suffering, the bed of the dying, from the field of carnage and the gloomy prison—the outpourings of hearts full of gratitude, for the tokens which have reached them, the fruits of the thoughtful tender love of woman.

Mothers are not forgotten — but the prayers offered in childhood and youth, are brought fresh and vividly to mind—the memory of sisters is cherished, the daughters' love is precious, and the silken cord draws more closely the heart of the husband to the wife from whom he is parted. But do we appreciate what they have done for us? Do we realize *fully, what* they have done? Can we, who stay at home and see nothing of their trials, their privations, their sufferings, their longings for home and home comforts, ever fully realize how much they have done? We never can! Then let us not feel it a great thing, all that we can do for them. We can never repay. Let us, therefore, give and do, cheerfully, every thing we can. M.

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,
Nov. 27th, 1864. }

The soldiers, highly honored by the citizens of Rochester and the surrounding vicinity, and more especially by the Ladies, feel as though it was their duty to say something in return; and though it be ever so feeble, nevertheless it comes from the hearts of the soldiers. We all feel our incompetency to express our sincere thanks and good wishes to the Ladies, the community, and the proprietors of this Hospital, for the sumptuous and bounteous dinner that was prepared for us on Thanksgiving

Day. We feel as though we, as sick and wounded soldiers, are not forgotten by our Northern Ladies and Patriots, on our return to our homes and families.

My friends, I can answer for one and all, I think it puts new life and courage in us, to be so kindly remembered on our return from the field of battle—it inspires us with new impulse, once more to return, if need be, and spill our heart's blood, for the protection of these happy ones at home.

And now I would say again, that we, one and all, return our sincere thanks for the kindness manifested in our behalf, not only on the occasion referred to, but at all times.

Your true friend and soldier,

H. G.

We clip the following from the *Evening Express*, as another gratifying evidence of the appreciation of our soldiers of their Thanksgiving Feast:

"We have received a communication from the soldiers in the City Hospital, over the signature of "Male Ward," acknowledging, in the warmest terms, their heartiest gratitude to the kind and patriotic ladies of Rochester for the sumptuous Thanksgiving Dinner and Supper, with all the accompanying luxuries of cake, ice-cream, etc., etc., with which they were provided by the latter. The writer says, "The soldiers feel unable to express their gratitude for such unmeasured favors, and we take this means of letting the ladies know that we appreciate their bountiful kindness; which we shall prove by trying to conduct ourselves in a way that they may not regret the bestowal of these favors upon us."

Responses to The Review.

EAST GROVELAND, Nov. 22, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. M.—Our Aid Society send by express to the Rochester City Hospital, two firkins of pickles and one barrel of apples. I am much in hopes they will reach you in time for the Soldiers' Thanksgiving Dinner, and be enjoyed by them. I sent you, last week, the names of two new subscribers and one dollar,

Your friend, sincerely,

M. C.

FAYETTE, Seneca Co., Nov. 25, 1864.

DEAR MRS. P.—Enclosed you will find two subscriptions for the *Hospital Review*. I have a niece here who designs sending soon her remittance (with some others she hopes to obtain) for your little interesting paper. Next week I shall probably leave here for Cayuga County, and trust I shall obtain some subscribers there, whose names I will forward to you. I sincerely hope the invalid soldiers partook of a bountiful dinner on Thanksgiving Day, and that all who contributed to their merited comfort on the occasion, will feel themselves well repaid in their acknowledgment of gratitude for the required exertion on their behalf. Had I been at home at the time,

willingly would my aid have been tendered in furnishing something for the occasion; but, though absent in person, yet my heart was with you.

Truly, your friend, Mrs. R. T. F.

GENESEEO, Nov. 26, 1864.

DEAR MADAM—Enclosed, please find four dollars and fifty cents. The money is a part collected from the sale of articles at the Livingston County Fair, when more is paid, I will remit again.

Yours, truly, Wm. N. IRISH,
Rector of St. Michael's Church.

P. S. Please use the amount for the comfort of sick or wounded soldiers.

VICTOR, Ont. Co., Dec. 7, 1864.

DEAR MRS. PERKINS—I received your letter dated November 26th, and felt much pleased to hear that you had succeeded in getting up a nice Thanksgiving Dinner for our soldiers. We have a Soldiers' Aid Society in Victor, of which I am a member. We are trying to benefit our soldiers in various ways. You wrote to me that you were very destitute of covering for your beds, and I think it will be a pleasure to us all to help you as soon as possible; and I trust we can help you also in our neighborhood soon. Our neighbors have all been very kind in getting up boxes to send to the soldiers. I send you the names of thirteen subscribers for the paper, and some donations. Among the donors, you will see, are two little boys, who send it for the benefit of the soldiers.

I remain yours truly, Mrs. K.

Treasurer's Report for November, 1864.

Mrs Edward Roggin,.....	\$ 10 00
Dr H. W. Dean,.....	100 00
Collected by Mrs. Kniffin, Victor:	
J. H. Van Ness,.....	\$3 00
Calvin Van Ness,.....	1 00
James Longyear,.....	1 00
Jeremiah Hawkins,.....	1 00
Martin Snyder,.....	1 00
P. S. Bonesteal,.....	1 00
J. B. Kniffin,.....	1 00
Philip Bonesteal,.....	50
Oliver Bronell,.....	35
Mrs. Josiah Snyder,.....	1 00
	10 85
Donation Box,.....	10
Patients,.....	19 75
	<hr/> \$140 70
Mrs. Wm. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.	

List of Donations to the Hospital for November, 1864.

- Mrs. E. T. Huntington—3 Shirts.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—a quantity of Letter Paper,
- Mrs. W. W. Carr—4 Shifts.
- George Brooks—Improved/Commode.
- C. P. Dewey—12 Volumes.
- Mrs. M. J. Dayman—large bundle of Rags.
- Mrs. C. H. Briggs—2 bottles Wine.
- Mrs. F. A. Whittelsey—90 Cakes.

- Mrs. Coe—Bandages.
- Miss Florence Briggs—2 bowls Jelly.
- Jennie Amsden—1 roll Lint and Bandages.
- Mrs. Barnard—1 box Salve.
- Soldiers' Aid Society, by Mrs. M. Rochester—3 Flannel Shirts.
- Public School No. 7, Miss O'Keefe, Teacher, from a few pupils—Louis Hanford, 15 cts.; Ella Wray, 25 cts.; Emma and Cornelia Grover, 25 cts.; Eddie Kalbfleisch, 25 cts.; John Jackson, 25 cts.; Jane Nickerson, 25 cts.; Mary Wier, 10 cts.—total, \$1 50—and from five others, apples, crackers, preserves and cakes.

FOR THANKSGIVING.

- Mrs. Ralph Lester—1 Turkey.
- Thomas H. Rochester—1 barrel Turnips, 1 barrel Onions, 1 dozen Cabbages.
- Master Monte Rochester—1 Turkey.
- A Friend—4 cans Tomatoes, 1 bowl Jelly, 2 loaves Cake, 1 jar Raspberries, and Mangoes, for Mrs. Williams' table.
- A Friend—1 basket Beets.
- Sidney B. Roby—1 Turkey.
- Henry C. Wisner—1 Turkey.
- F. F. McNair—1 keg of Oysters.
- Mrs. John T. Talman—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. E. D. Smith—2 bushels Apples.
- Mrs. C. Dewey—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. S. S. Wood—1 dozen Pies, 2 Squashes.
- Mrs. Craig—1 Turkey.
- Mr. James Mathews—2 Turkeys and Cranberries.
- Miss Dunlap—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. H. F. Atkinson—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. Parmalee—Biscuit and Apples.
- Mr. Schlier—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. A. H. McVean—4 Chickens.
- Jennie Chappell—1 Turkey and 4 lbs. Crackers—proceeds of a "Doll's Bazaar."
- Mrs. Semple—Biscuit, Cookies, and Doughnuts.
- W. Y. Andrews—2 Chickens, Turnips, 3 Squashes, Cabbage and Potatoes.
- Abelard Reynolds—4 Chickens.
- Young Ladies' Christian Commission—1 can pickled Oysters, 2 Chickens, 1 Tongue, and a quantity of Biscuit.
- Briggs Bro's—2 Turkeys, Crackers and Oysters.
- Mrs. W. R. Seward—1 jar Tomato Pickles.
- Mrs. Carr—9 Pies.
- Mrs. E. T. Oatley—12 Mince Pies, 200 Ginger Snaps, and 1 loaf of Cake.
- A Lady Friend—4 Pumpkin Pies.
- A Friend—3 Pies.
- Left, without name of the donor—2 Chickens and Cranberries.
- Mrs. H. H. Babcock—1 bottle Peaches, 1 ditto of Raspberries, 1 do. Tomatoes, and 1 loaf of Cake.
- Mrs. Sargent—1 keg of Oysters.
- Soldiers' Aid Society, East Groveland—1 barrel of Apples, 2 firkins Pickles.
- Mrs. Dr. Montgomery—1 Ham and 6 Cabbages.
- Mrs. William Mudge—3 Pies.
- Mrs. Johnson—2 lbs. Crackers.
- Mrs. E. W. Neff—1 keg Oysters, ½ bush. Potatoes, and Apples.
- Mrs. Lansing—Books, and ½ bushel Potatoes.
- Miss Latta—1 Goose, 1 Chicken, 1 Pie, Head-cheese and Jelly.
- Mrs. George H. Mumford—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. Henry L. Fish—1 Chicken Pie.
- Lorenzo Kelly—1 Turkey.

Mrs Oliver H. Palmer—1 Turkey, 1 Chicken, 1 Pie, cold Ham, 1 bag of Apples.
 Mrs M. Tooker—1 Chicken, 2 Pies, a quantity of Higdom.
 Mrs John H. Rochester—1 Turkey.
 George Cooper—a lot of Squashes.
 Mrs George Gould—3 Pies.
 Mrs Bonesteel—2 bushels Apples, 4 gallons Apple Sauce.
 Mrs Ingersoll—Turnips, Potatoes and Pies.
 Mrs William Smith—\$2.50 worth of Cakes.
 Mrs F. W. Dewey—3 Pies.
 Friends in Manchester and Farmington—a barrel of Vegetables, Onions, Beets, Turnips, Cabbages and Apples.
 Mrs William H. Perkins—1 keg of Oysters.

CASH DONATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Proceeds of "Patriotic Bazaar," gotten up by Misses Ida Bower, Hattie Judson, Jennie Amsden, and Ella Martin, assisted by Masters Charles B. Judson and George W. Parsons,\$28 00
 Master Monte Rochester, 52
 Mrs McLean, for 8th Ward Society, 9 78
 Mrs N. T. Rochester, 2 00
 Mrs T. C. Montgomery, 2 00
 Mrs J. R. Chamberlin, 1 00
 Mrs William Alling, 1 00
 Mrs Henry L. Fish, 1 00
 Mrs Frederick Starr, 50
 A Friend, 50
 Cash, 15 cents; Miss Van Every, 50 cents, 65
 Miss Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass., 3 00
 Mrs A. M. Turner, Saginaw, Mich., 1 00
 Mrs O. E. Sibley, Buffalo, N. Y. 2 00
 By Rev. Mr. Irish, Geneseo, 4 50

EXPENDED AS FOLLOWS:

Cranberries and Sugar,\$ 5 85
 Sweet Potatoes, 5 00
 Cider, 5 00
 Celery, 1 28
 5 gallons Ice Cream, 17 50
 6 gallons Oysters, 12 00 46 63

\$10 82

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM NOV. 7th TO DECEMBER, 1864.

Mrs B. F. Enos, Mrs C. C. Holton, Mrs G. P. McLain; Mrs E. T. Throop, Martin; Mrs A. J. Alexander, Auburn; Mrs H. J. Brent, Geneseo; Mrs F. A. Whittlesey, Miss C. Webb.—By MRS. PERKINS, \$4 00
 Mrs S. W. Roe, Mrs C. O. Burch, Mrs O. Cook, Mrs Lewis Hall, Jamestown, Chautauqua County; Miss Olive O. Cheney, Charles City, Iowa.—By MISS HALL, ... 2 50
 Mrs Gen'l Gould, Mrs Aaron Erickson, Mrs Frank Gorton, Mrs E. Heath, O. M. Benedict, Miss Helen Churchill.—By MRS. E. T. SMITH, 3 00
 Miss Kittie Van Every, Thos. H. Rochester.—By MRS. MONTIE ROCHESTER, ... 1 0
 Mrs R. S. Wright, Cayuga; Jonathan Wheeler, Fayette.—By MRS. R. T. FIELD, 1 00

Mrs J B Garrison, Mrs Henry Black.—By MRS. D. PARMALY,\$1 00
 Mrs Parsonson, Mrs E. Collinson.—By S. R. AVERY, 1 00
 Miss Frank Clark, Mount Morris; J. W. Sichly, East Groveland.—By MISS CULBERTSON, 1 00
 Mrs James Ferguson, Mrs Mary Bacon, Mrs D. A. Van Valkenburgh, Mrs Edwin Shepard, Mrs Charles Craig.—By MRS. CRAIG, Lockport, 2 50
 N. B. Rochester.—By MRS. N. T. ROCHESTER, 50
 Mrs Henry L. Fish; Miss Carrie B. Perkins, Salem, Mass.—By MRS. DE. STRONG, ... 1 00
 Captain Jacob Fisher, 22d N. Y. Cavalry, Washington.—By LINDA BRONSON, 50
 Abram Blew, Mrs E. Wadsworth, Mrs. H. Bost.—By MRS. MATHEWS, 1 50
 Mrs L. A. Bristol.—By MR WILLIAMS, ... 50
 Mrs M. Chase, Mrs C. J. Wood, Mrs Hurley Austin, John Brown, Fairport; Mrs Seth Smith, Mrs Frank Alvord, Pittsford.—By Mrs JOHN CRAIG, 3 00
 Mrs Royce, Albion; Mrs Samuel Wilder, New York.—By Mrs E. M. SMITH, 1 00
 Miss Eaton.—By MARY PERKINS, 50
 Mrs E. Adams, S. M. Adams, Mrs E. D. Gibbs, Livonia Center; Mrs B. F. Adams, East Bloomfield; Mrs E. N. Bacon, Mrs J. S. Orton, Mrs H. G. Baker, Mrs J. B. Adams, Geneseo.—By Mrs J. B. ADAMS, 4 00
 Mrs W. F. Cogswell.—By Mrs ARNER, ... 50
 Hubbard & Northrop, Richard McCauley.—By Miss A. C. HAYES, 1 00
 Isaac Allen, Mrs Lucia Belding, Mrs B. S. Davenport, Ira Bronson, Lockport; Miss Lydia J. Denton, Somerset, Niag. Co.—By Mrs DAVENPORT, 2 50
 Mrs Andrew Rowley, Mrs Frank Rowley, Miss Alma Rowley, Mrs Catharine Groesbeck, Mrs N. Clapp, Mrs E. Mott, Mrs S. M. Root, Victor.—By Mrs KNIFFEN, 3 50

Superintendent's Report for November.

Nov. 1, Remaining in Hospital,13
 Received during the month, 6—19
 Discharged—well, 4
 Dec. 1, Remaining, 15
 Nov. 1, Soldiers in Hospital,106
 Received during the month, ... 20—126
 Discharged, transferred and furloughed, 34
 Dec. 1, Remaining in Hospital, 92
 Citizen Patients, 15
 Dec. 1, Total number of Patients, 107

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Hospital Review:

Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland,
 " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester,
 " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre,
 Mrs. J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor,
 " HAMMOND, East Rush,
 " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, FROM NOV. 1st, TO DEC. 1st, 1864.

DATE	NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE
Oct. 30,	W. W. Fenner,	Priv.	C,	121st N. Y. Vol,	Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y.
Nov. 4,	James N. Stow,	"	F,	123d "	Fort Edward, Washington Co., N. Y.
" 3,	Charles A. Jones,	"	A,	3d Cav,	Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" 5,	William N. Pettit,	"	F,	149th " Vol,	Manlius Square, On'daga Co., N. Y.
" "	John Bardel,	Sergt,	E,	140th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" 6,	James S. Davis,	"	"	21st " Cav,	" "
" "	Erastus Crocker,	Priv,	G,	24th " "	Sandy Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y.
" 9,	W. D. Rockwell,	Corp,	E,	140th " Vol,	Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" 10,	George W. Hayes,	Priv,	G,	114th " "	Earlville, Madison Co., N. Y.
" 11,	John H. Thompson,	"	A,	111th " "	Williamson, Wayne Co., N. Y.
" "	Charles L. Tassell,	"	A,	111th " "	" "
" 14,	John Putnam,	"	F,	100th " "	Bennington, Wyoming Co., N. Y.
" "	Edward F. Smith,	"	E,	8th " H. Art,	Marrilla, Erie Co., N. Y.
" "	William Partridge,	"	H,	102d " Vol,	Webster, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" "	Edwip Tripp,	Corp,	I,	140th " "	Penfield, " "
" "	Benjamin Burdick,	Priv,	D,	149th " "	Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.
" 19,	John W. Tompkins,	"	E,	26th Mich. Vol,	Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" 21,	David Meyers,	"	C,	8th N. Y. H. Art,	Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y.
" 23,	Francis Irwin,	Sergt,	K,	140th " Vol,	Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.
" 29,	Benton C. Barnes,	Priv,	C,	146th " "	Oswego, Oswego Co., N. Y.
" "	Daniel Connelly,	Corp,	B,	164th " "	Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from Nov. 1st, to Dec. 1st.

DATE	NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T	RESIDENCE	SENT TO
Nov. 1,	Albert Harper,	Priv.	G,	9th N. Y. Vol,	Galen, Wayne Co.	Discharged.
" 3,	George W. Bennett,	"	E,	64th " "	Ithaca, Tompkins Co.	"
" 30,	William H. Day,	"	M,	8th " H. A,	Lima, Livingston Co.	"
" 16,	L. E. Daniels,	"	D,	100th " Vol,	Amherst, Erie Co.	"
" 19,	Dwight Mann,	"	I,	8th " H. A,	Stafford, Genesee Co.	Philadelphia,
" 23,	Richard Russell,	"	B,	8th " H. A,	Rochester, Monroe Co.	New York.
" 22,	Wm. D. Rockwell,	Corp,	E,	140th " Vol,	" "	Washington.
" 19,	George W. Hayes,	Priv,	G,	114th " "	Earlville, Madison Co.	Philadelphia.
" 22,	Charles E. Love,	"	H,	126th " "	Walworth, Wayne Co.	Regiment.
" "	Asa Brownell,	"	C,	47th " "	Woodhull, Steuben Co.	"
" 17,	Martin Friday,	"	C,	117th " "	Utica, Oneida Co.	New York.
" 22,	Robert Gladwell,	"	"	15th " Cav,	Boardinsville, Oneida Co.	"
" "	George O. Foats,	"	D,	122d " Vol,	Fulton County, N. Y.	Regiment.
" "	George W. Carr,	"	G,	14th " Art,	Bluff Point, Yates Co.	New York.
" "	James McGuire,	"	A,	100th " Vol,	Rochester, Monroe Co.	"
" 17,	Milton Dixon,	"	"	9th " Cav,	Prattsburgh, Steuben Co.	"
" 22,	Leonard Hinkley,	"	C,	10th " Vol,	Williamsville, Erie Co.	Bedloe's Island.
" "	Daniel Ringle,	"	G,	140th " "	Brighton, Monroe Co.	"
" "	Chester Hilsinger,	"	"	9th " H. A,	Sapier, Cortland Co.	"
" "	Lewis Haag,	"	F,	98th " Vol,	Rochester, Monroe Co.	New York.
" 17,	A. Redricker,	"	H,	3d " Cav,	Wayland, Steuben Co.	Bedloe's Island.
" 29,	Hiram Clarke,	"	H,	3d " Cav,	Rochester, Monroe Co.	"

Children's Department.

Our "Nap."

BY HIS MAMMA.

Stature, two feet; cheeks, like chipmuck's:
Dark curls, darker growing;
Flashing eyes, with mischief both chuck
Full and overflowing.

Two red lips, white teeth inside 'em;
Breath like Summer roses;
Kisses—nectar there; hast tried 'em?
And a cunning nose is

Just above; while just below, there
Stands a dimpled chin;
And a sweeter place is nowhere,
Than his hugging arms within.

Sturdy legs, in grown-up "panties;"
Then a pair of restless feet,
Sporting boots like any dandy's—
High-heeled, tops, and all complete.

Add to these a pair of stout lungs;
Voice all music to some ears;
Then the busiest of wee tongues,
And the wisdom of four years—

And a sort of air commanding,
Like a young Napoleon :
There's his portraif, full-length, standing ;
That's "our Nap," my little son!

All day long the boy plays soldier,
And at night-fall comes to me,
Lays his tired head on my shoulder,
Tells me of such bravery!

Falls asleep while I undress him,
Murmuring of great battles won ;
How he "shot the rebels"—bless him!
May he never touch a gun!

E'en in dreams, his boasts unending,
Rattles on that tireless tongue ;
Once I heard him, as still bending
O'er his little crib I hung—

"Yes, mamma, and I killed seven ;
Guess God helped the Federals!
Then we died, and went to heaven—
Me and all the Generals!"

A Doll's Bazaar!

We thought it was something very wonderful when we were first called upon to record the marvellous doings and results of the little children's Bazaars—but really we did not know that even the dolls were becoming interested in the soldiers, and getting up Bazaars—but it is even so. Now, we believe in dolls—we always did. Of all the little ladies that we know they are the quietest and peaceablest, and make the least trouble. Then they are so sweet tempered. You may squeeze and pinch them ever so hard, and break their noses or their necks, if you have a mind, and they will smile at you just the same and never say one word. But we never would have believed that they could have got up a Bazaar for the soldiers, if we had not had most positive proof—in a large, fat turkey, and four pounds of crackers recently sent to us—the proceeds, so the note which accompanied them tells us, of a *Doll's Bazaar*. Here is the note, read for yourselves :

ROCHESTER, November 23, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS AT THE HOSPITAL—Please accept a trifling donation from a little girl, who would happily add her mite for the sick and suffering soldier. The money she has appropriated to its use are the avails of a *DOLL'S BAZAAR*.

With kindness, J. M. C.

A very Humble Apology.

We feel that our very humblest apologies are due to Master H. F. VICKERY, for calling him a little girl in our list last month. We are afraid, if he is like some little boys we know, he would rather we would have supposed him to be a down-right rebel than a little girl. Now we think there are a great many worse things in the world than little girls—bad boys, for instance. But then we do not believe that Master VICKERY is either a rebel or a bad boy, and it was not our fault that we put his name down as a little girl. We would not intentionally have done him even this injustice, so we are sure he will forgive the blunder. Won't you, Master VICKERY?

Donation from No. 7.

We are gratified to acknowledge a donation this month from another of our Public Schools—No. 7. We have received from a few of the pupils, through their teacher, Miss O'Keefe, one dollar and fifty cents in money, together with a donation of apples, crackers, preserves and cake. We are glad to welcome among our friends and donors, No. 7!

Another Confession to our Friend Linda.

Now we did promise our friend LINDA, that we would never call her Linda Johnson again—never, so long as her name was LINDA BRONSON—but in the very same paper, through some trick of the printer, or blunder of our own, we did call her Linda Brown. We don't know how it happened, nor how we could have done it, after all we said—but we did, and we are so sorry. Dear little LINDA will you forgive us just this once more? We guess she will—for she has just brought us still another new subscriber. What a good little LINDA!

☞ We are pleased to notice among the donations, a remembrance of our Soldiers from two little boys in Victor.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 82.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1865

No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

The Soldier's Portrait.

Draped in our honored stars and stripes,

It tells the olden story;

Another brave young patriot passed

Through duty on to glory.

A face to make a household glad—

Eyes full of love's assurance—

Lips curved to speak the gentle word,

Or tell the heart's endurance.

O mother, sitting in the shade

Of this divine affliction,

This pictured face may be to thee

A daily benediction;

May fold thee in a finer life

Beyond the world's illusion,

Where the calm twilight of the soul

Will never know intrusion.

No more for him the weary march,

For thee no weary waiting;

Be patient, these young martyrs are

Divinest truths translating.

A New Year Greeting.

In the *Soldier's Friend*, Wm. Cullen Bryant, the venerable editor of the *New York Evening Post*, sums up the victories of the past year, and closes his article as follows:

The year closes in these events, which important as they are in themselves, are no less important in the consequences to which they lead, and which, as the ports of the enemy fall into our hands, as their resources one by one are cut off, their communications broken, and their armies lessened by defeat and desertion, promise the early disorganization of the rebellion, a speedy end of all formidable resistance to the authority of the Government, and the abandonment of the schemes formed by the rebel leaders, in utter despair of their ability to execute them.

Soldiers! This is your work! These are your heroic achievements; for these a grateful country gives you its thanks. Millions of hearts beat with love and pride when you are named. Millions of tongues speak your praise and offer up prayers for your welfare.

Millions of hands are doing and giving all they can for your comfort, and that of the dear ones whom you have left at your homes. The history of the present war will be the history of your courage, your constancy, and the cheerful sacrifices you have made to the cause of your country.

I feel that you need no exhortation to persevere as you have begun. If I did, I would say to the men at the front; be strong; be hopeful; your crowning triumph cannot be far distant.

To those who suffer in our hospitals, the

wounded and maimed in the war, I would say: The whole nation suffers with you; the whole nation implores heaven for your relief and solace. A grateful nation will not, cannot forget you.

Meantime, the salutation of the new year which I offer you, comes from millions of hearts as well as from mine, mingled in many of them with prayers for your protection in future conflicts, and thanksgiving for your success in those which are past. May you soon witness the glorious advent of that happy new year, when our beloved land, having seen the end of this cruel strife, shall present to the world a union of states with homogeneous institutions, dwelling together in peace and unbroken amity, and when you who have fought so well, and triumphed so gloriously, shall return to your homes, amid the acclamations of your countrymen, wiser and more enlightened, and not less virtuous than when you took up arms for your country, with not one vice of the camp to cause regret to your friends.

WM. C. BRYANT.

January 1st, 1865.

EXTRACTS FROM

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

BY L. E. W.

Soon after the hard fighting of the first two weeks of May, 1864, an urgent appeal was made to the people of the Northern States, for lint, bandages, and all articles necessary for the comfort of our sick and wounded soldiers. The Christian and Sanitary Commission stores were nearly exhausted, and many of our wounded braves in the noble Army of the Potomac were uncared for. The evening mail brought circulars to a small town away up among the green hills of Vermont, briefly but eloquently setting forth the need of immediate assistance. My duty was plain, and my plans were soon matured. Early the next morning, I set out with horse and buggy [nearly every woman in Vermont can drive a horse] to carry them into execution, feeling that I desired no higher honor than to be permitted to serve the noble men who have forsaken the comforts and endearments of home that our beloved country may be free indeed; a Temple of Liberty, without spot or blemish.

The morning was fair and beautiful. The fields were carpeted with fresh verdure, the foliage of the beech and maple had not yet assumed its darkest tints, but was of

that delicate hue which is so pleasant to the eye in springtime, and the air was fragrant with lilacs and apple-blossoms. The hills sparkled between their emerald banks and whispered sweet legends, the bleat of the flock and the low tinkle of the bell came from the hill-side, and the birds held festivals and sang glad hymns. The smiling face of nature bore no evidence of the great conflict that was sending suffering and death to thousands, and desolating unnumbered homes with relentless hand.

I had risen feeling deeply the effects of the past week's excitement upon my nerves; but gradually a delicious calmness stole over me, and I thanked God that I had been permitted to see the day, though a day of agony; for there were bright glimpses of glorious results in the future.

MY FIRST STOPPING-PLACE.

a half-mile distant, was at Mr. WADE'S; and he, a hard-working young farmer, had earned every cent of his little farm and snug cottage, by the sweat of his brow. The door was ajar, and Mrs. Wade stepped forward and invited me in before I had time to apply the brass knocker. Her husband was entering the house at a door opposite, with two brimming pails of foaming milk, and as soon as the usual salutations were over, I made known my errand.

"The boys *must* be taken care of," said he, with emphasis, as he took a three-dollar bill from his pocket-book and handed it to me, and then, turning to his wife, "Agnes," he continued, "haven't we some little articles of comfort that we can do without?"

"O yes! We have plenty of rhubarb for pies, so that I can spare twenty-five or thirty pounds of dried apples; and I have one or two quarts of dried raspberries, and some currant wine. I can pick up some pieces of linen; and, now I think of it, I guess grand-mother has some old-fashioned linen towels that are not good for much except lint. And then she has ever so many quilts that she don't use; perhaps she'll send one or two of them. But she isn't up yet. When are you going to send the box? and where are the things to be carried?"

"We intend to send it by to-morrow morning's freight, and want all the articles to be packed and left at our house before five o'clock this afternoon," I replied.

At this moment, little four-year-old Lucy, in her night-dress, came patting out of the

bed-room on her bare feet, her curly head all in a frouze. "Mamma," she said, "Mamma, the sojers may have my dolly;" and then she laid her head down on her mother's lap with a look of conscious security. "Mamma, don't the sojers like dolls?" and she looked up inquiringly. "Perhaps they would like something else better," replied Mamma, affectionately stroking the child's head. "Well," said Lucy, "last winter Uncle Ned rocked my dolly to sleep for me; and he said he liked dolls; and isn't he a sojer, Mamma?"

"Yes, Lucy,"

"Then I know sojers like dollies," said the child, "and they shall have mine for their own;" and she gave her mother a hearty kiss.

Lucy's dolly was her greatest treasure. Who that has come to maturity, has offered that!

Kissing Lucy's fair innocent cheek, and bidding the family "Good Morning," I resumed my ride.

Not far distant, a sudden turn in the road brought to view a dilapidated building, situated on the outskirts of a dense but narrow strip of woods, through which passed the highway. It had that air of peculiar weirdness about it that brings to mind all the frightful stories of ghosts and hobgoblins heard in childhood. In it lived

MR. SIMON CUSTAR;

OR

UNCLE SIMON,

as he was familiarly called in all the region roundabout. He was of middle stature and rather slight frame, which seemed barely held together by a few ligaments and a shrivelled skin. His sharp, sallow visage was lit up by a pair of wild, sunken gray eyes, ornamented by a long grizzly beard and eyebrows, and a few stray locks of the same hue. He invariably wore dark clothes and a stove-pipe hat; and when he went out, he rode in a peculiar gig of his own invention, which the ever-mischievous village-boys denominated "Uncle Simon's Whirligig." He was a man of considerable learning, a great lover of mathematical science—spending much of his time in solving profound and intricate questions—and was, withal, well acquainted with history and the current events of the day. He married at the age of forty; but his wife soon died, leaving him a little daughter for whom he hired board amongst the neighbors until she was six or seven years of age,

and then took her home to live with him, for fear she would learn "the ways of the world." In spite, however, of his restraints and foibles, she grew up to be a beautiful and interesting young lady; but consumption seized her, and she passed away, mourned by all who had ever known her. Thus he was left without an heir to his large property, which consisted mostly of real estate.

He took great pains to have it generally known that he kept no money by him, that there might be no inducement for thieves and robbers to visit him. Nevertheless, thieves and robbers seemed to haunt him continually, and he looked upon everybody with suspicion. For years it had been reported by the gossips that in early life he caused his brother to commit suicide, that he might be the sole heir to his father's estate, and that this was the cause of his oddities. But be that as it may, after the death of his daughter, he was more strange and peculiar than ever. Almost every one instinctively shrank from him with a sort of dread, for which they could assign no satisfactory reason.

I was determined to give him a call however; although I must confess that, as I rapped at his rickety door, I felt an unusual nervous twitching.

I soon heard his wary footsteps within, and then, after a moment's silence, he cautiously opened the door just wide enough to peep out, looking as though he expected to be instantly seized by some ruffian and strangled forthwith; but, on seeing a woman at his door, a look of astonishment passed over his countenance, and he gazed at me with an inquiring air.

Without waiting for ceremony, I immediately made known my business.

"What, what," said he, "what will it all amount to? What will be done with the money and articles you receive?"

"They are to be sent to the Christian Commission; and by it will be used for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers without delay," I replied.

"But the Government provides the means to take care of them; and as to this Christian Commission, I believe it's all a humbug; it's only to make a few lazy vagabonds rich."

"The provision made by the Government proved to be inadequate at the outset; so benevolent men voluntarily sought, not only to relieve existing suffering; but to devise

means that should insure systematic relief in the future; and the result was, the organization of the Christian Commission, which has the fullest confidence of the Government. Are you acquainted with its operations?" said I.

"No, no; I never trouble myself about such matters. Old Squire Johnson says the soldiers never get half the things sent to them. He's as good a judge of such things as there is in the county. I believe it is as much a cheat as the lottery business; and that there are many things about it that are kept hid from outsiders."

"You mistake in this," I answered. "The Commission challenges inspection. Its records are very minute and accurate. If you are ignorant of its operations, how can you judge of it correctly?"

"Well, well," he replied nervously, "I don't mean to say that *you* are dishonest in your opinion of it, but you know that people that are honest themselves are apt to think every body else is. You may be deceived."

"Perhaps I am; but will you be kind enough to give *these* your candid attention?" handing him two or three of the Reports and Circulars of the Christian Commission—"and if you are convinced that the Commission is doing a good and *honest* work will you be *honest* enough to aid it with your purse?" said I.

"Why-e-e-why; w-h-y, certainly—yea," he answered, making motions as though about to withdraw, and looking as though he was much rejoiced at the prospect of at last getting rid of me.

"Well," said I jocosely, as I stepped into my wagon, "I shall expect you to call on me by five o'clock this afternoon, with a large contribution for the Christian Commission," and driving rapidly away, I left him to his own cogitations.

(To be continued.)

A correspondent of the New York *Observer* ribber that a short time ago an old African in one of the negro meetings held in Washington, rose and said: "Bredd'ren, I does want to see peace flow down our streets like a ribber; yea, bredd'ren, just like a ribber; and bredd'ren, I does want to see sugar at eight cents a pound."

THE RIGHT WAY.—Plato being told that some enemies had spoken ill of him, said, "It matters not; I will endeavor so to live that no one shall believe them."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1864.

Enlargement of our Sheet.


We rather imagine that our readers will be taken somewhat by surprise, this month, at our *size*—and indeed we are somewhat surprised ourselves—but, like Topsy, we "s'pect we growed." We did not grow however, it seems, slowly, and almost imperceptibly, like the trees, leaf by leaf—but we have put out four more leaves all at once, and have doubled our size at one bound. Now, dear reader, we await your congratulations. Don't be backward. We have had so many compliments upon our "nice little paper," that we are half afraid that you liked us just because we were "little." But, pleasant as we have found it in some respects, to be small, and petted because we were *little*—we cannot always remain so—We *must grow*—and to confess the truth, we were so pinched and fettered in that little sheet, that we could not endure it any longer—and so when the New Year came, we resolved to burst open our prison-bars, and be free. Of course we are not such a "little darling" as we were before, but then it is, after all, more worthy of our aspirations to be "truly great"—and if we are not "*truly great*," now that we have doubled our size, we should like to know where we are to look for greatness? Truth is, dear reader, our ideas are expanding. We find it necessary to make room for them—and it is plainly your duty to encourage, by every means at your command, the "march of mind." But we find already that it *costs something* to be *great*. Our size has not only doubled, but our expenses also, or nearly so. It is too late for us now to retract, however. We have grown to the full size that we have, and though there are those who might suggest or advise that we become "beautifully less"—we shall not heed such advice. We shall not even attempt it. The taste of

freedom and expansion that we have had is too delightful. Friends and agents, do not ask us to go back to our fetters, but encourage our growth and progress! We do not propose any change in our subscription price—only that you help us with all your might to *increase our list of subscribers*. In this way, our additional expenses can be easily met—and the object of our *Review* the more fully accomplished. What we want to do is, to make a widespread appeal for our Hospital—to let our wants be everywhere known—and we have no fears for the result. The love for our soldiers is too deep to need from us more than this.

The success which has thus far attended our *Review*, has encouraged us at this time to make what has really seemed a necessary enlargement of our sheet. Our reports, from their number and length, have hitherto crowded almost everything else from our pages, and now that our correspondence is increasing and other matter of interest and importance accumulating upon us—we have felt compelled to make more room. In this effort we feel assured of the aid and sympathy of our readers and friends.

Our Christmas.

Our readers will be interested to learn, that our soldiers *did* have a "Merry Christmas" and the "*dinner*," as we prophesied they would. Supplies were just as bountiful as if there had been no Thanksgiving Feast. There was a nice dinner of turkeys and vegetables, and pies, &c.—and at six again, an oyster-supper. Nor was this all. They not only had a "Merry Christmas," but a "Happy New Years'" greeting too. Through the repeated kindness of friends, they were provided on New Years' Day, with a dinner of oysters. All who contributed to these Holiday Entertainments for our soldiers, will please accept through us, their grateful acknowledgments.

 We take the liberty of adding the name of Mrs. Wm. J. Chase of Perinton to our list of agents.

Our Wing.

Our Wing is being rapidly completed, and when completed, kind friends, must be *furnished*. We expect, when it is finished, to be able to accommodate *seventy* more soldiers, and to have *seventy* more beds—and so, of course, we shall want *seventy* more *pairs of sheets and pillows*—*seventy* more *quilts and comfortables*—and towels and wash-stands, and chairs, and everything else in proportion. We want to put in a special appeal for *feathers*. Will not every body who has a goose—please send us some feathers? The furnishing and fitting up of our Wing looks very formidable at present prices—but, kind friends, it *must be done*—and, you who love the soldiers—you who have dear ones in the army—will all help cheerfully to do it, we know. Let all the towns around us, and all their several Aid Societies—for we believe there are no towns without these blessed societies—give an earnest thought to our Wing!

A Generous Donation.

The Ladies of the Hospital wish most gratefully to acknowledge the donation the past month of two valuable stoves. One of these, "The Morning Light," from the firm of "Shear, Packard & Co." of Albany, they have well tested, and we hear daily the most enthusiastic tributes paid to its many and varied excellencies. The other, the "Excelsior," from J. W. Rathbone, of Albany, is also a very superior stove, and from its reputation, we have reason to believe equal to the other. As however, it has been but recently received by us, our opportunity of judging personally of its merits is limited. The donation of these stoves we feel to be a very generous as well as a valuable one, when we consider the numerous demands upon the benevolent from every source. The letter which we give below from Mr. Rathbone, in reply to a solicitation in our behalf is, we think, especially courteous and kind.

ALBANY, Dec. 9, 1866

MESSRS. HART & REYNOLDS,

GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the 19th inst., is received. I do not know but that I am doing more for Rochester, (which was the home of my boyhood for some years,) than I am doing for Albany.

I am paying this month \$25,000 for your University, but I don't like to say "No," to any good work. You will therefore give to the Ladies of the Hospital, an "Excoelsior," with my compliments, and oblige

Yours, truly, JNO. S. BATHBONE.

Mr. SOUTHWORTH, of the firm of Warrant & Southworth, Stove Dealers, 26 South St Paul street, will please accept our cordial thanks for putting up "The Morning Light,"—and for a donation of the pipe.

A HINT.—We are requested to hint, very gently, to our kind friends, that our supply of jellies and canned and dried fruits is very low. We want these articles, not for our table, but exclusively for the sick—for those confined to their beds and wards.

Victor, all Hail!

The responses from Victor continue to be most cheering! The Ladies of that town, will please accept our most cordial thanks—not only for their long and constantly increasing list of subscribers—but for their repeated donations of money—and for those warm comfortables and other articles alluded to in the letter given elsewhere, from Mrs. K. Two very acceptable quilts have also been recently received from Mrs. B. of that place. Bravo, Victor! It has well won from us the title of "*The Banner Town!*"

Wanted.

We are requested to state, that warm woolen shirts and socks for our soldiers, are very much wanted just now at our Hospital. Several of the soldiers have received no pay for months, and they are in great need of articles of clothing for their comfort. We are gratified to find in our List of Donations, some responses to our hint upon this subject last month, but the demand is still urgent. Remember our soldiers these cold, wild, wintry days!

TIDINGS FROM MARTIN L. BENNETT.—A letter received from Mrs. Sly, our former Matron, states that she "had a letter from one of the boys in his Company, and that Martin and two others from the same Company, were taken prisoners"—and she still hopes the report of his death may prove to be incorrect.

To the Soldiers of the Rochester City Hospital.

JANUARY 13th, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER—Will you please publish the enclosed letter? It was sent to our soldiers for a New Year greeting, and thinking some of them might not have seen it, I desire to insert it in our little paper.

S.

SOLDIER FRIENDS.—I wish you one and all a "Happy New Year"—and were it in my power to, make it so, it should indeed be "happy"—but this I cannot do. With you alone lies the power to make yourselves happy or miserable. You may cull the flowers which bloom upon your pathway, to cheer and comfort you, or pluck the thorns and thistles springing by the roadside to choke and destroy all your happiness. The blossoms of kindness, good-nature, love to God and man, will repay the possessor, and bring forth the fruits of joy and peace—while the thorns and thistles of discontent, unkindness and selfishness, will blight and sting all with whom they come in contact.

Soldiers, life is short—too short to spend in making ourselves and others miserable and unhappy; then let us each resolve to banish every unkind thought from our hearts, every unkind word from our lips, and determine that the sun shall never set upon the day in which we shall not have made some one happy. Brothers, life is made up of little things, then let us remember the little words of kindness, which ever touch the heart; the little deeds of kindness, which speak with trumpet tongue and are never forgotten; let us catch every ray of sunshine to lighten the shadows which must ever fall upon the couch of the sick

and suffering. Let the words of our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," be the rule to guide you in your course to each other, and brotherly love will reign—and this house will be a home—a Christian home—to each weary soldier, upon which God will smile—and the dark clouds of the past will vanish away by the dawn which ushers in to you all a "Happy New Year."

January 1st, 1865.

OUR DROP LIGHT.—We are gratified to be able to state, that our call for a drop light, was speedily responded to by GEO. W. HARROLD, Esq., 85 Main street. Mr. H. will please accept our thanks.

Encouragements to our Aid Societies.

The following letters from a Soldier, received by the Third Ward Aid Society, we publish for the encouragement of those Societies and individuals engaged in similar efforts for our soldiers:

CAMP OF THE 1ST BATTALION, 4th MASS. CAV., }
Near Petersburg, Va., July 10, 1864. }

To the Ladies of the Third Ward Volunteer Aid Society, Rochester, N. Y.:—Perhaps these few lines may seem quite inappropriate, coming from a perfect stranger, but feeling lonely and being off duty, (which is quite a wonder, this being the first day for many weeks,) I seat myself to write a few lines to those whom I trust are friends to all soldiers.

Now, in the first place, you may ask who I am, that I will tell now—I am a native of the State of Maine, but chanced to be in Massachusetts at the commencement of this rebellion, so I enlisted from that State. I served three years and had an honorable discharge, and have now enlisted again for three years more.* So much about myself. Now, the next question perhaps will be—how did I know of your Society? That I will answer by saying that some few weeks since I was slightly wounded and sent from the field to the hospital, and while there I saw many articles marked, "Third Ward Volunteer Aid Society," likewise received other benefits from that Society, for which please accept my sincere and heart-felt thanks. Believe me, kind friends, there is many a prayer sent up for you while receiving these many kindnesses from your hands. Many a poor soldier has seen the mark of the Society, and blessed God and sent up a prayer for the fair donors. But, perhaps, this may not be very interesting, even if you make out to read it, which I think somewhat doubtful, for I am sitting in the shade of a tree with the top of my cap for a desk, so you will please excuse bad chirography; and as for news, there is but very little here; probably none that would interest more than you see daily in the papers. There is but very little doing here at this time, except shelling the city. Occasionally they make a reply to our shot, but they seem to be somewhat discouraged. Almost

every day some of the poor misguided wretches come into our camp and give themselves up. * * * * Hoping that these few lines will not be taken amiss, I close by wishing you all the happiness this world affords and eternal happiness hereafter.

Very respectfully yours, J. W. G.

CAMP OF 1st BATTALION, 4th MASS. CAV., }
July 22, 1864. }

DEAR FRIENDS—Your kind letter bearing date the 15th, in answer to mine of the 10th, came to me this day, but it had been in camp several days. You express surprise at receiving my letter; it was no more than I felt upon coming into camp, after an absence of four days, and finding your reply, for I hardly dared to hope for an answer, supposing that you were troubled with many just such notes as mine. You say that you often get discouraged, hardly knowing that you were benefiting any one by your labors. I assure you, kind friends, many a poor soldier could testify to what I say; that hundreds, and I don't know but thousands, to my knowledge, have received articles from your Society. It has been my lot time to be taken to different hospitals; the first time was at the battle of Gettysburg; there almost every article bore the name of your Society. The name became so familiar that I almost felt like writing then, but feared you might think strange of it; but this campaign has caused me to go once more to another hospital, and the first article that I recollect of seeing was a shirt made by your Society. Believe me, it seemed almost like an old friend. Then I determined if I got able that I would write, and not knowing any one in your city, I directed to the Ladies of the Society. You were kind to answer my letter. Once more, kind friends, be not discouraged, but continue with your work. Many are the prayers that have been offered for your Society, as I can testify, and my acquaintance in hospitals is limited. Often have I heard some poor fellow say, as he read the mark, "God bless the maker!" Perhaps I am somewhat selfish, but I fear that if I were to be sent to the hospital again, and should fail to see that familiar mark, I should feel more lonesome than ever. But I must close, for the order has come to get ready to start on another raid in the enemy's country! Please excuse this, and if you will condescend to write again, I will try to make my letters more interesting. Many thanks for your prayer for my safe return. Hoping that you will continue to pray for me, I bid you good-bye for this time.

From your sincere friend, J. W. G.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Hospital Review:

- Miss MAGGIE OULBERTSON, East Groveland,
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester,
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre,
- Mrs. J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor,
- " HAMMOND, East Rush,
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- " J. CHASE, Perinton.

Hospital Regulations.

We extract the following from the Rules and Regulations recently adopted in our Hospital:

VISITORS.

The Hospital will be open for the reception of visitors on Tuesday and Friday of each week, between the hours of two and five P. M. Special permits, if necessity require, for admission at other times, may be obtained from the Superintendent or any one of the committee.

Persons residing out of the city will be admitted at any time, by permission of the Superintendent, it being understood that the Medical Officers may close for any special temporary purpose, any ward or room occupied by the sick, against visitors.

Relatives of patients will be admitted to see them on any or each day of the week, by obtaining special permit from the Superintendent or any one of the committee.

No visitor will be allowed to give any article of food or drink to a patient, unless by permission of the Superintendent, Matron, or Nurse.

Friends of patients taking meals in the Hospital, will be required to pay twenty-five cents per meal, or four dollars per week—permission to be obtained from the Superintendent.

PATIENTS.

Private patients will be received by contract with the Superintendent or Medical Officers, subject to such house regulations as comport with the welfare of the Hospital inmates.

Patients will not be allowed to visit the wards or rooms occupied by other patients, without the consent of the Superintendent, Matron, or Nurse. Neither will they be allowed to go from the Hospital grounds without such permission and the consent of the Physician or Surgeon in charge.

Free patients will be subject to the Superintendent, Medical Officers and those in immediate charge of the ward, and when able, shall assist in nursing or in such services as the Superintendent or Matron may require.

No patient, in a female ward, shall be visited by a male friend other than her father, husband, son or brother.

Patients will not be permitted to visit the kitchen or laundry except by the direction or permission of the Hospital Officers.

GENERAL PROVISIONS.

I.—The Superintendent will designate the hours for meals, when all inmates not otherwise directed by the Physician or Surgeon, will be expected to be in their respective dining places, and preserve proper decorum.

II.—The use of wines and intoxicating liquors, also the smoking of tobacco, within the Hospital, are prohibited, unless prescribed by the Medical Officers.

III.—Soldiers and other patients belonging to the government service, though under the more special charge of the Medical Officers and Ward Master, are subject to all the restrictions imposed by the Rules and Regulations of the Hospital.

IV.—Profanity, so offensive to God, and rude and noisy conduct, so unbecoming male or female in any place, still more in the home of the sick and suffering, will never (it is hoped and expected) be heard within these walls.

V.—All inmates are requested to abstain from spitting upon the floor, or from any unnecessary defacing or soiling of the furniture or building in any part. Habits of cleanliness in personal appearance show plainly and truly the character and training of every man and woman.

VI.—Soldiers, patients, and other members of the household, are earnestly requested to be present at the religious services held on Sunday at three o'clock, P. M., and every evening during the week at seven o'clock. It is expected that those not attending, if they prize not the privilege themselves, will so respect the feelings of others as to abstain from unnecessary noise of any kind during the time thus occupied.

awaken an interest in your particular work. The accounts you published are very cheering. The good you Ladies of Rochester are doing, must carry its own reward into your hearts. I would like to look into your Hospital, but must wait.

Yours, very truly, H. R. G. A.

LOCKPORT, Dec. 11, 1864.

DEAR MADAM—Your kind letter came duly to hand, also the papers sent to my address. I can truly say that I feel a very deep interest in the welfare of those weary, suffering ones who have spent their health and strength in defence of our beloved country, and have found in your Hospital a place where they can receive the care and attention that their exhausted and enfeebled energies so much need. I never see a soldier pass along our street, without a feeling of reverence. As I write, my mind wanders away to a lonely grave far from home and relatives, on the blood-stained soil of Virginia, where moulder the earthly remains of our darling first born son, who nobly rendered up his life in the first flush of manhood a sacrifice to his country. Another young son early entered the field and sustained the hardships and perils of a soldier's life, until on the battle field of Antietam a traitor bullet disabled him from further service. In the hospital at Baltimore, he found the same friendly care and attention that you are bestowing on those under your charge. He received an honorable discharge, and was restored to us; not, indeed, as he left us, but in a crippled and suffering condition. He has in a measure recovered his health, but will feel the effects of his wound, probably, through life. Oh I we cannot do too much for those noble men who have left home and friends and gone forth to defend our homes and our country. Be assured, dear Madam, that what little influence I may have, shall be exerted most cheerfully in your behalf. Enclosed I send you five names and subscriptions for your paper. I hope soon to be able to send more. That the All-Wise Father may bless and prosper your labors in the cause of our soldiers is the heart-felt prayer of your friend, P. A. D.

MOSOOW, Dec. 16, 1864.

MRS. PERKINS.—Please find enclosed the amount requisite to secure a copy of your excellent little paper, *The Hospital Review*. My interest in your worthy cause is daily increasing, and I love to feel you are doing so much for the sick and wounded soldiers.

Be not weary in well doing, but remember there are many hearts praying for your success. I am the soldier's friend, and wish to do as much as possible in the cause in which you are so nobly working.

Yours respectfully, A. D.

VICTOR, Ontario Co., Dec. 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. PERKINS—I received your letter of the 13th, stating that your wants were many. I took the letter to our Aid Society, and they went to work cheerfully and have made twelve Comfortables, after the first directions, which I will send you the last of this week. The money collected as donations, which I send, I wish you to use as you think proper. I enclose one dollar, a donation from J. S. Sickness has pre-

Responses to the Review.

GENESEO, Dec. 6, 1864.

Mrs. Wm. H. PERKINS—Dear Madam—Enclosed you will please find \$4 for eight copies of the *Hospital Review*, to be sent as directed. I am sorry the list is not much longer, but it is, perhaps, too near Christmas to obtain subscribers. Every body, feels interested in the soldiers, and, perhaps, a few copies of your little paper may

vented me from doing more. We will do all we can for you.

Very kindly yours, Mrs. J. B. K.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, Dec. 22d, 1864.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS.—Enclosed is one dollar for two copies of the *Review*. I will send other names as soon as I have a little leisure. I have been very busy sending boxes to the army. I have just returned from the front. I will give my friends in the Hospital soon a little account of what I saw.

Respectfully yours, J. R. C.

PERINTON, Dec. 27th, 1864.

MRS. PERKINS, DEAR MADAM—By request of Mrs. C., I have interested myself in obtaining subscribers for the *Review*, and send you herewith a number, which, with a list I sent some time since, comprise thirteen names. Quite a respectable list I should think it, only that Mrs. KNIFFIN'S throws it so completely in the back-ground. I fear I shall never be able to overtake her, but will try to procure a few more.

Respectfully, Mrs. J. C.

Treasurer's Report for December, 1864.

Donation, Mr. George McKay	\$ 2 52
A Friend, by Mrs. Dr. Mathews	1 00
Received from Patients	5 50

\$ 8 75

OFFERINGS FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.

Cash left from Thanksgiving	\$10 82
Mr. S. W. Bumpus, Victor	\$ 1 00
Mr. Josiah Snyder	1 00
Mr. Jeremiah Rowley	0 50
Leander D. Voluntine	0 50
Lansing F. Voluntine	0 50
Mrs. Edwin Mott	1 00
Miss M. J. Voluntine	1 00
Miss Clara Dewey, Pittsfield, Mass.	0 50
A gentleman, (name unknown)	10 00
Addie Wood and Annie Williams	6 00
Libby Atkinson	1 50
Mrs. N. T. Rochester	2 00
Mrs. J. B. Garrison	0 50

\$36 82

EXPENDED FOR CHRISTMAS.

Oysters, 6 gallons	\$12 00
Turkeys	4 18
Celery	0 64

FOR NEW YEAR.

Oysters, 10 gallons	20 00
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\$36 82

List of Donations to the Hospital for December, 1865.

- Mr. E. B. Booth, repairing Clock, \$1.
- Mr. Brennan—4 yards Cotton Cloth, \$2.
- Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons—7 Cabbages.
- Soldiers' Aid Society of Ontario and Webster, by Mrs. A. Brown—104 rolls Bandages, 392 yards Bandages, 4 Shirts, 1 Sheet, 25 Handkerchiefs, 9 Towels, 3 rolls of old Cotton, 1 roll old Linen, 1½ lbs. Lint.
- Mrs. Bonesteel, Victor—2 Quilts.

Ladies of Victor, by Mrs. Ball & Mrs. Hopkins—12 Comfortables.

Mrs. Lydia Strang, Scottsville—200 Ginger Snaps. "Merry Christmas" from Mrs. H. F. Atkinson—1 gallon Oysters, 2 bottles Wine, 4 bowls Jelly, Celery.

A Friend—1 Turkey.

Mrs. J. H. Brewster—1 Turkey.

Mrs. G. H. Mumford—1 Turkey.

Mrs. Loop—1 Turkey.

Pupils of Public School No. 7, senior department—

Rhoda Kent, Mary Marsh, Hattie Hanford, Hattie Ingersoll, Ida Banta, Emma Bull, Kitty Mason, Katy Miller, Frederick Bull, John Mason—1 Quilt, 2 loaves Cake, 1 paper Sago, 1 bowl Jelly, 1 Pie, 1 roast Chicken, Pound Cake, and Cookies and Crackers, 2 baskets of Apples.

L. C. Spencer—2 gallon Oysters.

Mrs. H. L. Fish—4 gallons Cider, 2 baskets Apples, 1 basket Pickles.

A Friend, for Cider, \$1.

Mrs. Frank Gorton—1 dish of Jelly, 1 package of Crackers.

Mrs. Fred. Starr—1 bowl of mixed Pickles, 1 gallon of Tomatoes, package of Newspapers.

Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—1 large Easy Chair.

Mrs. D. C. Aving—Undershirt and Drawers.

The Misses Bell—1 basket Apples, 1 loaf Cake.

Miss Libbie Atkinson—8 lbs. Grapes.

Ladies' Aid Society—1 keg Pickles.

Mrs. Dr. E. F. Wilson—2 bundles of Books.

Mrs. E. N. Buell—bundle of Papers.

Mrs. O. H. Palmer—half bushel Apples.

Mrs. John F. Lovcraft—Currant Cake and Biscuits.

Mrs. Loop—1 basket Apples, 1 basket Potatoes and Turnips, 2 loaves Cake, 1 bottle Currants, 1 leg Mutton.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—a Mince Pie for Mrs. Williams' table.

Miss Anna Marshall and Miss Bertha Crane—2 bottles Grape Wine.

Unknown—4 large Squashes.

Dr. H. W. Dean—3 Hospital Registers, \$9, 1 Library Book, \$1.50.

Rev. Wm. Cleave Wilkinson—19 Volumes.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM DEC. 10th, 1864, TO JAN. 9th, 1865.

Miss Hattie McKnight, Mrs. W. Gibbons, Prof. S. S. Cutting, Mrs. B. F. Powelson, Mrs. Wm. Richardson, Mrs. J. P. Wiggins, Mrs. Henry Phelps, Mrs. Freeman Clarke, (2 copies); Mr. Jeremiah Smith, Gates; Mrs. Rich'd Manning, Brooklyn; Miss Alice Derr, Moscow—By Mrs. Perkins

\$ 6 00

Mrs. Samuel E. Dawley, Taberg; Mrs. W. W. Beers, Hamilton, Minn.—By Mr. Williams

1 00

Miss Maggie McDowell—By Miss Algood

0 50

C. N. Simmons—By Miss Hayes

0 50

Ira W. Green, West Rush; Mattie Daily, West Rush—By Mrs. Dr. Arner

1 00

Lt. Arthur Tileston; 22d N. Y. Cavalry—By Miss Lindy Bronson

0 50

Mrs. Piffard, —Piffard—By Mrs. L. A.

Ward

1 00

Mrs. E. Shaw, do; Miss Minnie Hills,

do.—By Mrs. Chase

3 50

Miss Alice Yale, Fairport; Mrs. H. B. Hamilton, do.; Mrs. J. Chadwick, do.; Mrs. H. P. Wilbur, do.; Mrs. G. Seeley, do.; John Williams, Fairport—By Mrs. H. Williams, Victor	\$1 00
Mrs. Ann E. Coates, Mrs. Ann Scott—By Joshua R. Coates, Clifton Springs	1 00
Master Charlie Sherman, Mrs. D. A. Sherman, Dr. N. L. Willard, Newark; Mrs. Lucinda S. Pulver, Soda, Wayne Co.—By Mrs. H. L. Fish	2 00
Mrs. S. H. Terry, Mrs. Robt. Dalzell—By Mrs. Dr. Strong	1 00
Georgie Belden, E. Bush—By Miss H. Cutler	0 50
Mrs. John S. Jennings, Buffalo; Mrs. Crane, Mrs. C. Waite, Mrs. Hogeland, Mrs. J. B. Sweeting—By Mrs. J. S. Hall	2 50
George Willard, Webster—By Mrs. C. Thatcher	0 50

Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. John Biden, L. D. Walter, Mrs. Phalen—By Mrs. Dr. Strong	2 00
Miss Libbie Renfrew, 5 copies	2 50
Mrs. Jane Jones—By Mrs. E. Wadsworth	0 50

Superintendent's Report for December.

In Hospital, December 1st	15
Received during the month	10—25
Discharged	5
Jan. 1, 1865. Total Citizen Patients	20
Soldiers in Hospital, December 1st	106
Received during the month	15—121
Discharged, transferred and on furlough	35
Jan. 1, 1865. No. of Soldiers	86
Citizen Patients	19
Total	105

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, FROM DEC. 1st, 1864, TO JAN. 1st, 1865.

DATE	NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE
Nov. 30	Benton C. Barnes	Priv.	E	146th N. Y. Vol.	Oswego, Oswego Co.
Dec. 3	Horace A. Barnes	Serg't	B	152d " "	Sterling, Cayuga Co.
" 5	Claude Leonard	Priv.	F	198th " "	Brighton, Monroe Co.
" 7	Valentine Crossman	"	G	151st " "	Middleport, Niagara Co.
" 7	Thos. J. Cable	"	K	4th " H. Art.	Rochester, Monroe Co.
" 8	C. J. Brock	Serg't	B	9th " "	Webster, " "
" 8	Joseph Thompson	Priv.	L	4th " "	Rochester, " "
" 12	Frances C. Vaughn	"	A	8th " "	Hartland, Niagara Co.
" 12	Webster Miller	"	H	149th " Vol.	Syracuse, Onondaga Co.
" 15	Henry A. Petrie	"	E	122d " "	" " "
" 22	Lewis C. Ely	"	B	3d Mt'd Rifles	Rushford, Alleghany Co.
" 22	Geo. H. Hammond	"	M	8th N. Y. H. Art.	Hamlin, Monroe Co.
" 23	David G. Fisher	"	A	5th Mich. Cav.	Bergholds, Niagara Co.
" 23	Henry A. Church	"	I	8th N. Y. H. Art.	Covington, Wyoming Co.
" 30	Chas. T. Cronise	"	M	22d N. Y. Cav.	Newark, Wayne Co.
" 31	Geo. C. Henry	"	B	14th " H. Art.	East Carlton

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from Dec. 1st, to Jan. 1st.

DATE	NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE	SENT TO
Dec. 21	Geo. Hadley	Corp.	K	112th N. Y. Vol.	Cherry Creek, Chat. Co.	Elmira.
" 21	James Christenden	Priv.	A	111th " "	Arcadia, Wayne Co.	"
" 21	Samuel Avery	"	L	10th " H. Art.	Jenksville, Tioga Co.	"
" 21	Henry Wood	"	K	86th " Vol.	Painted Post, Steuben Co.	"
" 21	Barney Smith	"	F	40th " "	Buffalo, Erie Co.	"
" 20	Geo. F. Vosburgh	"	B	51st " "	" "	St. Mary's Hosp
" 21	Daniel Whipple	"	E	126th " "	Ovid, Seneca Co.	Bedloe's Island.
" 22	John Hamm	"	C	140th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.	Elmira
" 25	Milo H. Hopper	Serg't Maj.	J	126th " "	Moscow, Hillsdale Co. Mich.	Vet. Reserve.
" 20	H. F. Fordham	Priv.	I	8th " H. Art.	Le Roy, Genesee Co.	Bedloe's Island.
" 21	G. R. Hutchinson	"	M	8th " "	Lima, Livingston Co.	New York.
" 21	John B. Teller	"	B	49th " Vol.	Rochester, Monroe Co.	Elmira.
" 5	Geo. Fueselman	"	G	126th " "	Waterloo, Seneca Co.	Bedloe's Island.
" 1	Wm. H. Day	"	M	8th " H. Art.	Lima, Livingston Co.	Dis. from Serv.
" 5	Robert Count	Corp.	D	9th " Cav.	Smithville, Chatanqua Co.	"
" 5	Merrill W. Kidder	Priv.	F	147th " Vol.	Kendall, Orleans Co.	"
" 5	Levi Skinner	"	E	136th " "	Brookport, Monroe Co.	"
" 13	Austin P. Thayer	"	C	40th " "	Prattsburgh, Steuben Co.	"
" 20	James P. Hanna	"	D	9th " H. Art.	Lockport, Niagara Co.	Bedloe's Island.
" 13	Aug. Holdenschmitt	"	I	108th " Vol.	Rochester, Monroe Co.	New York.
						Bedloe's Island.

Children's Department.

To our Little Agents and Readers.

We have not forgotten you see, the promise we made you in our first number, about those "beautiful stories," &c., and now that our sheet is enlarged, we shall hope to make room for them. You have waited long and patiently, and have labored well for our *Review*, even without any stories, but we mean now you shall have your full share. In return, what will you do for us? Can't you work just a little harder, don't you think, in getting us more subscribers? You see, printing costs a great deal of money these days, and now that the paper has doubled its size, it will require a great many more subscribers to make it pay its expenses. But if you could work so hard for our soldiers, and for our *Review*, without any stories, we are sure you can work just a little harder now. Can't you?

Christmas Remembrances from our Young Friends.

Shall we tell you how ADDIE and ANNA, two little girls whom we know helped to get up a good Christmas dinner for our soldiers? Well, they went to work, oh so busy—busy as bees in white-clover time—and they made a variety of little articles, which they sold for \$6—and brought the money to the Hospital—which was expended for the Christmas dinner. Another little friend, LILLIE A., sent us eight pounds of grapes and \$1.50 in money. The grapes were distributed among those too ill and feeble to be present at the table. We hope these little girls had a "Merry Christmas" themselves, and we feel sure they must have had—because the surest way to be happy is to do some kind thing to render others so.

A Letter to Linda.

Linda has forgiven us all our blunders over her name, and has sent us still another new subscriber. Every month thus

far she has sent us one new name at least, and sometimes several. The one she sends us this month, has a special interest in our eyes, because it is the name of a soldier. The subscription came in a letter to Linda, written far away in camp. Would our little readers like to see this letter? Well, here it is. We do not believe such a kind and forgiving Linda as we know our Linda to be, would object to our showing the letter to you—would you, Linda?

CAMP RUSSELL, Dec. 17, 1864.

MISS LINDA—I know you will excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing these few lines to you, when you read my reason. Capt. F., a friend of yours, showed me a paper called *The Hospital Review*. I was very much pleased with the little paper, and expressed a wish to subscribe for it. He told me you would have it sent to me, by putting my name on the subscription list. By so doing you will confer a favor on

Yours, very respectfully, A. T.

1st Lt. 22d N. Y. Cav.

DEAR LINDA—You will confer a favor on friend T., by sending the *Review* to him with mine. I will try to get some more names for you if possible.

Yours, J. F.

A WORD TO THE LITTLE GIRLS.—When our new wing is completed, which we trust will be very soon—we shall want seventy new bed-quilts! That is a great many, isn't it? Now we want all the dear little girls who read our *Review*—and who of course love to work for our soldiers—to think about these seventy quilts, and begin, each one of you, to make one, right away. Will you? Who will be the first to send us a quilt, we wonder?

List of our Little Agents.

The following little Girls will please accept our thanks for their praise-worthy efforts in getting subscribers for the *Review*:

LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
MARY PERKINS, "
FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass,
S. HALL, Henrietta,
JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
CARRIE NEFF, "
H. F. VICKERY, "

No. 7 AGAIN!—We find in the List of Donations, another very pleasant remembrance from School No. 7. From a few pupils of the Senior Department, we notice a quilt and some cake, cookies, crackers, sago, jelly, pies, chickens and apples.

LULA'S LETTER.

"Mamma," said my little daughter, "may I write a letter to a soldier? all the girls have."

"Write a letter to a soldier, my child!"

"Yes, mamma. Maggie and Mary have written their's, and put them in the comfort bags, and we think the soldiers will be so pleased to find a letter. We sewed all yesterday afternoon, and Maggie's, mother is going to send them away as soon as I write. May I?"

Leave granted, Lula brought the wherewithal, and sat down gravely to the production of an epistle. After an hour's hard work she brought it to me, nicely copied for the final reading. The composition was unassisted, and ran as follows:

"DEAR SOLDIER: We have all been making things for the soldiers, and I send this comfort bag to you. I hope it will be very useful. How queer it must look to see a man sewing; but I suppose it must be done when there are no women. I think it is very good of you to fight for the country, and I love you very much for it. It must be dreadful to get wounded so far from home. I hope God will take care of you, and bring you safe home to your friends. I must stop now. Please answer this letter, for I want to know who gets the bag. My papa is Mr. George Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y. You must direct to his care.

"Your affectionate little friend,

LULA."

After the bags had gone Lula became impatient to hear from her soldier, as she called him. But many a long week went by, and the child had ceased to talk of it, when her father came in to dinner with the long expected document. I, with the faithlessness of middle age, was surprised that it should come at all; but Lula was in ecstasies. The impatient fingers tore open the envelope, and coming to me, we read it together:

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,"—thus the letter began—"I have just finished your sweet note, and as you ask for a reply, you

shall have it at length. Accept my thanks for your gift. Bless the little fingers that made the bag. Bless the warm heart that felt for the soldier and wished to write him a letter. It was the first one I had received for sixteen months. My dear little sister, Letitia, used to send me a packet every week. She was my only correspondent, and when she died I thought I had lost everything. But I had my father. He was the captain of the company in which I was, and am a private. We were together a year; and then, little one, in the battle of Cedar Mountain I saw him fall. I could not go to him. The thought of him lying behind me made me fight like a fiend. After the battle ended, and the noise of the guns, trampling of horses, rattle of artillery, had died away, the night became as still as it is in the country after the cows are milked and the crickets begin their sad cry. Then I could look for my father. I found him at last. Near the place where he fell grew an old pine tree, torn by shells, but a few plumy branches yet left. At its foot I dug a grave with my bayonet. There I left him sleeping his long sleep, with the sod of Virginia over him. Forgive me for writing you so dismal a story. I could not help it; for since that awful night I have not spoken of what occurred; and I have been longing to tell somebody. So you see what your note has done to comfort me. I am now going to mend my stockings with the help of the 'comfort bag.' The holes I have to sew up would make you open your eyes. I hope your father will allow me to write to you again. I enclose an envelope addressed, that you can use when you wish to do another kind action. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

DANIEL P. FLEMING."

Lula wrote a longer letter next time, telling of her papa, mamma, and brother Johnnie; how she went to school where there was a funny master, who pretended to be cross, and was not; how she, aiding her playmates, brought for him a fine ruler as a present, and placed it with a note, on his table on April Fool's Day. Even about her Java sparrow, the little pen discoursed, her dear J. S., who wore a white standing collar like old Mr. Waters, and who slept in a basket. She spent some time over the epistle, spilled ink over the table cover and double dyed her fingers. But she sent off a cheery letter, and not a word of mine discouraged her. In due time Mr. Flem-

ing answered, and the correspondence went on all winter. I liked his letters very much; as well as Lula did, which is saying a good deal for them. He remembered he was writing to a child, and while he interested her, our feelings were excited by his simple relations. When Christmas approached, Lula wished to send him a box.

"I think I ought, mamma; he is my soldier, and has nobody else to think of him."

I gave her permission, but offered no assistance, wishing to see how she would manage. She begged a soap box of the cook, and Johnnie helped her line it with paper. Grandma was now besieged with requests for a pair or two of the blue stockings she was constantly knitting. They begged me to make a plum cake, and papa gave a bottle of wine. The children bought nuts and candy; and Lula, after an anxious talk with me, sent, as her own particular gift, pocket handkerchiefs marked with his name—"D. P. Fleming." Papa having suggested something to read, Johnnie brought his favorite books, Arabian Nights and Pilgrim's Progress, and could with difficulty be persuaded to substitute Harper's Magazine.

The acknowledgment of the box was a grateful letter that more than repaid us. Lula was especially delighted, because Mr. Fleming had confessed to a weakness for candy, and her father had laughed at her for sending bonbons to a soldier. There was a note to Mr. Nelson, in which Mr. Fleming said he was to have a furlough, with the rest of the regiment, before re-enlisting for the war. He begged permission to see Lula. Mr. Nelson immediately wrote for him to come. But we did not tell Lula, to save her the excitement and fretting of expectation. About two weeks afterward, I was reading in my room, when Lula flew in.

"Mamma," said she, "there's a soldier down stairs asking for you!" And she hid her face in my dress and began to tremble.

The servant brought in his card.

"Don't you wish to see Mr. Fleming, Lula?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"I am going down, and will send Margaret up for you. You may be disappointed in him, Lula; but remember, he is fighting our battles for us; he is a soldier, and as such deserves comfort and kindness. Expect nothing, but come down quietly when I send for you."

I owned to a little trepidation myself; a

glance dispelled it. He was a tall, robust young man—almost handsome. His voice trembled a little as he responded to my welcome, and told me he could never tell all our goodness had done for him. His regard for her seemed a kind of reverence. While he was talking I saw Lula peeping in at the other end of the drawing room, and I called her. At that name he rose, dropped the hat he held, and went forward to meet her. She was blushing like a peony—an old fashioned red one—but smiling and looking up at him from under her long lashes. He offered her his hand without a word. Lula gave him hers, when he kissed it as if she had been a princess and he of the blood royal. She was a little afraid of him at first, but all shyness wore off when Johnnie came home, and went into a complete state of admiration. Mr. Nelson asked him to stay with us during his leave, and I was afterwards very glad he did so, for that week gave me a thorough knowledge of him; and when he left us I loved him as if he had been one of mine.

For a long time after Mr. Fleming's departure, Johnnie and Lula played army plays exclusively. They drilled with canes, got up camp suppers, fought battles, were taken by guerrillas—embodiments of the stories of their friend. A few letters now passed between us, for I now undertook the bulk of the correspondence; then the campaign began and we heard nothing. I was sure, from the silence that followed Gettysburg, in which his regiment took a prominent part, that something had happened to him. Mr. Nelson vainly inquired. He was thought to be a prisoner, but it was not positively known. Lula and Johnnie could not realize our fears. To be a prisoner was a fine thing in their eyes. What a story Mr. Fleming would have to tell them.

That fall we went to Baltimore to visit an old aunt, and in the course of our stay we went to see the hospitals. As I never lost any chance of hearing of the lost Fleming, I told his story to the pleasant young nurse who walked about with us. She had been to the front, in the very first rank of those who went to care for the wounded.

There was a Capt. Fleming ill in one of the wards, dying of the wounds he had received at Gettysburg. She did not know his first name, or anything about him, except that he had no friends to whom news of his condition could be sent. I asked her to point him out, for a misgiving seized me.

Surely it was he, white and changed. I drew back, fearing he would see me too suddenly. The nurse spoke, and told him some one had come to see him. A little color flashed into his face as I came forward, and the poor fellow turned his face into the pillow and sobbed. I cried too.

"Why didn't you let us know where you were?" I asked at last.

"I did," said he, "but my letters had been unanswered for so long that I thought perhaps you had done enough for me, so I wrote no more. Isn't Lula here?"

"You shall see her to-morrow. When you are a little stronger, and can be moved, you must come to us. We will make you well again."

"I shall soon be well enough to be moved," said he with a melancholy significance, "but not to your house, dear lady. Do you think Lula will know me? I hope she will not be afraid again. You will bring her to-morrow?"

I promised—and the next day we came. Lula knew he was very ill, but she was not quite prepared for the white face, the great black eyes, with their eager, intense glance. He smiled and motioned her to come near him.

"Then you didn't forget your soldier, after all?"

"O, I didn't—I didn't!" and both the soft hands went around his neck.

"Can't you get up, poor Mr. Fleming?"

"Do you know," said he, holding her to him with his little strength, "they have made me a Captain, and given me a sword!"

Lula, I must give it to you with my own hands. I know you will keep it for my sake. If I never disgraced my office, never hesitating in my duty, never doubted in the cause at last, it was because I knew Lula loved me, and believed in me. There it is. Will you bring it to me?"

Lula was greatly afraid of the weapon, I knew. I saw her pause and turn from him to the sword.

"It will not hurt you, my child," said he, "it is in its sheath."

So the dimpled, inexpert hands brought it to the bedside. He grasped it by the hilt, and held her hand with his there. A moment passed in silence. I thought he prayed.

"Now good-bye, dear little one! When I get well I will come for the sword. Keep it for me. Will you kiss me, Lula?"

She stooped her pouting mouth to his,

and then looking up to me, one arm hugging the fearful sword, held out the other hand to be led away. The soft eyes were full of awe. She did not cry, but sat very still in the carriage. When her father came in at night, and Lula tried to tell him everything, she could not for her sobs.

The next day Mr. Nelson went with me to the hospital; but all was over. We told Lula that Mr. Fleming was well. God had taken him home to his father and mother.

A few days after, my husband went to Washington and succeeded in finding Fleming's Colonel, who spoke of our soldier in unqualified praise.

"I gave him a sword," said he, "for he saved my life once that day. His bravery won him his shoulder-straps and—a grave. Proud fellow! he lay suffering in Baltimore, and would not let me know, I would have given all I own to have found him."

When we were once more at home her father hung the sword on the wall of Lula's room.

"My little girl must remember," said he, turning and seeing the tears running down her cheeks, "That Captain Fleming never failed in his duty; died in doing it. She must guard purely what he won bravely. A child may live the life of a soldier in its highest sense. Lula, may yours never dishonor the sword!"

*** "Under the Flag."

A little child stood in the porch one night,
Her fair hair bathed in the glowing light,
Watching the sky till the sun went down,
And the sweet stars smiled over field and town.

"Come, darling!" her mother gently said—
The birds to their evening rest have sped,
The flowers have folded their petals fair,
Come, darling, and say your nightly prayer.

Gently, gently, she bowed her head,
Softly, softly, her prayer she said,
"I lay me to sleep," and "Our father above,"
In the tender trust of childhood's love.

And then she murmured, in accents sweet,
"O, guard our soldiers, when armies meet,
And, if by river, or vale, or crag,
Take care of dear father under the flag."

Under the flag! Oh! many there be,
For whom such prayers are offered to Thee,
They have gone from home—they have from
 heart,

Parting from all they hold dear on earth—

Marching along on the weary way,
Meeting the foe in deadly fray,
Joyfully bearing wounds and scars,
Under the dear old stripes and stars.

Mothers are lifting the voice of prayer,
"Old men, and children, and maidens fair;
While they're fighting, by vale or crag,
Keep our loved ones under the flag."

Under the flag! We fight and pray,
Freedom's altar our land to day—
Only the ~~craven~~ heart will lag,
When the drum beats, under the flag.

Hospital Notices.

Parcels, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

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Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

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DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

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Jan. 1865.

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THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

**D. LEARY'S
Steam Fancy Dyeing**

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York
Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828, has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks and business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

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Address - D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,

Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE MORNING LIGHT,

THE

PRINCE OF BASE BURNING

STOVES

It is the most powerful heater, the most economical, the most durable, the most easily managed, the most free from gas, the most convenient coal heating stove in the market, for the following reasons:

1st. It has a down draft, and a full double base divided with flues, thereby producing more radiating surface than can be produced in any other base-burning stove.

2d. The construction of the stove is such that the heat can be controlled and distributed with the greatest ease, and the largest amount of heat possible obtained from the same amount of fuel.

3d. It has a patent combination draft, with a perforated damper, through which the gas escapes at all times and under all circumstances, and no gas can be emitted into the room.

4th.—The patent combination draft serves to control, distribute and regulate the heat more than can be done in any other way. Instead of escaping into the chimney it is retained in the stove and radiated into the room.

5th. The flues are formed of heavy arched fire brick, which is the only substance directly exposed to the fire; therefore it must be very durable and require but few repairs.

6th. It is very neat and symmetrical in form, an ornament to any room, convenient to manage, a cautious burner, (it will keep fire from fall till spring,) and in every sense of the word, the Prince of Heating Stoves.

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.

17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by

WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,

Jan. 1865.

24 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

CASE & MANN.

Traveling and Lap Blankets,

AT
Case & Mann's,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

GENT'S TRAVELING SHAWLS,

AT
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LARGE SIZES—BEST QUALITY.

WHITE BLANKETS,

AT
Case & Mann's.
VARIOUS SIZES, AND ALL QUALITIES.

BALMORAL SKIRTS,

AT
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LARGE ASSORTMENT AND LOW PRICES.

PLAIN DRESS GOODS,

AT
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ALL KINDS, AT MODERATE PRICES.

PLAID DRESS GOODS,

AT
Case & Mann's.
LARGE LOT, REDUCED TO 50 CENTS THIS DAY.

MEN'S HOSIERY.

We have the best stock of these goods to be found in the State. It includes all qualities and sizes of British, French and American goods, in cotton, merino, or wool.

We sell a splendid Shaker stock, very heavy all wool, for 75 cents per pair; about as low as such goods have ever been sold.

CASE & MANN.

A Handsome Saving

Can be effected in the purchase of Furnishing Goods from our stock, by those to whom economy is an object. We invite special attention to this department of our trade, which is very extensive, and much heavier this season than ever before.

CASE & MANN.

Ladies' & Misses' Hosiery.

Our stock in this department excels that of any former season. A full line of fleeced British Merino Hosiery, in all sizes, including American goods of every description.

Ladies wishing a beautiful article in Hosiery, will not fail to appreciate our stock and assortment.

CASE & MANN.

To Close Out,

WE HAVE THIS DAY MARKED DOWN
Our entire stock of Winter Cloaks, from \$3 to \$10 below former prices. What we have on hand can now be bought as low or lower than the cloth alone.

CASE & MANN.

To Close Out,

WE HAVE THIS DAY MARKED DOWN
A lot of Long and Square Wollen Shawls to prices nearly corresponding with three years ago,

CASE & MANN.

To Close Out,

WE HAVE THIS DAY MARKED DOWN
Our entire stock of Heavy Beavers and Overcoatings, at prices to insure their immediate sale. No regard to cost. A good overcoat can be bought from our stock at a VERY LARGE DISCOUNT from any other stock.

CASE & MANN.

Men's Underwear,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

In merino and wool goods, all sizes, including the largest extra sizes, in Wrappers and Drawers—below current retail prices.

CASE & MANN.

Merino Underwear

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND BOYS,

In the largest variety, and best kinds of goods ever offered in this city. We have every size in Ladies' and Misses' Wrappers, including full line of British Goods, such as can be found in very few stocks in this country at present.

The price we sell them at would, at present rate of gold, be far below cost.

Ladies wishing a superior article in this line, will find our stock very inviting in a class of goods that cannot again readily be had.

CASE & MANN.

LARGE SIZES

FOR LARGE MEN—In English and American Wrappers and Drawers; all wool and extra heavy fleeced merino. Our stock contains some of the most superb goods ever brought to this country.

Jan. 1865.

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No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

ly

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The attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms.

Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.

These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

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Rochester, January, 1865.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

The Regiment's Departure and Return.

Tramp! tramp! two thousand feet,
Gallantly treading down the street;
With serried ranks, glittering guns,
Stepping with the tapping drums.

Southward every brow is bent,
Southward every shoulder lean,
Where the rebels' pinion red
Waves above the traitors' head

Brave hearts beat within that line,
They no duty will decline;
Fearing nothing, friend or foe,
To their country's aid they go.

Hurrah! hurrah! cheer on the brave!
They will find no coward's grave;
Glory bears bright crowns for all—
Not for these a soldier's pall.

That was long, oh! long ago,
Ere our hearts knew aught of woe;
Long, if counted out by years,
Longer, measured by our tears.

To-day the regiment comes home,
That left us then with beat of drum,
And waving flags and loud hurrah,
Our blue-coat boys went out to war.

Now they return, but not as then,
Shoulder to shoulder, a thousand men.
Empty is many a place then filled,
And the loud hurrah by a sigh is stilled.

Bloody and torn is the star-striped flag—
Nothing now but a dust-stained rag;
But proudly they bear it, the very few
Who have tramped and fought the three years
through.

Some they have left on the battle-field—
By a little earth are their bones concealed—
Some still linger a living death
In rebel prisons, whose fetid breath,
As fatal as fever, is ending their pain
With a common grave, or a crazed brain.

Some, lie on sick beds; some, suffer with
wounds,

Where daily tattoo and the reveillé sounds;
Some, in grave-yards at home; some sick by
the way;
But few—very few, can we welcome to-day.

All honor, all glory, we gladly will give
To these few of the brave who through all
still live;

Nor less to their brothers who slumber afar,
Worn out by the turmoil and toil of the war.

True was the prophecy our hearts gave;
Not one has filled a coward's grave;
And glory's crown is meet for all—
For living and dead, 'neath the soldier's pall.

M.

Augustine said, many years ago, "If we
trample our vices under our feet, we make of them
a ladder by which to climb to heaven."

For the Hospital Review.

How the Captain Died.

"Well," continued the sergeant, sitting down on a dry goods box, and gathering up his crutches, "I'll tell you how it happened. We just had time to throw up a rough breastwork, with rails and stones, any thing we could get hold of, when the Rebels appeared again swarming in the edges of the wood, and making ready for a rush. We lay quiet behind the fence—all except the Captain, who stood leaning against a tree, and had pulled out his little pocket testament during the lull in the firing, and began to read. The Captain was a good man, and as brave as a lion. None of us had any doubt of that, and the worst boys in the regiment respected him. So I said, 'Captain, would you just as lief read aloud, if you please?' So he read out—'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions.' I know the verses by-heart, Sir, for I've read them a good many times since. Well, he hadn't read but a few lines, when we saw the Johnnies spread out right and left, and the next instant they came on with a yell as usual, hooting like savages; 'steady, boys,' said the officers; 'reserve fire till they get closer.' So we did, and hardly a gun was fired until they got within fifty paces; then we poured in a volley which made them drop like leaves; another sent them to the right about. Now it was our turn. 'Charge!' was the word; and we rushed out after them. The Captain's tall figure was in front—he waved his sword in the air, and shouted 'Forward, boys, forward!' At that instant, some of the rebels turned and fired. I felt a shock, and a numbness in my legs, and tumbled down, because I couldn't stand. At the same time, I saw the Captain stop, and reel as if he was going to fall. He steadied himself, and deliberately returned his sword to the scabbard. 'Go on, boys,' he said, 'I've got enough for this time.' He walked slowly to the fence and sat down, with his back against it. I crawled towards him, and saw him take something out of his breast pocket. The next moment his head fell forward,

and the blood gushed out of his mouth. When I got to him he was dead, and his little Testament and the picture of his two boys were fast in his hand. And that was the way the dear old Captain died."

For the Hospital Review.

A Bride—A Widow.

"Married a week, and George is gone—
Gone to the war with my kiss on his brow;
I am waiting and praying all alone,
Wondering what he is thinking of now.

"Married! how strangely I'm feeling to-night!
What a weird silence reigns brooding around!
Only this morning the sun shone so bright;
Now see the shadow-imps dance on the ground.

"Bride of a week, and yet weeping;
They tell me it is a bad omen to weep:
Yes, I ought to be peacefully sleeping—
Shall I ever again peacefully sleep?"

"A bride, and weeping the long night through!
Others have seen husbands loving as I:
It is the work that we women must do,—
Weep o'er their graves if God calls them to die."

* * * * *

A battle—hotly contested, but won,
Won by the best blood of hundreds of men,
Stretched on the field when the battle was done,
Never to greet dear home-faces again!

Gasping, writhing—a wound in his breast,
One arm shattered, and praying to die;
Poor George, he is dreaming of rest
Where the stars gleam in the blue sky.

"Dora!" "Don!" the last words he utters,
Then he is free from earth's tumults and wars;
Over his body our proud banner floats,
There's glory in death for the stripes and stars.

Widowed, a month from her wedding day!
A slight girl clad in garments of woe,
Waits for a summons to call her away,
For heart-wounds sometimes prove fatal you
know. MARY.

Temperance in the Army.

DEAR EDITRESS—As I read the account of the "Black Valley Road" in the last *Hospital Review*, I could but thank God that such a warning voice is constantly "speaking from our Hospital walls" to all who share its blessings, as well as to the many visitors who from time to time pause before the picture. In dwelling upon the

temptations that beset our sons, brothers and friends, as they enter the army, we feel that we cannot too strongly warn them against intemperance. Let us not forget that they need even louder warnings, and more urgent entreaties, (as the extract I send you shows,) to adopt a principle of temperance that shall carry them safe from its debasing power to the arms of loving mothers and sisters, when God in his providence shall permit them to return to the homes that have been shadowed and darkened by their absence and peril, and to which they may carry light and joy, or (if they yield to this insidious foe a bitterness and desolation worse than death. In a letter written by J. W. Alvord, in regard to temperance in the army, he says, "the popular sentiment in all our armies is against the use of liquor as a beverage. It is, and always was, a military crime to be drunk. The man who staggers on parade, or in camp, is instantly put under arrest. The drunken soldier goes to the guard-house."

"Where then, you ask, is the apprehended danger? I reply; it is when the soldiers leave the service, come to the rear, and to their homes. I hear you say, and very truly, "how many drunken soldiers we now see in our streets." Let me tell you these soldiers while on the front were not drunkens. They were sober fellows there. But their furloughs came; or three years of hard military life ended; like children let loose from school, they are returning to their friends; and at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York or Boston, they fall an easy prey to the terrible power of the rumseller. Think of the poor boy! He has not tasted a single luxury for years Salt beef and hard tack have been his constant food, often not enough of that. Now see him. That low shop window is filled with candy, cakes, and cigars. The perfume of oysters comes up, and in the thoughtless abandon of the soldier, driven by appetite, down he plunges and comes out reeling, crazed with intoxication! And then you say, "What a drunken army you have out at the war!" I reply, "What drunken homes you've got to bring that army back to!"

A few weeks since, I took my seat beside a war-worn veteran, in a train of wounded, as it left Northampton for Green

Mountain homes in Vermont. After some conversation, I said "Soldier, are you coming from this war better than you went or worse?" "Better," said he, instantly, "I haven't heard a word of swearing in this crowd since we left Fortress Monroe; when we went out it was an oath every other word." "I am glad to hear you say that," said I, and my heart felt cheered with so striking a fact, illustrating what is so generally true. But we had not gone ten miles before oaths and curses broke forth in the front end of the car in which we were sitting. "What's that?" I said with surprise, and turning to my comrade. He dropped his head for a moment, then looked me full in the face. "Ah," said he, "I can explain it, sir. I saw a man get upon the cars at Northampton with flasks of whiskey, and he's been selling it through the train." A New England, pitiful peddling rumseller had wrought that ruin; and as I watched those poor wounded fellows, when leaving the cars at Brattleboro', a still more painful sight met my eyes. Mothers and sisters were there to meet returning sons and brothers. But alas! to weep scalding tears over them, not merely as maimed and wounded, but as intoxicated! In silent bitterness, I thought to myself, is it not enough that these brave young men have been mangled in defence of their country? Must their fellow-citizens just at home permit them to be made maniacs too!

EXTRACTS FROM

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

BY L. E. W.

(Continued.)

As I rode along, I caught a glimpse of

AUNT PATTY MILES,

who lived in a little one-roomed cabin by the roadside, who was mainly supported by charity, sitting in her large arm-chair beneath a maple in her narrow yard. She was a kind motherly old lady, whom every body loved, and delighted to please. On approaching her I stopped my horse.

"Good morning, Aunt Patty," said I. "How are you this pleasant day?"

"Why, Miss——, is it you? I'm glad to see you," and she got up and hobbled along on her crutches to my carriage, and gave me a hearty shake by the hand.

"But what brought you along to-day?"

"Oh! I'm trying to get something for our wounded soldiers," I replied.

"Just what I thought," said she, "and I've got a tract and a piece of linen that I want to send, if you can wait for me to get them."

"Oh! yes, I shall be most happy to wait," and I followed her into her little dwelling. She soon found them—a piece of white linen about as large as a lady's pocket handkerchief, and the tract entitled "The Soldier's Talisman." I took them saying, "I know these will do some poor soldier's soul and body both good;" for I felt that the widow's mite would be accepted of God, who searches all hearts and understands all motives.

DEACON MONTEITH AND WIFE,

good old Scotch people, with just brogue enough to make their voices melodious, were next on my route. I was fortunate enough to find them both at home, and met with a most cordial reception.

"I thought I picked up every thing I could possibly spare to send in the box last fall; but this spring, as I was looking over things, I found quite a large bundle of old linen, that I had forgotten all about; and then I have several other articles that I wish to send," said Mrs. Monteith.

"Yes, wife, leave nothing behind; he that 'withholdeth his hand' at such a crisis as this must have a hard heart indeed. Where are the money and stores you collect to be sent?" he continued, turning inquiringly to me.

"To the Christian Commission. It can make a more judicious disposal of them, than can any State organization," I replied.

"Such is my opinion, Miss——. It bestows its favors indiscriminately upon all sufferers, whether from Maine or Georgia; and this is as it should be. In one cot may be a man from Vermont, and in the next one from New-York or Wisconsin. Now, for a Delegate from Vermont to seek out his man and administer to his wants, and leave the others, who may be in quite as much need of relief, uncared for, and *vice versa*, because he is not allowed by the society whose representative he is to expend its funds upon any except men from his own State, is altogether too narrow-minded for a republican people, engaged in such a struggle as we are. On the whole, such proceedings cannot be productive of much good. They must unavoidably give rise to feelings of bitterness and discontent

among men engaged in a common cause and partakers of a common suffering."

"And besides, the *soul* is cared for, as well as the *body*; yet many people seem never to think of this, and look upon the Christian Commission with distrust," I observed.

"Yes, I know there are many such; but they are invariably those who know the least about its operations, and have not patience to read a single Report. They eagerly seize upon some slanderous bit of gossip, make a big bluster about it, and retail it with great zeal, without stopping a moment to investigate the matter, to find out whether they are reporting truth or not. I have watched its proceedings from its organization until the present time, and am convinced that it is fully worthy of the entire confidence of Christian people; and unquestionably it is their duty to support it."

"I would not disparage the Sanitary Commission. It is doing a great and noble work. But the Christian Commission has taken a long stride in advance of it, inasmuch as the soul is of more importance than the body. It binds up the wounds of the poor soldier and makes him as comfortable as possible, and then pours into his heart the oil of Christian consolation. While it smooths the pillow of the dying, it points to Him who hath taken away the sting of death, and made a path of glory through the grave. You recollect JAMES MONTEITH, my nephew, do you not?" I nodded assent, and he continued, "He was religiously brought up, but after entering the army, all serious impressions seemed to be entirely effaced from his mind, and, to all appearance, he lived without fear of God or man. This course caused his widowed mother much anxiety, and earnestly she prayed day and night for her wayward son. Last winter while encamped at Brandy Station, he was sought out by a Delegate of the Christian Commission, and, through his instrumentality, was brought into the fold of Christ. He wrote to his mother of the change he had experienced, and that he desired to live only that he might serve his Lord and Redeemer. I was present when she received the letter; and with tears of joy in her eyes, she exclaimed: 'James is a Christian! Whatever may befall him, I shall be happy!' Two days ago she received a letter from an agent of the Christian Commission, saying that her son was fatally wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania, that he stood by him in his last moments, and

that when dying he said, 'tell mother not to mourn for me. I die happy,' and then he calmly breathed his last. A curiously-wrought wooden ring and a lock of his hair were carefully enclosed; and the letter also stated that he received a decent burial. Oh! it was touching to see how thankful the poor woman was to know that her son had been soothed in his dying moments by a Christian minister, and that he had been so mindful of her feelings as to send the precious relics. And this is only one of the numberless instances of the great good done by the Christian Commission. It truly follows the example of Christ, who went about doing good to all men indiscriminately. The results of this glorious work can only be known in eternity. What clusters of stars will there be in the crown of these self denying Christian men, who 'count it all joy' if they can but save one sinner from the error of his ways.

"The Commission is faithfully carrying out the true idea of Christian charity. Its foundation is a precious stone that other organizations did not dig deep enough to find. Oh! it is doing a glorious work!" and he brought down his brawny fist with such force upon the table, that it fairly jarred the furniture in the room.

"I find, Deacon, that your idea of the Christian Commission coincides with that of several of my acquaintances who have had opportunity to witness its workings," said I.

"Oh, Miss ——! I've investigated its proceedings so thoroughly, I feel that I cannot be mistaken in regard to it. Another of its good deeds come to my mind. I'm thinking of the case of CHARLES DURAND, the son of an old friend of mine. He was a pious young man, and, with conscientious devotion to his country, he, with his only brother, enlisted in the summer of 1862, to help fill up the Sixth Vermont. He had been in the army but a few months when his brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, died of fever, contracted by exposure during the first battle of Fredricksburg. He had the body embalmed and sent home to the wife of a few weeks, to father and mother, and two fond sisters besides a large circle of friends; and while the burial services were being performed over the precious dust, Charles was mourning alone in camp. Possessing a sensitive temperament, I think the bereavement wore upon his health somewhat, and he was obliged to go into the hospital; but he finally recovered

and went into active service again. The second day of the Wilderness fight he was wounded in the hand, and then in the groin; but he would not leave his post, though urged to do so by his comrades. Before the close of the day he received a serious wound in the head, and, weltering in blood, he was borne upon a stretcher from the field. His companions had no opportunity to hear any thing from him after that; but, from the nature of the wounds, they concluded that they must have caused death very soon, and wrote to his friends to that effect. His family, who since the death of his brother had been doubly solicitous for his welfare, on receiving this intelligence were thrown into great sorrow, for they could reasonably entertain but a faint hope that he was living. A few days of suspense elapsed, which to them seemed weeks, and then came a letter from the Christian Commission, saying that he had fallen into their hands, and that he seemed better, and they had hopes of his recovery. Oh! what joy it brought to that family, though they were compelled to hope against hope. Soon came another letter, directed 'To the Friends of Charles Durand,' bearing the intelligence that he had suddenly grown worse, and was so far gone that he could not tell them the name of his father; and then another, that he was dead. It was an unspeakable comfort to the bereaved family to know that he had been thus kindly cared for, and it was enough to melt the hardest heart to hear their expressions of gratitude.

"The sphere of the Christian Commission must rapidly widen, for it has the true life in its roots. Its work is carried on with the least possible expense, as its agents receive no compensation for their services, and the greater part of its transportation is free."

During this time the Deacon's good lady had been quietly arranging her packages, and, as soon as he paused, she said to me—placing her hand upon a large bundle—"this is the linen. I brought it from Scotland forty years ago. It isn't good for much, except lint." Then she made some little explanation concerning the other packages, which contained sheets, pillow cases, shirts, towels, dried apples and berries, books, and various other articles.

"What a nice lot! Thank you," said I.

"We don't deserve any thanks for simply doing our duty," said the Deacon, handing me a ten dollar greenback, as he said to his wife, "I am afraid Miss——will find

her wagon cumbered with baggage, if she takes these bulky things along. I will carry them down this afternoon," and then to me, "if you please, Miss——, you may tell the neighbors, as you pass along, that I will carry any thing that they wish to send by me."

(To be continued.)

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1865.

Gratifying Responses.

Really, kind friends, in looking over our correspondence and long list of subscribers this month, we feel that we have nothing to say, except to try and thank you, each and all, for your many responses to our appeals for *The Review*. Pleasant as we found it to be "great"—we began to be a little dismayed at the "cost of greatness"—to which we made some allusions last month—but our fears are at an end. After all the flattering encouragements which we have received this month, we are assured that our friends fully intend not only to support us in our present grandeur, but to give us leave to spread ourselves to our hearts' content. We think, however, that before we plume ourselves for another flight, we shall have to wait until we get "those feathers," and both of our "Wings." Besides, we conclude we have grown quite enough for the present. Instead of trying to expand our leaves, or put out more new ones—we prefer devoting ourselves to the beautifying and perfecting those that we have. This, for the present, will be the height of our aspirations, and we feel cheered and stimulated in our efforts by the daily encouragements which we meet. With such clear, warm sunshine and refreshing showers, we ought, we think, to grow in beauty and in grace, as we have already done in size. Our friends and agents have, we think, done most nobly for us the past months. They have not exactly "doubled our list," as we proposed, but they have sent us *over two hundred new names*; which, even to our recently expanded ideas of things, seems, to say

the least, a great many—and we think we may add, really magnificent. Only do as well for the months to come, kind friends, and our list will soon be doubled, and more—and we think we shall be fully able to bear even all the "cost of greatness."

"Who will send the First Quilt?"

This momentous question, agitated in our last number, is settled at last—and Addie W. *did* send us the first quilt of the seventy—just as she said she would, and just as we knew she would from the first—for when Miss Addie makes up her mind to do a good thing, it is done. Little Miss Somebody, — who expressed her doubts in this subject—will have to acknowledge herself fairly beaten. We are a little sorry for her—but it isn't safe for any one to come in competition with Miss Addie. Miss Somebody, (she does not wish to give us her name, since she was beaten)—need not be disheartened, however. She has sent us "*quilt No. 2*"—and we should feel that we had something to be proud of, to be able to come even second to Miss Addie. Indeed, we think we should be proud if we could send any one of those seventy quilts—but we are so old and so slow, and they are already beginning to come in so fast, and we know of so many lively little girls who are hard at work at them, that we are afraid ours, if ever done, will be far behind all the seventy. No. 3 has already come in—pieced and quilted, all complete, by the pupils of Miss Allgood's School—(No. 13, we believe). Miss Allgood sent us at the same time *eleven* new subscribers for *The Review*—a donation worthy to be reckoned—even among the seventy quilts! We have now received quilts No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. Who will send us No. 4?

Our Little Agents at Work.

We are very much gratified to find from our correspondence, as well as from the visits of our young friends, how very busy our little agents are in getting new names for us, and how much interest they all seem to take in our *Review*. Among our new volunteers, we are very much gratified to add the name of Samuel B. Wood. He called

upon us one morning, bringing us six subscribers he had procured for us, and stated that he was about to make a visit to Brockport, where he hoped to get us as many more. Before commencing his work he wanted to be regularly enrolled as agent, and went to Mr. Williams (our Superintendent,) to get a certificate from him to that effect. We shall hear from him again, before another month, we are sure. Miss M. C. of East Groveland, sends us the names of three subscribers, obtained by a little friend who, she tells us, loves to do good. Fanny and Ella Colburn, have also added three names to their list, and Linda has not failed—we knew she would not—to send her new subscriber. She said, some time ago, that she meant to send us one every month, and well, thus far, she has kept her resolution. We were just thinking of her, and wondering where it was to come from this time, when in she came, with it. Thank you all, dear children! We are getting to be quite proud of our brave little army of boys and girls. Who next will volunteer?

Those "Feathers."

We are delighted to be able to acknowledge the receipt of some of those "feathers," for pillows—which we were begging for last month. We have received a very generous donation from Mrs. B., of our city—not sufficient, of course, for the seventy beds—but if seventy others would only give each as generously as she has done, we should be well supplied. Has not our Hospital—have not our soldiers, among all our readers, seventy friends, who will send feathers for soft pillows for weary aching heads? But as we said last month—we do not believe there is any lack of patriotism—nor any lack of love for our soldiers in our midst—and we are sure there is no lack of geese—(we know of several)—and so we shall keep looking out for "those feathers!"

A Generous Proposal, and a Generous Response.

A gentleman of this city—Mr. H. W. Knapp, recently proposed to donate to four of our Charitable Institutions—the City Hospital—Soldiers' Aid—Orphan Asylum—and Industrial School—"Russell's Panora-

rama of the War"—and, in addition to the avails of its exhibition, to double the sum, (not to exceed a thousand dollars)—which they might receive for its sale. The Panorama was exhibited on Thursday and Friday, at Corinthian Hall, from which five hundred dollars were raised. At the close of the exhibition on Friday evening, it was proposed to sell the Panorama for the sum of \$1000, upon shares of ten dollars each. Thirty-eight shares were taken that evening among the gentlemen and ladies present, and by Monday morning, the whole amount was secured, and Mr. Knapp promptly fulfilled his part of the contract, and gave his check for another \$1000. Quite a pleasant little excitement prevailed in the purchase of shares—one lady investing to the amount of \$200—one gentleman, fifty—and several thirty, twenty and ten. The handsome sum thus raised through Mr. Knapp's donation and proposal, and meeting with so hearty and so generous a response by our citizens, is to be divided equally among these four charities already named. The Panorama is still in the possession of the Ladies of the Committee, and will be sold by them to any wishing to purchase, on very reasonable terms. Application can be made at the Aid Society Rooms, Corinthian Hall, or to Mr. E. C. Williams, Superintendent of the City Hospital, West Avenue.

Pickles.

Mrs. Erickson will please accept our thanks for a large pail of very nice pepper-mangoes. We can assure her they were partaken with a keen relish by our soldier-boys. We wish some other of their many friends would send them a big pail-full of pepper-mangoes; or, indeed, of any kind of pickles. Our boys like pickles, and as the languor and depression of these spring days creeps on, pickles are particularly acceptable. They sharpen the failing appetites of our invalids, and seem to give new vigor. Bring us pickles, or horse-radish, if you have it—or anything else that is good!

Special Acknowledgments.

Mrs. Chas. Ford, of Clyde, will please accept our thanks for twenty-six new subscribers. Miss Ada Miller, from that place, has also sent us eight, and assures us that she does not intend to be outdone by Mrs. F. Other towns we might mention, as will be seen from our correspondence, have also done nobly for us. Mr. W., of Fairport, sends us fourteen names—Miss Secor, of Macedon, seven—Miss M'Chesney, Spencerport, seven—Miss Anna Sullivan, Scottsville, eight—Mrs. Spencer, city, eight—Miss Davis, eleven, &c. &c. The effort of our friends for us must have been as earnest and persevering as it is to us gratifying. Once more, we beg they will accept our most hearty thanks—and let the good work go on!

Those "Drop Lights."

Our appeal for two drop-lights has met with *one* very cordial response—for which we are very grateful. We have had one sent to us, but we asked for *two*. Will no one send us the other? Of course *some-one* will—and, dear reader, we would like it at your very earliest convenience, as we are waiting for it.

Mr. Smith's "Wing."

Mr. Smith continues to receive most flattering responses to his appeal for another Wing. Two gentlemen of this city have promised a thousand brick each towards it; and a friend sends him two dollars with the following:

ROCHESTER, March, 1865.

MR. HENRY RAZOR STROP SMITH:

I enclose you a very small sum, (\$2.00)—but if it will only help to purchase one more feather for your Wing, I shall be glad. If the feathers of the present day were brought down from the heads, and placed in the Wings, I think it would not be long before you would be able to fly upward and onward, and gather in your brood to a sweet and happy home. I hope God's blessing will rest on every dollar you receive—and that every day may bring you glad tidings. I wish I could send you a thousand dollars.

I am, very respectfully yours,

A FRIEND.

Nor is this all. On the tiniest little sheet of note paper, enclosed in the tiniest

little envelope we read the following, which Mr. S. showed us, with the enclosed sum from little Monty:

MR. SMITH—I am little Monty Rochester, and I send you four dollars to make the Wing, because I promised I would.

March 13, 1865.

God bless all the dear children, as well as the older people, who are helping to build and to furnish our Wings!

A Generous Donation.

We wish in a special manner to acknowledge the generous donation the past month of one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, valued at eighty-five dollars, through S. W. Dibble, Esq., of New York, 625 Broadway. Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines are yet, we believe, without a rival, and the receipt of one of these valuable household aids—just at this time, while we are so busy fitting up our new Wing—is peculiarly acceptable.

A Card of Thanks.

The Ladies Panorama Committee, take pleasure in publicly expressing their sincere thanks to Mr. W. H. Knapp, for his munificent gift, and the promptness with which he fulfilled his liberal proposition with which it was accompanied—the ladies and gentlemen of the city generously raising the required \$1000. May it not only prove a blessing to the sick and needy, but verify the truth that "he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and loke, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

The Committee tender their thanks to Capt. C. B. Hill, for yielding to their urgent solicitations, feeling assured that their success was owing, in a great measure, to his lectures. Mr. Ellis, who kindly loaned them a piano; and the lady musicians, who contributed their favors for the occasion, will also please accept their thanks; nor would they forget Mr. E. C. Williams, for his untiring efforts in behalf of these charities—nor any who contributed to the pleasure of the "little folks," who will long remember these exhibitions.

Extract from a Letter from an Officer.

We are pleased to hear from a friend of by-gone days, who holds a choice place in our memory, and who for many years has served our country—having been Lieutenant in the U. S. Army, when it war with Mexico—since promoted to Captain, and during the present war was, for a time, in command as Colonel of a Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment. We make a few extracts from his letter: E.

“FORT TRUMBULL, Conn., }
March 6, 1865. }

“DEAR MRS. _____:

“Certain documents (The Review) from Rochester do not make me fee badly. It makes me proud of the acquaintance of one interested in an institution for the benefit of military sufferers.

“I forgot what I was going to say, for the good Chaplain came in and told me of the news of Sheridan's capture of Jubal Early and his host, and of Sherman's junction with Porter and Schofield, at Fayetteville, and it has turned my head topsyturvy. How gloriously we are getting along!

“The good God who has hebed and delivered this country in times past, has not forgotten us now, despite our deinquencies. Only let us see and feel this, and give to Him the glory.

“I hastily scribble a line just to remind you that I am now as of old, and to thank you for your remembrance. Ladies: May God bless your work. Woman has left the imperishable imprint on this wa, of mercy and affection's devotion; and in the name of old Soldiers, I repeat—Bless you!”

☛ The Grand Jury, in their recent report upon the Charitable Insitutions of our city, visited by them, says

“The Rochester City Hospital, located on West Avenue, is a new building, now nearly completed, and reflects great credit upon the city. The want of such a hospital has long been felt. It is now used for the purpose of taking care of wounded soldiers, of whom there are now therein 84, who are as well taken care of as could be desired. There are also 23 citizens, male and female, who are provided for in this institution with an abundance of food, comfortable apartments and beds, as well as medical attendance. The Hospital has accommodation for 106 patients.”

A slight inaccuracy occurs in this last

statement. The Hospital has accomodation for 106 soldiers. We have, in all, 140 beds—including those for citizen patients.

Another Letter to the Third Ward Aid Society.

STOCKADE, No. 2, NEAR DECATUR, Ala.
July 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. H.

Your kind letter came upon me rather unexpectedly, but none the less welcome. I had given up all hopes of getting an answer to the letter I wrote while at Nashville, and was agreeably surprised on receipt of yours. We (the 73d.) are camped here near Decatur; a part of the regiment are engaged in guarding the Franklin and Nashville Rail Road, and the remainder are hunting guerillas along the Tennessee River, above Decatur. It is rather dangerous business, for no quarter is given on either side; but the boys seem to like it. The greater the danger and excitement, the more readily do they volunteer to encounter it. There is much discussion in the regiment at present in regard to re-enlisting. I am going to do so—not that I love soldiering, but I enlisted to suppress the rebellion, and until that is accomplished, I do not feel at liberty to desert the cause. If I should follow the promptings of selfishness, I would quickly prefer the home circle and home comforts to a life in the field. Our family consists of four—father, mother, sister and brother, as happy a little circle as was ever broken by the irrestable appeals of an injured country. Give my sincerest thanks, in behalf of myself and fellow soldiers, to your Society, for their noble and persevering efforts to furnish our sick and wounded with the luxuries of home. It plainly indicates that the spirit of patriotism that urges our soldiers on to victory or death, rests also in the hearts of our mothers, sisters and wives at home. The thought nerves the soldier's arm to deeds of daring, and fills his heart with pleasant and proud emotions, to know that there are those thinking of him at home, and he is proud that he possesses such a country and such treasures to fight for. When God sees fit to bring this war to a close, what a joyous and happy meeting will ensue. I hope we may all live to see the day!

It is getting late, and as I am detailed to go on a scout to-morrow, I will need some sleep.

Yours, truly, J. W. A.

P. S.—The article that I was fortunate enough to receive through your instrumentality, was what we soldiers call a “Housewife.” As it is the only wife I can boast of, I have taken good care of it.

J. W. A.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, on Tuesday morning, March 14th, of Brain Fever, MARTHA A. BELLS, daughter of Mrs. Barney Clappen.

Mr. & Mrs. Clappen were just removing to Albion from near Troy. This little girl was taken sick on the cars, and brought to the City Hospital by Mr. S. M. Sherman.

Correspondence.

PERINTON, Feb. 14, 1865.

MRS. PERKINS—Dear Madam—I send you the names of two more subscribers to the *Review*. I shall leave this paper with Mrs. Hamilton, of Fairport, for a few days, and she will try to procure a few more. Respectfully, MRS. J. CHASE.

We are highly gratified to be able to add, that when this note reached us from Mrs. Hamilton, there were enclosed the names of sixteen new subscribers she had procured for us, and the following note:

MRS. PERKINS—Madam—I have succeeded in getting a few subscribers for the *Review*, and will try and do more at some future time.

Respectfully, MRS. G. W. H.

Many thanks to Mrs. Hamilton!

A Good Work Commenced in Phelps.

PELPHS, February, 1865.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS—Dear Madam—Through my aunt, Mrs. C., I received a copy of your little paper, entitled *The Hospital Review*; and it being my sincere wish to do all in my power for those who have periled their lives in the service of our country, I have exerted myself to obtain subscribers for the paper in this neighborhood. I have been able, however, to procure but four names. In consequence of the bad weather, I have not been able to extend my inquiries as far as I otherwise would have done. If possible, I will procure more names and send them to you before the winter closes. I am almost ashamed to send my subscription list after seeing so many longer ones noticed in your paper, but I am comforted by the thought, that though little it will help some poor wounded soldier.

Yours, truly, L. I. R.

Gratifying from Macedon.

MACEDON, Feb. 16, 1865.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS—Dear Madam—Your letter addressed to Mrs. A. L. was received, also the papers. Enclosed you will please find \$2 for four copies of *The Hospital Review*, to be sent as directed. I am sorry that I cannot send more names now, but hope to do so in a few weeks, for I shall continue to solicit subscriptions. I think every one ought to be enough interested in the welfare of the sick and wounded soldiers to take your little paper. Our Aid Society is progressing finely, and we are talking about getting up a party to visit your Hospital, and bring our donations, so you may expect us before many days.

Very respectfully, MISS C. M. S.

FISHER'S, MARCH 4, 1865.

DEAR MRS. P.—Having by accident come across one of your excellent papers, *The Hospital Review*, and having a desire to contribute a mite to so noble a cause, I cheerfully enclose fifty cents.

Yours, &c. MRS. J. G.

J. McC. will please accept our many thanks.

SPENCERPORT, Feb. 28, 1865.

DEAR MADAM—Pardon me for addressing you, a stranger, but I have always felt a deep interest in our brave soldiers who leave their friends, and many of them their happy homes, to fight for our glorious country; and I have always had a desire to do something for them, but as yet no opportunity has presented itself, until a few days ago my cousin sent me a copy of your enlarged paper, with the request for me to get some subscribers for it in our place, which I have done at leisure moments. My time is nearly all occupied in attending school. If your paper will create an interest in your hospital and its afflicted soldiers, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble. You will please find enclosed the money for seven copies.

Yours, most truly, J. McC.

ROCHESTER, March 1, 1865.

MR. E. C. WILLIAMS—Dear Sir—Enclosed you will please find the money and names for two more copies of your *Hospital Review*.

Very respectfully, S. A.

LOCKPORT, March 5th, 1865.

DEAR MRS. PERKINS:

Enclosed you will please find the names of three new subscribers for *The Review*. We feel a very deep interest in the noble work of aiding and caring for the brave men who have gone forth to our country's rescue, in this, her hour of peril, and would gladly render any service in our power to help on the good work. I hope soon to send you some more names for your paper, and perhaps something to help furnish that "Wing" you mention in the last *Review*. May God in mercy grant that the class of arms, and the sacrifice of precious life may soon cease, and that the white winged angel of peace may once more spread her pinions over our bleeding country.

I remain, yours, J. A. D.

A Word of Cheer from Avon.

AVON, March 6, 1865.

DEAR MRS. PERKINS—Enclosed please find \$2 for *Review*. The little folks have a "Society," from which you may hear ere long. May our Heavenly Father bless you and all others who assist the brave defenders of our glorious Union, and grant that soon the necessity may cease for so much exertion on behalf of those noble souls who have periled their lives for the best country and government the sun ever shone upon.

Respectfully, yours, C. R. W.

FAIRPORT, March 6, 1865.

MRS. PERKINS—Dear Madam—Enclosed please find one dollar for two copies of the *Review*, to be sent as directed. I am to be absent from home for a short time, and on my return will obtain more, if possible.

Respectfully yours, MRS. G. W. H.

FAIRPORT, March 8, 1865.

MRS. PERKINS—Please find enclosed two dollars for four copies of your interesting paper, *The Hospital Review*. I hope I shall soon have the

pleasure of sending more names. I feel very much interested in the good cause in which you are laboring. I am also thinking about your inhabitable Wing. Hoping to be able to call on you soon,
Yours, truly,
MRS. M. F. R.

A Generous Remembrance from Lockport.

LOCKPORT, March 13th, 1865.

MRS. DR. MATHEWS—You will please acknowledge the receipt of one box from the "Ladies' Volunteer Aid Society," containing twenty-seven flannel shirts, and eight cotton shirts. Our Society has always worked for the Sanitary Commission; but I wish it might get interested nearer home, for then we would know our work was really doing good. I have visited the "Hospital" with my aunt, Mrs. J. C., and was very much pleased with the appearance.

I hope this will not be the last box you shall receive from us. I enclose fifty cents for "The Hospital Review," to be sent to Mrs. E. D. S.

Yours truly, MRS. CHAS. CRAIG, Sec'y,
"Lockport Ladies' Volunteer Aid Society."

Another Little Girl at Work for us.

A. will please accept our thanks.

EAST GROVELAND, March 13th, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. M.—Enclosed please find one dollar and fifty cents, and the names of three new subscribers. These names were obtained by Amanda Groesbeck, a little girl of twelve years; one who loves to do good.

Very sincerely,
M. C.

Our Little Agents still at Work.

ROCHESTER, March, 1865.

MRS. PERKINS—You will find enclosed one dollar and fifty cents, and the names of three new subscribers for *The Hospital Review*. Please send the January and February numbers, and oblige.

FANNY & ELLA COLBURN.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BUTLER, Petry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- " J. CHASE, Perinton.
- " S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
- " CHARLES FORD, Clyde.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " C. M. SECOR, Macedon.
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.

Cash Donations for February.

A wounded Soldier,	\$10 00
Charlie Bumpus, Victor,	50
Monty Rochester,	25
	<hr/>
	\$10 75

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.

List of Donations to the Hospital for February, 1865.

- Mrs. E. T. Huntington—2 Blankets, 4 old Shirts.
 - Mrs. J. T. Talman—1 pair Woolen Socks.
 - Miss Hattie Hayes—a box of very excellent Lint.
 - Mrs. M. B. Baker—3 Shirts.
 - Mrs. Garrigus—a bundle of Lint.
 - Mrs. T. H. Rochester—a quantity of Biscuits, a loaf of home-made Bread, for the Matron's table.
 - Mr. F. L. Bower, Riga—a pail of Pickles.
 - Mrs. Landale—a jar of Apple Sauce.
 - Mrs. Secor, Macedon—a pail of Pickles.
 - Ladies' Aid Society—10 lbs. Coffee, a quantity of Butter, half barrel of Crackers, and a quantity of Bandages.
 - Mrs. Monte Rochester—Cotton cloth for bandages.
 - Mr. G. W. Harrod—an Ice-pick and China Eggs.
 - Mrs. F. Gorton—10 tumblers of Jelly, copies of the Atlantic Monthly.
 - Mrs. H. L. Fish—2 loaves of Cake for Matron's table.
 - Mrs. George L. Whitney and Miss Hall—7 pairs Woolen Socks.
 - Mrs. Wood—2 bottles of Catsup.
 - Mrs. A. Erickson—a large basket of Apples and pail of Pepper Mangoes.
 - Miss Addie Wood—The first Bed-quilt of the 70 asked for in the February Review.
 - A Friend—the second Quilt of the 70.
 - Mrs. N. F. Bradstreet—2 Flannel Wrappers, one pair of Moccasins.
 - Ladies' Aid Society—4 pairs Drawers.
- Orders drawn by the Superintendent for the Soldiers, have been generously and promptly filled.
- Superintendent's Report for February.**
- | | |
|---|-------|
| Feb'y. 1st, Citizen Patients in Hospital, ... | 23 |
| Received during the month, ... | 8—31 |
| Discharged, | 7 |
| March 1, Number remaining, | 24 |
| Feb'y 1, Number of Soldiers in Hospital, 85 | |
| Received during the month, ... | 12—97 |
| Discharged, transferred, or furloughed, | 10 |
| March 1, Number remaining, | 87 |
| Citizen Patients, | 24 |
| March 1, Total number, | 111 |
- Receipts for the Hospital Review,**
FROM FEB. 15, TO MARCH, 1865.
- Mrs. James Pray, Mrs. Isaac Pray, Mrs. A. Norton, Mt. Morris—By Miss M. Culbertson,
 - Mrs. Hiram Parmalee, Miss Ida Leech, Miss Delia Chapin, West Bloomfield; John C. Hoadley, New Bedford, Mass.; Charles Wells, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Dr. Jewett, Canandaigua; Mrs. G. C. Goode-nough, Mrs. Charles R. Davis, Miss Sarah Shelton, Mrs. H. P. Merrill, Rochester—By Miss M. W. Davis,
 - Mrs. E. Trump—By Mrs. D. Parmaly,
 - H. P. Gardner, Brockport; John Anderson, Adams Basin; N. H. Outouth, Riga—By Mrs. E. D. Smith,

Mrs. Paul Goddard, York—By Miss Root, \$ 50
 Mrs. B. C. Hoag, Joseph Wilkinson, Mrs. K. J. Wilkinson, Macedon; Mrs. C. Padgham, Fisher's; William Cline, Norton's Mills; Mrs. N. Bumpus, Fairport; Lewis Allen, Farmington—By a Lady,..... 3 50
 Clarendon Morse, Esq., Geneva; Mrs. Dr. Bennett, Mrs. Heman Lynn, Mrs. Wm. Mudgett—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,..... 2 00
 Miss L. A. DeLand, Mrs. J. Y. Parse, Mrs. Burton Howe, Mrs. M. A. De Land, Mrs. Nellie Crother, Miss Mary Ives, Mrs. L. T. Howard, Mrs. William P. Hawkins, Mrs. J. E. Howard, Miss Julia Dickenson, Miss J. A. Williams, Mrs. H. Van Buren, Mrs. W. S. Storms, Mrs. G. W. Hamilton, Mr. Charlie Dickinson, Mrs. Henry Ford, Fairport—By Mrs. Hamilton,..... 8 00
 Mrs. A. C. Hill, Fairport; Mrs. A. Wait, North Chili—By Mrs. J. Chase,..... 1 00
 T. J. Bussey, Palmyra; D. C. Lapham, Mrs. John Hathaway, Macedon Centre, Mrs. S. Lapham, Mrs. M. Lapham, Miss D. Blackmar, Miss C. M. Secor, Macedon—By Miss Secor,..... 3 50
 Mrs. Henry Dwight, Mrs. Horace T. Cook, Miss Annie Wise, Auburn—By a Friend, Bettie Lee, East Kendall—By Mrs. Henry Cook,..... 1 50
 Mrs. Eliza Loop, Gideon Pettet, Manlius; Newton B. Norris, Norwich, N. Y.; George C. Maurer—By Mrs. Mathews, Mr. Gifford; Mrs. Simeon Curtiss, Middlebury, Conn.; Henry Patten; John Reynolds Chesebrough, Sanborn; G. H. Ely, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio, \$2; Mrs. Dr. Lewis, Miss Angeline Moore, Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford; Mrs. J. Gifford, Fisher's, Ont. Co.; Mrs. F. S. Dewitt, Rochester—By Mrs. Perkins,..... 6 50
 John Fry, Charlotte; Mrs. Thomas Graham, Miss Mary Nagle, Mrs. J. Hand, Mrs. Geo. Elwanger, Mrs. H. Barty, H. Daggea, P. Wickins, Henry McMahon, Mrs. James Sproat, Mrs. Fred. Zimmer, Miss Amy King, Mrs. J. L. Angle—By Miss Allgood,..... 6 50
 William H. Brizee, William Ford, Fairport; Charles Benedict, James Ranney, Nathan Case, John Potter, Egypt—By John Williams,..... 3 00
 Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. S. G. Beach, Mrs. R. Gorsline, W. Y. Andrews, Mrs. J. F. Rothgangle, Mrs. C. F. Spencer, Robbie Selford; Mrs. Thomas Brace, Victor—By Mrs. C. F. Spencer,..... 4 00
 William G. Walker, Oaks' Corners; Wm. P. Ottley, Miss L. I. Ranney, 2 copies, Phelps—By Miss Ranney,..... 2 00
 Mrs. A. Pardee, J. M. Ryerson, George Miller, Charles Elliott, A. J. Denison, R. Perkins, B. F. Clark, J. S. Tremper, Jas. Armitage, Charles B. Gregory, W. H. Miller, Willie Coffin, Miss Ada Miller, Mrs. A. E. Matteson, E. F. Palmer, Miss H. Aurand, A. R. Snedaker, M. Munn, S. J. Sayles, G. W. Cowles, L. S. Ketchum, P. G. Denison, Mrs. P. M. DeZeng, Mrs. W. Walters, Clyde—By Mrs. Chas. Ford,..... 12 00

Miss M. F. Brown, Skaneateles—By Miss Frank L. A..... \$ 50
 Oresco Harlow, Medina; Mrs. William H. Rogers, Pultneyville; Mrs. Dr. Cook, Sodus—By Mrs. H. L. Fish,..... 1 50
 Miss Emma Hooker Warren Tallman, Charlie Straus, Ella Darrin, Julia Ely, Alice Nye, Sarah Fisher, Aaron Vandenburg, Clyde—By Miss Ada Miller,..... 4 00
 Mrs. A. Borst, Mrs. A. L. Johnson, Mrs. E. Jones, Mrs. M. A. Hancox, Mrs. N. S. P. Crocker, Miss Kate Cole, Miss Julia McCheaney, Spelcerport—By Miss McCheaney,..... 3 50
 Mrs. John Phillips Syracuse; Mrs. E. S. Gilbert—By Mrs. Carr,..... 1 00
 Mrs. C. R. St. John, Mrs. H. B. Smith, Mrs. Orange Sackett—By Mrs. Winans,..... 1 50
 Mr. Wm. Gusten, Mrs. Wm. Bignall, Lockport; Master Norton G. Rogers—By Mrs. P. A. Davenport,..... 1 50
 Miss Amelia Shaffer, Mrs. James Rogers, Mrs. Nutt—By Fanny and Ella Colburn, Prof. E. B. Lewis, Clyde; Mrs. E. B. Hunt, Mrs. F. McMullen, Mrs. W. L. Lewis, Fairport—By Mrs. M. F. Robinson,..... 2 00
 Mrs. J. Turner, Mrs. J. M. Wilcox, Mrs. A. M. Hastings, Miss E. A. Taylor, Peter Bradley, Samuel S. Wood—By Master Samuel B. Wood,..... 3 00
 Mrs. Ambrose Cox, Scottsville—By Mrs. Strang,..... 50
 Willie Van Zandt, Miss Ella Van Zandt, Albany—By Mrs. L. Rochester,..... 1 00
 Mrs. Dr. N. Allen—By Miss Linda Bronson, Mrs. E. D. Shuler, Lockport—By Mrs. Chas. Craig,..... 50
 Samuel E. Tittsworth, Truman Waldron, Thomas Lookerbach, Groveland—By Amanda Groesbeck,..... 1 50
 D. H. Hinsdale, William N. Pettet, Manlius—By W. N. Pettet,..... 1 00
 Rev. Dr. McCall, John Shidler, Jas. Weeks, Samuel Weeks, Volney Hyde, Dr. Willetts, A. Rowe, J. D. Paul, Mrs. Brown, Spencer Mason, Laura Mason, James McElvy, Matilda Blackburn, Maggie W. Sparks, Mrs. I. Croft, Scottsville; James A. Chapman, Chili—By Anna Sullivan,..... 8 00
 Mr. Thomas, advertising,..... 5 00

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, " "
- MARY PERKINS, " "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass,
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, " "
- H. F. VIOKEY, " "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, " "

COMFORTS.—God's time to visit his people with his comfort is, when they are most destitute of other comforts, and other comforts.

List of Sick and Wounded Soldiers, received into the Rochester City Hospital, from February 1st, 1865, to March 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED FROM
Feb. 4,	Jared L. Tryon,	Sergt.	H,	9th N. Y. Vol. Cav.	Albion, Orleans County, N. Y.	Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland.
" 6,	Franklin Cusick,	Corp.	H,	108th " " Inf.	Hamlin, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 8,	Avery Gardner,	"	C,	89th " " "	Perry Center, Wyoming County, N. Y.	White Hall Hospital, Pennsylvania.
" 15,	William Gorman,	Priv.	"	26th " Bat. Art.	Norton's Mills, Ontario County, N. Y.	Duval's Bluff Hospital, Arkansas.
" 18,	Oscar F. Peacock,	"	B,	9th " H. Art.	Walworth, Wayne County, N. Y.	Annapolis, Maryland.
" 19,	Leonard Hutchinson,	"	G,	106th " Vol. Inf.	Stockholm, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.	" " "
" 21,	Frank M. Dodge,	"	A,	8th " " Cav.	Seneca, Ontario County, N. Y.	Judiciary Square Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 22,	Charles O. Willard,	"	D,	1st " " Drag.	Canodca, Allegany County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 25,	David J. Butler,	Sergt.	H,	21st " " Cav.	Brockport, Monroe County, N. Y.	Field Hospital, Virginia.
" 26,	Joseph Herron,	Priv.	B,	1st " Lt. Art.	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	On Furlough from Regiment.
" 28,	Francis Curtis,	"	B,	14th " H. Art.	Carlton, Orleans County, N. Y.	Fairfax Seminary, Virginia.
" 28,	Edward Marriatt,	Sergt.	F,	8th " Vol. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	On Furlough from Regiment.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from February 1st, to March 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED TO
Feb. 9,	Silas W. Hunt,	Priv.	A,	140th N. Y. Vol. Inf.	Clarkson, Monroe County, N. Y.	Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland.
" 9,	August Helbert,	"	B,	140th " " "	Rochester, " " "	" " " "
" 9,	Valentine Gesling,	"	D,	140th " " "	" " " "	" " " "
" 14,	Lewis B. Carrington,	"	C,	112th " " "	Forestville, Chautauque County, N. Y.	Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.
" 23,	Franklin Cusick,	Corp.	H,	108th " " "	Hamlin, Monroe County, N. Y.	Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland.
" 24,	Theodore D. Sperry,	Sergt.	D,	140th " " "	Gates, " " "	" " " "
" 28,	Newton B. Norris,	Priv.	G,	76th " " "	Preston, Chenango County, N. Y.	Discharged from Service.

We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us there, but that one long wave from the sea of eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the shore, and we go forth alone. In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

Take once more, the woe of bereavement. God has provided a natural grace adapted to balm the heaviest affliction. *Care for the living!* How much does it do to recall the heart from morbid distress? The claims of the living demand attention, and thus they shut out the melancholy that else, in brooding over the old woe, had enervated strength and spoken foolishly against God.

Politeness is shown, by passing over the faults and foibles of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is severe in its judgments of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from any one, unless there exists some urgent necessity for so doing.

Children's Department.

Through the kindness of Ella's auntie, we are permitted to copy the following for our little readers:

Letter from Ella.

ALBANY, March 8, 1865.

DEAR AUNT MAME—I received your letter Sunday morning, and was very glad to hear from you. You asked me what I am doing. I am keeping house, going to school, etc. I study Geology, Rhetoric, Algebra, etc. Willie knows how to read very nicely, but occasionally stumbles over hard words. Charley is still a clerk in the Assorting House, and father has not changed. I miss my dear mother more and more every day; and as for Emma and Lida, I don't know what to do without them. How are all the folks I know out there? I wish I had wings, and could pop in upon you at any time. I am getting to love Hattie and Gracie H., more and more every day; Hattie especially.

We are beginning to have very spring-like weather here, and the snow is all gone except a little along the sides of the street.

Little Mary, that used to take care of Lida, is the up-stairs girl now; the other one has gone.

I am much obliged for your New Year's gift, which was very acceptable. I was wishing for one like it, and intended asking father for one. Willie liked his very much, and Lida was much amused with hers. I suppose you have heard that Mr. S. is dead. He died two or three months ago.

We have very pretty pictures of Emma and Lillie. They are the same size as Annie's, only the frames are square. I wish very much that you could see them; they are perfectly lovely, and very natural. Have you had Monty's or your photograph taken lately? If you have, please send me one when you answer my letter.

I will try and get subscribers for your *Hospital Review*, and I think I will succeed.

Enclosed find one dollar, for Willie and me to subscribe for it. Please answer my letter as soon as you can.

Your affectionate niece, ELLA.

The Linnet, the Sparrow, and the Jackdaw.

"I'm glad that I am not a sparrow,"
(A little field-linnet thus spoke),
"To live in the streets dark and narrow,
And have my coat spoiled by the smoke."

"I'm glad that I am not a linnet,"
(The sparrow as pertly replied);
"In a dull grove, with no people in it,
I never could bear to reside."

A jackdaw, (who chanced to be present),
Said, "If you'll be counselled by me,
You'll try to find any place pleasant
Where you are appointed to be.

"Sometimes in a high city steeple
It has been my fortune to dwell,
Whence I looked down on hundreds of people,
And cawed to the sound of the bell.

"And sometimes to lone country places
And old ruined buildings I went;
But somehow, in both of these cases,
I managed to feel quite content.

"Then listen to what I am telling,
(For that it is truth you will find):
Peace does not depend on the dwelling,
But on your own temper of mind."

The Sparrow, (convinced in a minute),
Chirped out, "he his foolishness saw;
"And I was wrong, too," said the linnet.
"Good bye, then," croaked Mr. Jackdaw.

A Little Boy's Offering.

Dr. Kendall in a letter from Marysville, Cal., says:

"The Sanitary Fair, in this town, a few weeks ago, was the occasion of one of those touching and profitable little incidents which have been so numerous during the last year, and which seems to me worthy of record.

"A poor little boy brought a white chicken to the Fair, which was all he had to offer, saying it might make some broth for a poor sick soldier. He had decked his little offering with ribbons of 'red, white and blue;' but as he had no money to pay the admittance fee, when he came to the door he was rejected. As he went down the street, some gentleman, seeing his distress, listened to his story, gave him a ticket and sent him in. The simplicity

of the donor and the beauty of the offering attracted attention, and the chicken was put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder for \$460 in gold, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

"The chicken has not put on any airs; has not even attempted to crow!—(I hope the example will not be lost,) but is exercising the functions of chickenhood, and just now sitting on a nest of nine eggs—and as it is not best to count the chickens before they are hatched, there, for the present, we leave her."

An Incident of the recent Flood.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A LITTLE BOY SEVEN YEARS OF AGE—HIS STORY.—Friday evening just before dusk and as the water was rapidly rising, on Front street, a lad, whose curiosity was too strong to allow him to remember his mother's warning, ran down the hill and across Andrews street bridge to see the rising tide.

Not content was he, however, merely to be a looker on at Jordan's flood, but espying a floating cake of ice near the water's edge he mounted it, expecting a pleasant sail to the opposite shore. The rising current soon hurried the bark and freight to dangerous depths; and the lad now, for the first time, thought of his trouble.

His further experience and escape we give in his own way, as lying on his pillow, he kissed his mother "good night."

"Ma, I was so afraid when I was on that cake of ice, and I began to sink, and so I prayed to the Lord to forgive my sins and I know He forgave them—all but one, and so I had to pray very hard for Him to forgive that one sin for disobeying my mother—and he did forgive all my sins; and then I prayed hard for somebody to come and help me out, and so the Lord heard my prayer and sent Mr. Fahey's butcher and he took me right on his back and he carried me safe into his store, and then pa came and took me safely home. So you see how good the Lord was to me; so here I am, ma, and don't never be frightened about me again."—*Union & Advertiser.*

☞ A lady who had refused to give after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery, she said, "God could not find the way into my pocket, but it seems the devil did."

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot-sore more than the rocks.

Hospital Notices.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

☞ Subscribers failing to get their papers, may have them supplied by calling at No. 26 North Fitzhugh street, or at the Hospital, or by applying to any member of the Publishing Committee.

☞ Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

☞ The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion, \$1 00	Quarter Column, \$10 00
Three Months, 2 00	One Third Column, . . . 12 00
Six Months, 3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year, 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
A. S. MANN,
H. D. MANN.

Rochester, Feb. 35, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,
(Late Case & Mann.) 37 & 39 State st.
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium Sewing Machine,
With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS
Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S
Steam Fancy Dyeing
AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,
On Mill St., corner of Platt,
Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828, has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks and business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.
All goods returned in one week.
Goods received and returned by Express.
Bills collected by Express Co.
Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAR. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.
[Established in 1826.]
Jan. 1865. tf

THE MORNING LIGHT,
THE
PRINCE OF BASE BURNING
STOVES.

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 20th, 1864, after a thorough examination of this and other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM to the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by
SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.
17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by
WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,
26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.
Jan. 1865.

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,
DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,
Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865. ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms.
Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.
These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by
HART & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street.

JOHN SCHLEIER,
DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 20, 1865.

No. 9.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 82.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

A Pastor's Counsel to his Flock.

Visiting one of our city churches on the afternoon of April 16th, we were much interested and impressed with the practical lesson drawn from the sad tragedy which has filled our land with mourning and lamentation, and bowed many heads and hearts in the dust of humiliation. Though addressed to the children of the Sunday School, the remarks were so suitable as words of warning, that we are tempted to put them on paper, for the readers of *The Review*—particularly for the Soldier boys into whose hands our paper may fall.

In speaking of Booth, the Pastor said, "I wish to impress it upon you all, that this man (who is guilty of the greatest crime the world ever knew), did not spring from the level of an honorable and virtuous life to the depth of this crime by this one

act. He had been educated to it—his training had been in the theatre. Each one here present is now being educated either to a life of sin, it may be to end in crime, or a life of virtue, respectability and usefulness. The lesson to be carried in your hearts from this sad event, is, *avoid the theatre—resolve never to enter one!* They are sinks of corruption; and as surely as each drop of water augmented the flood which so lately carried desolation through our city, so surely does any one who goes to the theatre throw his or her influence in its favor and help to sustain it, and will be regarded by a just God as in a certain degree responsible for this great crime."

Most feebly and imperfectly have we conveyed the solemn, earnest, and impressive lesson which we were privileged to hear so forcibly dwelt upon. May all who heard it, lay it to heart; and if it shall lead only one who reads, to carry out its teachings, we shall not have written in vain. R.

—♦♦♦—
"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow home beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

DEAR MRS. A.—A young friend of mine sent me the accompanying "Easter Carol," set to music; the words by Rev. George D. Wildes, Rector of Grace Church, Salem, Mass. Mr. W. composed it for his own Sabbath School, to be sung at the Easter Festival, on Sunday next, April 16th, at which time some very beautiful and appropriate offerings are to be presented. As I was much pleased with the verses, I thought some of the readers of *The Review* might like to preserve them.

Yours, &c., L.

Jesus Lives! O Day of Days!

AN EASTER CAROL FOR 1865.

1. Jesus lives! O Day of Days!
Glad we bring our grateful praise;
He is risen! Gone the gloom,
Angels sit within the tomb;
Vain the taunt of Jew denying,
Vain the vaunt o'er Jesus' dying,
Heavenly voices, from the grave,
Now proclaim His power to save!
Chorus—He is risen! come and see,
How He triumphed mightily;
Conqueror thus o'er all His foes,
Jesus from the dead arose.
2. Lord and Prophet—spake He not?
Have ye His own word forgot,
Telling, while in Galilee,
Thus the victory should be?
How through scorn and dire affliction,
Thorny way and crucifixion,
Vanquished Death, and rent the grave—
Christ, the King, should live to save.
Chorus—He is risen, &c.
3. Tearful, to the sepulchre,
Mary comes in grief and fear;
Sees the stone now rolled away,
Hears the waiting angels say,
"Why the dead among the living
Seek ye?" Lo! the Lord, life-giving,
Rises! vain the watch, the grave;
Prince of Life, He lives to save!
Chorus—He is risen, &c.

Welcome then, the Day of Days!
Lord, 'tis Thine, our tuneful praise;
Thine, for us, the Tempted, Tried,
Thine, for us, the Crucified;
Thine, for us, the Resurrection,
Thine the Life, the true Protection.

Saviour } Sovereign o'er the grave,
May we know thy power to save.

Chorus—He is risen! joyfully,
Lord! we raise our song to Thee:
Conqueror thus, o'er all His foes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

EXTRACTS FROM

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

BY L. E. W.

(Continued.)

With grateful heart I took my leave of this worthy couple and was soon at

MR. TRUMAN'S.

In May, 1861, his five sons joined the Union Army. In May, 1864, two of them slept upon Antietam's gory field, two upon the heights of Fredericksburg, and the remaining one in a crowded hospital at Alexandria, was suffering from severe wounds received at the battles of the Wilderness.

As I softly opened the wicket gate, a feeling of solemnity and reverence, similar to that which one experiences when entering the silent room where lies a loved one still in death, stole over me, and as I walked through the little yard, fragrant with shrubs and spring blossoms, I felt that I was treading upon hallowed ground, and was about to enter a home made sacred by its sacrifices and bereavements. I gently pulled the bell and waited. All within was silent—ah! how silent, where once resounded the glad voices of youth and manhood, to be heard there never more. I pulled the bell again, and presently Mrs. Truman, with her sad, patient face and low voice, welcomed me in. "Did you hear from OSCAR (referring to her son) last night?" I asked, as soon as I was seated.

"Yes. A lady connected with the Christian Commission wrote us a letter. She had had the care of him for three days, and thought he seemed better. The surgeon was confident he would fully recover in time," she replied.

"Did she write any thing in regard to the extent of his injuries?" I inquired.

"Nothing new; only a confirmation of what was in the first letter. One arm is broken and the other badly mangled; but the surgeon thought that amputation would not be necessary. He has also a wound in his right side; but it did not seem to be severe. She said he was patient, and bore his sufferings like a hero and a Christian.

He sent word to us that *he was worth more now than two able-bodied men, trembling for fear of a draft*, and that he continued to be, as ever, one of Uncle Sam's favored boys. "I always knew he had courage and fortitude," and something like a smile of pride lit up her pale countenance—made pale by an agony that none knows, save those whose heart-idols sleep in unknown graves upon the battle-field.

Yes, mother, it is right that thou should'st speak with pride of thy noble, suffering boy. In the days when thou didst sing cradle-hymns, thou didst not even dream of the glory for which thou wast rearing thy tender ones.

"It does my heart good to know that your son is so comfortable. I called to see if you would like to aid the Christian Commission," said I.

"Oh! yes, I should," she replied. "It has saved a great many lives and consoled many a stricken heart since the commencement of this terrible war. The good it has done can never be known on earth, but it is registered in heaven. Mrs. RANSOM returned last night. Poor woman, her husband was dead and buried before she could find out any thing about him, and at last an agent of the Christian Commission came across her and helped her search out the hospital where he died."

Looking out of the window, she continued, "Possibly you may think I'm in no hurry to wait upon you. I'm expecting Mr. Truman every moment. He intends to start for Alexandria to-morrow, and is away to make some arrangements with the neighbors to look after his work a little, while he is gone. We have maple sugar, and several other things we should like to send, and I cannot pack them without his help."

"Deacon Monteith will take any thing you wish to send, this afternoon, if you will let him know about it; and perhaps it will be better for me not to wait," said I; and, on being assured that these articles could be left at Mr. Monteith's just as well as not, I left, Mrs. Truman slipping four dollars into my hand as I rose to depart.

The next family on my route was that of

HAMAN GREEN.

At the outbreak of the war, he took a bold stand for the South; but certain of his neighbors informed him that it would not be safe for him to avow such principles, so, to "save his bacon" as the boys said,

he kept comparatively quiet, though the most casual observer could not but see that he deprecated every Union victory, and rejoiced at every defeat. I hardly knew whether to pass him by or not; but I finally concluded that he should be without excuse; so I gave him a call.

Mr. and Mrs. Green happened to be sitting on the piazza; so I drove up, and, without leaving my buggy, I told them my errand.

"I can give nothing to help this unjust war along. The Southerners have been abused, and I admire their grit. I hope they'll hold out to the end. The Abolitionists caused this war, and I wish to mercy that they had to bear all the burden. No, Miss——, not a cent will I give," said he, evidently getting excited.

"When sick and wounded prisoners fall into our hands, they receive the same attention as do our own; so if you think the Southern people have been abused, why, here is a chance for you to do something toward their relief and comfort. Your donation may be the means of restoring some of your Southern brethren to health," I replied.

"There's no use of talking," said he, and I saw by his lowering countenance that a storm was imminent; so I merely remarked, "I see there is not," and rode away, feeling that it was a pity so many noble men should be sacrificed to protect the lives and property of such worthless creatures as he.

In a few moments an abrupt angle in the road revealed

WIDOW GRAY'S SNOWY COTTAGE,

over which the honeysuckle climbed in profusion. Her husband died many years before, leaving her with one little child, William, whom with firm and gentle hand she trained up in the path of rectitude; and she was well rewarded for her care, by living to see him a truly noble youth, with superior scholarly attainments, bidding fair to become a man of respectability and usefulness in the world. With hope and pride she looked upon her promising son, and felt that God had been good to her in her affliction.

When the first clarion notes of war sounded over the hills and through the valleys of the great free North, and the brave and noble began to go forth, a self-offered sacrifice to save their country from those who

sat in high places waiting only to destroy, a chord vibrated in many a mother's heart that never vibrated before. Mrs. GRAY felt the strange pulsation, but she strove to calm the fear that would come—come unrelentlessly. During the long summer months, William steadily pursued his studies, without saying one word of taking a part in the great conflict, and she fondly hoped that her fears were groundless. But louder and louder grew the shrill blast of war, and one morning in the fall, when the Sixth Vermont Regiment was forming, he said: "Mother, I have felt from the beginning, that I ought to go into the army. Shall I go? I promise to abide by your decision."

Her heart sank within her. Could she say "yes"! and would it be right to say "no"? The struggle was great; but finally duty and patriotism prevailed, and she told him to *do as he thought best*, and she should be satisfied. The next day he enlisted as a private; but when the Company was organized, he was chosen Lieutenant. Swiftly the days flew away, and he was soon in the field, an efficient and much loved officer.

Many were the messages of love and good cheer he sent his mother from the camp, and Hope began to brighten her pathway once more. Many were the narrow escapes he had upon the battle-field, but he received no harm; and she almost felt that he bore a charmed life. But his time was not yet. At last when on the skirmish line, while following Lee's retreating army, after the battle of Gettysburg, he received a severe wound. At first it was thought to be fatal; but he lived beyond the expectation of all, and at last began to gain strength a little, and a faint hope of his recovery was entertained. His mother watched over him in the hospital, with all a mother's tenderness, and hoped against hope. But one beautiful morning in early autumn the "golden boy" was broken, and he was "conqueror through Him that loved us, and gave himself for us."

With crushed and broken heart the mother returned to her desolate home, bringing with her all that remained of her darling son. The companions of his boyhood and youth smoothed down his early grave with gentle hands, and bedewed it with many a burning tear.

She received me with that peculiar calmness that is born of deep and fixed sorrow, tempered by resignation, and on asking her

if she would like to give any thing to aid the Christian Commission, she replied: "I have many things I ought to give, but my heart clings to them with a foolish fondness, perhaps. My dinner is just ready. Please lay aside your things and sit down with me; and then I will see what I can find."

I was tired, and my long ride had given me a most excellent appetite, so I needed no urging to accept her kind invitation. As I rose to take off my things, I caught a glimpse of two photographs hanging side by side just above my head. They were those of WILLIAM, both taken a few days before he left for the seat of war—one in citizen's dress, the other in military costume. Both were lifelike and natural, but the military dress seemed particularly becoming, and I recalled his noble bearing when I last saw him, as he marched down with his Company to the railroad station, and thought how desolate must be the heart that had so fondly cherished him.

After dinner she opened a closet-door and asked me to look in. There hung the clothes he had been wont to wear before he went away. There was his uniform, with blood stains upon it; and there hung his cap and sword. She then unlocked an old fashioned chest, and took from it a large pile of cotton shirts and drawers, pocket handkerchiefs, socks, and two or three pairs of slippers.

"These I ought to have given to the Christian Commission long ago; but I will give them now, lest my heart fail me, if I wait. It is hard to part with them; but it seems wrong to let them lie here useless, when they are so much needed."

With careful hand she arranged them in packages, and helped me place them in my wagon. She then took a small antique casket from the chest, and from it drew a five-dollar gold coin with a pin upon one side. "This," said she, "was given William when he was a little child, and he used to wear it sometimes. Take it. I hope it will relieve some suffering one, and save some despairing soul. I do not think I should ever have seen him alive, had it not been for the Christian Commission."

I took it, and placed it reverently in my portemonnaie, and with few words took leave of the lone woman, for I saw that she was deeply moved. Ah! she was not alone, God was her friend.

(To be continued.)

Driving Home the Cows.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass

He turned them into the river lane;

One after another he let them pass,

Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,

He patiently followed their sober pace;

The merry whistle for once was still,

And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said

He never could let his youngest go;

Two already were lying dead

Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,

And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,

Over his shoulder he slung his gun

And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,

With resolute heart and purpose grim,

Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,

And the blind bat's fitting startled him,

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,

And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;

And now when the cows came back at night,

The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm

That three were lying where two had lain;

And the old man's trembling, palsied arm

Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,

He went for the cows when the work was done;

But down the lane, as he opened the gate,

He saw them coming one by one—

Brimble, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,

Shaking their horns in the evening wind;

Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—

But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air

The empty sleeve of army blue;

And worn and pale, from the crisping hair

Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,

And yield their dead unto life again;

And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn

In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,

For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;

And, under the silent evening skies,

Together they followed the cattle home.

—Harper's Magazine.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 20, 1865.

The Nation's Great Joy and Sorrow.

Never in the history of our country—perhaps we may say of any country, has so great a sorrow followed so closely upon the heels of so great a joy, as within the last memorable week. The shouts of "Richmond taken," and "the surrender of Lee's army," were yet resounding in our streets, while from a thousand hearts, as the long, wearily-borne, heavy burden rolled away—went up the songs of praise and thanksgiving—not only for the triumph over treason and rebellion—but that the so longed-for and blessed peace—peace crowned with Union, was so near—and that "the cruel war" was at last over. Every element—every aspect of our national affairs, looked bright and hopeful. The memorable meeting of Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee, in the little village of Appomatox Court House, so marked with courtesy and friendly feeling on both sides—the delicate consideration—the noble magnanimity, on the part of Gen. Grant—met with a worthy appreciation on the part of Gen. Lee, and manifest in his manly, but entire surrender—the earnest desire expressed by both, for the restoration of peace—and to save the cost of further bloodshed, reads like an old romance. Reconstruction seemed, after all, not a thing so difficult, nor so distant, with such an interview between these two great leaders of the contending armies. Every day brought the tidings of fresh triumphs of our arms—and we were waiting, hourly, expecting to hear, that Johnson too, had surrendered, and that the slaughter of human life had been effectually stayed. But the blaze of illumination for victory, had scarcely faded from our city, and from our dwellings—the guns had hardly ceased their firing—and the bells their rejoicing, before, on the wings of that fearful Saturday

morning, came tidings, most appalling to every American heart. Our beloved—our honored President—assassinated—dying—dead! Could so terrific a crime, unparalleled, in many respects, in the annals of history, have been committed in our own free, law-loving, and law-abiding land? It seemed incredulous—but reports every hour, but deepened the fearful testimony. No one will forget that day. The very air seemed stifed and oppressive with the hot breath of the crime, and the deed, which was shaking the whole land like an earthquake. Name, party, everything was forgotten, but that our *President*, at the height of his fame, and while all hearts were most united in their trust and hope in him—had been cruelly—ruthlessly, smitten down by the hand of an assassin. Startled—awe-struck, the Nation awoke that morning to find itself in the midst of one of the most fearful and thrilling tragedies upon the pages of time. We seemed, in our night, to have gone back to some dark, by-gone era of the old world—and to be living over for ourselves one of its most fearful scenes.

How momentous the events of the last few weeks, through which God has been leading us! But let us recognize His hand through all. The untimely death of our President, even by crime and violence, is an event not unforeseen by Him—and by Him it was permitted—and will be overruled for His own great, wise purposes. We can see only the thick cloud and darkness—and His voice in this calamity seems to us the voice of doom. "But now men see not the bright light which is in the cloud." What effect the result of this deed, which has brought mourning to every house and every heart, will have upon the destiny of our country, no man can safely prophesy. It may be for weal, it may be for woe—but this we do know; that all things and all events shall work together for good, to the children of God, and to his Church, forevermore. The Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth! Let us submit our hopes, our fears, our wills, to Him—and lay our tears and prayers before Him!

AN APOLOGY.—We regret that unavoidable circumstances should have again delayed the issue of the *Review*. For our repeated tardiness, we humbly beg the forbearance of our readers, and fervently trust that we may be able to fulfill our duties with more promptness in the future.

Feathers.

We have not so much to say about feathers this month as we wish we had. Truth is, that after all we have said and plead on this subject, we had only *one donation* of feathers this month. We are very grateful for this one, however—which consisted of a very acceptable pair of pillows, and the cases for them, from Mrs. J. S., of Victor. Mrs. S. will please accept, therefore, the *full measure* of thanks, which we had expected to divide among you all. We are sorry, on account of our sick Soldiers, that we cannot have *more* feathers—but we know it is no fault of the geese—and perhaps not of yours either, dear reader.

Pickles.

For some reason, we find we have much better success in begging for pickles than for *feathers*—perhaps because it is more natural for us to receive sharp answers than soft ones. But we do not object to "tart replies," when they come to us in the shape of such nice mangoes—(we have had another large pail-full of them)—and such nice hidom—and cucumbers, and other varieties of pickles. Our boys are delighted! The hint about horse-radish, too, we see, was not forgotten—and among the pickle-responses, we notice a generous one from one of our Soldiers. Now, we are discouraged about "those feathers." We think we shall have to get some of our more amiable friends to ask for them for

us—one of those sunny spirits we recall just now, who possesses the lovely charm of extracting only the sweet out of everything. She will have to get the feathers—but we will do the begging for pickles. From our success this month, we conclude it is our fort. We always seemed to have a talent for calling out the acidities of life, and people, and things generally—and now if we can turn our unfortunate gift into use—by eliciting pickles for our Soldiers—we shall feel that we have not lived and suffered in vain.

OUR LITTLE AGENTS.—Our list of little agents is fast increasing. We are pleased to add this month the names of Mary Watson, of our city, and Ella Van Zandt, of Albany. Mary has already procured for us the names of nine subscribers, and is, we are told, “a real little worker.” Ella is the little girl from whom we were permitted to read a pleasant letter in our Children’s Department last month. We wish Ella would write to us, sometime.

The Quilts.

The quilts are coming in faster than we can count them, but we must own that we are not very good at arithmetic. Let us see—we have had one quilt from the scholars of No. 14, second grade, Miss Beale, teacher—another from the third grade, No. 14, Miss Shelton, teacher—and another from the West Avenue Mission Chapel Sunday School. Mrs. A. Parks and daughter, of Victor, have sent us two—Mrs. H. and Mrs. B., of the city, each one—and Miss *Somebody*, who could not compete with Miss Addie, in sending the *first quilt*, has fully made up, we think, by sending us *two*. This is getting on bravely—but we are still a long distance from the “*seventy*.” It will take a great many quilts, and a great many very busy little girls, to make up this number. But it will be done—we have no fears.

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS STILL AT WORK.—We are gratified to find our young friends still at work for us. We have just received a dollar from a “Little boys’ and girls’ Tea Party” (a pleasant affair we are sure it must have been), in Victor—and two dollars and thirty cents, from Masters Wood, Mann, and Hubbard—the proceeds of a “Magical Entertainment,” at the House of Refuge. We wonder what they will devise for us next!

A CORRECTION.—Miss Allgood requests us to state, that the quilt we acknowledged from her last month, was a donation from *all* the teachers and scholars of No. 13, of which Mr. Wm. E. Cook is principal, and not from her room alone.

Little “Monty” sends us \$1.27, in addition to the sum he gave us last month, “to make the Wing.” He will please accept our thanks.

Praiseworthy effort of two Little Boys.

It is our pleasure to record this month, the praiseworthy effort of two little boys—Leander and Lamson Volentine—in collecting a sum for our Hospital. They went around among their friends in Victor and Perinton, soliciting donations for our Hospital, and in this way, procured \$14.25. The following list gives the names of those who contributed to the sum thus collected, and we feel that great praise is due—not only to the little boys who started the subscription, but to each one of our young friends who put down their names and their money so promptly and so cheerfully, as we are sure they all did, for the relief of our Soldiers:

Angie Aldridge, Mattie Baker, Willie Williams, John Root, Alice Root, Bertie Root, Rosa B. Ranson, Willie B. Ranson, Heman Boughton, Amelia Boughton, Almy Boughton, Sarah J. Williams, George Williams, Ally Parks, Celia & Clara Felt, Carrie M. Felt, Alonzo Benson, Sarah Bell Benson, Norman Rose, Henry P. Fisher, Louisa M. Shulters, Freddie M. Walling, Mrs. Elmett Williams, 10 cts. each. Frank H. Bumpus, Mrs. A. Decker, 12 cts. each. Jennie Baker, Rollin O. Al-

dridge, Willie Mott, Mary Burt, N. Woolston, Mrs. J. Gifford, Louisa Angevine, Mr. Farnham, Florida Aldridge, 15 cts. each. C. Upton, John L. Thomas (colored boy), Ida Dewey, 20 cts. each. Kate Rowley, 23 cts. Albert C. Aldridge, Joel B. Marsh, Hulbert Adams, Libbie Longyear, Walter Underhill, Joseph Gifford, Wm. Schank, Asa Wiley, Mary A. Boughton, Charles Root, DeForest Boughton, Leander Voluntine, Lamson Voluntine, Mr. John Earl, Mrs. Emeline Thayer, Miss Sabina Root, Mrs. Mary Leavey, Miss H. S. Boughton, 25 cts. each. Marietta & Abbie Parks, Levi M. Voluntine, Mrs. Mary Peacock, Josiah Snyder, Miss Ella M. Parks, Mrs. T. A. Kniffen, 50 cts. each.

PERRINTON FRIENDS.

Emma Tedman, George Collins, 10 cts. each. Mrs. M. J. Vanness, 15 cts. Asa Bell, Ketcham, Franklin Ketcham, 20 cts. each. Mrs. Andrew B. Ketcham, 25 cts. William Baker, Noah Baker, 50 cts. each.

Interesting Wedding Ceremony.

A Wedding in Hospital may strike some as a novel occurrence; but nevertheless, a very pleasant affair of this kind came off on Tuesday Evening, April 4th, as our matrimonial head announces.

With the preliminaries, of course, we had nothing to do, (every man and woman being supposed capable of arranging such matters agreeably to their own taste)—but we were fortunate enough to receive an invitation to the ceremony, and accepted, as any body would. The cheering and heart-stirring news from Richmond having so lately reached us, the soldiers were in fine spirits, and most of them able to be present—(but few being unable to leave their rooms,) and it seemed a most fitting time for a joyous festival. The stars and stripes, so dear to every loyal heart, hung gracefully at the entrance of the male ward, where the soldiers and other guests assembled to witness the plighting of vows, which are fraught with so much of happiness or misery. The little time elapsing before the arrival of the clergyman, was spent in pleasing variety—the singing of patriotic songs, &c., while not the least entertaining, were the efforts of our noble hearted volunteer nurse, the “Razor Strop Man,” who, as every one should, very cheerfully did his part to make the time pass agree-

bly, by giving an exhibition of his inimitable skill in selling “strops.” On either side of the hall, the tables were spread with bountiful supplies of good things—for which we were indebted to the Soldiers, each one generously contributing for their purchase, while skillful hands assisted in preparing and tastefully arranging the same. The clergymen arriving, the solemn and appropriate service was performed. Mr. Smith’s kind offices were again called into requisition in giving away the bride, which he did to the satisfaction of all, very kindly offering his assistance should it again be needed.

We cannot close without one more word. Never before have we felt more proud of our Soldiers.

“Oh, bless as once of old,
The Bridegroom and the Bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.
Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore,
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.” C.

Mr. Smith’s Wing.

CITY HOSPITAL, April 13, 1865.

Mrs. P.—Dear Madam—I take pleasure in announcing to you, that I have just received a barrel of Flour from Joseph Cochran, to help build the new Wing.

Yours truly, HENRY SMITH.

P. S.—Who will be the next to send us a barrel of sugar, a chest of tea, a tub of butter, coffee, eggs, fish, potatoes, chickens, crackers, blacking, brushes, lard, pigs, cows, horses, mules, knives, forks, spoons, dry goods, cradles, coffins, cod-liver oil, lamps, petroleum, railroad stock, 7-80 U. S. bonds, Confederate stock, blockade runners, English cannon, cotton, tobacco, whiskey (for medicine,) Confederate flags, the spade with which the rebels dug their “last ditch”—all of which we will endeavor to sell for the benefit of the Wing of our Hospital?

H. S.

DONATION OF A PUMP.—Mr. A. Carver, of Little Falls, will please accept our thanks for the "Eureka Pump," which he so kindly sent us by express. We cannot as yet speak of its power and usefulness, but if half we hear of it be true, it cannot fail to meet with ready sale and general favor. We expect soon to give our opinion of its merits more fully.

A Flag Staff at the City Hospital.

We copy the following appeal from the *Evening Express*:

Steps are being taken to raise a flag staff, upon which to hoist the National Colors, at the City Hospital—concerning which we have received the following:

ROCHESTER, April 14, 1865.

We have dug the hole, and in a few days in goes the pole, and then up goes the true American Flag. An old man, 71 years of age, remarked that this would be the first true Liberty pole raised in Rochester, and he is a fine "old Irish gentleman," one of the newest kind.

Now a word to our citizens. We want you to help us out. We have raised twenty-six dollars towards the expenses; it will cost about \$160. We intend to have a good time next Thursday, when we shall hoist the flag.

Send your subscriptions to Mr. E. C. Williams, Supt. R. C. Hospital.

Donations received from ladies, gentlemen, girls and boys, and as good old Gen. Taylor said, from "all the rest of mankind."
SMITH.

POSTPONEMENT.—The raising of the Flag-staff has been deferred until further notice, the men in the Hospital feeling so deeply the death of the President, who has proved himself to be a true friend to the soldiers.

Announcement of time will be given in the daily papers. Donations for the same are (as we see by the following), and we hope will be, still going on.

ROCHESTER, April 17th, 1865.

Mr. WILLIAMS:—Please accept the enclosed mite, in answer to friend Smith's call for the "true Liberty pole."

MISS TAYLOR,

One "of the rest of mankind."

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, WEST AVON.
—The promise in our last, that "we should hear from the little folks of Avon ere long," has been fulfilled—and we have gratefully to acknowledge a quilt and ten towels, received this week from them. We appreciate this work, for we know how we loved to play, quite as well as to sew, when we were young; but *then*, we had no Soldiers to aid—and we only read and studied about war, or listened to the stories from our fathers' lips.

ON FURLOUGH.—We were pleased to see in our Hospital, one of our former Soldiers, Lieut. Milo H. Hopper, who, having been wounded in the battle of March 31st, had received a furlough, and was on his way to visit his friends in Michigan. We were glad to hear of his promotion from Sergeant to Lieutenant of the 126th N. Y. Vols., Co. I., and that he escaped, though narrowly, the fate of his brother soldiers, who fell at that time.

PANORAMA.—The Panorama, donated by Mr. H. W. Knapp, to the Orphan Asylum, Industrial School, Soldier's Aid, and our Hospital, was a decided success—each society receiving over \$580. Our thanks are due especially to Mr. Knapp, and all who contributed to raise the amount.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—Woman's greatest boon. We would advise a man to forego a thresher and thresh wheat with a flail, rather than see the wife wear her health, vigor, and life away in the everlasting stitch, stitch, stitch, when a sewing machine can be obtained.

The Wheeler & Wilson's is an invaluable aid in every household. We have had several kinds on trial, and after six years service the Wheeler & Wilson has taken the precedence as the best where all kinds of sewing are to be done in family.—*American Agriculturist*, January, 1865.

Subscribers failing to get their papers, may have them supplied by calling at No. 40 North St. Paul Street, or at the Hospital, or by applying to any member of the Publishing Committee.

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,
April 12th, 1865. }

To the Editress of the Review :

DEAR MADAM—The following beautiful lines (author unknown,) were lately and gratefully received. I send them for *The Review*, hoping that they may be of comfort to some hearts in the dark hours that come to all.

With respect, E. C. W.

Words of Encouragement for Mr. & Mrs. Williams in their arduous and trying duties.

"Sow ye beside all waters;
Where the dews of heaven may fall,
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
(One wore the thorns for thee);
And, though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

"Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some cleft, there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And though the tares abound,
Like the willows, by the waters,
Will the scattered seed be found.

"Work, while the day lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the Vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's work is done.
Work in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own;
God guides the down of the thistle
The wandering winds have sown.

"Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labor vain?
The word that for Him thou bearest,
Shall return to Him again.
Work! with thine heart in heaven,
Thy strength, in thy Master's might,
Till the wide waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

"Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep,
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.

"Room on the narrowest ridge,
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
In the harvest sheaves may bind.
Then, sow beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name Him, whose hand upholds us,
And sow thou, everywhere."

Married.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday Evening, April 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Schuyler, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Claxton, LEVI LAWRENCE, of Holley, Private in the 151st Regt. N. Y. Volunteers, to Miss ANNA SULLIVAN, of Lockport, N. Y.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 21st, an infant daughter of Susan Tanner.

"Kinder is death than the heart of man:
He comes to the little ones sorely pressed,
And touching their lips with his fingers wan,
He speeds them home to the longed-for rest."

At the City Hospital, on Saturday morning April 15th, Mrs. ISABELLA WILLIAMS, aged 47 years.

Killed in battle, before Petersburg, on Friday, March 31st, ALBERT H. PIERSON, Co. I., 126th N. Y. Vols., of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

Mr. Pierson was among the first sick and wounded Soldiers who came to the Hospital, June 7th, 1864.

Correspondence.

From the Children's Aid Society of West Avon.

The following letter—from the President of the "Children's Aid Society of West Avon," with the accompanying "quilt," and the towels hemmed by little hands, is especially acceptable:

AVON, April 7th, 1865.

Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS—I send to the Sanitary Commission Rooms for the City Hospital, one quilt, and ten towels. The towels were donated by Mrs. T. Winans, and made by the children of our Society, which is the "Children's Aid Society of West Avon."

JULIA L. COOK, Pres't.

SCOTTSDURGH, April 6, 1865.

Mrs. PERKINS—Dear Madam—Enclosed you will please find \$4.00, for eight copies of *The Review*, to commence with the April number. I am very much pleased with the paper, and will endeavor to do all I can in procuring subscribers.

Yours truly, P. W.

PHILIPS, April 8th, 1865.

Mrs. W. H. P.—Please find enclosed two names. I wished to procure more, and have the promise of some next month. I think, with the glorious news we are having from the Army, every one ought to do all in their power, if they never did before. I hope to send a longer list next month. Yours truly, L. J. R.

Our "Review" among the Soldiers.

VICTOR, Ontario Co., N. Y. }
 March 15, 1865. }

MRS. PERKINS.—A few weeks ago, the Ladies of the Aid Society in this place, sent a number of Comfort Bags to the Christian Commission near Petersburg. In mine, among other things, I put a late number of the *Review*, and a few days ago received an answer from the soldier who received it, enclosing the money for two subscriptions— which I send you.

He says—"The *Hospital Review*, I am much interested in, and I admire the noble object for which the funds accruing from it are devoted, if I understand it aright, viz: the support of the Hospital for the sick and wounded soldier. God bless and prosper the founders of it."

Yours, sincerely, A. R.

Superintendent's Report for March.

March 1. Citizen Patients in Hospital,	24
Received during the month,	9—38
Discharged, 12—died, 2,	14
April 1. Number remaining,	19
March 1. Soldiers in Hospital,	87
Received during the month,	14—101
Discharged, transferred and fur-	
loughed,	16
April 1. Number remaining,	85
Citizen Patients,	19
April 1. Total,	104

List of Donations to the Hospital for March 1865.

- Mrs. W. W. Carr—A mould of Jelly, basket of Apples.
- Mrs. J. Snyder, Victor—Two Pillows and Cases.
- Mrs. A. Parks and Daughter, Victor—Two Quilts, and Lint.
- Mrs. Robey—One bottle of Berries.
- Mrs. Treat—Two bottles of Fruit.
- Mrs. French—Sugar Crackers, and a pound of Coffee.
- Mrs. H. L. Fish—Two loaves of Cake for the Matron.
- Mrs. F. H. Ordel—One bottle of Catsup, dried Peaches.
- Teachers and Scholars of No. 13 District School—One Quilt.
- 'Soldiers' Aid Society—A new Dressing Gown and other articles, to fill the orders drawn by the Superintendent.
- Mrs. Hobart F. Atkinson—Three jars of Tomatoes, two of Peaches, one of Cucumbers, and five cups of Jelly.

- Mrs. F. Gorton—One pail of pickles, Mangoes, Dressing Gown, and two Comfortables.
- Mrs. Pease—a Drop Lint.
- Miss Badger—Two bottles of Wine.
- Mrs. Danforth—One basket of Apples, one basket of Eggs.
- Mrs. Thos. H. Rochester—A quantity of Biscuits every week.
- Mrs. E. M. Parsons—One pail of Pickles.
- Mrs. Monty Rochester—Seven Crosses.
- Mrs. Hickey,—Linen for Bandages and Reading matter.
- Scholars of No. 14, 2d grade, Miss Beale, teacher—One Quilt and a tumbler of Jelly.
- Scholars of No. 14, 3d grade, Miss Sheldon, teacher—One Quilt and six new Towels.
- A Friend—Her second Quilt, jar of Horse-radish, and two moulds of Jelly.
- Mrs. A. Bronson—A Feather Bed, weighing 27½ pounds, for Pillows, and a white Bed Spread.
- Mrs. E. A. Hopkins—A Marseilles Quilt.
- Mrs. J. H. Howe—Four Shirts, three pairs Wool-en Socks.
- A. Carver, Little Falls—A patent Force Pump, with Box, valued at \$25.
- Mrs. Samuel Valentine, Victor—Four doz. Eggs. Leander and Lamson Valentine—A lot of Pop Corn.
- Miss Baldwin—Two bushels of Potatoes.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—One jar of Higdom.
- Miss Hattie Hayes—A package of very nice Lint.
- George Howard, one of the Soldiers—50 Pickles.
- Ladies' Aid Society, Clyde, by Mrs. Tooker—Six Calico Shirts, five pairs of Drawers, and a quantity of Lint.
- Christian Commission, by Mr. O. D. Grosvenor—A quantity of Dried Apples.
- American Tract Society—Fifty copies American Messenger for February and March.
- A Friend—A Rocking Chair.
- The Sunday School of West Avenue Mission Chapel—A Quilt.

Cash Donations to the Hospital for March, 1865.

Mrs. King, by Mrs. H. L. Fish,	\$ 1 00
Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, by Mrs. Rochester,	10 00
Mrs. Isaac Sheldon, New York,	5 00
Mary Waite,	0 25
Contents of Donation Box,	0 82

FOR FURNISHING THE WING.

Collections by Leander and Lamson Valentine, from friends in Victor and Perinton,	14 25
Little Girls and Boys' Tea-party, Victor,	1 00
Masters Samuel B. Wood, Parker Mann, L. Hubbard; proceeds of Magical Entertainment at the House of Refuge,	2 30
"MAKING THE WING,"	
Little Monty Rochester,	1 37

☞ Punch says that he never could see that Canada was of much benefit to England; for all the mother country ever got from those provinces was wars, and fights, and rows—except the Canadian Boat Song, and even that commences—"Row, Brothers, Row."

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

From March 1st, to April 1st, 1865.

DATE	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED FROM
March 2,	Moses La Point,	Priv.	F,	1st N. Y. Vet. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Admitted on furlough from Regiment.
" 4,	Robert E. Sharts,	"	L,	11th " "	Eaton, Madison County, N. Y.	St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
" 8,	Lazarus Newman,	"	A,	149th " "	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	Camp Denison, Ohio.
" 16,	Louis M. Robbins,	"	C,	9th " "	Frewsburg, Chautauque County, N. Y.	Judiciary Square Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" "	George A. Perkins,	"	A,	111th " "	South Butler, Wayne County, N. Y.	Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 20,	Daniel Gosnell,	"	B,	108th " "	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	William E. Ayers,	Serg't,	E,	24th " "	Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.	Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
" "	Benjamin Allen,	Priv.	H,	114th " "	De Ruyter, Madison County, N. Y.	Summit House Hospital, " " "
" "	Henry G. Edwards,	"	F,	108th " "	Churchville, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 28,	Andrew Primm,	"	A,	2d " M. Rifles,	Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.	Fairfax Seminary Hospital, Virginia.
" "	Andrew J. Hutchings,	"	K,	9th " H. Art.	Clyde, Wayne County, N. Y.	Admitted on furlough from Annapolis Hospital, Md.
" 29,	Jonathan Donald,	Serg't,	F,	160th " Vol. Inf.	Lock, Cayuga County, N. Y.	Annapolis Hospital, Maryland.
" 30,	Seth Taft,	Priv.	C,	3d " Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Admitted on furlough from Boltonville Hosp'l, Md.
" "	Henry Bufton,	Serg't,	K,	108th " " "	Ogden, " " " "	" " " Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from March 1st, to April 1st, 1865.

DATE	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED TO
March 1,	Francis Raubadou,	Priv.	K,	108th N. Y. Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.
" 1,	William Tompkins,	"	K,	1st " Vet. Cav.	" " " "	" " " "
" 2,	Charles Tassell,	"	A,	111th " Vol. Inf.	Williamson, Wayne County, N. Y.	Discharged from Service.
" 3,	Charles T. Cronise,	"	M,	22d " Cav.	Newark, " " " "	" " " "
" 3,	Warren P. Burt,	"	K,	148th " " "	West Bloomfield, Ontario County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 3,	John Bird,	"	K,	148th " " "	Varrick, Seneca County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 4,	David W. Courter,	Corp.	G,	76th " " "	Ontario, Wayne " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Benton C. Barnes,	Priv.	C,	146th " " "	Oswego " " "	" " " "
" 13,	Levi Orser,	"	G,	3d " Cav.	Parma Center, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 13,	Thomas Kennedy,	"	H,	140th " " "	Rochester, " " " "	Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.
" 13,	Moses La Point,	"	F,	1st " Vet. Cav.	" " " "	Regiment, from whence furloughed.
" 14,	Webster Miller,	"	H,	149th " Vol. Inf.	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	Discharged from Service.
" 15,	Egbert B. Goodwin,	"	D,	8th " H. Art.	Jeddo, Orleans County, N. Y.	Elmira, New York,
" 15,	John Bardell,	Serg't,	E,	140th " Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 22,	Murray Kellogg,	Priv.	B,	14th " H. Art.	" " " "	Unknown.
" 28,	Joseph Herron,	"	B,	1st " Lt. Art.	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 28,	Robert C. Hall,	"	A,	111th " Vol. Inf.	Canoga, Seneca " " "	Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.
" 27,	Oscar T. Peacock,	"	B,	9th " H. Art.	Walworth, Wayne " " "	" " " "

Receipts for the Hospital Review,
FROM MARCH 15, TO APRIL 15, 1886.

Mrs. Benjamin Newman, Victor—By Mrs. J. B. Knifen,	\$ 0 50
J. W. Lee, 1st Maine Cav., Washington, Geo. J. Northrop,	
—By Mrs Alma Rowley,	1 00
Anne D. Ayrault, Genesee—By Mrs. Monty Rochester,	0 50
W. Holman, E. Carlton; B. Reed, do.—By George Howard,	1 00
Mrs. A. M. Badger, Mrs. C. B. Haines; Mrs. E. A. Witherall, Chas W. Goodrich, Clifton Springs—By Mr. E. C. Williams, Sally A. Snooks, Ontario—By Josiah Smith Mrs. Elton Bolles, Livonia Station; Mrs. L. Briggs, do.—By Mrs. W. B. Williams, Mrs. W. D. Oviatt, Mrs. E. Hands—By Miss Allgood,	1 00
Mrs. F. I. Butler, Fairport; Miss Mary A. Lee, do.—By Mrs. G. W. Hamilton, ... Sarah Agate, Pittsford; Catharine Maxfield, do.; Louisa Corbey, E. Henrietta, —By R. H. Weeks,	1 50
Herman Daily, E. Rush—By Mattie Daily, Mrs. H. W. Brown, Chicago—By Miss Orly Gibbs,	0 50
Mrs. Sam'l Hamilton, Miss Amanda Green —By Mrs. Perkins,	1 00
Charlie Van Zandt, Albany; Anna L. Gibson, do.—By Miss Ella Van Zandt, Mrs. R. Huiter, Mrs. A. C. Wilder—By Mrs. Wright,	1 00
Mrs. Dr. Fann—By Mary Waite,	50
Mrs. Ruth Dunn, Mrs. Sarah A. Curtis, Mrs. Ada Waxler, Miss M. J. Campbell, Miss Louisa Clark, D. S. May, Scotts- burgh; Miss Kate O'Keefe, Dansville; Miss Emily V. Gould, Census Center—By Phebe Wightman,	4 00
Mrs. Hannah Hoag, Manchester; Walter Johnson, Mrs. Diana Rugg, Mrs. Lucy Couch, Mrs. J. Arnold, Mrs. L. Couch, Miss Lottie Briggs, West Macedon,—By Miss Carrie Harris,	3 50
Walter Cornell—By Linda Bronson,	50
Mrs. T. Adrijance, Mrs. T. Swan, Oaka Corners—By Miss Lillian J. Ranney,	1 00
Miss M. A. Hamilton—By Lizzie King, ..	50
Mrs. Casey Bennett, Mrs. W. m. Lattimer, Mrs. I. Sitt, Medina—By Mrs. M. D. Porter, Mrs. H. Reed,—By Jennie Hurd,	50
J. W. Davis, Lockport—By Mrs. P. A. Dav- enport,	50
Advertising,	2 00

Children's Department.

THE SAILOR-BOY OF HAVRE.

A French brig was returning from Tou- lon to Havre with a rich cargo and num- erous passengers. Off the coast of Bre- tagne it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. Captain P——, an ex- perience sailor, at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast, and he gave orders to put out to sea; but the winds and waves drove the brig violently towards the shore, and, notwith- standing all the efforts of the crew, it con- tinued to get nearer land.

Among the most active on board in do- ing all that he could to help was little Jacques, a lad twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the folds of a sail, the sailors thought that he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked around to see if it had not carried away the poor boy with it; but Jacques was soon up again unharmed. "My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

His mother, who lived at Havre, was ve- ry poor, and had a large family. Jacques loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his little treasure—two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the voyage.

The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom on the captain's brow it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash: the vessel had struck on a rock. At this terrible moment the passengers threw themselves on their knees to pray.

"Lower the boats," cried the captain. The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water, than they were carried away by the violence of waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the captain: "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this means we may all get on shore."

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROX, Pittsfield, Mass.,
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, "
- H. F. VICKERY, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIEBIE RENFREW,
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.

"But, captian, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. "Whoever should attempt to run such a riak, would certainly be dashed to pieces."

"Well" said the captain in a low tone, "we must all die together." At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders.

"What is the matter there?" inquired the captain. "Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore, with a strong string round his body, to draw the cable after him: he is as obstinate as a little mule!" and he pushed Jacques into the midst of the circle. The boy stood turning his cap round and round in his hands, without daring to utter a word.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go," said the captain roughly.

But Jacques was not of a character to be so easily discouraged. "Captain" said he, timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these: it does not matter what becomes of a 'little monkey' of a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on, fasten one end round my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will be fastened to the shore, or I will perish in the attempt."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and as easy as an eel," replied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little Jacques. The captain hesitated, but the lives of all on board were at stake, and he yielded.

Jacques hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as I may be lost, may I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his entreaties. "Here, then, captain," replied Jacques, holding out two five-franc pieces wrapped in a bit of rag; "If I am eaten by the porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give this to my mother, who lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters!"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything." "Oh, then,

I will willingly try to save you," cried Jacques, hastening to the other side of the vessel, where all was prepared for his enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment. "We ought not to allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in this way," said he at length: "I have been wrong. I must forbid it."

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors round him; "it is disgraceful to us all that this little cabin-boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us, who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided Jacques in his preparations, and was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the heroic boy.

They all leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained.

At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar. Soon the practised eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then again, distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess by its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly: "Oh, what a brave fellow!" they said; "see how quickly he swims!" At other times the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly: "Poor boy," they said, "he has been drowned or dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour: the ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jacques must have much difficulty in getting through the surf on the coast. "Perhaps it is the body of the poor boy that the sea is tossing backwards and forwards in this way," said some of the sailors. The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt; and, notwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were all the crew seemed to be thinking more of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jacques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed they saw the vessel sink.

The little cabin boy was long ill from the consequences of his fatigue, and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little Jacques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many lives. He felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.

[Selected for the Young Readers of the Review.] •

Childhood's Hours.

Amid the blue and starry sky,
A group of hours one even
Met, as they took their upward flight,
Into the highest Heaven.

They all were merry childhood's hours,
That just had left the earth,
Winging their way, above the world,
That gave to them their birth.

And they were going up to heaven
With all that had been done,
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some, had gold and purple wings,
Some dropped, like faded flowers,
And sadly seemed to tell the tale
That they were mis-spent hours.

Some, glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some had many a tear;
Others, had unkind words and acts,
To carry upward there.

A shining hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed,
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.

And one, was bearing up a prayer,
A little child had said,
All full of penitence and love,
While kneeling by his bed.
And thus they glided on and gave
Their records, dark and bright,
To God, who marks each passing hour,
Of childhood, day and night.
Remember, little children dear,
Each hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report, to Heaven,
Of all you do or say.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq. 1 insertion, \$1 00	Quarter Column.....\$10 00
Three Months..... 2 00	One Third Column, . . . 12 00
Six Months..... 3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 20 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE
BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,
 No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.
 Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms,
 &c., send for a Circular.
JULIUS S. MUNSON,
Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,
 April, 1865—ly Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.
 THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved
 by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires
 from the business, which will be continued by the
 undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann,
 under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by
 whom all the business of the late firm of Case &
 Mann will be settled.
 Z. T. CASE,
 A. S. MANN,
 H. D. MANN.
 Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby in-
 form our friends that our store will henceforth,
 as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation
 of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade
 in Western New York.
 Every attraction consistent with the require-
 ments of our trade will be found in our stock.
 We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make
 our own interest dependent upon consulting the
 interest of those who do business with us.
 Preferring to let our friends form their own
 conclusions, as to whether we shall continue to
 merit their confidence, we would simply say, that
 we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an
 assortment of reasonable goods as have ever been
 offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, con-
 tinue to sell always the best class of goods, and
 make prices as low as the market, whatever it
 may be.
 A. S. MANN & Co.,
 (Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st.
 Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

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March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

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Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium

Sewing Machine,

With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of **LINEN THREAD** upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,

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THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

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NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

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Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

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[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1865.

THE MORNING LIGHT,

THE

PRINCE OF BASE BURNING

STOVES.

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 29th, 1864, after a thorough examination of this and other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the First Premium to the "Morning Light," as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.

17 and 19 Green Street,
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For sale by

WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,

26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.
Jan. 1865.

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.

These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

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Rochester, January, 1865.

Main Street.

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1865.

No. 10.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

The Funeral Obsequies at Philadelphia.

The following description of the Funeral Obsequies of our late President, in Philadelphia, we extract from a private letter from Mrs. Rev. George D. Boardman:

PHILADELPHIA, April 24, 1865.

DEAR MARY,—Mine eyes have seen one of the most august spectacles of Time. I have seen our martyred President lying in that Independence Hall, where first our Liberty was announced—from which Washington went forth to fight for those principles for which Abraham Lincoln has laid down his life.

Emotions rush on me—let me try to arrange them with more coherence, by telling you some of the events of the day. From the time of the reception of the awful news of the murder, Philadelphia had been draped in mourning. The ancient plague,

smiting the first-born of every family, could hardly have caused more outward gloom. It seemed as if each house of the long rows, with closed draped shutters, held a corpse. Many houses were most elaborately draped. Gen. Grant's house and Gen. Meade's attracted thousands of gazers. But the most touching insignia of grief, were the paper flags and the black fastoons, often mere rags, hung from the doors and windows of the very, very poor.

On the morning of the twenty-first, an awful hush settled over the city. The heavy toll of the old bell at the State House, could be heard for miles. Although the funeral cortege was not expected to arrive till 4½ P. M., early the people began collecting in the streets. By three o'clock, in those streets where the procession was expected to pass, the door-steps, the lamp-posts and the side-walks, were crowded—not a motley, impatient, irregular herd, like so many of our crowds, but a sad, quiet assemblage, who, with tears, waited patiently to pay the last reverence to the inanimate form of our beloved President. Surely there never was a man so intelligently beloved, so deeply lamented—and there, weary, on the sidewalks, for hours standing, the weakest women sitting on the curb, did that vast multitude wait quietly, patiently, without noise, and apparently with little conversation.

At last the booming of the guns announced the first movement of the procession. It was two hours and a-half before it reached Arch street, where I was, but no one moved in the throng, though there were frequent showers. The clouded sky was in unison with the oppression that weighed on all, but fears began to be entertained that it might become dark before the procession passed us. At half-past six, however, just as the glazed hats of the Police came in view, a burst of sunshine lit up the scene, flooding the West with glory. Some hearts accepted it as a promise for the morrow of our country; my own heart was strangely moved to see traced on the great dome of the Cathedral then bathed in yellow light, a cross—the shadow—sent back from the portico. That cross seemed hung on high for the comfort of the people, just as the pent-up sorrow was about to find frantic utterance. To the Cross alone, can we look as individuals; or as a nation.

Division after division of the procession, now passed in solemn regular order, with slow, steady, steps and sad, down-cast faces. Oh! how different from ordinary processions—the solemn dirges resounding, and the beat of the muffled drums finding an echo in each heart. On, still on they pass, and still the people gaze in silence and mournful stillness; a few drops of rain fall now and then, and the grey of twilight begins to thicken. Now pass long lines of military, with reversed arms and drooping colors, then platoons of colored soldiers—oh! well may you mourn—march on slowly, to the heavy roll of the drum, the shrill wail of the fife!

It seems like a horrid dream: No—this is the funeral of some great General, but not our beloved President. No! it cannot be—he is not dead! Hark! a solemn burst of music from the band,—the old air of Mt. Vernon, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," floating up into the sky, so sad, so heart-rending; here come the heavy can-

non, rolled in crape, their death-dealing mouths still and solemn—and behind, the great catafalque—our hearts stand still,—all up and down the streets the vast multitude stand uncovered, bowing reverently before the mighty dead. Yes, it is true, I feel it now,—that black bier, with its rich garlands of flowers, contains all that is left us. Dead, dead, beat the drums,—dead, dead, dead, wail the trumpets, "Dead, ere his prime, and hath not left his peer."

The spontaneous homage of that great throng, bowing so reverently before the Dead Greatness, was a scene never, never to be forgotten.

I saw no more of the procession—all of interest to me had passed, and I was too exhausted to look longer. But as I lay on the bed in an inner room, I heard for an hour and a-half longer, the solemn dirges, the steady steps, the muffled drums—I wish Booth could have seen it, and felt the misery he has caused us.

Of course, I had had no idea, with my feeble health, of going to Independence Hall, but found, to my surprise, that private tickets were sent to Mr. B. by the leader of the Radical wing of the House of Representatives. So, of course, I summoned all my strength. I lay still from 8 to 10, then arose and took some wine my kind friends provided. The carriage was at the door at half-past ten, and we rolled rapidly along to the State House. Thanks to our kind friend, the Congressman, who knew the Chief of the Police, we were admitted through corridors and rooms, and so avoided the crowd which pressed eagerly. It had been announced that the late President might be seen from midnight to the next midnight, but a number of tickets had been issued for the hours from 10 to 12. We now found ourselves in an ante-room, between files of the City Guards—a fine body of men, who, in the magnificence of their attire, with their gleaming helmets, seemed like the panoplied knights of old. They stood like a row of voiceless statues,

with a file of Police guarding the august Presence Chamber.

With silent awe we entered the room where our Declaration of Independence was signed, where the Continental Congress was opened, with prayer and consecration,—where now lay the murdered leader of “the foremost files of Time.” Single, with reverent gentle step, each passed on. Here, my pen falters—words can give you no idea of the awfully impressive scene. The walls hung with close draperies, from which the statue of Washington stood out with startling effect; the solemn strains of a dirge played by a band in the belfry, surging down and mingling with the heavy odor of flowers that gleamed frail but gorgeous amid the mellow light of the funeral tapers, lending the sweetness of their living tenderness to the sombre hues of the scene, the motionless Guard of honor, standing around the bier—these were some of the things which the mind first snatched. The bier stood in the centre, with the head touching the old bell, which, heavily draped in black, in its silent significance, seemed to reiterate its first grand notes, “Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof,” over the great Martyr of Liberty. An anchor hung over it, composed of white roses and violets, with here and there the gleam of ivy. Splendid garlands were hung at the foot of the coffin, where, on a heavily festooned stand, were arranged the silver candelabra, bearing the funeral tapers, mingled with most costly vases, laden with roses, heliotropes, passion flowers, japonicas, and all which is known of rarest and loveliest in scent and color, mingling their sweets into one overpowering atmosphere, which seemed to palpitate with the sorrows of the mournful music. General Hunter stood in the centre with folded arms and calm face, immovable as a statue, as memory now calls up that strange solemn vision, his form chiselled in strongest relief, with pale, sad face, the impersonation

of Law guarding a sacred eternal principle.

And there, amid all those mournful muffled glories, lay the inanimate form of the good, the great Abraham Lincoln. Our slow steps advanced, each heart hushing its beatings, the choked sob, the quivering sigh, the falling tear, the pressure of hands, the intense agonized looks of all before and behind us, mingling with the tolling bell, in solemn *miserere* for the illustrious Patriot for whom women will weep and men will lament as long as the American nation shall endure.

But that face, oh! Mary! that face! It was that of a martyr after the crisp and agony of those awful fires in which his soul has fled to join the “glorious army of martyrs” arrayed above. The expression, it is true, was sweet, as became him who had been faithful even unto death, but it bore in its fearful color, the trace of the outrage, the *murder*.

And this was the man, who, “with malice to none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gave him to see the right,” strove on to finish the great work of our national purification. What a great soul! what a noble perfected work!

The moment when we seemed exalted to take in the spirit of his life and his death passed, and as we stood together again under the trees of the square, the wail from above, as of spirits in grief, renewed the glow of rage which had first surged us as we beheld his murdered form. Hands met and clasped, but feelings were too deep for words—there were only tight convulsive graspings, the eyes glancing upwards at the saddened sky, from which the night hung dark over the “deep damnation of his taking off.”

As we passed in front of Independence Hall, our party paused.

“Here,” said Judge Kelly, “just on this spot, four years ago, Mr. Lincoln stood as he raised the Flag; here, he uttered those memorable words, ‘But if this country

cannot be saved without giving up those principles, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it'; and now here he lies within a few feet of this identical spot. In all my acquaintance with men, I have never known one his equal—the gentlest, kindest, noblest spirit. Amid the presence of cares so great and so constant,—constantly great as were Napoleon's during the heavy pressure of his campaigns, he had ever a kind, genial word for every one, even the lowest of those who surrounded him."

This tribute, coming from one who had known Mr. Lincoln so well and so intimately, and who had been himself marked as a victim of the late tragedy, and standing as we did, on the same spot, gazing at the lighted window where the motto, blazing in gas, "In Pace," marked the place where Mr. Lincoln lay in death, was touching beyond description.

The Dead.

"Thou God of Love! beneath thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!
O, when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!"

"Death never separates!—the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love, we look upon no more—
No more indeed, in sorrow and in pain,
But even memory's need, ere long will cease,
For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless bands, and in eternal peace."

"They who die in Christ are blest—
Ours be then no thought of grieving!
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving;
So be ours, the faith that saveth,
Hope, that every trial leaveth,
Love, that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth!

"A crown of heavenly radiance now,
A harp of golden strings—
Glitters upon his deathless brow,
And to his hymn-note sings—
The bower of interwoven light
Seems at the sound to grow more bright."

My Soldier.

Upon a hard-won battle-field,
Whose recent blood-stains shock the skies,
By hasty burial half concealed,
With death in his dear eyes,
My Soldier lies.

Oh! thought, more sharp than bayonet thrust,
Of blood-drops on his silken hair;
Of his white forehead in the dust;
Of his last gasping prayer—
And I not there!

I know, while his warm life escaped,
And his blue eyes closed shudderingly,
His heart's last fluttering pulses shaped
One yearning wish for me.
Oh, Agony!

For I, in cruel ignorance,
While yet his last sigh pained the air,
I trifled; sung or laughed, perchance,
With roses in my hair,
All unaware.

In dreams I see him fall again,
Where cannons roar and guidons wave—
Then wake to hear the lonesome rain,
Weeping the fallen brave,

Drip on his grave.
Since Treason sought our country's heart,
Ah, fairer body never yet
From nobler soul was torn apart;
No braver blood has wet
Her Coronet.

No spirit more intense and fine
Strives where her starry banners wave;
No gentler face, beloved, than thine,
Sleeps in a soldier's grave—
No heart more brave.

And though his mound I may not trace,
Or weep above his buried head,
The grateful Spring shall find the place,
And with her blossoms spread
His quiet bed.

The soul I loved is still alive;
The name I loved is freedom's boast.
I clasp these helpful truths, and strive
To feel, though great the cost,
Nothing is lost.

Since all of him that erst was dear
Is safe, his life was nobly spent.
And it is well. Oh! draw Thou near—
Light my bewilderment.

Make me content.

EXTRACTS FROM

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

BY L. E. W.

(Continued.)

Away I went up the hill, down the hill, and, over the hollow, as rapidly as possible, to the great yellow house on the knoll, in which lived

AUNT NANCY SILLIMAN

and her sprightly, sound-headed niece, ALICE WHITMORE. I found them both sitting on a rural seat beneath a spreading elm in the shrub-bedecked yard.

"Well, Mrs. Silliman, what can you do for the Christian Commission to-day?" said I, after a few moments' general conversation.

"Nothing; nothing at all. I've done all I can do. I feel that I've given my share."

"Oh! never mind, Aunt," said Alice, in a coaxing voice. "Never mind; I guess we have something yet, that we can spare."

"Why, Alice, you certainly cleared the house, long ago, of everything we could possibly do without; and if you had had your way, we should not have had a bed to sleep on, or a rag to our backs. Last winter you kept the house in a constant uproar with worsteds, and laces, and muslins, and a thousand useless things, all for the FAIRS; and if ever any body was glad, 'twas I, when I saw the muss packed off. I was in hopes I should never hear of the Christian Commission, or the Sanitary Commission again in my life. Why, I thought they got money enough last winter to take care of all creation, and I don't believe they need another cent."

"Oh! yes, Aunt, they certainly do need help now, as much as ever. We ought to do just as much now as we did last summer. The Christian Commission is doing great good, Aunt."

"Well, Miss, I should like to know how you happen to be so well acquainted with the affairs of the Commission? I should think, by your talk, that you were the head of the whole concern."

"Why, you know, UNCLE HARVEY, since he recovered from his wounds, sent me the Christian Commission Reports, and I gladly read them."

"Yes, yes; I know you always have any amount of trash come through the Post-Office. I should like to know how long

we've got to *give and give*," said Aunt Nancy, evidently softening down a little.

"Till the war is over, I suppose. Just think, Aunt, how many have been wounded within the past two weeks, and how many things it must take to barely make them comfortable. Don't you remember last year, when Mr. MORSE cut his foot so badly, and the four children were sick at the same time, that we thought there was no end to cloths and soiled clothing; but what would four or five sick people be, compared with fifteen or twenty thousand wounded?"

"Well, well, you may have your own way this once; but I'll never yield to you again. So you may see if you can pick up a few things"—and Aunt Nancy nervously twitched her sewing.

With a light step Alice bounded into the house, seemingly not at all disappointed at the result of their conversation, and during her absence I chatted with Mrs. Silliman about every thing but the inevitable *Commission*.

Soon Alice returned with a large basket, well heaped up.

"Why, Alice, child! what do you mean? What have you got there? Bring it to me in a minute!" exclaimed the old lady, in astonishment.

Alice, not in the least disconcerted, brought it along and set it down by her side.

"Why! what are these?" said she, pulling out two pairs of sheets and pillow-cases, and a half dozen towels. "Why, child, these are the very things I gave you the other day for your own!"

"I know it, Aunt. You told me I might do with them as I chose to."

"Well, I'll never give you any thing again with such a license. I supposed you would *keep them*, of course. And, sure as I live, if here isn't the very yarn I gave you last winter, worked into footings! When did you knit them?"

"This spring, when I was visiting at Randolph," answered Alice, demurely.

"If it don't beat all! Here is that lot of handkerchiefs you made the other day. I couldn't think what set you to cutting up your old white dress; but now I've found out. And here's these old table-cloths! What good do you s'pose they'll do, child!"

"Oh Aunt! they'll make nice lint."

"And these slippers," the old lady continued, discovering two pairs under the table-cloths—"and this quilt"—coming at last to the bottom of the basket.

"Well, you said, the other day you wished the old quilt was out of the way, you had so many you didn't know what to do with them;" and Alice tried to look surprised.

"Now, child, you may pack these up; but another such a lot shall never be carried out o' my house—now remember it."

I assisted Alice in folding them, and she then turned to her aunt and said coaxingly: "Aunt Nancy, there's just one thing more."

"Well, what is it!" she asked, rather sharply.

"Oh! nothing but that can of *strawberry preserves*."

"*Nothing* but that can of strawberry preserves! I should think it was something when we have to pay such prices for *sugar*! But you don't know the value of anything, and never will, at this rate, I reckon."

"O Aunt! but you know the strawberries will soon be ripe, and then we can make more. Now do let me send it, Aunt. You remember Uncle Harvey said the Christian Commission *saved his life*."

"Well, well; have your own way this time; but *remember*, you'll never coax me out of anything again for the Christian Commission, as long as I live—now *remember!*" and she moved impatiently on her seat.

"Oh! yes, yes, Aunt;" and she skipped into the house, and in a moment returned with the preserves. "And here's some money you may have;" she said; as she handed me a three dollar bill.

"Where did you get that!" inquired Mrs. Silliman, sharply.

"UNCLE FRANK gave it to me, yesterday, and told me it was to buy nick-nacks. When he says that, he always means for me to do what I choose with his gifts."

"Well, I'll tell him never to give you any thing again;" and I departed, leaving Alice looking as happy as lark in the sunshine.

To be Continued.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose, not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth, in *thought* and *deed*
As truly, as in *Heaven*."

It is more glorious to bear misfortunes with patience, than to desire death to avoid them.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1865.

"The Cost of Greatness."

We find ourselves obliged this month to say a few words more about "the cost of greatness." Our brief taste of worldly greatness, (since the enlargement of our sheet,) has been very sweet—and we have had blissful dreams of the future. But alas! we too begin to find, with Messrs. Jefferson Davis & Co., that greatness has likewise its miseries—and that "uneasy lies the head that wears (or would like to wear,) a crown," &c. Now, pre-eminently loyal and patriotic as we are, we do not mean to compare ourselves, in any way, to Mr. Davis. We are not haunted, as we have reason to suspect that he may well be, with dim visions of "a sour apple tree"—and we do certainly hope that no such tumble-down of lofty hopes and aspirations awaits us as must have overtaken him while attempting his memorable escape through the woods. But something must be done, kind friends, or we fear a tumble-down as inevitable, if not as illustrious. Something must be done to increase our list of subscribers. Our big agents and our little agents must all come to the rescue! There is, we find, a cost to all human greatness—sometimes a fearful cost, as we think Mr. Davis has found it. The cost of our greatness, however, we do not think need be so appalling but that, with a little more earnest effort on the part of our friends, it might be easily borne. Our success hitherto has been beyond our hopes—but we feel discouraged this month at our small list of new subscribers—so much smaller than ever before. This will never do. To meet current expenses we must have a better monthly list than this. Let all who love our Hospital—our soldiers—our work—come up now to the support of *The Review*. Let each subscriber upon our list resolve to send us at least one new

name this month—and then again we may lay our anxieties to rest, and open our leaves to the sunshine.

Forty Quilts!

We have been counting our quilts, and we find we have received this month—no less than *forty*! At this rate, even the long list of “seventy,” which looked so formidable at first, will be very soon completed. Busy hands and loving hearts, make speedy work. Eleven of these quilts are the contributions of our young friends. One was presented by Mrs. Hill’s Bible Class in the West Avenue Mission Chapel—two came from Children’s Aid Societies—two from the “Busy Bees” of Henrietta—two from the Little Girls of Cameron Mills—one from “little Miss Somebody,” (making her third), and one from Linda Bronson—our faithful and indefatigable Linda, and a very beautiful quilt it is too—so pretty, that “little Miss Somebody” says “it beats even two of hers.” But busy as Miss Linda must have been over her quilt, we are glad she did not neglect to send her new subscriber, as usual. Now, for further information about these quilts, and in answer to the query, “Where all the forty came from?” we refer our readers to our “Correspondence,” and to the “List of Donations.”

“Those Feathers.”

We strongly suspect, from looking over our list of Donations, that some of those “more lovely” friends of ours have taken the hint we gave them last month, and have been using their amiable fascinations in soliciting feathers for us. At least we find three very generous donations of feather-pillows this month, which we are sure we owe to the goodness and loveliness, somewhere in the world. Four pillows were sent us from the Soldiers’ Aid Society of Geneseo, three from the Society of East Groveland, and one from a Soldier’s Friend, Victor. All who aided in any way in pro-

curing these so earnestly-wished-for feathers, and especially those who contributed them, will please accept our most hearty thanks!

More Pickle Responses.

We are gratified to find among our donations, more of those nice jars and pitchers, and pail-fulls of pickles, which our boys always welcome so eagerly. Horse-radish, too, we notice, alongside with the catsup, and a long tempting list of other good things. We ought to be very grateful this month—so many pickle-responses—and feathers too. But we remember that we are to take no credit to ourselves for the feathers. We failed—we confess it—in our appeals for those, but we are irresistible in soliciting pickles. If you don’t believe it, just read our Donation List.

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO MR. WILLIAMS.—The Ladies desire to express their special and hearty thanks to our Superintendent, Mr. E. C. Williams, for his efforts in procuring the Flag for our Hospital, and for the indefatigable energy and perseverance he manifested—not only in starting the patriotic enterprise—but in carrying it on through many obstacles to so complete and triumphant a success.

FOR “THE NEW WING.”—We are gratified to find from the following note and generous donation from Messrs. E. Darrow & Brother, that the interest in our New Wing still continues:

ROCHESTER, MAY 1st, 1865.

Mrs. PERKINS—Madam—We wish to help the “New Wing” of the Hospital along a little, and enclose \$10 00. We hope the country in its sorrow will remember the wounded soldier and the sick. Truly yours, E. DARROW & BRO.

THANKS TO MR. HARROLD.—Mr. Geo. W. Harrold, of the “Crockery Depot,” 85 Main Street, Crystal Palace Block, will please accept our thanks for a dozen silver-plated tea-spoons.

Ithamer Berthrong, a little friend of ours, will please accept our thanks for two new subscribers.

"TO HELP FURNISH THE WING."—Leander and LAMSON Voluntine, whose praiseworthy efforts in soliciting donations we noticed last month, have just sent us, in addition to the \$14 25 then raised—two dollars more—"to help furnish the Wing." This sum was collected, like the other, from among our generous friends in Victor and Perinton.

The Flag Raising at our Hospital.

Our readers, who noticed in our last *Review*, the efforts being made to raise a "true liberty pole" at our Hospital, will learn with pleasure of the complete success of this praiseworthy enterprise. The staff has been reared, and the true flag floats, gloriously and triumphantly, here as everywhere—God be praised, over a land at peace! The Flag Raising took place on Monday, the 8th instant, and will be remembered as one of the interesting events connected with our Hospital. The following account of the ceremonies we copy from *The Union*:

In response to an invitation through the press, a large number of ladies and gentlemen repaired to the City Hospital Park yesterday at four P. M., to witness the ceremonies of raising the American flag upon a new staff which had been erected there. The pole is a nice one, tall and straight, and the flag is in keeping therewith. The labor incident to this enterprise was performed by Mr. Williams, the Supt., and Mr. Smith, the indomitable, who laid down his razor strops to take up the musket, and ceased to address his fellow citizens on the utility of taking off their beards, that he might urge them to take off the heads of the Southern rebels.

At the appointed hour for the ceremonies, Mr. Smith appeared in the uniform of the 140th, with the flag and pendant in hand and ran it up amid the cheers of the multitude. As the Stars and Stripes were

unfolded and began to wave in the breeze, the choir under Prof. Black, sang the national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," in a manner that electrified the whole audience.

Under the inspiration thus given, Dr. Anderson arose and made an eloquent address, which gave the multitude still more animation, and increased their admiration for the glorious emblem of our country, if such a thing were possible.

Messrs. Kent, Winters and Tripp sang a patriotic song and were warmly applauded.—General Martindale then made a brief but lively speech, and gave way to a group of school children, who sang "Victory at Last," much to the delight of all. A martial band played some stirring airs and the ceremonies were concluded by a "Tribute to the Flag," sang by Geo. W. Clark, the ballad singer.

This was one of the most enthusiastic gatherings that has taken place in a long while. The soldiers of the two hospitals were there in large numbers and enjoyed the affair very much. They with the multitude could realize that the flag they saluted was not only the flag of the free, but it was the flag now recognized and acknowledged as the flag of the whole Union. Those who had spurned and repudiated it on American soil now were compelled to bow in submission; and those abroad who had begun to speak of it with defiance, now realize that it has even more power to sustain it than ever before. If the raising of our beautiful ensign was a pleasing duty when it was torn from Sumter by defiant rebels in arms, how much more pleasing must it be to Americans now to raise it, when it floats in victory everywhere!

CORRECTION.—Mistakes are sometimes made in our lists of donations—we can hardly tell how—but we are always very happy to correct them. In the last number, two quilts were attributed to Mrs. A. Parks and daughter, Victor. They should have been credited, one to Miss Sabra Root, and one to Alice Parks, Victor. So Miss Root, and little Alice, will please accept our thanks and humble apology for this error; and we hope next time they send us a package, that it will be all right.

Correspondence.

Where Two of the Quilts came from.

The following note from our former and well beloved Matron, Mrs. Sly, will explain the mystery of where two, at least, of those "forty quilts," came from this month. Those dear little girls of Cameron Mills, to whose wee, but busy fingers, we owe so much, will please accept our very heartiest thanks. We feel as if we would like to give them each a good hug. We love little girls, or rather, we mean to say, we love good little girls. Who does not?

CAMERON MILLS, May 9, 1865.

DEAR MRS. MATHEWS,—I sent yesterday, by a friend of ours, a small package for the Hospital. The two quilts were made by the little girls of this place, ranging from seven to ten years of age. I will give you the names of those little girls who assisted me in quilting. They are as follows:

Mary Warner, aged 10; Imogene Foles, aged 7; Fannie Gregory, aged 8; Vina Mitchell, aged 10; Clara Harris, aged 7; Libbie Hare, aged 7.

We still take the deepest interest in the Hospital and all that concerns it. Mr. Sly desires to be remembered. I write in the greatest haste; and so with many good wishes for your health and prosperity, I remain,

Yours, truly,

L. W. S.

TRIBUTE FROM A SOLDIER.—A Soldier, in a private letter from Petersburg, enclosing two dollars for our Hospital, says:

CAMP 8th N. Y. CAV., CO. F. }
PETERSBURG, MAY 5, 1865. }

Give Mrs. — my thanks for the interest she has taken in me and my brother soldiers. I feel and know if I had been wounded by a rebel shot, and was taken to Rochester, I should have been cared for as others in the Institution of which she is one of the managers; and as I have been one of the fortunate ones, and should not forget the unfortunate, please give her this mite, to be used for the benefit of the Soldier.

CLYDE, N. Y., May 10th, 1865.

MRS. WM. H. P.—You will please find enclosed 50cts. for one copy of *The Review*. I regret that I have no more names to send you, for I find the paper very interesting indeed, and only wish it came twice as often.

With many sincere wishes for your success, I subscribe myself yours,

Very respectfully,

SARA E.

The following note accompanied another of the "forty quilts" received by us this month:

ROCHESTER, MARCH 24, 1865.

To the Ladies of the City Hospital:

The young Misses of Public School No. 14, Second Grade, wish to donate to the soldiers the quilt which they have made, and hope it may be useful to those who are invalids in the service of their country. Yours Truly,

Mrs. J. B. BEALE.

Cash Donations for April.

From a Friend,.....	\$1 00
Contents of Donation Box.....	1 15
Friends in Victor and Perinton, by Leander and Lamson Voluntine,.....	3 00
	<hr/>
	\$5 15

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.

"To help furnish the Wing," from friends in Perinton and Victor, by Leander and Lamson Voluntine.

Levi Boughton,.....	\$ 0 55
C. C. Brezee,.....	0 25
Thomas Witherell,.....	0 25
N. V.....	0 20
Charley Bowerman,.....	0 15
Johnny Wolsey,.....	0 20
William H. Gillett,.....	0 10
Friend,.....	0 25
Spencer Bortle,.....	0 25
Thurlow Bortle,.....	0 25
Emma Bortle,.....	0 25
Erastus Haven,.....	0 25
N. R. Conover,.....	0 10

Cash Donations for the Flag and Staff.

Mrs. Craig; Mrs. Carr; Mrs. Perkins; Mrs. Strong; Mrs. E. D. Smith; A Friend; Mrs. Monty Rochester;—each one dollar,.....	\$ 7 00
By Mrs. Craig,.....	2 23
A Friend; A. Karnes; Myron Fairchild—each one dollar,.....	3 00
Collected by S. C. Jones,.....	10 25
Gracie Chapman,.....	2 00
Georgie and Maud Stebbins,.....	0 50
Monty Rochester,.....	0 54
Contents of Donation Box,.....	8 43
8th Ward Ladies' Aid Society,.....	10 00
2d Ward Ladies' Aid Society,.....	10 50
Miss E. Taylor,.....	1 00

ALSO,

Mr. Vincent Smith, two noble Trees.	
Mr. James Field, Cord, valued at	\$ 2 00
Mr. Lewis, one half barrel Pitch, valued at	3 00

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

List of Donations to the Hospital for April, 1865.

Mrs. Hill's Class, West Avenue Mission Chapel—1 Quilt.
 2d Ward Soldiers' Aid Society—3 Quilts.
 Mrs. H. Hutchinson, South Avenue—1 Quilt.
 Ladies' Aid Society—5 Quilts.
 Mrs. E. A. Taylor, from the House of Refuge—1 Quilt.
 Childrens' Aid Society, West Avon—1 Quilt, and 10 Towels, donated by Mrs. T. Winans, and hemmed by the children.
 Soldier's Aid Society, South Perinton—1 Quilt.
 A Friend—1 Quilt (her third.)
 Eight young Ladies' of School No. 17—1 Quilt.
 Miss F. Whittlesey—1 Quilt.
 Henrietta Busy Bee Soldier's Aid Society—2 Quilts.
 The Misses Osborne—1 Quilt, Bandages, Linen and Cotton pieces.
 Miss Taft, West Bloomfield—2 Quilts, Bandages, and Cotton pieces.
 Mrs. Chapman—2 pairs Socks.
 Mrs. S. K. Warren—half doz. plated Tea Spoons.
 George W. Harrold—1 doz. plated Tea Spoons.
 Brighton Library—10 Volumes.
 Miss Hattie Hayes—Bandages.
 Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Pickled Beets and bowl of Jelly.
 Mrs. Fred. VanDoorn—Roll of Linen and Cotton Pieces.
 Mrs. Constant Cook, Bath—A quantity of Jelly, by Mrs. F. S. Dewitt.
 Mrs. Oriel—A Pitcher of Tomatoes and dried Sweet Corn.
 Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—1 Shirt, 13 Bandages.
 Mrs. Truman Hastings—Reading Matter.
 Soldiers' Aid Society, Genesee—6 Quilts, 4 Pillows, 2 Cases, 7 Sheets.
 Mrs. Edward Ray—Roll of Cotton Pieces, 1 Night Gown and Magazines.
 Mrs. T. H. Rochester—Biscuits every week.
 Mr. Grosvenor, A. T. Society—American Messengers for April.
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—1 pail Pickles, 1 bottle Catsup.
 Mrs. J. H. Howe—six Shirts.
 Soldiers' Aid Society, E. Groveland—1 pail of boiled Cider, dried Fruit, 1 bottle of Raspberry Syrup, 3 Quilts and 3 Pillows and Cases—by Mrs. R. Johnson, President.
 Mrs. L. C. Smith—1 Comfortable.
 Ladies' Aid Society, Rochester—6 Quilts, Pickles, and one bottle of Catsup.
 Children's Aid Society, Avon—1 Quilt.
 Mr. C. W. Dewey—six Volumes.
 Mrs. Hickey—1 roll of old Linen.
 Mrs. O. E. Sibley—roll of old Cotton.
 Mrs. Swift, Geneva—six bottles of Cordial, by Mrs. Talman.
 Soldiers' Aid Society, South Perinton—1 Quilt.
 Bag of old Cotton, collected by Miss Jennie Williams, Perinton.
 Mrs. Dagg—pail of Pickles, bottle of Catsup and Horse Radish.
 Mrs. Smith Lawrence—jar of Pickles.
 Miss Linda Bronson—Bed Quilt.
 Mr. Vincent M. Smith—2 noble Trees for Hospital Flag Staff.
 Mrs. Mary Peacock—2 bottles Horse Radish.
 Soldiers' Friend, Victor—1 Pillow.
 Miss Badger—2 bottles Wine.

Mrs. G. H. Mumford—6 gallons mixed Pickles, 9 quarts Catsup.
 Mrs. Carr—a jar of Apple Butter.
 A Friend, Henrietta—Pickles and Vinegar.
 Hattie Roberts—Lint.
 Miss O. Graham—Sugar and Soda Crackers.
 Mrs. Thomas Graham—Dried Apples and Soap.
 Mrs. M. Tooker—3 Shirts.
 Mrs. George Arnold—roll of old Linen.
 Mrs. Hall—Cake, Cookies and old Linen.
 Miss Striker—2 pails Pickles.
 A Friend—a Corn Popper and roll of old Cotton.
 Mrs. S. M. Traver—Papers.

Receipts for the Hospital Review, FROM APRIL 15, TO MAY 15, 1865.

Mrs. Lucy Parsons, Mrs. Henry Churchill—By Miss Hayes, \$ 1 00
 Mrs. Laura Buell; M. Crosier, Bushnell's Basin—By Mrs. M. Chase, 1 00
 Mrs. R. A. Bunnell, Harvey W. Brown—By Ithamer Berthrong, 1 00
 Frank Van Doorn; Wm. C. Bagley, Buffalo—By Mrs. Williams, 1 00
 Mrs. R. R. Blair—By Mrs. H. L. Fish, ... 0 50
 Miss Jennie Green, Byron Centre; Mrs. John Fisk—By Mrs. Dr. Arner, 1 00
 Mrs. Dr. Armstrong—By Mrs. Perkins, .. 0 50
 C. K. Smith—By Mrs. E. D. Smith, 0 50
 Miss Bartlett Boster—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, 0 50
 Mrs. S. D. Porter—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, 0 50
 Mrs. Geo. W. Fisher—By Linda Bronson, 0 50

Superintendent's Report for April.

April 1, Citizen patients in Hospital, 19
 Received during the month, 8—27
 Discharged, 7; died, 1, 8
 May 1. Number remaining, 19
 April 1. Soldiers in Hospital, 85
 Received during the month, 12—97
 Discharged, transferred and furloughed, 11
 May 1. Number remaining, 86
 Citizen Patients, 19
 May 1. Total, 104

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

MISS MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
 " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
 " E. A. O. HAYES, Rochester.
 " MARY W. DAVE, "
 Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
 " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
 " HAMMOND, East Rush.
 " FREDERICK D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
 " J. CHASE, Perinton.
 " S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
 " CHARLES FORD, Clyde.
 Miss ADA MILLER, "
 " C. M. SECOR, Macedon.
 " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
 " LILLIAN J. RENNNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
 Mrs. C. THATCHER, Webster.

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

From April 1st, to May 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED FROM
April 13,	John Dormer,	Corp.	A,	22d N. Y. Vol. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Admitted on furlough from Saterlee Hos., Phila. Pa.
" 15,	William B. Pratt,	Priv.	E,	140th " " Inf.	Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.	Transferred from Patterson Park Hosp., Phila. Pa.
" 17,	Clinton Jones,	"	—	151st " " "	New Castle, Henry County, Indiana.	Admitted from Prov. Marshal's Office, Rochester.
" 17,	Joseph H. Gates,	Sergt.	D,	160th " " "	Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y.	Transferred from York Hospital, Pa.
" 18,	John R. Stiles,	Priv.	G,	148th " " "	Ganandaigua, Ontario County, N. Y.	Admitted on furlough from Fortress Monroe, Va.
" 18,	William E. Webster,	Sergt.	—	1st " Ind. Bat.	Auburn, Cayuga County, N. Y.	Transferred from Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
" 25,	James H. Moore,	"	H,	102d " Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Transferred from West End Hosp., Cincinnati, Ohio.
" 25,	Robert Trimble,	Priv.	G,	136th " " "	York, Livingston County, N. Y.	Transferred from Jefferson Hospital, Indiana.
" 25,	John H. Burch,	"	I,	9th " H. Art.	Springport, Cayuga County, N. Y.	Transferred from Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore.
" 27,	James Wilson,	"	G,	8th Pa. Vol. Cav.	Brantford, Brant County, O. W.	Admitted on furlough from Columbus Hos., Wash'n.
" 28,	James W. Kasson,	"	H,	8th N. Y. H. Art.	Buffalo, Erie County, N. Y.	Transferred from Lincoln Hosp. Washington, D. C.
" 28,	Hiram J. Woodard,	"	—	18th " Vol. Bat.	Brookport, Monroe County, N. Y.	Admitted on furlough from Marine Hosp., N. O.
" 30,	James Wandover,	"	A,	9th " H. Art.	Butler, Wayne County, N. Y.	Transferred from McClellan Hosp., Philadelphia, Pa.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from April 1st, to May 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED TO
April 8,	John Wright,	Priv.	E,	117th N. Y. Vol. Inf.	Rome, Oneida County, N. Y.	Discharged from service.
" 12,	William E. Ayers,	Sergt.	E,	24th " Cav.	Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.	Transferred to St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
" 12,	Cyrus Barker,	Priv.	M,	4th " H. Art.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
" 12,	William Storms,	"	D,	6th " " "	" " "	" " "
" 12,	Amos Topliff,	"	I,	8th " " "	Bergen, Genesee County, N. Y.	" " "
" 12,	George H. Howard,	"	M,	8th " " "	Hamlin, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
" 12,	Leroy C. Ely,	"	B,	2d " Mtd. Rifles,	Rushford, Alleghany County, N. Y.	" " "
" 13,	Clarence Ware,	"	F,	9th " H. Art.	Port Byron, Cayuga County, N. Y.	" " "
" 13,	James J. Ward,	"	B,	44th " Vol. Inf.	Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y.	Discharged from service.
" 13,	John Grey,	"	E,	24th " Cav.	Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.	" " "
" 14,	William N. Pettet,	"	F,	149th " Vol. Inf.	Manlius, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" " "
" 17,	Francis Shannon,	"	E,	2d " Mtd. Rifles,	Covington, Wyoming County, N. Y.	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.
" 17,	George W. Vaughn,	"	F,	108th " Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
" 24,	William Keeler,	"	M,	8th " " "	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Discharged from service.
" 25,	Henry Bufton,	Sergt.	K,	108th " " "	Ogden, Monroe County, N. Y.	Transferred to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.
" 26,	Seth Taft,	Priv.	C,	3d " Vol. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Transferred to General Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
" 27,	Andrew J. Hutchings,	"	K,	9th " H. Art.	Clyde, Wayne County, N. Y.	Transferred to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.
" 28,	Cyrus Acker,	Sergt.	C,	9th " " "	Meridian, Cayuga County, N. Y.	Discharged from service.

Children's Department.

The Little Sunbeam.

A little sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day,
"I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth and see
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each heavy cup:
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother 'neath a shady tree,
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried; but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So sily in with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went: it might not stay,
Now through a window small
It poured its glad but tiny ray,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And now away beyond the sea
The merry sunbeam went,
A ship was on the waters free,
From home and country sent;
But sparkling in the sunbeam's play,
The blue waves curled around her way.

But there was one who watched them there,
Whose heart was full of pain;
She gazed, and half forgot her care,
And hope come back again;
She said, "The waves are full of glee;
Then there may yet be joy for me!"

And so it traveled to and fro,
And glanced and danced about;
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep the sunbeam out;
But ever as it touched the earth,
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the history
Of all that it could do;
But I tell this, that you may try
To be a sunbeam too.
"A sunbeam too!" perhaps you say:
Yes, I am very sure you may.

For loving words, like sunbeams, will
Dry up a falling tear,
And loving deeds will often help
A broken heart to cheer.
So loving and so living you
Will be a little sunbeam too.

From the New York Independent.

Busy Bees.

Their hive is an old stone school house, with a low roof, and the most uncomfortable of seats. But we mustn't say much against it, for it was built as many as twenty years ago, when the prairie was first settled, and it is the mother of one of the two churches which stand close by it, and the grandmother of the other, and I've heard some of the old pioneers say that every stone in it was laid up with a prayer. Dear, venerable old school house! its days are numbered, and soon its stones will be used for the foundation of another. So much for the hive. The queen-bee last summer was Miss Bell—anybody could tell that a great way off, for as soon as she came in sight there was such buzzing, and flying to meet her, and crowding around her.

One day in August, Mrs. Smith, the minister's wife, came into the hive. She lives in the parsonage across the street: and because she hasn't any children of her own, she claims tithes of all the boys and girls in the village.

She heard us read and spell, and say the multiplication table, up and down, forward and backward, and criss-cross.

Then we sang, and just before we were dismissed, Miss Bell asked her "to make some remarks." She laughed and said, "Children, how many of you have friends in the army?"

Ever so many hands went up. Almost every child had either brother, cousin or uncle there. Miss Bell didn't raise her hand, but we all knew she was thinking of a soldier's grave away down at Vicksburg, whose turf wasn't green yet, where lay her only brother. The next question was, "How many would like to do something for the soldiers?"

Forty right hands went up, and forty pairs of eyes shone like stars. What we were to do was this: Each one to make a block of patchwork for a quilt, and to earn all the pennies we could to buy the cotton and the lining for it.

The blocks were to be made like the one showed us, with a white center, on which

the name and age of the one who gave it was to be written. Miss Bell agreed to help us, and write the names with her indelible pencil.

It was then three weeks to the close of school, and if we could get it done by that time, we were to invite our mothers to quilt it for us at the parsonage on the last day, while we had a pic-nic in the yard. You may be sure we all voted for it, especially the pic-nic.

For the next three weeks there was a humming and buzzing indeed, and such a flying back and forth between the parsonage and school-house with blocks and pennies!

Some of us were so excited we forgot to shut the gate, and the cows got in and came near eating up Mr. Smith's cabbages! The boys were as busy as the girls, though they had to get the girls to do their sewing for them, except Ellis, who sewed his own block with the nicest little stitches you ever saw.

It was funny to hear how they earned their pennies: one drove a cow to pasture, some drove horses on reapers, some picked up chips or brought in wood, and the girls rocked the babies, washed the dishes, picked plums, and little Elsie washed her still smaller brother's face every morning, and bravely earned her penny in spite of his protests.

The last day came, it was as pleasant as if it had been made on purpose for us. The blocks were all finished, marked and set together—about three dollars in money had been collected and the cotton and lining had been bought. There were thirty-five blocks in the quilt; thirty-four of them had names and ages on them—none over twelve years—and on the center one was written "*Bradford County. For any soldier who loves little children.*"

We have gone on ever since working in this way—calling ourselves "Busy Bees;" but sometimes we are more buzzy than busy. We have made a good many comfort bags and handkerchiefs, and almost blocks enough for another quilt. Our motto is, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost;" and we learn a verse to repeat in concert every time.

But the best of all was, what became of our quilt. It was sent in a box from the Ladies' Aid Society to the Sanitary Commission, with a note, saying if the one who got it would write to any of us, he would not need to advertise for correspondence.

It was almost three months before we heard from it, and we began to think some of those dreadful officers, that are said to get everything that goes to the Sanitary Commission, had got our quilt surely.

Our winter school had begun under a new teacher, when Mrs. Smith came in again one afternoon, with a letter in her hand, which she read to us as follows:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 27, 1864.

To Thirty-four Little Friends of Mine, Bradford County:

DEAR FRIENDS: Cold weather is coming on, you know, even down here in the "sunny South;" and, being away from my regiment, and not able to get any clothing or blankets from Uncle Sam, I went to the Sanitary Commission, and was given that splendid quilt that your pennies and busy little fingers made.

I am a Minnesota soldier, though I lived a number of years in your State, and know where you little folks live.

And now I want to thank you all for your gift to the soldier, and tell you how highly I value it, and how I shall take it home with me (if I don't wear it out, and live to go home), and keep it as a relic of my army life, and in memory of my loyal and true little friends in Bradford County. Keep on, little friends; don't be afraid the soldiers don't get your kindly gifts. Little hands never, never worked in so good and noble a cause. We soldiers honor and are proud of you all. I have not got any little children of my own; but I have father and mother, and brothers and sisters, who think I am very dear to them.

Brighter days are dawning, little friends, and I hope the day is not far off when your fathers and brothers can come home to you again. Once more I thank you as only a soldier can for your gift, and that God will help you all to grow up to be true men and women, and ever let His benediction of love rest upon you, is the earnest hearty wish of

Your soldier friend, J. S. T., Jr.

Private, Co. E., —th Reg., Minn. Inf'ry.

P. S.—Will Mrs. Smith appropriate her share of this letter, and of my thanks. You are all very, very kind to us, and we are not insensible of it, even if it does seem sometimes as if all the good in us would be warped and destroyed. You will have to reform and polish up when we come home.

J. S. T., JR.

So, you see, *one private*, did get some

thing from the Sanitary Commission, and, by his prompt and graceful acknowledgment of it, more than forty little folks were made happy, and taught that even little hands can do something for the needy and suffering; a lesson worth more to them than their gift to a shivering soldier. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Miscellaneous.

A Rebel Girl on Union.

The following letter was captured among the effects of Hood's army, so the story goes:

NASHVILLE, Jan. 29, 1865.

Dear Brother Tom:—I wrote to you some six months ago, and feel quite uneasy about you, as not a line has reached me since your letter last June. I now repeat to you that matters and things are getting worse every day. You will be astonished to hear that your friends of the female denomination are dropping off every day. Yes, dropping off, too, as willing victims into the arms of the ruthless invader. Just think of it! Mollie! the unconquerable, who used to parade that large Beauregard breastpin, and who used to sing 'Maryland, my Maryland,' with so much pathos, was married some four months ago to a Federal with but one bar on his shoulder. Sallie, who used to sleep with the 'Bonny Blue Flag' under her pillow, who looked daggers and pistols at the invaders, who would not speak to her school-mates, N— and C—, because they received and treated Federal officers with due politeness, she, too, is gone—yes, married to a Federal officer with two bars! Sue, the historical one who carried the glittering stiletto in her belt, who was going to imitate Charlotte Corday and assassinate somebody for her country's sake, she, too, has gone the way of all flesh, and married an officer with the detestable eagle on his shoulder. And now pull out your handkerchief, and prepare for the worst, my poor brother Tom. Your old sweet-heart, Anna, the one to whom you dedicated your sweetest verses, and whose melodious voice so often mingled with yours in days of yore, who defied both generals and the whole 15th army corps, who was sent first South and then North, but upon whose re-

bellious temperament no climaterial change could have the least influence, she, too, has hauled down the stars and bars, and is about to surrender at discretion. I should not have believed this, but to convince myself I passed her house the other night with a gentleman who protects us during your absence, on purpose to find out the state of her political sentiments from her musical programme.

Take it like a man, Tom! for I must tell you that I heard very distinctly the words of 'Rally Round the Flag' and 'The Union Forever,' sung in her best style, with a glorious tenor voice mingling with it.

Poor brother Tom! You know I considered her always the Gibraltar of the South; and now, when she surrenders, I must think that the Confederacy has gone up. You had better come home immediately, and look to your interests in that quarter, as perhaps, it may not be too late yet to produce a favorable change in your suit. Tell the boys down in Dixie if they do not return soon, they will not find a single girl or widow below conscript age in these parts.

Let me hear from you soon, and believe me, ever,
Your loving sister, MARIE.

P. S. I. Do you think it would be a violation of my Southern principles to take an occasional ride for my health with the captain? He has such a nice horse and buggy. You know there can be no possible harm in that.

P. S. II. That impertinent fellow actually squeezed my hand as he helped me out of the buggy this evening. We had such a delightful ride. I want you to come home and protect me, Tom, as I don't like to live this way much longer.

P. S. III. If ever I should marry a Yankee, (but you know my principles too well for that,) I would do it merely as the humble instrument to avenge the wrongs of my poor oppressed country. Little peace should he find by day or by night; thorns should be planted in his couch; his dreams should be of Holfernes, and my dry goods bill as long as the Internal Revenue Law.

P. S. IV. Come home, brother Tom, and take the amnesty oath for two months or thereabouts. I want to tell you a secret! On due consideration I have come to the determination to make a martyr of myself! Yes, brother Tom, I am going to marry the Captain on patriotic principles.

MARIE.

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At length, approaching a basket well filled with fish, he sighed, "If, now, I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodging." "I will give you just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor." "And what is that?" asked the boy eagerly. "Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long, that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, however, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost his depressions in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught quite a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said: "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you that whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, "
- H. F. VICKERY, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion, \$1 00	Quarter Column,..... \$10 00
Three Months,..... 3 00	One Third Column,.... 12 00
Six Months,..... 5 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 8 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

PENSION AND CLAIM AGENCY.

STARR & BENEDICT,

OFFICE—NO. 6 EAGLE BLOCK.

Claims of all kinds Collected.

Back Pay, Bounties,
Pensions, Prize Money,
And Commutation for Rations,
PROMPTLY AND CHEAPLY COLLECTED.

MONEY ADVANCED, and no charges unless successful.

GEO. H. STARR.

O. M. BENEDICT, JR.

Rochester, May, 1865.

2m

MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE

BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,

No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y.

Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.

Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.

JULIUS S. MUNSON,

Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,

April, 1865—1y

Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,

A. S. MANN,

H. D. MANN.

Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,

(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st.
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium Sewing Machine,

With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828, has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks and business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,

Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1836.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

THE MORNING LIGHT,

THE

PRINCE OF BASE BURNING

STOVES

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 30th, 1864, after a thorough examination of this and other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the **FIRST PREMIUM** to the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it **THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.**

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.
17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by

WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,

26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan. 1865

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms.

Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.

These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Eschbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1865.

No. 11.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 82.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

EXTRACTS FROM

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

BY L. E. W.

(Concluded.)

In a few moments I met

SAMUEL TUCKER,

SITTING IN HIS NEW GIG,

as perpendicular as a column, and holding the reins in a way that would have sent RARRY into convulsions beyond recovery. I halted, and asked him to contribute to the good cause. "Well—yes. Well, I don't know as I *have* any thing just now. I gave all I had to give *last winter*," and pretending to be in a great hurry, he drove furiously away.

What a convenience it must be to dispose of one's life-duties in a moment, and for ever afterwards live at ease! However, I was not disappointed. Last year he cut his foot, and was confined to the house almost a week, and in the mean time, bitter groans and lamentations proceeded from

his asylum. One day SQUIRE JAMESON—who at that time was soliciting contributions for the Christian Commission—called upon him, and Samuel bewailed his deplorable condition, with characteristic pathos, and told the Squire that if the soldiers began to suffer as much as he did, every body ought to turn out and help 'em. For his part he was glad to give 'em something; that in the future he should always be on hand if any thing was wanted; and, with corresponding generosity, he gave the Squire a twenty-five cent scrip without taking back a cent of change. *Self-sacrificing man!!!*

In ten minutes afterwards I was at the village, a half-mile from home, having almost completed my circuit. It was two o'clock, and I had yet much to do. I called upon every family in the place with as much dispatch as was practicable, and met with varying success; but on the whole the donations, which were mostly in money, were generous and freely given. To finish up my tour, I went to

MR. BRADLEY'S DRY-GOODS STORE,

having previously learned that he had returned during the morning from a journey to Fredericksburg, where he had gone ten days before, in search of his brother, whom he had heard was severely wounded the first day of the fight.

In answer to my inquiry in regard to the success of his mission, he replied, "Poor James! he was dead and buried five days before I reached the place. I never should have been able to learn any thing concerning him, had it not been for an agent of the Christian Commission, who assisted me in finding his grave, and the surgeon who had charge of him. He was buried in a pleasant

spot, beneath a tree, and there was a head-board with his name and regiment upon it. The surgeon said from the first there was no hope, and that he bore his sufferings with patience, and died like a Christian soldier. The Christian and Sanitary Commissions work together in harmony."

"Did you see many of the wounded at Fredericksburg?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, I saw over six thousand; and one that has never seen with his own eyes, can have no just idea of the suffering—sometimes so dreadful and intense. Yet not one murmur, not one complaint did I hear; and oh! such gratitude as was expressed when any thing was done for their comfort. It was enough to melt the hardest heart. Many of them had been without food three days, and they must have been starved, had it not been for the Sanitary and Christian Commissions."

"Besides administering to the suffering and dying, they render all possible assistance to those who are in search of friends. They are truly serving the cause of God and humanity in the widest sense. Every thing is done that can possibly be done under the circumstances. I feel that I ought to have given ten dollars, where I have given but one. I hear that you intend to send a box to-morrow. Take any thing I have that will be of service. I have plenty of flannel for shirts and drawers. Of course it cannot be made up for this box, but we must send another in a few days."

"No, I do not see how any garments can be made before to-morrow morning; but we will call an Extra Session of the Sewing Society, and do what we can before the next is sent," I observed.

"I think," timidly said SARAH WALLACE, a sad, pale-faced young lady, whose only brother had fallen in the fatal Wilderness, (she had entered the store just in time to hear the last part of our conversation,) "I think we can make a dozen shirts before to-morrow morning. There are plenty of us girls, who can sew to night, just as well as not; and we should be glad to do it, I assure you."

"Here's the material," said Mr. Bradley, taking from the shelf a piece of nice gray flannel.

I volunteered to take the cloth home and cut the shirts and promised to have some of them ready at six o'clock, it then being half-past four, and Sarah went to inform "the girls" what was on foot.

"I will put up a box of farina, corn starch, maple sugar, tea, sponges, etc., and send it up to your place in the course of an hour," remarked Mr. Bradley, as he was selecting thread and buttons for the shirts. "And what," he continued, "what has come over Uncle Simon all at once? He was here not half an hour ago and wanted to borrow twenty-five dollars, and said he had thought your ideas of the Christian Commission rather extravagant, but he didn't know but what you were in the right of it after all. That's a great deal for him him to say. I lent him the money; so perhaps you may get five or ten dollars of it."

"I gave him a call this morning, and left some of the Christian Commission's publications. Perhaps he is converted," I replied.

"Well, if he is, the work is thorough; there's no half-way to Uncle Simon. He asked me what I thought of the Commission, and I told him what I saw of its workings, while I was gone, and he went off without saying a word, which is a pretty sure sign he is under conviction, at any rate," said Mr. Bradley, tying up his package.

A few moments afterwards, as I came in view of my residence, I saw UNCLE SIMON walking in an absent and distracted manner up and down the yard, his horse and gig standing near by. As I drove up to the door he hurriedly handed me a small package, saying, "Here's a bit for your Christian Commission," and then stepping into his gig, rode rapidly away.

I opened the paper, and, sure enough, there were the twenty-five dollars without diminution. Uncle Simon's heart was reached at last.

On entering the house, I found Deacon Monteith unloading a big wagon at the back door. I see you've got round. What success?" said he, addressing himself to me.

"On the whole, very good," I replied.

"You see, Miss—, after you went away, I took a notion to turn Christian Commission agent myself and accordingly visited the

THOMPSON NEIGHBORHOOD,

and had such good success, that I think I shall try it again, some day;" and he displayed to my view a goodly quantity of dried apples, maple sugar, clothing, towels, lint, tracts, books, etc., etc., the result of his mission.

At this moment Mr. Wade arrived with his bundle. "Here," said he, "is Lucy's doll," handing me a small package done up separately from the rest. "We could not convince her it would be of no use to the soldiers. You can do what you choose with it. I'm sorry to trouble you however, but—"

"I'll take it, and pay a dollar," interrupted the Deacon; "and when she's grown to womanhood, perhaps I'll return it. It may be of more use to her than it can be to the soldiers," and laughing heartily, he took the tiny thing and put it in his big pocket, and gave me the dollar.

I immediately commenced

CUTTING THE SHIRTS,

and about six o'clock, Sarah Wallace arrived accompanied by two or three of her companions—others continuing to drop in at irregular intervals—and at seven o'clock fifteen were present, all eager for work.

Soon the lamps were lighted, and the low hum of sad, earnest voices was heard in the large dining-hall. At the head of the long table sat RUTH MALVERN. One year before, a gallant young Captain, at the siege of Port Hudson, closed his eyes forever; and since then every throb of her heart had been a throb of anguish. On a low ottoman at her feet, MARION PATTEN industriously plied her needle; and her only brother was classed with the "missing," and report said he was wounded and buried in the Wilderness. Little AGNES DUNCAN, one of a group of three or four at a side-table, was made fatherless when the Cumberland went down; and the two brothers of EMMA and HELEN PETERS were suffering from frightful wounds, in the crowded hospitals of Washington. Scarcely one was there who had not tasted the bitter cup mingled by the bloody hand of traitors; who had not suffered personally from the baneful effects of *Human Slavery*.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT,

careful hands began to bring the shirts to my table, finished, and neatly folded, and by one o'clock A. M. they were all completed, the box packed, the List of Articles placed under the cover, the necessary letter containing the money, written, and the young ladies on their way home.

Perhaps it will not be deemed egotistical to repeat a part of the above-mentioned list, for the benefit of my readers. It ran something like the following: One hundred

pounds dried apples; one hundred pounds maple sugar; ten quarts dried berries; one and a half dozen cotton shirts; one dozen woolen shirts; three dozen towels; one dozen sheets; one and a half dozen pillow-cases; six quilts; five blankets; fifteen pounds old linen; sixteen rolls of bandages; five-hundred tracts, one hundred books, and many other articles, besides Mr. Bradley's box of luxuries, and the letter contained one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

At 6 A. M. the box was on its way to the CHRISTIAN COMMISSION ROOMS, No. 30 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, and thus ended a day spent in collecting supplies that should give comfort to the body, and health to the soul of the patient and suffering soldier.

A Rainy Day in Camp.

It's a cheerless, lonesome evening,
When the soaking, sodden ground,
Will not echo to the foot-fall
Of the sentinel's dull round.

God's blue star-spangled banner
To-night is not unfurled;
Surely *He* has not deserted
This weary, warring world.

I peer into the darkness,
And the crowding fancies come:
The night-wind, blowing Northward,
Carries all my heart toward home.

For I listed in this army,
Not exactly to my mind;
But my country called for helpers,
And I couldn't stay behind.

So, I've had a sight of drilling,
And have roughed it many ways,
And Death has nearly had me,
Yet I think the service pays.

It's a blessed sort of feeling,
Whether you live or die;
You helped your country in her need,
And fought right loyally.

But I can't help thinking sometimes,
When a wet day's leisure comes,
And I hear the old home voices
Talking louder than the drums.

And the far, familiar faces
Peep in at the tent door,
And the little children's foot-steps
Go pit-pat on the floor.

I can't help thinking somehow,
Of all the parson reads
About that other Soldier-life
Which every true man leads.

And wife, soft-hearted creature,
Seems a-saying in my ear—
"I'd rather have you in *those* ranks,
Than to see you Brigadier."

I call myself a brave one,
But in my heart I lie!
For my Country and her Honor
I am fiercely free to die.

But when the Lord who bought me
Asks for my service here,
To "fight the good fight" faithfully,
I'm skulking in the rear.

And yet I know this Captain
All love and care to be:
He would never get impatient
With a raw recruit like me.

And I know He'd not forget me
When the Day of Peace appears;
I should share with him the victory
Of all His volunteers.

And it is kind of cheerful, thinking
Beside the dull tent-fire,
About that big promotion
When He says, "Come up higher."

And though it's dismal, rainy, &
Even now, with thoughts of Him,
Camp life looks extra cheery,
And death a deal less grim.

For I seem to see Him waiting
Where a gathered Heaven greets
A great, victorious army,
Surging up the golden streets.

And I hear Him read the roll-call,
And my heart is all aflame,
When the dear, Recording Angel
Writes down my happy name!

But my fire is dead white ashes,
And the tent is chilling cold,
And I'm playing *win the battle*,
When I've never been enrolled.

It is proposed to erect a magnificent bridge over the Potomac at Washington, as a monument to the late President. It will be called "Lincoln Bridge," and a colossal statue of our martyred magistrate will be placed either in the centre or at one end of the structure. Bas reliefs of events in Abraham Lincoln's life adorn the parapet of the bridge.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1865.

Our Work.

We have been somewhat surprised at the question recently asked us—if we expected to continue *The Review*, now that the War is ended. In reply—we would say—*most certainly we do*. Our work never seemed to us to assume greater magnitude or importance than just at this time. The foundation for our Hospital was laid, it will be remembered—the building partly erected, and a pressing need for it felt, for many years—before the terrible War which has now closed, was even dreamed of. We should still have needed a Hospital—still needed *The Review*, to make known its wants, and to record its labors, if there had been no war—for there would still have been the sick and the suffering, to be soothed and cared for—as there will ever be, in this world of sorrow and of pain.—That the result of the war was fearfully to swell the list of suffering and the tide of misery everywhere—is a sad truth which we all know and feel but too well. Hospitals have been reared all over the land—and they have been filled to overflowing, with the victims of this unnatural strife. Our own Hospital, planned and begun so long ago, might yet have been crumbling to ruins—without ever having been completed, but for the impetus and fresh stimulant to effort received by the needs of our sick and wounded soldiers. All that was best and strongest in human hearts and sympathies, was stirred in their behalf. The completion and fitting up of our Hospital, was easy and speedy work for their reception—and to every appeal for their necessities, came, and still continues to come—prompt and hearty responses. But our Hospital work will not end with the war. It has as yet only commenced—and it will go on, we trust, so long as there will be sickness and suffering to be relieved. Nor is our work

for our soldiers all done. Their wounds will not all be healed—their sufferings, all ended, with the dawning of the blessed peace. The breaking up of our glorious armies, and their dispersing, crowned with victory, to their homes, is not all the story. There are those who will take no part in the joyous, welcome home—but who must wait in hospitals long months of weary wasting pain, before they can hear the glad home greeting. We have still our sick and wounded soldiers in our Hospitals—in need, kind friends, of all the comfort—and of all the relief, in your power to bestow. To many of these, the longest, bitterest trial has yet to be borne. To be maimed for life—to be smitten with a hopeless and incurable disease—to bear somewhere on their persons, the burden of unremitting pain—to become helpless, and to feel all the spring and hope of life wasting away—this is a fate which to the young—to those in the first pride of manhood, must be indeed far more bitter than death. With such as these, our hospitals for years to come, will be filled. The opportunity for us to prove our truest and deepest devotion to our soldiers, is yet to be given us. While the battle for the Union, and all we held dearest, was raging—and the heart of the whole nation was stirred—sympathy for our soldiers, was but a universal instinct, and the natural outpouring of every suffering, grateful, patriotic heart. But, when the danger, and all the fearful romance, is over—will we be as true and assiduous in cheering and helping them to bear their life-long burthens? Our Soldiers! O, let us never forget all that we owe them! Let us pledge them now—while the memory of their brave deeds is freshest, and while the peace, so dearly bought, seems most precious to us—let us pledge to them and their suffering families—our life-long devotion and unwearying aid and sympathy!

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

A Little Sunshine.

We feel greatly encouraged at our list of new subscribers this month, not that it is so long as we should be glad to see it—nor is it so long even as some of the nice lists we have had in the months ago, but it is nearly double the one we had last month, which is something at least, from which we feel we may take heart. Moreover, a rumor has just reached us, of some lists of names—(we trust it is not a mere rumor)—that two or three of our young friends are getting up for us, in some of the adjacent towns—and so, on the whole, we think we can afford to take a peep, once more, on the bright side. A little sunshine has dawned upon us this month—we hope for a full radiant gleam in the month to come.

More Feathers.

We find we must congratulate our "amiable friends," again, this month, upon their success in soliciting feathers for us. We have counted in the receipts, no less than four generous donations of feathers. Well, we admit that this is doing very much better than ever we did—but if they will continue to get as many for us every month, we will not complain. If our invalids—and sick soldiers, only have the soft pillows, we will be content. Then we have another consolation. Our pickle-responses were never more numerous than this month!

Pleasant Entertainment at the Hospital.

We desire to express our cordial thanks to the Ladies of the Eighth Ward Society, for a pleasant Entertainment, consisting of music, tableaux, and charades—given by them at the Hospital, on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 26th and 27th. The music, under the direction of Prof. Black, was of the highest order—the tableaux were beautiful in design and effect—and the evening passed swiftly and delightfully, as all present will abundantly testify. The

numbers who failed to get admission the first evening, from the crowd, were so great, that the Ladies of the Society kindly consented to repeat the Entertainment the following evening. The proceeds from the two evenings, thus pleasantly passed, amounted to \$182.98—quite a handsome sum we think, for our soldiers.

THOSE QUILTS.—We have not counted our quilts this month, but we have noticed several in our list of donations, and among them, four, pieced and quilted by seven little girls of our city. We are glad to notice that the interest in the quilts continues unabated.

A Generous Donation.

Drs. Elwood & Tobey will please accept the cordial thanks of the Ladies for the following very generous and acceptable donation to our Hospital, presented through Dr. Montgomery:

ROCHESTER, N.Y., May 12, 1865.

Mrs. WM. H. P.—MADAM.—Drs. Elwood & Tobey have, through me, most generously presented their entire Surgical Apparatus to the Rochester City Hospital, consisting of an Amputating and Trephining Case; a Lithotomy Case; an Obstetrical Case; an Eye Case; a Composite Case, &c. &c.—all articles absolutely required, and of great pecuniary value.

Yours respectfully,
H. F. MONTGOMERY, Surgeon.

Our little Agents, Annie and Ella Colburn, will please accept our thanks for *four new subscribers* this month.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY OF WEST AVON.—This pleasant little Society of West Avon is, we think, deserving of our especial thanks and praise. Since our last issue, we have received three letters—one of which we publish to-day—from the Secretary of this Society—giving us a list of useful and acceptable donations to our Hospital. In these lists, we notice with peculiar satisfaction, the quilts and sheets and pillow cases, for which we have ever so great a need. These donations are not our first from these busy little workers in West

Avon. We have had occasion repeatedly to acknowledge their kind remembrance of us and of our soldiers.

We are indebted to the efforts of Miss Mary Ann Williams, for \$21, collected by her for the Flag. She will please accept our special thanks.

FOURTH OF JULY.—We trust our readers and the citizens will remember the soldiers at the Rochester City Hospital, on the 4th of July. Let them have a sumptuous repast of the luxuries of the season.

A CARD.—The ladies of the Eight Ward Soldiers' Aid Society desire to return their sincere thanks to Prof. Black and pupils, Prof. Barnes, Messrs. Morse, Cole, Wells and others, who rendered their valuable assistance at the Entertainments so successful, given for the benefit of the City Hospital.

Little Monty's Fair.

"Little Monty" is very much interested in the Soldiers and the Hospital—and saves his pennies, and every month we see in our Treasurer's Report, something donated by little Monty. He is very anxious to "make a Wing," as he says; and so he had a Fair, last Monday afternoon, in his grandfather's door yard—and a very nice little Fair it was. I could not tell you all the pretty things he had for sale—but he had dolls, pictures, books, toys, soldiers and flags, flowers, candy, and ice cream. Many of the little boys and girls in the neighborhood were there, and he sold most all his stock in trade. I need not tell you how happy Monty was, for many days before, in getting ready—and after he got through, he found he had such a nice sum to give. Some of his friends, (for Monty has a good many friends,) could not go to the Fair, so they sent him this note, with their contributions:

CITY HOSPITAL, May 30, 1865.

DEAR MONTY—We are very sorry at not being able to attend your Patriotic Fair. We trust it

was very successful. You know we had a grand show up here—we mean only comparatively grand. We presume yours took us down, but it made us a deal of work in clearing up, ready for the painters; and that is the reason why we could not visit you, so we know you will forgive us. We send our contribution.

Yours very truly,

DR. KENT,
MISS HIBBARD,
MRS. WILLIAMS,
MR. WILLIAMS.

Now, how much do you think he had to carry to the Hospital?

Eleven dollars and eighty-one cents. So this will be added to what Monty has given before, and what other friends have given and will give, and bye and bye, we shall have the other "Wing," which we so much need to make our Hospital all that we want it to be, and make room for other sick and suffering ones. If all the little girls and boys would do as much as Monty, we should soon have the other "Wing."

E.

From one of our Soldiers.

ELMIRA, JUNE 7th, 1865.

MRS. DR. MATHEWS:—Little did I think, when I bid you good bye, that it would be so long a time before I would write. I have often thought to do so, but something would prevent me. We had a great deal of guard duty to do last winter and spring, and until a short time since; and now that our labors are not so arduous, we have to drill when off duty—have dress parade every evening; leaving us but little time to ourselves. I was thinking this morning of my Rochester home, and the kind friends who made my stay in the Hospital such a pleasant one, when it occurred to me that to-day is the anniversary of my arrival in the Flour City—a day that I shall always remember with gratitude. I was sick, and a stranger to all, save a few of my comrades. We were kindly received and cared for—we soon felt at home, and truly thankful for the attention bestowed on us, so home-like. I can never express my gratitude for your favors to me. You were a

mother to us all. We often speak of you and the happy hours we enjoyed while in the Hospital. I say we, for three of my comrades came from the Hospital here the same time that I did. We were assigned to the 19th Regt. V. R. C., soon after we came here, but did not remain with it long. We were transferred to the 1st Regt. V. R. C., where we now are. We have good barracks, and enjoy ourselves much better than we expected. All hope to be home soon. Some of the rebel prisoners have returned home, and all will be sent away as soon as possible. They seem very glad to get out of prison.

How do you get along with the Hospital? I suppose most of the old boys have left, have they not? I would like to see all my Rochester friends very much. Do you have many sick and wounded in the Hospital now? I suppose Mr. Williams is with you yet. I received some time ago a few copies of the *Hospital Review*, and judging from the hand-writing, I think I am indebted to you for them. Please accept my thanks. I was very much interested in them. Corp. H. sends his best respects. You remember him, do you not? My best respects to Mrs. R. and other friends. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, with many kind regards,

Your soldier friend, S. R. A.

The following commendable suggestion to our Aid Society, we copy from *The Advocate and Guardian*:

A Word to the Soldiers' Aid Societies.

PLEASE don't disband them; they have done a noble work, but cannot be spared yet. All through the country they sprang into existence, to help to save our imperiled nation. In their earnest labors, hearts and hands were united as never before. Their achievements have been marvellous. The amount of work they have accomplished in the aggregate, is worthy of a monument to woman's industry and patriotism.

And now that peace has come, the ten thousand parcels of woman's handiwork,

once so necessary to the comfort of the soldiers, need not be sent forward. Why, then, you will ask, should not these organizations disband? This is why. If still sustained, they may prove a link in the great chain that is to bring rescue to the perishing. The country is strewn with wrecks that need to be gathered up. Gaping mortal wounds appear on every side, that need healing. The help of every benevolent association is still needed. Let the name of the society be changed, if preferred. The prefix term "Guardian," is comprehensive, and we should love to welcome all who will come as Auxiliaries. Let each meet steadily, and contribute united services, through some channel that shall reach and relieve the war-made orphans and widows, known to be destitute and worthy. Home laborers here would be glad of present aid—their hands and hearts are full. Kindred Institutions would, doubtless, make a similar appeal, and ask to share your charitable benefactions.

To these noble Societies, who have done so much, we say, then, help wherever judgment may prompt—nearest your own doors, if there the call is most urgent; but do not disband, while a soldier's bereaved widow or sorrowing orphan—also hosts of freedmen, hungering for the Word of life—may be aided, comforted and encouraged, by your cheerful thank-offerings for a redeemed country.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Thursday, May 18th, 1865, WILLIAM MOORE, for many years a resident of this city. The funeral was attended from the Hospital the following Sunday afternoon. Services by the Rev. Mr. Tooker. The remains were interred at Mount Hope.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- " J. CHASE, Perinton.
- " S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
- " CHARLES FORD, Clyde.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " C. M. SEOR, Macedon.
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Mrs. C. THATOKER, Webster.

Correspondence.

We acknowledge with gratitude, the following donations, through the "Soldiers' Aid Society," and tender our thanks for the same to the donors:

WEST AVON, May 15, 1865.

MRS. DR. MATTHEWS.—DEAR MADAM—There was sent to-day from the "Children's Soldiers' Aid Society" of West Avon, one quilt; a bundle of bandages, and a package from Mrs. W. A quilt was also sent on April 15th, from this Society—all for the City Hospital. They were sent in care of the "Soldiers' Aid Society," in Rochester. With much sympathy for you in your noble work for the Soldiers, I am,

Yours respectfully,

L. H. D., Sec'y.

SPENCERPORT, May 15th, 1865.

DEAR MRS. P.—I have got another subscriber for you. My cousin sent me half a dollar, and wished me to send it to you for the *Hospital Review*, which he thinks a very nice little paper. Truly yours,

J. McC.

Cash Donations for May.

- For "making the Wing," from little Monty's Fair, \$11 81
- A Friend, by Mrs. Perkins, 5 00
- "Busy Bee Society," of Henrietta, 10 00
- "Ladies' Aid Society," of Livonia Station —By Mrs. Bolles and Mrs. Briggs, 30 00
- Proceeds of entertainments, given by the "8th Ward Ladies' Aid Society," 132 98
- \$187 79

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Donations for the Flag.

- S. H. Williams, Wan Williams, \$1 00 each;
- Nellie Patterson, Jennie Chambers, Sophia Rogerson, Libbie White, Ina Sergisson, Kitty Williams, Miss J. Robinson, Mary J. Morrison, Kitty McFarlin, Mrs. M. A. S., W. H. Arnoss, J. F. Paige, D. Corris, Wm. H. Blackmore, H. Epstein, Miss Mary A. Williams, 50 cents each; Mrs. M. W. L., 40 cents; Mrs. J. N. Groh, E. Smith, E. B. H. S., H. Keeler, 30 cents each; Miss Fannie Critchell, Millie Dickinson, Margaret Vance, Sara Dickinson, Mrs. P. W. Dickinson, Eliza Morgan, Anna Westbury, Maggie Laur, Jennie M. Lush, Mary J. Brown, Miss S. C. W., Miss M. A. A., Libbie Ries, M. Glasser, Thos. H. Westbury, Miss D. Mosier, A. M. Mosier, G. Tichenor, Mrs. Mary Hellinger, Miss S. Dolbert, James O'Hara, Martin Hennessy, Henry Doucet, James Murphy, Richard Smith, Robert Ryder, P. Byrnes, Miss M. F. S.; G. Truex, Mrs. J. H. Truex, Hattie Bennet, Mrs. N. W. Phillips, M. E. Thrasher, H. E. Gomm, Miss Mary Glasser, Ada Ward, 25 cents each; Jennie Esley, 15 cents; Willie M. Westbury, Davy H. Westbury, 20 cents each; Ulysses Grant Westbury, 10 cts.—By Miss M. A. Williams, \$21 30
- Contribution box at the Hospital, 1 55

\$22 86

List of Donations to the Hospital for May, 1865.

Mrs. J. O. Hall,—1 can of Peaches.
 Mrs. Lawrence,—1 jar of Pickles.
 Mr. Wm. B. Kibbe—A Dressing Gown.
 A Friend—1 jar Horse Radish.
 Mrs. J. H. Stone, Henrietta—Eggs and Milk.
 Mrs. I. S. Hobbie—1 Quilt.
 Ladies' Aid Society—11 Quilts, 4 small kegs Pickles, 1 paper Rice, 6 bottles Catsup.
 Little Girls of Cameron Mills—2 Quilts, 1 Wrapper, 2 Towels, 1 Handkerchief, 2 Table-cloths, and other articles, by Mrs. J. W. Sly.
 Soldiers' Aid Society, Henrietta—2 Pillows, 1 bag Dried Fruit.
 Mrs. Ives, Fairport—1 Pillow, 2 Cases.
 Mary A. Hoag, Perrinton—1 Quilt.
 Mrs. M. F. Robinson, Fairport—1 bag of Feathers, 6 pounds; 14 yards Bandages, 16 Cushions.
 Mrs. A. Erickson—2 crocks Pickles.
 Miss Amelia Goddard, York—3 feather Pillows, 4 pairs Drawers, Cotton Cloth, Reading matter, 3 Quilts.
 Mrs. Swift, Geneva—2 Linen Coats, and a Book.
 Miss Hattie Hayes—2 packages of Lint.
 Ladies of Christ Church—1 Pitcher, 4 Cups and Saucers, 2 Plates.
 Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Pie Plant.
 Baptist Society, East Henrietta—3 Quilts, for the Wing.
 Children's Soldiers' Aid Society, West Avon—5 Sheets, 6 Pillow Cases, Bandages and old Cotton Cloth.
 Ladies' Aid Society—Horse Radish, Smoked Beef.
 Mrs. A. Bond, Mendon Centre—1 crock Pickles.
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—1 jar Pickles, and a quantity of Feathers.
 8th Ward Ladies' Aid Society—Bandages.
 Mrs. Baker—Bottle of Catsup.
 A Friend—A bushel of Eggs.
 Ladies' Aid Society of Livonia Station—By Mrs. Bolles and Mrs. Briggs, 3 Quilts.
 Mrs. Scoville, Mrs. Dewey, and Mrs. Root—Chicken Pie, and half bushel basket of Cakes; 4 Quilts, pieced and quilted by Misses Fanny Danforth, Carrie Whitney, Lois Whitney, Augusta Stevens, Lillie, Fanny, and Julia Griffiths, Carrie and Mary Martindale, Susie Palmer, Nettie Mumford, and Jennie Tobey.
 Soldiers' Aid Society—27 flannel Shirts, 19 pairs of flannel and cotton flannel Drawers, 18 pairs Woolen Socks, 4 Handkerchiefs, 1 Dressing Gown, 2 Cotton Shirts, 1 pair Cotton Drawers, 3 Cases, 1 yard Cotton, 14 pairs Slippers, 15 Sheets, 2 Pillow-cases, 19 Quilts, 6 bottles Catsup, 3 bottles Horse Radish, 4 small kegs Pickles, 1 bag Dried Apples, package Rice, Lemons, Sugar, piece Dried Beef, Soap.
 Soldiers' Aid Society, April—6 Flannel Shirts, 2 pairs flannel and cotton flannel Drawers, 4 pairs woolen Socks, 5 pairs Slippers, 1 Handkerchief, 1 Can, 1 Arm-sling, 17 Sheets, (old), 10 Quilts, 2 Pillows, 12 Pillow-cases, 2 small kegs Pickles, 1 bottle Tomato Catsup, 2 Lemons.

The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM MAY 15, TO JUNE 15, 1865.

Mrs. Capt. Ware, Spencerport; Robert Ware, New Orleans; Mrs. Robert Hopwood, A. D. Miner, Lima—By Mrs. Mathews,\$ 2 00
 Mrs. Chester Lewis, Dr. H. C. Wanzer,—By Mrs. H. L. Fish, 1 00
 Mrs. Sylvester Richmond, Ripon, Wis.—By Maggie Hamilton, 50
 Relief Committee, Mayor's office; Mrs. Adam Smith, Mitchell, C. W.; Miss Mary Ann Williams; Dea. V. Perry, Macedon, Mrs. Mary Willetts, Miss Mary Johnson—By Mr. Williams, 3 00
 Mrs. A. Baker, Mrs. Mary A. Corey, Miss Nannie J. Cannaby, Mrs. E. Line—By Anna & Ella Colburn, 2 00
 Rev. E. Hathaway, Bristol, R. I., for Vol. 2d—By Mrs. Mathews, 0 50
 Master C. G. Hudunt, Geneseo—By Miss McChesney, Spencerport, 50
 Miss Libbie Winnie, Fairport—By Mr. Williams, 50
 Little Madge Rochester, Buffalo—By Mrs. Monty Rochester, 50
 D. W. Leary—By Mrs. Strong, 50
 C. J. B. Mount, Cornelia L. W. Field, Wm. Spafford—By Mrs. Perkins, 1 50
 Miss Kitty Ten Eyck, Albany—By Ella Van Zandt, 50
 Mrs. Thos. Oliver—By Miss Allgood, ... 50
 Miss Eunice Howell, York—By Miss M. A. Root, 50
 Mrs. George H. Roberts, 50
 Lester Pease, Worcester, Mass.—By Miss M. W. Davis, 50
 Mrs. S. B. Fowler, Livonia Centre—By Mrs. H. R. G. Adams, 50
 Advertising—By Mrs. Perkins, 25 00

Superintendent's Report for May.

May 1, Citizen patients in Hospital....19
 Received during the month,....13—32
 Discharged, 3; Died, 1..... 4
 June 1, Number remaining, 28
 May 1, Soldiers in Hospital,86
 Received during the month,....24—110
 Discharged, Transferred, and on Furlough,..... 10
 June 1, Number remaining, 100
 Citizen Patients, 28
 June 1, Total Remaining, 128

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

**LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,
From May 1st, to June 1st, 1865.**

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	FROM WHENCE ADMITTED
May 1,	Adin Demming,	Priv.	F,	114th N. Y. V. Inf.	New Berlin, Chenango County, N. Y.	Transferred from Wilmington Hospital, Delaware.
" 3,	Henry R. Abel,	"	F,	63d " "	Oneonta, Otsego " "	Transferred from Armory Square Hosp., Wash., D. C.
" 3,	William W. Humphrey,	Corp.	F,	188th " "	Hornby, Steuben " "	Transferred from Newcastle Hosp., Baltimore, Md.
" 4,	John Bowers,	Priv.	H,	148th " "	Seneca Falls, Seneca " "	Admitted on furlough from New York City.
" 4,	William Fone,	"	H,	100th " "	Irving, Chatauqua " "	Transferred from Armory Square Hosp., Wash., D. C.
" 6,	Albyron D. Moore,	"	E,	136th " "	Lima, Livingston " "	Admitted on furlough from Nashville Hosp., Tenn.
" 9,	Edwin F. Marsh,	Sergt.	I,	140th " "	Rochester, Monroe " "	Admitted on furlough from General Hosp., Annapolis, Md.
" 10,	John Hewit,	Priv.	D,	8th " H. Art.	Alexander, Genesee " "	Transferred from Harwood Hosp., Washington, D. C.
" 13,	Lindsley M. Gould,	"	D,	140th " Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe " "	Admitted on furlough from Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
" 15,	Homer Weaver,	"	F,	2d " Mtd. Rifles,	Ontario, Wayne " "	Admitted on furlough from Sickles' Barrack, Alex., Va.
" 15,	John Getzel,	"	B,	140th " Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe " "	Admitted on furlough from University Hosp., Balt., Md.
" 20,	Timothy Farrell,	"	A,	140th " "	Clarkson, Monroe " "	Transferred from Lincoln Hosp., Washington, D. C.
" 20,	John Gill,	"	F,	111th " "	West Walworth, Wayne " "	" " " " " "
" 20,	George A. Barnett,	"	F,	122d " "	Marcellus, Onondaga, " "	" " " " " "
" 20,	Oscar C. Palmer,	"	B,	8th " Vol. Cav.	Ontario, Wayne " "	" " " " " "
" 22,	Gabriel Ranger,	"	I,	122d " Vol. Inf.	Salina, Onondaga " "	Transferred from Armory Square Hosp., Wash., D. C.
" 24,	John D. English,	"	G,	9th " H. Art.	Hartwick Seminary, Otsego " "	Transferred from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 26,	Myron S. Brownson,	"	B,	188th " Vol. Inf.	Dansville, Steuben " "	Transferred from Armory Square Hosp., Wash., D. C.
" 26,	Franklin Amsden,	"	B,	8th " Vol. Cav.	Honeoye Falls, Monroe " "	Transferred from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 26,	John E. White,	"	E,	140th " Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe " "	Transferred from Campbell Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 26,	Aaron H. Wood,	"	H,	2d " H. Art.	Perch River, Jefferson " "	Transferred from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 26,	William H. Vanetten,	Corp.	G,	147th " Vol. Inf.	Oswego, Oswego " "	Transferred from Columbia Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 30,	Hiram Crownes,	Priv.	C,	9th " H. Art.	Conquest, Cayuga " "	Transferred from Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from May 1st, to June 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TO WHERE TRANSFERRED.
May 2,	Clinton Jones,	Priv.	—	151st N. Y. V. Inf.	New Castle, Indiana,	To Provost Marshal's office, from whence admitted.
" 5,	Henry A. Petrie,	"	E,	122d " "	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	Discharged from service.
" 11,	George W. Huntington,	"	D,	148th " "	Geneva, Ontario " "	" " " "
" 13,	William Ely,	"	D,	64th " "	Rushford, Alleghany " "	" " " "
" 15,	George Koeth,	"	B,	140th " "	Rochester, Monroe " "	" " " "
" 15,	John W. Tompkins,	"	E,	26th Mich. " "	Rochester, " " "	" " " "
" 15,	William Fone,	"	H,	100th N. Y. V. Inf.	Irving, Chatauqua " "	" " " "
" 15,	Charles Griffin,	"	M,	3d " V. Cav.	Brockport, Monroe " "	" " " "
" 17,	Charles Day,	Corp.	G,	151st " V. Inf.	Carlton, Orleans " "	" " " "
" 19,	William W. Fenner,	Priv.	C,	121st " "	Fairfield, Herkimer " "	" " " "
" 28,	Norman S. Snell,	"	B,	14th " H. Art.	Watertown, Jefferson " "	" " " "

Children's Department.

Another Letter from Ella.

Ella's Auntie has kindly permitted us to place before our young readers another of these pleasant letters from our little Agent in Albany.

ALBANY, May 26th, 1865.

DEAR AUNTY:—I am almost ashamed to write. I have only got one subscriber, and the reason for it is this: Willie broke his leg. He was playing on a stoop with some little boys and girls, when he got outside the railing and jumped. The consequence was, his leg went under him, and the small bone or fibule was broken.

I tried to write in season to send my new subscriber this month, but found it impossible. I take care of Willie, and consequently have not much spare time. My subscriber is Miss Kitty Ten Eyck. Mary Cooley says she will subscribe if she can get the back numbers. I suppose she wants to have them bound. I will try very hard now, and see if I can not make up for lost time. Tell the Editress that I don't intend to back out, by any means. The paper pleads its own cause.

Dear Auntie, you can't think how I miss the dear ones who are gone. When I look out and see the bright sky, and every thing looks so beautiful, I am tempted to wish them back again; but I know that the city above is filled with such as they, and that they are happier far than we.

* * * * *

Willie is very patient. Father bought him several new toys, and he is very contented. He broke his leg six weeks ago to-day, and will soon be on crutches.

I am studying English, and am going to study Roman History, besides Physical Geography, and am going to try to enter the first department of the Academy in the Fall.

* * * * *

Father and Charlie are well, and send their love. I hope you will come down and make a long visit this summer.

Your affectionate niece,

ELLA.

General Grant and the Pony.

FOR THE BOYS.

In the village of Georgetown, Ohio, where Gen. Grant and the writer of this article spent a part of their boyhood, the arrival of a show of any kind was a great event, and the one with which my story is connected, was a circus. People came from every part of the country, in all kinds of conveyances, to see the wonderful feats. To the boys, the pony and the monkey were the great objects of attraction. The boys and the monkey, as if enjoying peculiar favors, were permitted to ride the pony.

This pony was well trained to perform his part. On the occasion of which I speak, after the pony and monkey had performed to the great delight of the spectators, the manager asked if there was not a boy who would like to ride the pony. The word had no sooner been spoken, than out stepped a good sized boy from the country, and took his seat upon the pony. The pony understood well the part to be performed now, and as soon as he was turned into the ring, began running at the top of his speed, and to rear and kick as high as he could; then suddenly turning round, the boy went suddenly into the dust, to the great amusement of the lookers on. The pony seemed to enjoy the trick as much as the audience.

The manager then said, "perhaps there is another boy who would like to take a ride." There was a slight pause. The boys had greatly lost their desire to ride the pony. Finally, out stepped Ulysses S. Grant. He was much smaller in size than the boy who had just been thrown by the pony. The manager placed young Grant upon the back of the pony. Ulysses took the reins into his hands, and tucked his heels close in behind the shoulder-blades of the pony. He seemed to comprehend the situation. The manager, seeing his composure and self-reliance, thought he would give the pony a hint of what he must do. So he gave him a smart crack with the whip, and away he went at the top of his speed, now rearing so high as to be nearly erect upon his hind feet, then kicking up so as to be nearly perpendicular upon his fore feet; but Ulysses never lost, for a moment, his equilibrium. The pony, finding that he could not unhorse him in this way, ran round the ring at the top of his speed, and then suddenly wheeled about. But the rider was not taken by surprise; he threw both arms tightly about the neck of the pony, and stuck to him, amidst the great cheering of the crowd. The pony could no more throw him from his back than he could the monkey. He "fought it out on that line," as much as in taking Richmond and Vicksburg. Whatever Ulysses S. Grant undertook to do, he did.

EMPLOYMENT FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.—The managers of the Wisconsin Soldiers' Aid Society have organized a bureau for the purpose of getting employment for disabled soldiers.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

THE DREAM.

You have put the children to bed, Alice,
Maud and Willie and Rose ;
They have lisped their sweet "Our Father,"
And sunk to their night's repose.
Did they think of me, dear Alice ?
Did they think of me, and say,
"God bless him, and God keep him,
Dear father, far away?"

Oh! my very heart grows sick, Alice,
I long so to behold
Rose, with her pure white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold ;
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee ;
Oh ! my heart yearns to enfold ye,
My "smiling group of three !"

I can bear the noisy day, Alice ;
The camp life gay and wild,
Shuts from my yearning bosom
The thoughts of wife and child.
But when the night is 'round me,
And under its strong beams
I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams.

I think of the pale young wife, Alice,
Who looked up in my face,
When the drum beat at evening,
And called me to my place.
I think of the three sweet birdlings,
Left in the dear home-nest ;
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.

Oh! when will this war be over, Alice ?
Oh! when shall I behold
Rose, with her pure white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold ;
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee,
And more than all, the dear wife,
Who bore my babes to me?

God guard and keep you all, Alice ;
God guard and keep me, too:
For if only *one* were missing,
What would the others do ?
Oh! when will the war be over,
And when shall I behold
Those whom I love so dearly,
Safe in the dear home fold?

THE RESPONSE.

I have put the children to bed, Harry,
Rose and Willie and Maud
They have sung their hymns together,
And whispered their prayer to God.
Then Rose said, gently smiling,
"Come, Willie and Maud, now say,
God bless our dear, sweet father ;
Father, so far away."

And such a glad trust 'rose, Harry,
In this sad heart of mine,
For I felt that God would keep you,
Safe in His hand divine.
And I kissed their pure young foreheads,
And said, "He is over all !
He counteth the hair of your head, darlings,
And noteth the sparrow's fall."

Then I sang them to their sleep, Harry,
With hymns all trust and love ;
And I knew that God was listening
From His gracious throne above.
And since that calm, sweet evening,
I have felt so happy, dear !
And so have the children, Harry,
They seem to know no fear.

They talk of your coming home, Harry,
As something sure to be ;
I list to their childish pratings,
Nor care to check their glee.
For oh ! 'tis a cause so noble,
And you so brave and true,
And God protects His own, Harry,
And surely will watch o'er you.

So keep up a brave, good heart, Harry,
God willing—and He knows best—
We'll welcome you, safe and happy,
Back to the dear home-nest.
And Maud and Rose and Willie,
Shall yet, with a moistened eye,
Give thanks to the dear, good Father,
While you stand tearful by.

How to Kill an Enemy.

"Children," said a kind father to his little family, as he took a seat by the fire-side, and gathered them round him for a pleasant talk, "which is the best way to kill an enemy?"

"Why, shoot him, to be sure," said one.

"No, stab him," said a second.

"No, starve him," said a third.

"But I think," said their father, "I can show you a better way than this. An enemy may be killed without taking from him his life, or shedding a single drop of his blood. Let me tell you a story, to show how it may be done.

"There was a farmer once, who was a very cross, surly, disagreeable man. Every body in the neighborhood knew him, and every body disliked him. He was sure to make the most of whatever went wrong about him, and the poor offender always met with severe punishment. There was not a boy in all the neighborhood who didn't feel uncomfortable as he passed his gate; and the poor dog that barked at his geese, or the neighbor's rooster that crowed on his wall, was speedily visited either with the lash of his whip or the shot from his gun. The very cat knew his footstep, and slunk away from him in terror. He was a complete pest, as much so to himself as to those about him. Every day brought him some fresh trouble, and found him in continual 'hot water;' indeed, his very life was made up of broils.

"After a time good Farmer Green came to live near him, and, as you may suppose, he was soon told the character of his not over pleasant neighbor.

"'Well,' says he, 'if he shows off on me, I'll very soon kill him!'

"This remark of Farmer Green's soon got afloat, and all sorts of things were said about it. He seemed the very last man to 'kill' any one, for his looks, and words, and actions, all told of a loving heart which throbbed in his bosom, and directed his life. Nobody could think for a moment of his becoming a murderer. Mr. Green's intention at length came to the ears of the ill-natured farmer, and you may be sure he was not at all pleased about it. Every thing he could do to tease, annoy, and even injure Mr. Green, was done; but, somehow or another, the man who was to kill this ugly-tempered farmer, took it all in good part, and spoke as calmly, and looked as kindly as ever.

One day Mrs. Green sent to the wife of our surly friend a basket of nice plums; but her husband wouldn't let her have them. He told the person who brought them, very gruffly, that 'it was only done to get some of his pears in return, and he wasn't going to give any of them away.'

"At another time Mr. Green's team of oxen stuck fast in a bog, and when he asked his neighbor for a little help, he told him, in a very rough way, that 'he had enough to do to mind his own business,' and refused to help him.

"'Never mind,' said Green to some one standing by, 'I'll kill him very soon, see if I don't.'

"Soon after this, the team of the ill-natured man was in the same plight that his neighbor's had been in. Mr. Green saw it. He ran for his oxen and chains, and set off to the bog. He spoke kindly, offered his help, and began to render it; but what did he receive in reply? Why, a fierce look and an angry word—'I don't want your help! take your oxen away.'

"'No,' said the other, 'I must help you, for the night is coming on, and what is bad enough by day, is ten times worse in the dark.' Away pulled the oxen and the men, and soon all was set right again.

"A strange feeling did that rough, cross man carry home with him that evening, something which he had never felt before. And a strange look did his wife give him as he said, 'Peg, Farmer Green has killed me! He said he would, and he has done it.'

"Yes, the 'enemy' was 'killed' without the loss of a single life, or a drop of blood. He went in the morning to confess his ingratitude to his kind neighbor, and to ask his forgiveness; and the very man who had been noted for nothing but his wickedness, became the friend of all."

There is the greatest difference in the world between conquering by power and conquering by kindness. The former is like building a dam across a stream of water. It may stop its flow for a little while, but presently the dam may give way, and then the stream will rush on with more force and fury than ever. Conquering by kindness is like drying up the springs which feed the stream. Conquering by power is like keeping a lion from doing harm by chaining him; conquering by kindness keeps the lion from doing harm by changing his nature and turning him into a lamb.—*Best Things.*

Afraid of Thunder.

"Shall I tell you what I heard Uncle Gillette saying to one of the little girls at school who was afraid of thunder?"

"O do!" said Lucy, "I am so frightened when it thunders."

Lucy nestled closer in her sister's lap, and Rosa began:

"There was once a mighty king who was so terrible in war that all his enemies were afraid of him; the very sound of his name made them tremble. His arm was so strong that the horse and his rider would sink under one blow of his battle-axe; and when he struck with his sharp sword, his enemies fell dead at his feet. This mighty king had a little fair-haired daughter, who watched him as he prepared for battle. She saw him put on his helmet, and laughed as the plumes nodded above his brow. She saw the stately battle-axe brought out; she saw him take his keen sword in his hand; he tried its edge, and then waved it about his head. She laughed as it sparkled in the sunlight; and even while it was upheld, she ran towards her father to take a parting kiss. Why was not the little child afraid of the mighty king with the fierce weapons? Because he was her father; she knew that he loved her—loved her as his own life. She knew that those dangerous weapons would never be raised against her, unless to save her from worse peril. Do you understand what Uncle Gillette meant by this story?"

"Not exactly," said Lucy. "Won't you tell me?"

"He meant," said Rosa, "that God is like that mighty king; sickness, lightning, danger, trial, death, are all His weapons; but we need not fear them if we are truly His children. When the sharp lightning flashes in the sky, we can look calmly at its beauty, for it is in our Father's hand; sickness may be around us, but our father can keep us safe. Death *may* come, but it will only be to send us to our Father's arms."

The Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI.

During the gloomy period of the imprisonment of the royal family of France in the Temple, the king endeavored sometimes to exercise and amuse his children, by proposing to them enigmas and puzzling questions.

"Charles," said he one day, "what is it that is black and white, weighs scarcely an

ounce, flies day and night like the wind, and tells many things without speaking?"

"Papa," said the prince, "I think it is a horse."

"A horse, Charles?"

"Well, yes, papa, a horse may be black and white."

"Yes."

"It goes quickly, and does not talk."

"True, my little friend; but a horse weighs a little more than an ounce, and never tells us anything." "Ah, I have guessed it," said the prince, "it is the newspaper."

"Right. I will give you another. Who is the most interesting, the most beautiful, and noble?"

"It is mamma," said the dauphin, embracing the queen.

"But I have not finished." The king continued, "who is seldom followed, and often hated?"

"Ah, this is difficult," said the prince, and he continued musing. "I know it, papa," he said at last; "it is the goddess Truth; but, to tell you the truth, my sister whispered the answer to me."—*Slater's Little Princes.*

Miscellaneous.

Adam's Fall.

A favorite American temperance lecturer down South used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the influence of a bad example to the formation of habits, ruinous in their effect.

Adam, and Mary his wife, who lived in the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, industrious and thriving in the world, and Mary thought a great deal of a good glass of toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have a glass of good toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent, that he became a drunkard—drank up every thing he had, and all he could get. Mary and Adam became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely; but the good minister continued to get his glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary he

was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to answer the questions. Mary said yes, and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good many other church members, thought no more of the book until the very Friday the minister was to return. "What shall I do?" said she, "the minister is to be here to-day, and I haven't looked in the book he gave me! How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter, and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer him with a glass of toddy."

Mary took the advice, gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his jug filled and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste followed the other, until he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the jug and lost all the rum. Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house Mary asked very anxiously for the bottle of rum.

Poor Adam managed to stammer out that he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the bottle and spilt the rum.

Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned. But here comes the minister! It won't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk; so she, for want of a better place to hide, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she could answer the question, How did Adam fall?

Mary turned her head first one way, then the other, and finally stammered out,

"He fell over a pile of rocks."

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question, "Where did he hide himself after his fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she broke out with,

"Under the bed, sir! There, Adam, you may come out; he knows all about it."

The good minister retired—not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

The city of San Francisco is getting up a fund for a testimonial to Mrs. Lincoln, and also proposes to build a monument to Mr. Lincoln's memory.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Fr. Sq., 1 insertion, \$1 00	Quarter Column, \$10 00
Three Months, 3 00	One Third Column, 12 00
Six Months, 5 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year, 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

PENSION AND CLAIM AGENCY.

STARR & BENEDICT,

OFFICE—NO. 6 EAGLE BLOCK.

Claims of all kinds Collected.

Back Pay, Bounties,
Pensions, Prize Money,
And Commutation for Rations,
PROMPTLY AND CHEAPLY COLLECTED.

MONEY ADVANCED, and no charges unless successful.

GEO. H. STARR. O. M. BENEDICT, Jr.
Rochester, May, 1865. 2m

MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,

No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y.

Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.

Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.

JULIUS S. MUNSON,
MRS. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,

April, 1865—ly Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
A. S. MANN,
H. D. MANN.

Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,
(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st.

Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium Sewing Machine,
With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing
AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828, has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks and business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,

Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

**THE MORNING LIGHT,
THE
PRINCE OF BASE BURNING
STOVES.**

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 30th, 1864, after a thorough examination of this and other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM to the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.
17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,
26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan. 1865

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms.
Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.

These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

H&T & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1865.

No. 12.

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Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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MILTY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 82.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

Our Disabled Brave.

What ought to be done for our disabled soldiers, is a question of the very gravest importance. The simplest and most obvious answer is, they ought to be taken care of, not merely while their wounds are healing, but as long as they live. The Government in whose defence they have been shattered, mangled, maimed, and left utterly helpless, should see that their noble self-sacrifice is as nobly recognized and rewarded. Chelsea Hospital, in England, and The Hotel des Invalides, in France, are eminent examples of the manner in which a Nation may honor and sustain its helpless defenders. The Hotel des Invalides may be taken as a representative Institution, and the simplicity of its plan and organization, demands a passing notice. It was founded by Louis XIV. and is designed for the reception of the invalids and veterans

who have lost the ability to do military duty. The buildings are situated in Paris, by the Champ de Mars, and the edifice covers 16 acres of ground, and will accommodate 5,000 men. The great Napoleon is buried beneath the dome, and the veterans of the Russian campaign, who followed him in that triumphal invasion and terrible retreat, sixty years ago, have been permitted to spend their last days near their hallowed Chief. All who have been disabled by wounds, or have served 30 years, are entitled to a refuge here, and they are honorably exempted from that anxious care and solicitude for the necessaries of life, which they are unable of themselves to escape.

Unquestionably, some such provision is demanded for our own disabled patriots. The horrible and appalling scenes of actual warfare have passed away, but the bright and joyous vistas of peace are heavily shaded by a sombre back-ground of individual and household grief and suffering, the inevitable heritage of war. Household or family grief becomes softened and mellowed by time; and there are generally available resources in the health or youth of a family which will prevent permanent suffering. But the disabled individual, who is not only incapable of self-assistance, but also a burden to those who are already by his calamity deprived of their accustomed means of support, should find in the care of a grateful country, that relief so

nobly deserved. It would be an insult to the intelligence and generosity of any man to produce arguments in support of the claim here presented. A National Institution for the support of disabled soldiers, would reflect honor upon every citizen of the Republic. The resources of the country, and its power and position warrant, day, demand the exhibition of a magnificent gratitude, which shall impress upon all men that America delights to honor her brave.

W. W. C.

From the London Spectator.

The Hour of Northern Victory.

Roll not a drum, sound not a clarion note
Of haughty triumph to the silent sky;
Hush'd be the shout of joy in every throat,
And veiled the flash of pride in every eye.

Not with *Te Deums*, loud and high Hosannas,
Greet we the awful victory we have won,
But with our arms revers'd and lower'd banners
We stand—our work is done!

Thy work is done, God, terrible and just,
Who lay'st 'er upon our hearts and hands this task,
And kneeling, with our foreheads in the dust,
We venture peace to ask.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword,
Prostrate our brethren lie, Thy fallen foe,
Struck down by Thee through us, avenging Lord;
By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to smite
These our own kindred, Thy great laws defying;
These, our own flesh and blood, who now unite
In one thing only with us—bravely dying.

Dying how bravely, yet how bitterly!
Not for the better side, but for the worse,
Blindly and madly striving against Thee
For the bad cause where Thou hast set Thy
curse.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,
Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers,
"Lord! we have fought the fight!" But to rejoice
Is ours no more than theirs.

Call back Thy dreadful ministers of wrath,
Who have led on our hosts to this great day;
Let our feet halt now in the avenger's path,
And bid our weapons stay.

Upon our land, Freedom's inheritance,
Turn Thou once more the splendor of Thy face;
Where nations serving Thee to light advance,
Give us again our place.

Not our bewildering past prosperity,
Not all Thy former ill-requitted grace,
But this one boon—Oh! grant it still to be
The home of hope to the whole human race.

FANNY KEMBLE.

April 25th, 1845.

For the Hospital Review.

"Every Heart knoweth its own Bitterness."

How earnestly every human heart will respond to these words of living truth; for what heart on this side of heaven, but has *some* secret, restless, unsatisfied longing—*some* bitter struggle to encounter—*some* cruel earthly wrong to bear? What person but has shed many silent, bitter tears of anguish, and felt at times of loneliness and wretchedness, that the heart was breaking? Are there any who can say their life-path has always been smooth, and strewed with thornless flowers? Is there *one* person who has not been deprived of a dear friend, by the cruel hand of Death—or still worse, by the hand of *Change—remorseless change?*

Ah! I ask many questions; but to my eager listening ear, echo only sends back my oft repeated queries. This earth, so beautifully and richly adorned by the hand of God, is full of sadness and sorrow, sin and death; and our lives are filled up with the bitter and the sweet. I find not *one* heart without *some* bitter—not *one* whose life is *all* sunshine—clouds *must* rise to darken the sky, however bright and clear, of every life.—And "Into each heart *some* rain *must* fall." Each bark that is launched out upon the ocean of life, *must* be tossed upon its billows—*some* will encounter less storms than others—there will be some *warm, glad* days of sunshine, full of joy and peace, for *all*—soon followed by the long, dark nights of woe. But we *must* continue to row our barks

with care, until we pass the tide of Time,
and reach the golden shore—the harbor of
Eternity. Then we can lay aside our weary
oars; forget our earthly cares—and our
sad hearts,

“So crushed and crowded, so scarred and sore,
From clogging sensibilities undressed,
In the one simple robe of Love will rest.”

Oh! the peace and joy of that eternal
rest! No clouds, no waves, no more
weary days, no more long, dark nights—
but instead, there will be *one continual day*
of happiness. Oh! with this blessed assur-
ance, we should cease to weep and groan
beneath the crushing weight of our trials,
and bear them with patience; ever looking
forward with a pure eye of faith, to that
happy future; for

“There is a future—O! thank God!
Of life, this is so small a part—
’Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But THERE, up THERE, ’tis heart to heart.”

LIBBIE.

The Return.

“Three years! I wonder if she’ll know me!
I limp a little, and I left one arm
At Petersburg; and I am grown as brown
As the plump chestnuts on my little farm;
And I am as shaggy as the chestnut burrs,
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly hers.”

“The darling: how I long to see her!
My heart outruns this feeble soldier pace;
But I remember, after I had left,
A little Charlie came to take my place:
Ah! how the laughing three-year-old brown eyes
(His mother’s eyes) will shine with pleased sur-
prise!”

“Sure, they’ll be at the corner watching!
I sent them word that I should come to-night;
The birds all know it, for they crowd around,
Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;
And that old robin, with a halting wing,
I saved her life three years ago last spring.”

“Three years—perhaps I am but dreaming,
For, like the pilgrim of the long ago,
I’ve tugged a weary burden at my back,
Through summer’s heat and winter’s blinding
snow,
Till now I reach my home, my darling’s breast
There I can roll my burden off—and rest.”

* * * * *
When morning came, the early rising sun
Laid his light finger on a soldier sleeping,
Where a soft covering of bright green grass
Over two lowly mounds was lightly creeping.
But waked him not; his was the rest eternal,
Where the brown eyes reflected love supernal.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1865.

The Close of the Year.

With this number closes the first volume
of *The Hospital Review*. The year—
the first of its little existence, draws rapidly
to a close—the year so momentous in its
results to us as a nation—a year which to
us, too, as individuals has brought its
griefs—its joys—its heart-tragedies—and the
losses which no future can restore. Swiftly
the months have rolled away, but they
have been dreary months to some of us—
and the sorrows which came with them, will
not pass with them—but they will linger,
we know—and their shadows will deepen
over all the coming years. “Victory,”
“Peace,” “Union”—are glorious words—
whose full meaning and value could only
have been taught us by the sufferings of the
past four years. From every heart through-
out the nation has arisen, we believe, the
deep prayer of thankfulness for, “peace at
last.” But peace nor victory cannot bring
back the dead—cannot bring back the
light to the many darkened homes—cannot
bring back the loved ones—to yearning—
aching hearts. Mothers, wives, sisters—
sitting proudly, as they may under the folds
of the blue flag to-day, hear yet, with a
pang, these triumphant words, for they
cannot forget the sacrifices which they
have cost—they cannot forget those untime-
ly graves where youth and manhood
sleep, and where they have buried the dear-
est hopes of life. Sad thoughts will crowd
around us, as we look back over the year
now closing. What changes, what sha-

dows have fallen upon the happy hearts and homes which greeted us with sympathy and encouragement one year ago. But grateful thoughts come thronging and blending, also, at this time. How few of us, even the most hopeful, could have believed one year ago, that the end was so near—and that so soon the bitter strife would cease. To our wisest statesmen the difficulties then surrounding us seemed inextricable and interminable, and so, left to human hands and human skill alone, they were and would have proved. But let us recognize in the dawning of peace and prosperity the workings of a mightier Hand than our own. Let us render to Him all the glory, who in the day of battle, was our shield—our strength—our deliverance. Rejoice, oh mourning ones! even in your desolation—that your sacrifice has been accepted, and that your loved ones did not lay down their lives in vain.

The close of the year leads us also to a retrospective glance at our Hospital work—especially that of our "Review"—and we cannot look back over the field of our labors without feeling that we have deep cause for thankfulness and encouragement. Universal as we knew was the sympathy for our soldiers, and much as we were led to hope and to expect at the beginning of our enterprise—the success of our little sheet has been yet even beyond our expectations. We have been not only gratified but surprised often at the heartiness and the promptness of the responses we have met. It now remains to see whether the good work shall go on with unabated interest and prosperity. We see no reason why our interest or our zeal should be lessened because the war is over. Have we not still enough and more than enough to do for our soldiers? Their sufferings—their needs—alas for them—have not ended with the war. They still remain under our care appealing mutely, but powerfully—by their wounds—their crutches—from their couches where they

lie prostrate with disease—to our sympathy and gratitude. O, shall it not be still our privilege to care for them, and not only for them, but for their families, in sickness and in distress? It is a mistake to suppose that our work for the soldiers will be ended now. We shall have work for many years to come—and to many—oh! what weary years they will be—maimed—wounded—sick and disabled! Many soldiers will leave us, it is true, to return to their homes—but many still will remain—and their families, when overtaken by sickness, they, too, will need our care. Not these alone—we want our Hospital to be what from its foundation it was designed to be—a refuge for all classes of the suffering. With so much pain and sickness and sorrow everywhere—let all our rooms be full. Let the new Wing be all fitted and furnished, and filled, and let the other Wing go up, and be fitted, and furnished and filled too! O, it is blessed to soothe and to comfort and, to lighten the burden of others. This was Christ's work. To Him they brought all who were sick—all who were sorrowful—all who had diseases and maladies, of every kind—and He healed them. Let us imitate His life—His work.

To our Agents and Subscribers.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to our agents and subscribers, for their efforts the past year in procuring names for our "Review," and also to remind them that the time has arrived for renewing subscriptions for the year to come. Agents will please look over their lists—ascertain the names of all who wish to receive the paper,—collect and forward the sums for this purpose at as early a period as possible—and subscribers will each and all, we trust, be prompt in sending their remittances to us, or in paying them to their agents. *Discontinuances* we do not look for, nor expect—indeed, we think we should be dreadfully shocked to

receive any—so please don't even dream of such a thing. Renew your subscriptions for "The Review," of course—We are sure you want to do as much as that for our Hospital—our paper—our soldiers—and all our sick. You could never refuse fifty cents for such a purpose, especially when you get such a pleasant, readable little sheet (as we mean this shall be,) in return. Nor is this all. We want you not only to subscribe yourself, but to try and see how many you can persuade to do the same. Tell your friends and neighbors what a good work our Hospital is doing, not only for our soldiers, but for so many poor suffering ones beside; and tell them, too, (if you can conscientiously,) what a very charming little paper the "Hospital Review", is, and they will be delighted to subscribe—or at least they ought to be. If each subscriber would send us a *new name* along with the renewal of her own subscription, and if each of our agents would double their list—what a grand good beginning it would make for our new year! How much we wish we *could* begin the year in this way. Don't you wish so, too, dear friends—and what will you each do to help us so that we may?

Fourth of July.

Fourth of July has passed, and the beautiful triumphal arch, erected in honor of our braves, lives only in our memories, and in Fox & Gates' faithful Photographs. But although all past, we trust we may be pardoned for reverting briefly to the events of a day not soon to be forgotten in Rochester. Every heart felt that in the festivities of that day two great and glorious events were celebrated—our National Independence not only—but the restoration of Peace and Union. It is not our purpose here to describe the exercises, which have been fully and amply dwelt upon by the daily press—but there is one word about the dinner for our soldiers, which we

would like to say. The tables (to which we understand 1500 sat down)—were so beautifully so tastefully arranged, and the provisions were all so nice and so abundant. There were flowers, not to strew in the conqueror's path, exactly, but greeting them and smiling upon them from every side; and, better still, to those tired, hungry soldiers—tired and hungry as they must have been after the fatigues of that hot morning—there was coffee and meats and vegetables and fruits and cakes and pies and puddings, greeting and smiling upon them too. To our own soldiers the day was a joyous one. All, or nearly all, we believe, were present at the entertainment—the wounded and the invalids having been brought down in carriages.

The dinner over, three cheers were given for the ladies of Rochester, who had provided the rich and bountiful feast—and such cheers! The entire building rang and resounded and tears actually filled the eyes of many—for the cheers came from the very hearts of those fifteen hundred soldiers—those who had perilled so much for us—and to whom we felt it such a privilege to be able to extend some expression of our sympathy and of our homage.

To our Little Agents, especially.

We have just been writing a few words to our Agents—and of course, by our agents, we would have you to understand we meant our Little Agents, quite as well as the big ones—and, if anything, rather more so, because, to tell the truth, we believe you can do better by us than they. So, dear little boys and girls, now is your busy time. Look up the names on your lists—collect all your subscriptions for the year to come, and send them to us—and how much we do wish you could each double your list! Will you try? You have done so well for us the past year—we expect great things of you—Don't let us be disappointed.

A Bazaar.

It has been sometime since we had the privilege of recording any of these pleasant doings of our young friends for our soldiers—and so, we were especially gratified this month to find that Children's Bazaars are still in the fashion, and that a charming one had just been held for us on North Fitzhugh Street—from which were realized \$35 35. This, we think, is doing bravely. Many thanks to the kind efforts of the dear children of North Fitzhugh Street!

THANKS TO OUR AID SOCIETIES.—In looking over our List of Donations this month, we find so many kind remembrances and so many valuable donations, from our various Aid Societies, not only of our city, but of adjacent towns—that we cannot forbear expressing to them in this way, if they will allow us to do so—our most hearty thanks and sincere acknowledgements. The help which we have received from these several sources, is very timely and acceptable.

FROM THE CHILDREN OF THE FIRST WARD.—In addition to the promised donation for our new Wing, mentioned in our note from the "Old Irish Gentleman," we have received \$10, for this purpose, from the Children of the First Ward. This offering is from the same band of little workers, who a year ago sent us \$65.00—the result of a Bazaar held by them for us. Many thanks to our young friends of the First Ward!

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.—Our thanks are due to the Christian Commission, for one hundred copies each; of "Mustered-Out," "Parting Words for our Soldiers," and "Musical Leaves," received by us through the kindness of Dr. Claxton. The design of the Commission is, we believe, to furnish each of our soldiers—everywhere, on their return to their homes, with a copy of these

first two named publications. The volumes are tastefully bound—full of tender and wise counsels, and, as a parting remembrance from an organization which has accomplished so much for our soldiers, we trust, that these little books, with the useful hints and instructions which they contain, may be lastingly prized by them.

The "Musical Leaves," are a donation to our Hospital.

To Help furnish the Wing.

Not long ago we had occasion to mention the praiseworthy efforts of two little boys, Leander and Lamson Valentine, of Victor—in raising funds to furnish our new Wing. They sent donations to us at two different times, amounting in all, we believe, to \$17.25. This month we have been gratified to find that another of our young friends—Andrew Brizee, of Perinton, inspired perhaps by their good example—has also been at work, collecting for us, and has sent us already \$5.35 more toward furnishing our new Wing. This is very pleasant and very encouraging. We wonder if some other dear children who read this will not feel like trying, to see what they can do towards furnishing our Wing? We give below the list of names, with the donations attached, of those who contributed to the sum collected by Andrew Brizee.

March 20, 1865.

- Wm. H. Brizee, 50 cents; Jessie B. Hannah, 50 cents; Owen Williams, 45 cents; Maria Olney, 40 cents; Andrew Brizee, 25 cents; Aldelbert J. Brizee, 25 cents; Sarah E. Brizee, 25 cents; Emma Guile, 25 cents; Darwin Guile, 25 cents; Frank Winn, 25 cents; Mrs. Swinerton, 25 cents; Kate Whitbeck, 25 cents; Chas. Ford, 25 cents; Joseph W. Ford, 25 cents; Susan S. Bumpus, 25 cents; Alice E. Bumpus, 25 cents; Charles Wood, 25 cents; Verney Wood, 52 cents. \$5 35

BANDAGES WANTED.—We are requested to say to our friends, that lint and bandages are just now very much needed at our Hospital. The war, let us thank God, is over, but the wounded soldiers still under our care, are a sad proof that all its fearful miseries have not ended with it.

To Applicants to the Hospital.

We are requested by the managers to state, that the new Wing being now completed and occupied by our soldiers, to which they have been removed—the private rooms are now vacant, and have been newly refitted and made ready for patients.

Applications for admission are referred as hitherto stated, to Dr. H. W. DEAN, attendant physician.

From One of our Little Agents.

We were very much gratified at receiving the following from one of our little agents this month, and to find that the effort and the interest in procuring new names for us still continues. Mary W. will please accept our thanks. We are very thankful for new subscribers—and if our little agents and our big agents too, could see the delight and the satisfaction with which we write down every new name to our list, perhaps they could send us more than they do. But we know that we have no cause to complain.

ROCHESTER, June 13th.

MRS. PERKINS—

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for two subscribers, for the 'Hospital Review.'

And oblige "One of your little agents,"

MARY WATSON.

Another Quilt from the Little Girls.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y. July 4, 1865.

Mrs. M:—Please accept for the comfort of some Soldier, the accompanying Quilt—the work of little Girls in a Sabbath School Class in West Bloomfield.

Lina Allen, Lyra Peck, Ettie Hall,
 Nellie Peck, Katie Hall, Carrie Sanborne,
 Cora Hopkins, Lizzie Thompson, Allie Wood.

Kindly, K. M. LEACH.

Married.

In the Presbyterian Church, Munsville, Madison County, June 11, 1865, by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, Sergt. FRANKLIN L. HAYS, 157th Regt. N. Y. V., to Miss LYDIA DAGGETT.

On Thursday Evening, July 13th, 1865, at the residence of George Brooks, Esq., by the Rev. Mr. Good, CHARLES TRAVERS, of Montezuma, formerly of 111th N. Y. V., to Miss MARGARET CARNES, of this city.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Saturday evening, July 1, of Typhoid Fever, JAMES RODERICH, 151st N. Y. Vol's, of Pembroke, Genesee County—aged 55 years. The remains were taken to Pembroke.

Prostrated by sickness in Washington, Mr. Roderich was not able to endure the fatigues of the journey; but so anxious was he to return to his home, he would not consent to remain behind when his regiment left for this city, to which place they were ordered, to be mustered out. On his arrival, June 29th, he was received into the Hospital, with no hope of recovery; but his dying hours were cheered by the presence of his wife and friends—though his children did not reach him until consciousness had fled. Sad memories of this rebellion must ever cluster around this family. One son still remains in the service—another sleeps in a martyr's grave in Salisbury.

"I see the crouching form; the vacant stare;
 The hopeless look of eyes that cannot weep;
 The wan, pinched faces that were once so fair—
 Of heroes, gnawing their foul rags in sleep.
 I see the bony fingers spread in vain
 For one sweet morsel—spread in vain, to take
 The dear home letter; or to still retain
 The trinket, sacred for love's tender sake." C.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Thursday, July 6, 1865, of Inflammation of the Stomach, JAMES BROWN, aged 35 years. The remains were placed in the receiving vault at Mount Hope, to be taken to Ontario, Wayne County.

Correspondence.

A Contribution to the Flag.

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, July 5th, 1865.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS—MADAM:—I contribute one dollar to the Hospital Flag, hoping that if I die here you will cause the flag to be hoisted half mast on the "first true Liberty Pole" that was raised in this city. When other poles were erected, Slavery was reigning triumphant. A poor slave could not take refuge behind one of them. I will never believe in slavery until I see one man born with a saddle on his back, and another with spurs on his heels.

If I live to see preparations to make a West Wing to the Hospital, I will give you one thousand brick.

Wishing you all sorts of good things, I remain, as Razor Strop Smith called me,

"AN OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN."

PHELPS, June 12, 1865.

MRS. WM. H. P.—DEAR MADAM:—In consequence of being away from home, I could not fulfill my promise of sending subscriptions last month; and very sorry I was when I saw in the last paper how few you had received.

There are several people I have not called upon, but will do so soon, and hope I shall be able to send you more next month. I have procured only three dollars, but I hope that little will do some good to our country's brave defenders.

L. J. R.

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

From June 1st to July 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	FROM WHENCE ADMITTED
June 8,	Putnam Barber,	Priv.	G,	150th Pa. Vol. Inf.	Ceres, McKean County, Penn.	Admitted from regiment.
" 8,	John Shorts,	"	C,	150th " "	Townsville, Crawford County, Penn.	" " "
" 9,	Daniel Fenner,	"	H,	8th N. Y. H. Art.	Alabama, Genesee County, N. Y.	" " "
" 10,	Marion Roberts,	"	H,	24th " Vol. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Transferred from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 13,	Horace Washburn,	"	I,	9th " " "	Westfield, Chatauqua County, N. Y.	" Saterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
" 15,	Zachary Taylor,	"	D,	88th " " Inf.	Mapitsville, Dutchess County, N. Y.	" Mt. Pleasant Hosp., Washington, D.C.
" 17,	Lyman L. Dennick,	Sergt.	C,	185th " " "	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" Washington, D. C.
" 21,	John Cohler,	Corp.	G,	140th " " "	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" Tilton Hospital, Delaware.
" 22,	Francis W. Lawrence,	Priv.	C,	91st " " "	" " " "	" Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
" 27,	William Jasper,	"	—	56th " " "	Walkertown, Canada.	" Hicks' Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
" 27,	William Ballard,	"	A,	59th " " Eng.	Lapear, Cortland County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	Walter Fairfield,	"	—	8th " " Cav.	Gaines, Orleans County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	George Heal,	"	M,	2d " " "	Careysville, Genesee County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	Rufus Randall,	"	G,	118th " " Inf.	Bolton, Warren County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	William H. Kearney,	"	I,	10th " " Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	Patrick O'Bryan,	"	—	22d " " "	Hamilton, Canada.	" " " "
" 27,	Hubbard Fields,	"	E,	10th " " "	Apulia, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 27,	Theron Ainsworth,	"	6,	1st " " S. S.	Hamlin, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 28,	Sanford T. Carroll,	Sergt.	H,	8th " Vol. Cav.	East Bloomfield, Ontario County, N.Y.	Admitted from Camp Muster-Out, Rochester, N. Y.
" 29,	James Rodrick,	Priv.	B,	151st " N. Y. Inf.	Pembroke, Genesee County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 29,	Henry C. Roberts,	"	C,	151st " " "	Wilson, Niagara County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 29,	Leander Seely,	"	E,	118th " " "	Black Brook, Clinton, N. Y.	Transferred from Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
" 29,	John R. Stone,	"	F,	5th " " Cav.	Crown Point, Essex County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 29,	Benjamin Simpson,	"	L,	5th " " "	Mariah, Essex County, N. Y.	" " " "
" 30,	Henry T. Buchanan,	"	C,	151st " " Inf.	Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.	Admitted from Regiment.

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from June 1st to July 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TO WHERE TRANSFERRED.
June 1,	Thomas E. Crouch,	Sergt.	D,	108th N. Y. Vol. Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	Discharged from Service.
" 1,	William Maurrer,	Priv.	I,	108th " " "	" " " "	" " " "
" 5,	Chester Hutchinson,	"	B,	108th " " "	Fairport, " " "	" " " "
" 6,	William T. Burrows,	Sergt.	K,	98th " " "	Penfield, " " "	" " " "
" 7,	William Humphrey,	Corp.	F,	188th " " "	Hornby, Steuben " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Baziel Soaseas,	Priv.	H,	98th " " "	Bombay, Franklin " " "	" " " "
" 8,	James P. Eighmey,	"	K,	98th " " "	Canandaigua, Ontario " " "	" " " "
" 8,	David Carter,	"	D,	108th " " "	Irondequoit, Monroe " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Edward F. Smith,	"	E,	8th " H. Art.	Marilla, Erie " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Charles J. Brock,	Sergt.	B,	9th " " "	Webster, Monroe " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Roswell Watrous,	Priv.	E,	97th " Vol. Inf.	Cameron, Steuben " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Frank M. Dodge,	"	A,	8th " " Cav.	Seneca, Ontario " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Henry G. Edwards,	"	F,	108th " " Inf.	Churchville, Monroe, " " "	" " " "
" 8,	Robert Trimble,	"	G,	136th " " "	York, Livingston " " "	" " " "

Month	Rank	Name	Grade	Regt.	Company	Location	Notes
June	8	Adin Deming,	Corp.	A	10th	H. Art. Watertown, Jefferson	Discharged from Service.
"	9	Melvin H. Poliv	Corp.	A	10th	H. Art. Watertown, Jefferson	Discharged from Service.
"	9	Jonathan Donald,	Sergt.	F	160th	Vol. Inf. Locke, Cayuga	"
"	9	James Wendover.	Priv.	A	9th	H. Art. " "	"
"	"	Francis W. Vaughn,	Priv.	A	8th	H. Art. Hartland, Niagara	"
"	12	Abram Blew,	"	F	148th	Vol. Inf. Lodi, Seneca	Transferred to Camp Mustor-Out, Rochester, N. Y.
"	12	Sylvester M. Foster,	"	E	9th	H. Art. Harford, Cortland	"
"	12	James S. Davis,	Sergt.	—	21st	Vol. Cav. Rochester Monroe	"
"	12	Clark M. Randall,	"	—	17th	Vol. Batt. Brockport, Orleans	"
"	12	Dwight Man,	Priv.	G	8th	H. Art. Stafford, Genesee	"
"	12	Charles O. Willard.	"	D	1st	Vol. Drag. Cananda. Alleghany	"
"	12	Francis Curtis,	Sergt.	B	14th	H. Art. Carlton, Orleans	"
"	12	Daniel Gosnell,	Priv.	B	108th	Vol. Inf. " "	"
"	12	Edwin D. Moore	"	E	136th	" " " "	"
"	12	Edwin H. Marsl,	Sergt.	"	"	Rochester Monroe	"
"	12	Lindsley M. Gould,	Priv.	D	140th	" " " "	"
"	12	Timothy Farrell,	"	A	140th	Clarkson, Monroe	"
"	12	Myron S. Brownson,	"	B	188th	Dansville, Steuben	"
"	12	Hobart E. Shaarts,	"	L	11th	Vol. Cav. Eaton, Madison	Discharged from Service.
"	12	William R. Curtis,	"	K	8th	H. Art. Carlton, Orleans	"
"	13	Augustus H. Edmonds,	"	F	140th	Vol. Inf. South New Berlin, Chenango	"
"	14	Charles A. Jones,	"	E	3d	Vol. Cav. Rochester, Monroe	"
"	14	Ashley Randall,	"	I	8th	H. Art. Bergen, Genesee	"
"	14	Delos Myers,	"	F	1st	Vol. Drag. Hume, Alleghany	"
"	17	Liberty Ostrander,	"	C	122d	Vol. Inf. Syracuse, Onondaga	"
"	18	Leonard Hutchinson,	"	G	106th	" " " " " "	"
"	19	David Myers,	"	C	8th	Vol. Cav. Sodus, Wayne	"
"	20	Hiram J. Woodard,	"	—	18th	Vol. Batt. Brockport, Monroe	Transferred to Muster-Out Camp, Rochester, N. Y.
"	20	James Wilson,	"	B	8th Penn.	Cav. Brantford, Canada West.	"
"	20	Oscar C. Palmer,	"	G	8th N. Y.	Vol. Cav. Ontario, Wayne County, N. Y.	"
"	20	John D. English,	"	G	9th	H. Art. Hartwick Seminary, Otsego Co., N. Y.	"
"	20	Franklin S. Hays,	Sergt.	F	157th	Vol. Inf. Petersburg, Madison	Discharged from Service.
"	20	Avery Gardner,	Corp.	C	89th	" " " " " "	"
"	21	Rice H. Eaton,	Priv.	6	1st	S. S. Irondequoit, Monroe	"
"	22	John Getzel,	"	B	140th	Vol. Inf. Rochester, Monroe	"
"	23	David G. Fisher,	"	A	5th Mich.	Vol. Cav. Bergholtz, Niagara	"
"	23	William R. Loop,	"	A	143d Penn.	Inf. Wilksbarre, Penn.	"
"	24	Henry A. Church,	"	I	8th N. Y.	H. Art. Covington, Wyoming County, N. Y.	"
"	26	George A. Perkins,	"	A	111th	Vol. Inf. South Butler, Wayne	"
"	26	Charles W. Lawrence,	Corp.	I	1st	Vol. Cav. Rochester, Monroe	Transferred to Muster-Out Camp, Rochester, N. Y.
"	28	Edwin Tripp,	"	I	140th	Vol. Inf. Penfield, Monroe	Discharged from Service.
"	28	James Minot,	Priv.	A	140th	" " " " " "	"
"	28	James W. Kasson,	"	H	8th	H. Art. Brockport, Monroe	"
"	30	John Bowers,	"	H	148th	H. Art. Buffalo, Erie	"
"	"	"	"	H	148th	Vol. Inf. Seneca Falls, Seneca	Transferred to Regiment, Elmira, N. Y.

The Hospital Review.

Cash Donations for June.

Collection by Andrew Brizee, from Friends
 In Perrinton,.....\$ 5 35
 Little Girls of the First Ward, viz: Jennie
 Mills, Jennie Hurd, Nellie Mudge, Grace
 Lillie, Carrie Neff, Gracie Gould,..... 10 16

Donations for the Flag.

An "old Irish Gentleman,".....\$ 1 00
 Donation Box,..... 1 06
 Mr. W. H. Knapp, 30 00

**List of Donations to the Hospital for
 June, 1865.**

A Friend—1 jar of Horseradish.
 Second Ward Ladies' Aid Society—1 Quilt and a
 lot of Bandages—By Mrs. C. B. Robinson.
 Third Ward Ladies' Volunteer Aid Society—4
 Flannel Shirts, 1 pair Drawers, 8 pairs Slippers.
 Bayside Ladies' Aid Society of Irondequoit—12
 Woolen Shirts, 4 Cotton Shirts, 24 pairs of
 Drawers and 27 pairs Socks—By Mrs. A. C.
 Hobbie and Mrs. Brower.
 Young Ladies' Christian Commission—12 Flannel
 Shirts and 1 pair Cotton Drawers—By Miss
 Farrington.
 Mrs. Mathews—1 bundle Rags.
 Mrs. J. W. Green, West Rush—2 jars Preserves,
 1 roll of Linen, 1 pair Pillow Cases.
 Miss Newell—1 bottle of Wine.
 Mrs. Phoenix, 83 South Avenue—1 pair stewed
 Cherries.
 Mrs. Gen. Martindale—a dish of Strawberries.
 Mrs. J. O. Hall—Cotton Cloths and Dried Fruit.
 Annie & Sylvia Badger—1 box of Lint, 1 box of
 Bandages, 1 basket fried Cakes.
 Mrs. Sibley, West Alexander street—a fine lot of
 Strawberries.
 Mrs. T. H. Rochester—A quantity of Biscuits
 every Wednesday.
 Mrs. Ella Parks—1 bowl Jelly.
 Mr. Newell A. Stone—2 Vine Frames, very fine.
 Dr. H. W. Dean—United States Dispensary—
 value, \$9.00.
 Ladies' Aid Society—Shirts, Drawers, Socks,
 Canes, and other articles—By Mr. Williams
 order.
 Quaker Road Ladies' Aid Society, Hartland, Nia-
 gara Co.—a box of articles, as follows: 15 neck
 Ties, 1 Arm Sling, 1 Cushion, 4 Cotton Shirts,
 4 pairs Drawers, 2 Books, Lint Rags, 1 pair Pil-
 low Cases, 1 Flannel Shirt, 5 Quilts, Dried Ap-
 ples, 2 pairs Socks, 3 pairs Slippers, 92 yards
 Bandages, 1 Dressing Gown, 21 Handkerchiefs,
 5 Eye-shades.
 Little Girls of Spencerport, in May—1 Quilt,
 32 Hdks, 4 rolls of Bandages—By Julia Mc-
 Cheney.
 Ladies of Spencerport, 1 Quilt.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM JUNE 15 TO JULY 15, 1865.

Mrs. Henry Monell, Batavia; Charles O.
 Willard, Canada; Miss Katie Powell,
 Marshall, Michigan—By Mr. Williams,
\$ 1 50
 Sylvester M. Foster, Harford—By Mrs.
 Mathews, 0 50
 Mrs. Israel Denison, Geneva; Mr. R. R.
 Anderson, Phelps; Mrs. L. S. Bannister,
 Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. Charles Spoor,
 Oaks Corners—By Miss L. J. Ranney... 2 50
 Miss Ann Robinson, Mrs. M. J. Stewart—
 By Mary Watson, 1 00
 Mrs. A. Augustus Porter, Niagara Falls—
 By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 0 50

Superintendent's Report for June.

June 1, Citizen patients in Hospital... 28
 Received during the month, ... 10—38
 Discharged, 4
 July 1, Number remaining, 34
 June 1, Soldiers in Hospital, 100
 Received during the month, ... 25—125
 Discharged, Transferred, and on
 Furlough, 67
 July 1, Soldiers remaining, 58
 Citizen Patients, 34
 July 1, Total Remaining, 92

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores,
 &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City
 Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and
 Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent,
 with the names of the donors, the date of for-
 warding, and Post Office address, is requested to
 be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr.
 Mathews.

Persons making application for the recep-
 tion of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean,
 attendant physician.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to
 act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:
 Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
 " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
 " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
 " MARY W. DAVIS,
 Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
 " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
 " HAMMOND, East Rush.
 " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
 " J. CHASE, Perinton.
 " S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
 " CHARLES FORD, Clyde.
 Miss ADA MILLER, "
 " C. M. SECOR, Macedon.
 " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
 " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
 Mrs. C. THATCHER, Webster.

Children's Department.

Going to Sea.

George was discontented with farm life. He complained that it was drudge, drudge—never any rest and very little pleasure in it. He was tired of foddering and milking cows, of hoeing, weeding, raking, husking. He "was never meant for it."

What should he do? What would he do if he could? he hardly knew. He had some fine ideas of the sea. He sang of it as "the bold, the grand, the ever free." He fancied that he should like to ride its proud wave, to battle with its storms, to play with it and conquer it, in accordance with fanciful book-talk. Then he wanted to see every thing—whales, dolphins, flying fish, all the wonders of the earth, and all the celebrated countries and peoples.

As George grew discontented, he grew undutiful. He worked grudgingly, slowly, and sometimes badly.

"How I do hate to milk!" he said, as he took his pail. "I'm sick to death of hoeing!" he said, when sent to work in the corn-field.

His father was often displeased with him, and as often reproved him. This made George the more dissatisfied, and he kept saying, inwardly,

"I will not stay here to work hard, and be scolded for nothing. What shall I do?" he seriously questioned, "shall I go to sea? It would trouble father if I did; that would be one good thing," he wickedly and foolishly thought. The old man would miss him, and be sorry that he had scolded him so much. But his mother! It would break her heart. It might kill her. He loved his mother. How could he give her pain? No; he could not leave her. He worked on more patiently and dutifully for a while. Then he was over-tired, and grew careless. His father was displeased, and might have been too severe. His words decided George. He would leave him. He would bear from him no longer. He would seek a better life.

"A better life!" Poor, foolish and ignorant, wicked boy! Where is there a better life than in the home where parents love and care for us; where they cherish our virtues and reprove our faults? Look at the forlorn stranger, the homeless one—a leaf on the wind, a fragment on the sea, a

waif—who cares for him? Who cherishes, who blesses him?

Poor George! He has made up his mind. His mother must bear it, for he *must* go away. He would not stop to deliberate again. He had done it once, and to no purpose; he had delayed only to lose time. That should be his last night at home. He would go at the first dawn of the morning.

He began to feel badly when he gave his last fodder to the cows, and thought that it was the *last*; he did not know how much he loved the kind animals.

He played with his little sister, and smiled at her so tenderly that she pulled down his head to kiss him, and told him she never knew he loved her so much before. George did not know it either. He had no idea she was so dear to him. O, how much he would do for her in the bright days to come! He would bring her rare shells and birds, and beautiful things. Silks and pearls, and riches should yet be hers. He would make her delighted and happy.

He looked at his mother, at her sweet face and turned away. He dared not trust himself to look at her, or be with her now. Another instant might unnerve him. He hastened to his room. Half-way up the stairs, he called out a faint "good-night?"

And was this all the leave-taking for those who loved him better than life? Would he go on the dangerous, treacherous sea—on the dangerous, treacherous sea of life, without his father's tender blessing, his mother's farewell kiss? "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child," so saith the Bible.

George slept little that night. He was awake before the dawn, dressed, and, with bundle in hand, had left his home forever. How strange! how foolish! how mad! He did not look back till he came to the turn which shut it entirely from his view. Then he paused, leaned against the fence, and took a last look at the dear old place. It was imprinted on his heart, every feature of it, so deeply that he could always call it up, and see it as a living picture. He knew he should want to see it, when far distant, on the Sabbath days, and in the long, lonely twilights.

But he would see it again in reality before long. He would come back to it, proud with success. He would gladden it again. He was grieving its loved inmates

now; he would make them rejoice. A dark, terrible thought crossed his mind. Would they all be there when he should come back? How could he bear to come and find them not, only their cold, still, unforgiving graves? for he *must* be forgiven. He was already half penitent.

"God protect them—the dear ones!" he whispered. "God keep them!" and choking down a sob, he grasped his bundle more tightly, and hurried on his way.

It was the evening of the next day, and, feverish and foot-sore, he threw himself upon the ground to rest. Rest! he could not rest—and springing up, pursued his way again.

We will not follow him in his weariness, his loneliness, his perplexities, his heart full of yearnings and regrets, misgivings, and fears and remorse. He was a wretched boy—hurrying on after a dream, but carrying enough wretchedness in himself to spoil even a paradise. Let us go to his home.

"Where is George? I haven't seen him this morning," says the father.

"How unusually late he sleeps!" says the mother.

The sun is high in the heavens, and the cows are lowing for the pasture, still unmilked. The sister is sent to wake him. Alas! she will never wake him more. She finds the open couch, the deserted room.

"George is up," she says, returning.

"Where can he be?" the father anxiously inquired, as if of himself.

"Where can he be?" responds the mother? "have you called him?" she inquires.

The barn, the woods echo back his name in vain. He will never hear himself called by a father's lip again. And this is the last time the father will speak his name without a tear, or groan, or inward sigh.

The breakfast is eaten in silence. Then the father, forgetting his work, walks the room, and says,

"It is so strange about George! He never did so before." But he does not breathe his dreadful fears. No. If—if it is so, let the truth be broken slowly as may be to the gentle-hearted mother.

The mother goes quietly and alone to her poor boy's deserted room. If she had suspected anything before, she knows all now. God help her! Such faintness, such sickness of soul can come to us but a few times ere we die. God be thanked for

this! Death itself is nothing to the dying still in life.

George's room is but little changed. It was always neat and orderly, and is so now. He left it so on purpose, thinking of his mother. But some things are gone—his best clothes, his portmonnaie; his little writing case, a book or two are missed. Is his Bible gone? Thank God!—it is. Oh, there is some consolation—a little softening of the anguish in this! The mother prays:

"God of the Bible! God of the wanderer! bless my boy! Save him! O, save him! For the sake of the beloved Son of Mary, hear a mother."

The mother's face tells the father all.

"God help me!" he exclaimed. "Was I severe to the boy?" he asks himself. "O, that I had been more gentle, more considerate and patient! Have I driven out mine own son—him, whom I loved?"

He hastens after him. Which way? Where? To the nearest city.

Arrived there, where shall he go? To the wharves, to the ships, to all his acquaintances. He advertises; he inquires of every one who may by possibility know anything of the wanderer. In vain.

But he must search on. He cannot, return to the broken-hearted mother without tidings. They come at last. In another city, George has shipped for a long sea voyage. Blessed news! He is still alive. He may be found. The vessel may not have sailed, and the son *may* be regained and persuaded back to home and love. But O, if the father be too late! if the vessel with George on board should have sailed!

He is too late; the vessel *has* sailed.

"When will the ship Julia return."

"In three years."

"What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him bow me to the earth. Ah! it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him. Three years, did you say, sir?" the father again inquires.

"She is bound on a three years' voyage," was the reply. "Have you any one on board of her?"

"A son."

"Wait a minute. The ship has been spoken. We've news from her."

The father listens. The record is read. Latitude and longitude given.

"Ship Julia, one day out from New

Bedford, George Allen fell from the mast-head to the deck, and was instantly killed."

"What is the matter? How pale the man is! Does he breathe?"

"Is your name Allen, sir?" is asked.

No answer, but the swell and heave of a breaking heart.

"I'm sorry. I beg your pardon, sir. I did not dream that the young man who was killed could be anything to you."

"He was my son—my only son. How am I go back to his mother? How can I break her already smitten heart? O, God, be with her and support her!"

Do you question more concerning poor George's death? I have told all that could be learned. And surely his fate is enough to teach you contentment and patience in your lot; to warn you against the sin and folly of boyish wilfulness and self-seeking, and enforce anew the command,—

"Honor thy father and mother, that thy days be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—*The Life Boat.*

The Wanderers.

By the gate of the garden, near the wood,
A brother and sister together stood;
"Beyond the gate you are not to roam,"
Their mother had said, as she quitted home;
But, tired of playing within the bound,
Frank opened the gate, and they looked around:
"Oh! Jesse," he cried, "how I long to go
To play for a while in the wood below!"

"But, Frankie, what did our mother say?"
Said the little one, tempted to go astray;
"She thought in the wood we might get harmed,"
Said Frank, "but we need not feel alarmed;
There is nothing to hurt us, and oh, just see
That beautiful squirrel on yonder tree!"
And away ran Frank to the green retreat,
While Jessie followed with flying feet.

They chased the squirrel with laugh and shout;
They gathered the flowers and played about,
And then, as they feared it was getting late,
Returned unhurt to the garden gate.
No questions were asked, and nobody knew
What Frank and Jessie had dared to do,
Till on Saturday night, as they sat alone,
Frank to his mother the truth made known.

"But, mother," he said, "though we went in the wood,
We got no harm, as you thought we should;
Into the water we did not fall,
Nor did we injure our clothes at all."

"My son," was the answer, "it may be so,
Yet something you lost in the wood, I know;
Think well, and then tell me," the mother said,
As she laid her hand on Frankie's head.

"My knife, my ball, and my pence," thought he,
"I have them all safe, then what could it be?"
I know," at length he said, with a start,—
"I lost all the happy out of my heart!
I have not felt easy since then," he sighed,
"And I could not be merry, although I tried.
Mother, I'm certain not all my play
Made up for the loss that I had that day."

Frank's tears fell fast as the summer rain,
But the happy came back to his heart again,
As he to his mother his fault confessed,
And her pardoning kiss on his lips were pressed.
Dear children, remember this simple lay,
For if in forbidden paths you stray,
Though you seem unhurt, and your fault be hid,
You will lose a treasure, as Frankie did.

[Lamp of Love.]

Miscellaneous.

The Republican Court in the Days of the First President.

The Presidential Mansion in Philadelphia was the property of Robert Morris, and had been the headquarters of Sir William Howe during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British army in 1777-78. The situation was eligible, being in an airy and pleasant part of the city, with a considerable area or open space adjoining it, and contiguous to the public buildings. Considerable additions and improvements were made to the original building with a view to its accommodation of the President's household; still the rooms were small, and the whole establishment but indifferently fitted for the purpose required.

The equipage of the President was well provided for, the stabling for twelve horses being extensive and commodious, and the coach-houses large and convenient.

Washington's unmitigated, untiring employment and labor made it necessary that he should have some mode of public reception for the many visitors, who were continually seeking opportunities of paying their respects and presenting their letters of introduction; hence the

PRESIDENT'S LEVEE,

on Tuesdays, commencing at three and

ending at four o'clock. At these receptions there was no shaking of hands, the Chief receiving his visitors as President of the United States and not as Gen. Washington. The Foreign Ministers attended the levee in full costume, and often introduced persons of distinction from their respective countries. All strangers of distinction embraced the opportunity of the levee to pay their respects to the chief Magistrate. The President was plainly but handsomely dressed, his hair in full powder, and wearing a dress sword. He was attended by his principal Secretary, Mr. Lear, by Major Jackson, and the other gentlemen of his family. He addressed a few words of courtesy to the visitors as they were presented. The company then formed in groups for conversation, and on the stroke of four o'clock retired, the levee being at an end.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

When Mrs. Washington received company it was on Friday, commencing about seven and ending about ten o'clock. Two rooms were thrown open. The furniture that was thought handsome in those days would be considered barely decent in modern times. The principal ornament was a glass chandelier in the largest room, burning wax-lights. The chair of the lady of the President was a plain arm chair, lined with green morocco leather.

The ladies visiting the drawing room were always attended by gentlemen. It was not the habit for very young girls to be present at the drawing room, but only those of the age when it is proper for ladies to go into company. Upon the ladies been introduced they were seated, and the President who always attended the drawing rooms passed round the circle, paying his respects to each in succession, and it was a common remark among the chit-chat of the drawing room that the chief was no inconsiderable judge of female beauty, since he was observed to tarry longer than usual when paying his compliments to Miss Sophia Chew, a charming belle of Philadelphia at that time.

Refreshments were handed round by servants in livery, and about that period first appeared that luxury, now so universal, ice cream. Introductions to eminent personages and conversation formed the entertainments of the drawing room. Cards were altogether unknown.

But the leading and most imposing fea-

ture of the drawing room, was the men of mark, "Revolutionaries," both civil and military, who were to be seen there. The old officers delighted to pay their respects to the wife of Washington, and to call up the reminiscences of the headquarters and of the "times that tried men's souls." These glorious old chevaliers were the greatest beaux of the age, and the recollection of gallant achievements, together with their gallant manners, made them acceptable to the ladies everywhere. They formed the elite of the drawing room. Gen. Wayne, the renowned "Mad Anthony," with his aids-de-camp, Lewis and De Butts, frequently attended, with Mifflin, Walter, Stewart, Col. Hartley, and many others. Indeed there was often to be met with at the mansion of the first President, an assemblage of intellect and honor, public virtue and private worth, exalted merit and illustrious services, such as the world will never see again.

Among the foreign officers of distinction, visitors of the drawing room, were the Vicomte de Noailles, of the French, and Major Beckwith, of the British armies.

There was no etiquette in the drawing room; simplicity, with dignity prevailed. There all was affability, with the polite and elegant manners of that distinguished age. One privilege alone existed. The seat next to the President's lady was always occupied by Mrs. Robt. Morris. This was no matter of arrangement, but was yielded to the excellent lady by common consent. In those infant days of the Republic, a great man's merits were generally graduated by the estimation in which he was held by the beloved chief. Now, it was perfectly well known in ancient days that, of our Revolutionary worthies, none—no, not one was nearer and dearer to the heart of the chief than Robert Morris. His invaluable services to the cause of American Independence, at periods when we had neither a coin in our treasury nor credit to obtain one, were freshly remembered in the olden time, and claimed for the financier of the Revolution the title of benefactor.

Such was the Republican court in the days of Washington. Dignified in all its simplicity, imposing from the grandeur of its associations, it shed a lustre upon that renowned era of early history, when America, having consummated her great experiment of self-government, gave her great example to other nations and an empire to the world.—*National Intelligencer.*

The Simple Secret.

Twenty clerks in a store—twenty hands in a printing office—twenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner, and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will become a master-builder. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to become the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors, is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into a savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway. But the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

A Dutchman, while admiring the review of General Sherman's army, was heard to exclaim, "Mine Gott! how glad I am dat I am an American."

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, "
- H. F. VICKERY, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIEBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.

The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column	\$10 00
Three Months	2 00	One Third Column	12 00
Six Months	3 00	Half Column, 1 Year	15 00
One Year	5 00	One Column, 1 Year	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

PENSION AND CLAIM AGENCY.

STARR & BENEDICT,

OFFICE—NO. 6 EAGLE BLOCK.

Claims of all kinds Collected.

Back Pay, Bounties,
Pensions, Prize Money,
And Commutation for Rations,
PROMPTLY AND CHEAPLY COLLECTED.

MONEY ADVANCED, and no charges unless successful.
GEO. H. STARR. O. M. BENEDICT, JR.
Rochester, May, 1865. 2m

MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE

BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,

No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N.Y

Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.

Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.

JULIUS S. MUNSON,
Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,

April, 1865—1y Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
A. S. MANN,
Rochester, Feb. 16, 1865. H. D. MANN.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,
(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st.
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1865. E. E. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium Sewing Machine,
With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828, has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks and business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Good dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

Address L. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sta.,
Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.
[Established in 1846.]
Jan. 1865. of

**THE MORNING LIGHT,
THE
PRINCE OF BASE BURNING
STOVES.**

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

The Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, N. Y., September 30th, 1864, after a thorough examination of the said other base burners in operation and on trial fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the FIRST PRIZE to the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by
SHEAR, PACKARD & ...
17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by
WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,
26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.,
Jan. 1865

**S. F. & W. WITHERSPON,
DEALERS IN**

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865. ly

"EXCELSIOR."

The attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.
These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street

**JOHN SCHLEIER,
DEALER IN**

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS,

RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

From June 7th to August 28th, 1864.

1864.	NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 7.	Rufus Adams,	I,	1st Dragoons,	Dansville, Livingston Co.
	Samuel R. Avery,	L,	10th Cavalry,	Jenksville, Tioga Co.
	Milo Arnold,	K,	112th N. Y. V.,	Forestville, Chatauga Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island.			
	Richmond J. Arneigh,	K,	74th " "	Lima, Livingston Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, June 18.			
	Abram Blew,	J,	148th " "	Lodi, Seneca Co.
	Orlow Babcock,	A,	108th " "	Jacksonville, Allegany Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 19th.			
	Michael Boardway,	A,	64th " "	Marshfield, Erie Co.
	John Bird,	H,	148th " "	Varick, Seneca Co.
	George W. Bennett,	E,	64th " "	Ithaca, Tompkins Co.
	Cassius C. Bowen,	L,	21st Cavalry,	Brighton, Monroe Co.
	Henry C. Bigelow,	B,	64th N. Y. V.	Ellington, Chatauga Co.
	Orrin Carpenter,	G,	111th " "	Williamson, Wayne Co.
	James J. Chittenden,	A,	111th " "	Arcade, Wayne Co.
	Corp'l Harrison J. Caldwell,	G,	151st " "	Johnson's Creek, Niag. Co.
	George W. Carr,	G,	14th H. Art'y,	Bluff Point, Yates Co.
	Lewis B. Carrington,	C,	112th N. Y. V.,	Forestville, Chatauga Co.
	Sergt. Wm. L. Chriscaden,	K,	126th " "	Branchport, Yates Co.
	Sergt. B. F. Cole,	C,	117th " "	Utica, Oneida Co,
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	Stephen B. Curtis,	B,	64th " "	New Albion, Chatauga Co.
	Melvin Clark,	D,	U. S. Engineer,	Syracuse, Onondaga Co.
	Corp'l Willard Clark,	G,	100th N. Y. V.,	Oneida, Madison Co.
	Uriah Chapman,	C,	112th " "	Hanover, Cattaraugus Co.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 21st.			
	Samuel E. Dawley,	I,	81st " "	Ansellville, Oneida Co,
	Louis E. Daniels,	D,	100th " "	Amherst, Erie Co.
	Henry Dutcher,	I,	14th H. Art'y,	Somerset, Niagara Co.
	Marvin G. Day,	D,	154th N. Y. V.,	Franklinville, Catta's Co.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 25.			
	James Duffy,	D,	6th Cavalry,	
	William Davis,	E,	3rd U. S. Art'y,	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	Silas Ellis,	H,	4th H. Art'y.	Victor, Ontario Co.
	George Foaus,	D,	122d N. Y. V.,	Lee, Oneida Co.
	George Fussleman,	G,	126th " "	Waterloo, Seneca Co.
	Martin Friday,	C,	117th " "	Utica, Oneida Co.
	William Flynn,	I,	98th " "	Clyde, Wayne Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 16.			
	Sylvester M. Foster,	L,	9th H. Art'y,	Harford, Cortland Co.
	Charles W. Few,	F,	151st N. Y. V.,	Albion, Orleans Co.
	Harrison Goldsmith,	A,	76th N. Y. V.,	Netting, Chenango Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, June 21.			
	Isaac H. Granger,	A,	111th " "	Ontario, Wayne Co.
	Willard Guernsey,	D,	122d " "	Prairie City, Illinois.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 25.			

1864.	NAME	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 7.	Curtis Goodenough,	140th	N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Sent to the Front, June 21st.			
	Lewis Haag,	F, 98th	" "	" "
	Geo. H. Huntington,	D, 148th	" "	Geneva, Ontario Co.
	George Hoyt,	B, 116th	" "	Canajoharie, Mont'y, Co.
	Chester Hilsinger,	M, 9th	" "	Liste, Cortland Co.
	John Harig,	C, 15th	" "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	George Hadley,	K, 112th	" "	Cherry Creek, Catta's Co.
	Edward Kelly,	B, 1st	Dragoons,	Dansville, Livingston Co.
	Joseph Kress,	H, 140th	N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Returned to the Regiment, July 19.			
	Joseph Katzenstiner,	F,	" "	" "
	Marvin Lindsay,	G, 1st	Dragoons,	Livonia, Livingston Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	Charles E. Love,	H, 126th	N. Y. V.,	Wadsworth, Wayne Co.
	Thomas G. W. Morey,	L, 4th	Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 16.			
	James McGuire,	A, 100th	N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Sergt. Daniel McLean,	G, 76th	" "	Truxton, Cortland Co.
	Newton B. Norris,	G, 77	" "	Proctor, Chenango Co.
	Albert H. Pierson,	I, 126th	" "	Waterloo, Seneca Co.
	Alfred Palmer,	G, 100th	" "	Forestville, Chatauqua Co.
	Aseph Perryman,	K, 97th	" "	West Yorkshire, Catt. Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 28.			
	John Paulson,	C, 9th	" "	Cortlandville, Cortland Co.
	John Ruluff,	I, 76th	" "	Conquest, Cayuga Co.
	Sherman W. Robinson,	E, 126th	" "	Prattsburg, Steuben Co.
	William Rouse,	G, 148th	" "	Canandaigua, Ontario Co.
	Bazil Susias,	H, 98th	" "	Bombay, Franklin Co.
	Henry Schlitchman,	F, 100th	" "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	Deserted.			
	Joseph Stafford,	K, 9th	" "	Ellington, Chatauqua Co.
	Barney Smith,	F, 48th	" "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	John R. VanKleek,	F, 117th	" "	Utica, Oneida Co.
	George T. Vosturg,	B, 51st	" "	Buffalo, Erie Co.
	William Ware,	F, 9th	" "	Port Byron, Cayuga Co.
	Robert Woolman,	C, 147th,	" "	Bernhard's Bay, Oswego Co.
	Henry Wood,	K, 86th,	" "	Painted Post, Steuben Co.
	Joseph Weeks,	F, 81st	" "	Baldwinsville, Onondaga Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	Theodore Walter,	I, 9th	Cavalry	Dunkirk, Erie Co.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital, June 21st.			
	James J. Ward,	B, 44th	N. Y. V.,	Norwich, Chenango Co.
	Henry Ziegenfuss,	B, 1st	Dragoons,	Dansville, Livingston Co.
17	Corpl. Asa Brownell,	F, 107th	" "	Woodhull, Steuben Co.
	Sears F. Brainard,	D, 126th,	" "	Geneva, Ontario Co.
	Martin L. Bennett,	G, 148th	" "	Ovid, Seneca Co.
	Thos. J. Birch,	F, 109th	" "	Dryden, Tompkins Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	James Crosby,	K, 98th	" "	Fulton, Oswego Co.
	Jeremiah Collins,	R, 111th	" "	Ledger, Cayuga Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, Aug. 9.			
	James P. Eighmy,	K, 98th	" "	Canandaigua, Ontario Co.
	Frederick Ellis,	K, 94th	" "	Williamsville, Erie Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	John Fink,	D, 148th	" "	
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, June 21st.			
	Peter Goodrich,	G, 158th	" "	Naples, Ontario Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island, July 19.			
	Alonzo Greenfield,	M, 9th	Artillery,	Savannah, Wayne Co.
	Robert H. Holmes,	G, 47th	N. Y. V.,	Watertown, Jefferson Co.
	Park M. Jenks,	B, 100th	" "	Jenksville, Tioga Co.
	Did not return on expiration of furlough.			

1864.	NAME	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 17.	Adam Kaufman,	I,	4th Artillery,	Batavia, Genesee Co.
	Sent to Elmira, Aug. 17.			
	Charles W. Lawrence,		1st. Vet. Cavalry,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John E. Maloney,	H,	109th N. Y. V.,	Mt. Ver'n, Westchester Co.
	Sent to the Front, July 8.			
	Goodly Puff,	F,	4th Artillery,	Little York, York Co., Penn.
	Transferred to Buffalo Hospital,			June 25.
	Lorenzo Thomson,	B,	18th N. Y. V.,	Grand Rapids, Michigan.
	Charles Fraser,	C,	111th " "	Montezuma, Cayuga Co.
	S. F. Vail,	F,	109th " "	Dryden, Tompkins Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island,			July 28.
	Daniel Whipple,	E,	126th " "	Ovid, Seneca Co.
	John Wright,	E,	117th " "	Rome, Oneida Co.
20	Harrison Bussell,	H,	140th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
22	Cyrus Barker,	M,	6th H. Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
23	Frederick Law,	A,	117th N. Y. V.,	Ver'n. Centre, Oneida Co.
	Transferred to Bedloe's Island,			July 19.
25	John T. Teller,	A,	49th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John T. White,	E,	140th " "	" "
	Transferred to Portsmouth Grove			Hospital.
27	Corpl. George Wiley,	H,	9th H. Artillery,	Ontario, Wayne Co.
	Mack Rouch,	B,	9th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Transferred to Washington,			July 8.
	Robert McCargo,	M,	8th Cavalry	Greece, Monroe Co.
28	Corpl. Fred. Farrell,	C,	140th Regulars,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John Hamlin,	E,	140th " "	" "
30	Royal E. Cochran,	C,	8th H. Artillery,	Carlton, Orleans Co.
	Hiram Manning,	E,	109th N. Y. V.,	Oswego, Tiogo Co.
	William B. Storms,	D,	6th Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Corpl. John H. Sniffen,	D,	157th N. Y. V.,	Sullivan, Medina Co.
	Sent to Elmira, July 8.			
July 2	James F. Adair,	I,	8th H. Artillery,	Wellington Village, [Prince Edward, C.W.]
	Sent to David's Island, July 28.			
	Delos Fowler,	I	116th N. Y. V.,	Elma, Erie Co.
	Sent to Baton Rouge, July 19.			
	John Gray,	E,	24th Cavalry,	Oswego, N.Y., in Hosp'tl.
	H. M. Hewitt,		23d Ind. Battery,	Ransomville, Niagara Co.
	Sent to Newark, N. J., July 28.			
5	Corpl. Alfred H. Bryant,		18th Battery,	Lockport, Niagara Co.
	Eben Hart,	I,	140th N. Y. V.,	Penfield, Monroe Co.
	Washington M. Stevens,	H,	110th " "	" "
	Sent to his Regiment, July 8.			
6	Wm. S. Mockford,	A,	140th " "	Brockport, Monroe Co.
	Jacob A. Wright,		18th Battery,	Webster, Monroe Co.
	Sent to Baton Rouge, August 3.			
12	Almeron H. Hopkins,	B,	14th H. Artillery,	Westbury, Orleans Co.
	A. W. Williams,	A,	116th N. Y. V.,	King Street, Rochester.
	Sent to Elmira, Aug. 17.			
15	William J. Shaver,		8th Cavalry,	Sodus, Wayne Co.
	Sent to Regiment, Aug. 17.			
16	Levi Orser,	C,	3d N. Y. Cavalry,	Parma Centre, Monroe Co.
18	Serg't. Christian Trawgutt,	I,	108th N. Y. V.	Rochester, Monroe Co.
20	A. E. Syke,	H,	4th Artillery	" "
22	David W. Courter,	G,	76th N. Y. V.	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	John Fitzgerald,	G,	14th H. Artillery,	Genesee, Livingston Co.
	Died, August 2.			
23	Serg't. Daniel Ringle,	G,	140th N. Y. V.,	Brighton, Monroe Co.
	Thomas E. Crouch,	A,	108th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
25	Amos Eldridge,	A,	76th " "	Victor, Ontario Co.
26	Richard Russell,	B,	8th H. Artillery,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Serg't-Major Milo H. Hopper, . . .		126th N. Y. V.,	Moscow, Michigan.

1864.	NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.
June 26	James G. Moore,	D,	8th, Artillery,	Gasport, Niagara Co.
27	Serg't. Wm. Irwin,	D,	140th N. Y. V.,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
28	Corpl. Elroy F. Sabin,	D,	140th " "	" "
	Transferred to St. Mary's Hospital.			
	Albert Harper	G,	9th " "	Glen, Wayne Co.
30	Edward A. Spaulding,	K,	8th H. Artillery,	Churchville, Monroe Co.
Aug. 2	James A. Freeland	E	100th N. Y. V. Inf.	Allegany, Catta's Co.
	Alanson Gifford	B	147th " "	Hannibal, Oswego Co.
5	William Moore	F	160th " "	Wolcott, Wayne Co.
	Edward Bradshaw,	I	25th " Cav.	Granby, Oswego Co.
	Charles Day	A	151st " Inf.	Carlton, Orleans Co.
	H. F. Fordham	I	8th " H. Art.	Leroy, Genesee Co.
6	Francis Rubardson,	K	108th " Infantry,	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Elias Hewitt,	A	8th " H. Art.,	Leroy, Genesee Co.
8	Wm. Tompkins	K	1st " Vet. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	S. C. Smith	F	21st " Cavalry,	Springwater, Liv. Co.
	R. Gladwell	F	15th " "	Baldwinsville, Ond'a Co.
9	Leonard Hinckley,	C	10th " "	Williamsville, Erie Co.
	Delos Myers	F	1st " Dragoons,	Hume, Allegany Co.
	Clarence Ware	F	9th " H. Art'y.,	P't. Byron, Cayuga Co.
10	Henry Edwards	F	108th " Infantry,	Churchville, Monroe Co.
12	J. T. Estes,	I	22nd " Cavalry,	Union Springs, Ca. Co.
13	Chas W. Corey	E	75th " Infantry,	Summer Hill,
	Smith Dutcher	F	151st " "	Somerset, Niagara Co.
	Lewis Light	A	159th " "	Syracuse.
17	Henry J. Bennett,	M	8th " H. Art'y.	Seneca Falls.
	George R. Hutchinson	M	8th " "	Lima, Livingston Co.
	Robert J. Robinson	M	8th " "	Rochester, Monroe Co.
	Elijah P. Fowler	K	4th " "	" "
	Ira D. Harrome	B	108th " Infantry,	Ogden, Monroe Co.
	Erastus S. Marsh,	L	24th " Cavalry,	Victor, Ontario Co.
18	Milton M. Dixon,	F	9th " "	Prattsburg, Steuben Co.
19	Hiram Lyon	C	6th " "	Naples, Ontario Co.
	Chester Hutchinson,	B	108th " Infantry,	Fairport, Monroe Co.
20	Sergt. Wm H. H. Pecoek,	K	151st " "	Somerset, Niagara Co.
	John Heins,	K	151st " "	" "