

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,  
AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND Y VISITED ME."

Vol. XI.

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## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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### A White Violet.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Here in my hand, all wet,  
Is a white little violet,  
With its opening baby eyes,  
Just come from Paradise.

I found it under the green  
Of the packed leaves, between  
The chill of the darksome ground,  
And the chill of the air around.

And the rain was kissing its head,  
And the leaves were guarding its bed;  
But I took it quite away,  
And here in my hand it lay.

So dear is its faint, sweet breath—  
Like a baby's sigh to death—  
That now my eyes are wet  
For the white little violet.

### Strikes and Wives.

Some two years ago the London *Punch* had a cartoon which was a complete epitome of the labor question in its relation to women. A sturdy artisan sits at his supper of cheese and beer, a picture of solid comfort after the English ideal. The clock points to ten at night, by the flaming candle that illumines his repast. His wife, on her knees at his side, is mopping up the floor. Disordered dress and weary face bear witness for her, while with some humor she ejaculates:

"Got your ten hours? Much good may it do you! I've been at work for *seventeen* and ain't done yet!"

So, too, George Eliot, who can see through a clergyman's waistcoat as clearly as Trollope himself, pictures the fair and gentle wife of the pinched and struggling rector. He has been asleep for hours at her side, while she, after a pretense of disposing herself to rest, quietly lights the lamp upon the little workstand, throws a shawl over her shoulders, sits up in bed, and darns away at the childrens' stockings until dawn.

There is no tariff of hours in a woman's work. Rector and artisan go through their busy day, working till they are weary; but for them there is a period in their waking hours at which work ceases and absolute rest of body begins. For the squalid wife in the one case, the care-worn mother in the other, the entire round of the twenty-four brings no such golden time. Until her eyelids fall with very weariness the working-woman's toil goes on. Even if she herself be an artisan with her stated hours of labor in the factory or at home, there are the dropped stitches,

there are the household chores, the womanly devices for decent living that fill in the rest till bed-time.

So it is that the *strike*—opportunity for defiant independence to the husband-mechanic, for the satisfaction that comes of close fellowship in manly self-assertion if you will—brings to his already exhausted wife an overwhelming despair. "That way madness lies."

If her constant effort but serves to keep her children clean and clad and her home in decent tidiness when Saturday night brings the wages home—what depth of privation awaits her now! She has all the bitterness of the sacrifice; she shares none of its glory. Bread for her children and a roof to cover them are nearer to her notions of independence than this "standing out," and the dole that comes from the trades union.

There is pathos enough, heaven knows, in the banding together of the sons of toil, but there is also cruelty in it. There would be pathos and justice too, were the wife a consulted and assenting partner in the bond. As the heaviest burden falls on her, the strike, as at present conducted, is simply an institution of torture and terror to her.

There is a fiction, still extant in some newspapers, which agrees to call the wife a "supported" person. In even the average prosperous household, whose ways run smoothly, there is question if the wise executive ordering of the home-comforts do not in itself fully balance the mere lucre that supplies them.

But among mechanics and laboring-men, when the wife is the unpaid servant, toiling for love far longer than she ever could for pay, and often supplementing her husband's wages with some small earning of her own, the fiction falls. It is a partnership of labor; it should be of gain and loss as well.

When the American mechanic recognizes that his wife is his partner as well as his help-meat, when he takes counsel with her as to his plans and profits of work, there will be a deeper interest, as well as a graver meaning, inherent in the philosophy of the strike.

And such horrors as the recent Brooklyn tragedy, where the half-crazed mother sent her little ones "to heaven" to save them from the pitiless hardness of earth and the cruelty of the long strike, will be spared to our shuddering records.

### The Country and Croquet.

For months past the country, far and near, has been alive with preparations for city visitors. Furniture has been rubbed up, unused rooms put in order by thrifty housekeepers, and stores of delicacies laid in for the delectation of city appetites; but it is out of doors that the energy and activity are best displayed and best appreciated. City people—especially young city people—can stand small difficulties of bed and board, but they cannot exist without a smooth-shaven, well laid out, and neatly kept croquet ground. The country without croquet would indeed be 'Hamlet' with the title-role left out.

Well; fortunately, croquet is as natural to the country as the country is inseparable from croquet. As we write, on this gorgeous June afternoon, thousands of pretty girls stand in position on thousands of grassy lawns, their dainty costumes showing to advantage every grace and beauty, and adding the element of dangerous fascination to the pleasure of the game.

Croquet, it is well known, is a strictly social pastime, and, therefore, properly governed and controlled by the fair sex. Its laws heretofore have not been very stringent, but there is a rumor that it is now to be reduced to something like science, that certain rules not heretofore made obligatory are to be strictly observed, and that croquet clubs are in process of formation, to which only those are eligible who are known as strictly scientific players. There is a great deal more fun and more importance is attached to victory when proper "form" is observed, and the experts are enthusiastic in their anticipations of glory when croquet is thoroughly understood and scientifically practised. The croquet clubs will in all probability give rise to a new and improved croquet costume. Trailing skirts will not, at any rate, be admitted, and the badge is a complete set of croquet implements, mounted as charms, and suspended to the watch-chain, the wood of which they are composed being a matter of taste. We advise all lovers of croquet to make themselves acquainted at once with the latest improvements in the game and "go in" for high art in playing.

What kind of essence does a young man prefer when he pops the question? Acquiscence.

## The Scoffer in Spring.

BY THOMAS WARREN.

How can the scoffer watch the world  
Burst into greener life each hour  
And in his spirit's depths not cry:  
"Dear Lord, I feel thy power"?

How can he see white blossoms break  
From dark and sullen boughs each day  
And think not: "So the white, freed soul  
Breaks from the clasp of clay"?

How can he hear the glad birds trill  
Their gladness to the ample sky  
And muse not: "Shall I let a bird  
Be thankföler than I"?

How can he see the unfettered brooks  
Laugh under many a budding leaf,  
Nor dream: "So flows for lips of Faith  
The sweet stream of Belief"?

How can he mark the lovely change  
At either hand, below, above,  
And say not, with revering joy:  
"God is, and God is love."

## Who shall Earn.

The crowd that chokes all the avenues in which women are allowed to find their employment would be thinned out in great measure if only those of importunate necessities, those who must work or die, those who have no dependence but their own strength of brain and muscle, clamored for the divine right to labor, for the privilege of earning. Should we ever arrive at such a state of things, women would no longer be obliged to work at starvation prices, to make shirts at a shilling apiece, and tucked skirts for a sixpence; they would no longer be under the necessity of toiling for so many consecutive hours to keep soul and body together, exhausting the springs of being, since, if only those whose want was real and immediate stood ready to perform the world's drudgery, there would be no under-bidding, the laborer would be able to place her own estimate upon her services, and dictate terms. Many who have no need to earn a livelihood, but are filled with a restless ambition for remunerative activity—the leaven perhaps of some miserly ancestor—naturally, through the force of influence, step into the lucrative occupations, and shut their less fortunate sisters out

into the cold with a crust. They are possessed by no qualms of conscience in the matter, but talk of woman's narrow sphere, pluming themselves upon their energy, and thanking God that they are not as other women, drones in the hive, cumberers of the ground, forgetting that the sphere of woman is as infinite as space, though she revolve merely within the home circle, and that there are higher, and perhaps for some finer activities than those of a mercenary nature. It may be objected that there are many who have a noble yearning for independence, to whom reliance on the generosity of father or brother is irksome; yet, if the father or brother is ready and willing and able, we should deem it nobler to smother this yearning—which at best is often but an ungenerous dislike of obligations, a want of magnanimity—rather than to take the bread from the mouth of another whose only resource is to be worthy of her hire. Frequently, indeed, the motive is not so elevated as the passion for independence and for work, since we see the daughters of well-to-do farmers leaving their comfortable and healthy homes, and crowding the mills and the milliners' shops, without the excuse of a mortgage on the homestead, but that they may hang up a few silk gowns in their closets, and astonish the backwoods with velvetene and French gilt—girls who have the liberality of a home and an assured income, yet press into the already overthronged occupations of teaching, of dress-making and shop-tending, into all the channels through which the tide of woman's work sets, merely that they may add a something to their wardrobes, a braid to their chateaines, an ornament to their persons; and we should hesitate to rebuke such a simple vanity, which has its virtuous and healthy side, if it were not flattered at the expense of those whose incomes are fluctuating, if the luxury of one did not include the beggary of another. Thus every girl of comfortable means who turns her attention towards the avocations to which a market value is attached diminishes the chances of the needy ones, renders their incomes more precarious and their holidays more infrequent.

We are in the habit of saying that a man performs his work better because he is aware that his whole success in life depends upon its issues; therefore we conclude that the women who live by the

sweat of brow or brain will be the more thorough and less slovenly in their performance than those who can leave toil at a moment's notice, and retire to a warm shelter of a home and the security of quarterly dividends, whose life and respectability do not depend upon the amount of preparation and earnestness which they bring to their tasks. It may be thought that we are not quite fair to those whose irrepressible energies impel them to seize upon whatever lever may be at hand, with no definite aim but to work off the fermentations of dissatisfaction; it may be imagined that we advise an ignoble content with poverty of accomplishment, a consent to idleness, on the part of those who have no bread to earn. But shall one half the world pawn health and strength for a crum, because the other half nourishes a noble discontent with good dinners and Paris fashions, with bank accounts and respectability? Are there not other worlds for them to conquer? Are there not all the realms of art and literature and science and thought, where they may build themselves thrones and demand tribute? In advising Silvia to leave the army of hired laborers, are we recommending idleness and condemning her to inactivity? Is work only worthy in proportion to its money value, when the largest thought is without money and without price, and the rewards of science can not be reckoned at the market-places, have never been discounted? What is to prevent Silvia, who has no call to bestir herself for her subsistence, but who yet feels the inadequacy of her daily routine to satisfy her aspirations—what is to prevent her from exploring any of the fields where knowledge is harvested, from making herself mistress of any one language or literature, from polishing and shaping herself through culture, assured that

"the stone which may  
Fit in the wall is not left in the way?"

By this means, in case of a reverse of fortune, Silvia will be well prepared to take her chance with the honorable women who earn only because they have need.

Dried tongue is the answer which a minister, just going out to exchange, gave some one who asked him what he had in his carpet-bag, which contained seven sermons.

### A Yorkshire Abbey.

A writer in the *British Architect* says: "Bolton Abbey, one of the most picturesque of the monastic ruins of the West Riding of Yorkshire, is situated on the west bank of the River Wharfe and not far from the town of Ilkney, so famous for its mineral waters. The Abbey presents a very striking and beautiful appearance, being situated in the midst of a fertile and thickly wooded valley, along which the River Wharfe wends its capricious course, awakening the deep solitude of the woods as it dashes onward, precipitating itself over rocks, sometimes rushing with terrific speed through confined channels, at others gliding silently under a luxuriant canopy of foliage, the moss-grown banks being richly studded with ferns and creeping plants, which languidly droop their heads into the passing stream. The venerable ruins of the once magnificent Abbey stand out majestically to the surrounding landscape, and make a picture of great loveliness. The original Abbey was situated at some distance from the site of the present one, and at a place called Embassy. It was founded in the year 1121 for cannons of the order of St. Augustine, the founder being William de Meschines and his wife Cecilia. A very sad and touching tale is recorded as the cause of the present abbey being founded, and is as follows: At the death of William de Meschines and his wife their only child, a daughter, became united in marriage to William Fitz Duncan, a nephew of David, King of Scotland, the issue of the marriage being two sons, the eldest of whom died at a very early age, rendering the surviving son, Egremont, doubly precious to the sorrowing parents. Ere long the father followed to his last resting-place, the grave, and the lone widow had nothing now to live for but her child, who had grown to be a brave and promising youth. This last hope was, however, ere long to be taken from her in a very melancholy manner. At a short distance from Bolton the river becomes confined between a narrow channel of rocks which is known as the Strid or Stride, in consequence of its being so narrow as to allow persons of ordinary agility springing across. At certain seasons of the year the river is much swollen, and a tremendous body of water rushes through this channel with fearful velocity, threaten-

ing instant destruction to any who missed their footing in taking the leap across. Such was the sad fate of young Romille, who endeavored to clear the pass, having a hound in leash, which held back at the critical moment, and so caused its master to be precipitated into the torrent. The poor mother, now bowed down by grief, turned to religion to find relief, and caused the Abbey of Embassy to be removed to the presentsite, and founded the Abbey of Bolton to commemorate the sad event. The choir and transepts are now in ruins, and have styles of architecture ranging from Norman to perpendicular. With one or two exceptions, the whole of the windows are now blank, the tracery having long disappeared, but sufficient remains to indicate that they were of Flamboyant type. The east window appears to have been similar, and in design not unlike the west window of York Cathedral. This style of architecture appears to be very common throughout the whole of Yorkshire. There is a small chamfered light over the east window, partaking of the form of the Vesica Piscis. Ranging along the north and south sides of the choir, and immediately under the windows, there are fine specimens of Norman arcading richly moulded and having carved capitals, which display a striking variety of design. The nave is now used for divine service. There is a very fine east perpendicular window and south doorway, which is early English, being deeply moulded and enriched with the dog-tooth ornament. The Abbey was dissolved on June 11, 1540."

### Take Back the Dog that Thou Gavest.

"Dog lovers who would accurately reproduce the true dog face and the true dog expression should have been at the Sydenham Crystal Palace a week or two ago, when a general order was issued for removal, and masters as well as mistresses rushed in to claim their own. Save for the almost intolerable noise, the meeting on all hands, says the London *Telegraph*, was most hearty and pleasant; and wherever one turned a dramatic situation was present to the eye. Bewildered and dismayed, with so many faces and so many pattings for so many days, a glorious Newfoundland would suddenly be alive to the presence of a familiar face. He had look-

ed so long for his master in the crowds that he had given up all hope and curled himself around on the straw in despair. But now a new light breaks in upon him. He looks, he hesitates, the truth dawns upon him, he sniffs and he is convinced. Then commences such an uproar and tumult of satisfaction as it would be difficult to describe. The beautiful creature tugs and tears at his heavy chain. His legs and body are coiled and twisted with the links of the fetters. The bowl of water is knocked over and the platter sent spinning. He mounts his paws on his master's shoulders, he licks his face, he slobbers and pants with delight. There is no restraining impetuous energy, and when, after extraordinary difficulty, the kind master has unhooked the chain and released the prisoner, one sees the master, not the dog, taken in tow, and the black Newfoundland careering along, knocking the crowd on this side and on that, and making with wild energy for the terraces and broad walks of Sydenham. The same scene in a diminutive form is noticed among the smaller pets in kennels and cages. The instant they perceive the well-known face, the familiar collar, and the welcome chain, they knock their little hairy faces against the bars, they scratch and tear at the straw, and they add a wild sharp yelp to the general chorus of hounds. It is a curious and amusing scene. Old hands at dog-shows present themselves with baskets, straps, and hammers, wrap up the blue frilled cushion, unpin the prize rosette, pack up, and are off to the next dog-show as unconcernedly and with as much system as the proprietors of circuses and shows attach to traveling fairs. They have done the same thing over and over again."

### "Out-of-Doors."

The mania for getting away from the city during the summer months seems even to those persons in the country who benefit by it a sort of insanity for which no rational cause can be assigned, and which may be variously set down, therefore, as a universal concession to fashion, the Moloch to which city people are supposed to sacrifice everything, and the idle restlessness of those who have nothing special to do.

How perfectly sane and practical people can leave their convenient houses and sub-

mit to the discomfort of the often small and ill-arranged rooms which are offered for their accommodation is a mystery which of course residents of the country cannot penetrate, for their experience has been in totally opposite direction. They cannot understand the longing for "out-of-doors;" for the touch of the grass; for the scents of woods, fields, and flowers; for the largeness and freedom of earth, air, and sky, unbounded and unencumbered with the ever-increasing and closer-gathering piles of bricks and mortar.

Children, too, have a natural longing for the "out-of-doors." The fretful, crying baby in its well-appointed nursery is the laughing, crowing child sitting on the grass under the trees of some rickety old farm-house where tin-pans have to be put under the roof to catch the water every time it rains. But it need not be inferred that it is the tin-pans or the leaky roof that is the attraction: it is the blue sky, the green earth, the blossoming trees, the birds singing overhead, the bees humming in the hearts of the roses close by—all the sweet sounds and lavish wealth of nature, which the soul even of the little child dimly sees, feels, and rejoices in.

It is something better than fashion then, and something more than restlessness or idleness, which sends the population of a city into the country, which makes them endure again and again annoyances and discomforts which they would not think of submitting to at home. It is the natural hunger of the human for a share in the summer outpouring of the divine in nature—the protest against being shut out from a share in the brightness of nature's sunshine and favor.

All the tendency of modern life is to shut us up in impenetrable walls, to bind us with iron bands, and against this the instincts, physical and spiritual, constantly and strongly cry out. Let us then take all of out-of-doors we can get, and give it also to our children, for to them it is an infinitely greater inheritance, in the breadth and strength it imparts, than money can ever be.

Housekeepers and others are much troubled to keep their dried fruit free from worms. A contemporary says that a handful of saffron bark sprinkled through a bushel of fruit is a preventive from this pest. Has anyone ever tried it?

### Friendship.

My capital is one pound six,  
And, if you need it, half is yours.  
For when a friend is in a fix,  
That fact one's sympathy secures.

I'd walk to China or Peru  
To serve you, should occasion need;  
Indeed, sir, in obliging you  
To any length I would proceed.

Let's talk it over—come, and dine.  
There's nothing like a quiet chat  
About these questions. As for wine,  
You shan't complain for want of that.

Nay, death to me shall be as sport,—  
If that what you desire insures;  
I'll take the risk of it—in short,  
My house, my purse, my life are yours!

Yet, lending, Shakspeare doth define,  
Oft loses you both loan and friend.  
I feel compelled to draw the line—  
And never an umbrella lend.

[London Fun.

### Childrens' Ways.

Gail Hamilton, writing of children, says: "I should be sorry to say anything that might aid or abet our idle, lax, and worthless American fathers and mothers. But it is an indisputable fact that children do take an immense deal of spoiling without permanent injury if there is good stock in them. Nature seems to think more of substance than training, for she gives children not when people are wisest, but when they are freshest and strongest. It is delightful to see children always behaving with perfect propriety and politeness; but if they kick and cuff and scream and grab, all is not lost. There is a certain governor whom not having seen I love, because he sends word to his son that his grandson is the best little fellow in the world if you do not thwart him, and always obedient if you do not hurry him about it. The baby in breeches was standing by my chair, and I clandestinely snatched a kiss, whereupon up flew his hand and gave me a smart slap on the cheek. It was in my heart to retort with a thump, but I refrained, and by-and-by, when I whispered, 'Why did you strike me?' he answered innocently, 'Because you stole a kiss.' Innocent as an angel, for it was pure frolic, and no malice or rudeness at all. But we expect to take liberties with children, and then have them perfectly wise and aware of the exact degree of respect to be observed toward ourselves."

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 16, 1874.

### **The Hospital.**

The usual account of a visit to the Hospital will be omitted in this number, and in the place of it will be given, a description of the Hospital itself, more particularly for the benefit of the new subscribers; and with the hope, that a somewhat detailed history of the place, may not be entirely uninteresting to subscribers of older date.

The Hospital was completed in the year 1862, the land on which it was built having been for several years in the hands of trustees, but for want of funds, the building was delayed for some time. The grounds contain about three acres of land, and extend from West Main street to Troup street North and South. From the entrance on West Main street, a wide, well kept gravelled walk leads to the hall door, and on each side of this walk is a smooth, closely cut lawn. A few trees shade it. Truth which now forbids us to say that fountains play upon this lawn and gold fish swim in the basins, will, we hope, compel us in another year to make the statement.

During the late war, the Hospital was filled with sick and wounded soldiers, and was much too small for such a purpose, as then it consisted of the center portion alone. After the war was ended, it was still too small to accommodate all who wished to enter it, and it was found necessary, if it should answer the purposes of a Hospital, to build the east wing. This was finished in 1865, being two stories in height, 80 feet long with a transept wing 40 feet in length. This portion of the Hospital is for male patients. Each ward is furnished with two rows of iron bedsteads, the heads against the walls, thus

affording a wide passage through the wards. By the side of each bed, is a chair, and at the head, a bureau; ample space is allowed between each bed. The windows of the entire Hospital are very high; reaching from the floor, nearly to the ceiling, thus giving excellent opportunities for ventilation. The Hospital, in spite of enlarging its borders, was found still too small, so another wing was built on the west side, similar to the east wing but with an additional story, covered by a mansard roof.

In this third story are private rooms, elegantly furnished and commanding from their windows fine views of the city and the surrounding country.

The center building, the original Hospital, has on the first floor, a hall passing through it from north to south, with side halls leading to the right and left into the wards; also in this main hall are wide oaken staircases, with landings, excellent resting places if one is making a visit to the Hospital. On the first floor are four large rooms: a reception parlor, a dispensary, the Superintendent's office, and a room fitted up for patients. On the second floor are the rooms for the Matron: the dining room, two wards, closets, and the chapel. This chapel is handsomely carpeted; furnished with arm chairs and lounges; it has a reading desk of black walnut and a good cabinet organ. The services are well attended and usually very interesting. In the third story still higher, the visitor having "Excelsior" for a watch-word, we find the "Blue Room" the largest private room in the house. It is very elegant; the prevailing color being blue, except the wood of the furniture, which is black walnut. On this floor are several private wards, furnished by the ladies of different churches. The female wards are somewhat better furnished than the male wards, as each bed is surrounded by white curtains, and between the beds are strips of bright carpet; a carpet, also extends

through the wards. For want of funds, the ward in the second story is not entirely furnished; but it will be in time, that is, when some benevolent individual or individuals give the money.

Having at some length described the Hospital, it has not been done without the hope that the readers of the *Review* will become interested in it, and will see by visiting it, its order, its cleanliness and its necessity, and having seen it, will become its friends, gladly helping those who have for many years carried this institution upon their hands, making it the subject of their frequent and earnest prayers, and of their never ceasing efforts.

#### Notice to—

We are afraid that if we put one other word in the heading of this article it will not be read. When we consider the cost of the midnight oil which we consume while writing, re-writing and re-re-writing this notice so that the feelings of the most sensitive may not be hurt, we feel that we have made a great failure if this is not read. We are well aware that our subscribers intend to pay, but the sum is so small, they forget. We have put the amounts due the *Review* on the margins many times, and still we have, as in other days, several hundred dollars unpaid. Times are hard, no one can convince us to the contrary. We have proof of this statement in the Treasurer's book, and in order to have them easier for the *Hospital Review*, we have employed a collector.

Edward Howk is authorized to collect all sums due this paper and to receive payments from new subscribers. The bills which are presented to old subscribers will be receipted by the Treasurer, Mrs. Craig. Where new subscribers are obtained, bills will be receipted by himself.

We hope that every one will have their small sums ready for our collector, never giving the answer which Felix gave to Paul, as we read it in the Acts of the

Apostles, twenty-fourth chapter and twenty-fifth verse.

#### Birthdays.

This fifteenth day of August is the tenth birthday of the *Hospital Review*, "the day we celebrate." Birthday gifts should be given it with congratulations and hearty good wishes for its future success.

Always, birthdays are sacred and tender times. If we are away from home, with no friend to greet us, we are apt, when our eyes first see the light of our birthday morning, to think "so many years ago I was born." Even to strangers we are inclined to say, "this is my birthday," and all day long we go about with a conscious tenderness which we have on no other day. Little gifts we remember, which are valueless in themselves—if gifts can be valueless—except for this association. And with our own birthdays always comes the remembrance of that wonderful birthday, when gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh were offered to the child born in a stable, cradled in a manger, and because of whose birth, a star in the east shone upon the shepherds, and guided them to the child Jesus.

Ten years ago the *Hospital Review* was first issued. Its object then was, and is now, to bring the wants of the Hospital before the public; to keep its friends informed of the condition and number of its patients, and to help on the work of caring for Christ's poor.

In looking over the *Review*, issued during all these years, we are surprised at the unflagging zeal, the tireless patience, and the unwavering fidelity of those connected with it. Very many names of subscribers which appear in the early numbers, are still on the subscription book; and other names are there of whom we can say, "they have entered into their rest;" and but the works are left for us. It is refreshing to read the begging articles of the first year, and the Hospital received



the things begged for. Begging for pickles, for feathers, for a drop light—two were given—for quilts, live chickens, jellies, more feathers, for subscribers, well,—for everything. Then, so many acknowledgments are made, all these things are given and many more. Success attended the effort of begging. Surely in those halcyon days to beg was to be blest.

In direct disobedience of Solomon's command, we will ask "What is the cause that the former days were better than these? Was it the war? or was it because the Hospital was a new thing?" We don't wish even for the prosperity of the Hospital or its *Review*; another war neither do we wish, that this Hospital might pass away and another take its place, so that we might record something of the enthusiasm of ten years ago. Would not steady, persistent, zealous effort in behalf of sick and friendless people, be as well as a burst of feeling which lasts but a little time, and is nothing but emotion? Just as much as it was a duty ten years ago—the duty to care for the sick and friendless—just so much is it now a duty. Of course we become tired of it, as long as we are human we shall tire of almost everything at times, but as our Father has not tired of us yet, unprofitable as we are, cannot we try to keep from weariness in this work as well as any other that lies before us?

### The City Hospital.

In order to correct a false impression concerning the Hospital, the following article is quoted from the "Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital, for the year 1873."

The name of this Hospital has led many persons not familiar with its history, to suppose that it was maintained at the expense of the city corporation. This is not so; the city has no interest in it beyond any citizen. It is in no way under the control of the city authorities; citizens are not taxed for its maintenance. It is

an incorporated institution, the same as are most of the charitable institutions in the city. The city with commendable liberality conveyed to the Trustees the grounds upon which the buildings are situate, on condition, however, that the trustees should immediately enclose the same, and should extinguish the rights of the lessees of burial lots on the grounds. The city also assigned a portion of the Alms-house Fund to the Trustees; but beyond this, the whole expense of erecting and furnishing the Hospital has been defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the citizens and by State aid; and the annual cost of keeping the establishment in operation, over and above the pay received from patients, has in like manner, been a charge upon private charity. When the State was accustomed to make monied donations to private charitable institutions, the "City Hospital" shared prorata these appropriations, but this practice of voting money to such institutions has been abandoned by the Legislature.

In consideration of what the city did for the Hospital, as above referred to, it was understood that when the Hospital building was "completed and ready for the reception of patients, it should at all times be open for the admission and treatment of the poor of the city of Rochester, whose sickness and infirmity might render them fit and proper subjects therefor." But the city was to pay for the support and treatment of her sick and indigent poor admitted to the Hospital. This the city has always done, paying formerly one dollar and twenty-five cents per week for each patient, and now paying two dollars per week. In this way only, has the city any practical interest in the "Rochester City Hospital." It seems unnecessary to say, that the meager compensation thus received from the city, for the board, care, medical attendance, &c., afforded to every city case admitted in this institution, falls far short of the actual cost expended for the patients' benefit. As a matter of simple right and justice, it would appear that the city ought to pay what it really costs the Hospital, for the support and treatment of city patients; not counting the use of over one hundred thousand dollars—the cost of lot, buildings and furniture—virtually given to its patients.

In laboring to sustain the institution and to promote its usefulness, the benevo-

lent of all classes have given their money and their services; and to no persons more than the ladies of the "Rochester Female Charitable Society," have its managers been indebted, for zealous, efficient, and unwearied efforts. It will be seen therefore, that the Rochester City Hospital was founded and is sustained substantially by *Charity*; and considering the work it has already accomplished, its managers feel themselves authorized to present its claims to the attention of the benevolent everywhere. As remarked by the late George H. Mumford, Esq., the first President of the Board of Trustees, at the dedicatory exercises of the Hospital, "it is hoped that churches, associations and individuals, will from time to time, be willing to endow beds, either perpetually or for a term of years, and thus, by securing to the Hospital a permanent fund sufficient to cover at least a portion of its annual expenses, relieve its managers from constant appeals to the liberality of the general public, and at the same time extend the benefits of this institution to the greater number of the poor and destitute."

**Died.**

- At the Rochester City Hospital, July 2d, 1874, John Quetichenbach, aged 19 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, July 7, 1874, B. W. Blair, aged 54 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, July 14, 1874, Sarah Weisgerber, aged 70 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, July 24, 1874, John Hart, aged 38 years.

**Donations.**

- E. Darrow—Reading Matter.
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- J. E. Hulbert, Brighton, \$1.25; E. B. Booth, \$5; Rosenberg & Co., \$5; Osgood & Farley, \$5; S. Rosenblatt, \$5; K. P. Shedd, \$5; Kenyon & Hunt, \$5; A. V. Smith, \$5; Brewster & Coss, \$5; L. A. Pratt, \$5; Sunderline & McAlaster, \$5; Wisner & Palmer, \$5; Sibley Lindsay & Curr, \$10; East Side Savings Bank, \$10; J. Fahy & Co., \$5; S. B. Roby & Co., \$5; Anthony Brothers, \$5; Hunn, Smith & Spencer, \$5; George Stratton & Co., \$5—for Advertisements—By Miss Munger,.....101 25
- Donation by John Gardiner, \$1.00

**Superintendent's Report.**

1874. July 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	61
Received during month, ..	35— 96
Discharged, .....	28
Died, .....	4— 32
Remaining, Aug 1st, 1874,	64

**Children's Department.**

**The Little Doll that Lied.**

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

"Why, Polly! What's the matter, dear?  
 You look so very sad;  
 Has your new doll been taken ill?  
 It cannot be so bad."  
 Nine of the dolls sit in a row,  
 But there is one beside,—  
 See, in the corner, upside down,  
 The little doll that lied!

Out in the corner, all alone,  
 The wicked doll must stay;  
 None of the rest must speak to her,  
 Or look there while they play.  
 All her best clothes, except her boots,  
 Are safely put aside;  
 The boots are painted on her feet,—  
 The little doll that lied!

Oh, lying's such a naughty thing!  
 Why, she might swear and steal,  
 Or murder some one, I dare say;  
 Just think how we should feel  
 To have her in a prison live,  
 Or, worse than that, be hung!

What won't she do when she is old,  
If she did this so young?

And now the silver mug and spoon  
Come into use again,  
And down the faces of the dolls  
The tears run fast as rain.  
Three have tipped over with their grief,  
Their tears cannot be dried,  
Their handkerchiefs are dripping wet,—  
The little doll has lied!

[From the *St. Nicholas*.

### Willie's Little Brown Sister.

BY JANE GREY SWISSHELM.

One bright, sunny morning, Mrs. Howe was clearing away the breakfast things in the kitchen of her pretty home in Colorado, and her three little boys were prospecting for silver mines in the yard, when an old squaw came in, and stood bolt upright, looking at her and seeming quite as much at home as if she were a part of the furniture and had been there ever since the house was built. She was quite as tall as a man, and had no clothing but a grey blanket. It was wrapped around her just as the warriors wear their blapkets, and Mrs. Howe would not have known, at first, that she was a squaw and not a warrior, if it had not been for the bundle she carried on her back.

This bundle was nothing more than a papoose,—that is, an Indian baby,—tied down upon a piece of board. Its arms were laid along its sides, and, from head to foot, it was bandaged fast against the board, so that it could not move any part of its poor little body; and then it was hung on the squaw's back by a broad band of buffalo skin. It had no clothing but a few rags, and seemed very hungry and miserable. When Mrs. Howe took notice of it, the old squaw unfastened the band and stood it up in a corner, as one would put away a cane.

The three boys came running in to see it, and gathered around while their mother warmed some milk and gave it a drink. It was so curious to see it drink without putting both hands into the cup, as babies usually do; but it seemed to enjoy its milk almost as much as other babies. It could not look glad, for it was too wretched; but it did look grateful, and Mrs. Howe felt like crying as she looked at the poor patient little creature, standing like a

broom-handle, so stiff that one could not caress without hurting it.

The old squaw sat on the floor and took some food that Mrs. Howe gave her, and made the oldest boy understand that the papoose was not hers, but her daughter's; that its mother was dead, and that she would like to give it away. He told his mother, and begged her to take it. It was a little girl, and Willie, the youngest, said it would be their little sister—a little brown sister.

They all laughed and danced and shouted with delight at the thought of having a little brown sister, and begged their mother to take it immediately and unfasten it, so that they could hold it on their knees.

Willie ran and got his little rocking chair, and insisted on having the baby to rock, right away; but Mrs. Howe knew that her husband would not like to have her take an Indian baby to raise. Indeed, he quite hated Indians, and did not allow one to come near the house when he was at home. So she told the boys it would not do—their father would be very angry; but they all three cried and begged. They had no little sister, and this one had such bright black eyes!

The old squaw lifted it, and stood it up against Mrs. Howe's knee, so that it would fall if she moved without holding it. Then, without saying a word, the old squaw went away.

Mrs. Howe gave it a warm bath, made it sweet and clean, and dressed it in some of the clothes Willie had worn when he was a baby. They had a nice time all day, and at night she put the boys to bed, and the little brown sister, after being tenderly rocked to sleep, was laid in Willie's baby-crib. It was the first time it had ever been in a crib, and its little brown face looked so pretty on the white pillow, that she thought her husband could not find it in his heart to send it away.

When he came home, she took him to see it, when he stood straight up and whistled, thrust his hands down into his pockets, and said:

"Whew! What next! Going to raising Indians, are you? That's a tall contract; but you can't fill it on this ranch. Keep that thing here and you'll have the whole tribe to support. They'd hang round like a pack of wolves. Oh no, Lizzie! You've been a good wife, and I

like to please you; but I can't stand this!" She pleaded that it was so wretched; but he told her that it took something more than food and clothes to make people happy; that children were happiest with their own folks; that God knew what he was about when he sent a baby into this world, and always put it just where it belonged; that an Indian was happier, hungry and cold among Indians, than well-fed and warm among white people; and that the boys only wanted it for a plaything, and had better have a young grizzly. So the little brown sister must go home in the morning.

Bright and early next morning they all had breakfast, and the boys cried for their pet; but their father rolled her up in a nice warm shawl, with all her pretty clothes on; took some more in a bundle; took the board and straps with which her old grandmother had made her so straight and stiff,—for, he said, she would want them again,—walked off two miles, and gave the little papoose back to the old squaw, where she was encamped with her tribe. When he started, Mrs. Howe noticed that there were tears in his eyes, and that he held the baby as tenderly as if it had been a white child, and concluded that, after all, he did not hate Indians as much as he thought he did.

The boys fretted after their little brown sister a good while, and did not like the young bear their father got for them half so well. But they never saw her again, and I think she was happier with her own people than she would have been with them.

[From the St. Nicholas.

At the burning of the house of Alderman Block of Frederickton, N. B., occurred the following incident, which is worthy of record, as showing the fidelity of a Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Block. The noble brute, with almost human instinct, made his way into the house by tearing out the panels of one of the doors, and aroused the family by his barking, and then ran to the stable-door, which he endeavored to open, so that the horse, his almost inseparable companion, might escape. There he remained struggling, though every effort was made to entice him away, and, when the fire went out, he was found lying dead at his post.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

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Three Months, . . . . .	2 00	One Third Column, . . . . .	12 00
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**THE HOSPITAL REVIEW**  
DEVOTED TO THE  
**INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,**  
AT THE  
**ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.**

"I WAS SICK AND Y VISITED ME."

VOL. XI. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1874.

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For the Hospital Review.

**"Wings! Some Day."**

Nature had failed in her dream—  
Made a mistake in her plan—  
Fixed to the limbs of an infant,  
The trunk of a man.  
Down the deck, while the erry  
Crossed and re-crossed the stream,  
And faces were changing about him  
Like those in a dream.

Down on the deck in his wagon  
He sat all the day, selling books,  
But far beyond price was the story  
I read in his looks.  
Eyes that grew bright with the burden  
That breaks many strong men down,  
Looked upon me from that wagon,  
Beaming and brown.

Eyes that laughed at the sorrow  
From which the worlding flies,  
Eyes that were full of to-morrow—  
Beautiful eyes.  
In them I saw peace sitting,  
That keepeth the world's heart warm;  
Peace that comes after the battle—  
After the storm.

Tearful the eyes of a lady,  
Crossing that river with me,  
As she said when she saw how helpless  
A creature might be.  
"To what can the poor boy look forward  
Thro' all life's wearisome way?"  
Quick as his smile came the answer:  
"To wings, some day."

Men were passing complaining  
God had forgotten their part;  
Better be crippled in body  
Than crippled in heart.  
Let us remember the answer,  
Of that boy in his hopeful way,  
And ever look upward, forward,  
"To wings, some day."

**Window Gardening.**

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

I observe that most writers on Floriculture begin by informing their readers that no person need attempt a window garden (except it be Ivy and Ferns) unless they can have sunshine upon their plants some portion of the day; and likewise that the air from a furnace and the fumes from coal or gas is death to plants.

An ounce of *experience* is worth a pound of *opinions*; and with your permission I "rise to explain" my plan.

While I admit the difficulties of window-gardening under all the above drawbacks, still I insist that a perfect bower of sweets can be made of a North window in a room heated by coal and lighted by coal-gas; and that, too, with very little extra expense or trouble.

Take, for instance, an old card-table, remove the top, line the inside with zinc and have a faucet inserted underneath; have the good-man of the house saw a thin board so that it will nicely cover the table; in this board bore holes thickly with a small gimlet, adding an auger hole in the center sufficiently large to admit the nozzle of a small funnel; place a thick covering of woods' moss over the board, turn a kettleful of very warm water through the funnel into the zinc reservoir, and place your plants upon the moss. By drawing off the water when it becomes cold and replacing it with hot water every night and morning throughout the winter, your plants will thrive splendidly, and even without a gleam of sunshine you can have many flowers during the months of snow and storm. The slow rising of the steam through the moss underneath the pots keeps the air around the plants humid while the bottom heat thus obtained gives rapid growth. I would like to send you a picture of my window, but can only do this by "word painting."

Instead of a table I procured a "Window-Garden," had it lined with zinc, and in this placed pots of double Geraniums, Feverfew, Abutilon, Begonia, Acuba Japonica, White Bouvardia, and various other plants, with several varieties of hardy bulbs. At each side of the window coal-oil lamp-brackets are fastened, and pots of Fern with their beautiful wavy plumes are placed therein. Above these, out of reach of the Ferns, are carved walnut brackets, one supporting a white the other a pink Primrose; while still other side-brackets hold pots of English Ivy and Wax-plant. From the center, depending from a strong, hook, hangs a very large rustic basket. During the entire winter this basket was a mass of bright colors. A larged leaved Fern occupied the center, but was entirely surrounded by Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, and Narcissus of every possible shade. After the flowering bulbs had faded they were removed and a Begonia Rex, parlor Ivy, variegated Alyssum, variegated Balm, Ivy-leaved Geranium, Passiflora trifasciata,

and Cobeia scandens, took the place of the bulbs, and so the basket remains a thing of beauty still.

On each side the window below the side-brackets hang small moss baskets one containing a Madeira Vine, the other a Strawberry Geranium; but the prettiest basket of all was made of wire filled with wood's moss and Crocus bulbs, and the entire basket draped with Spanish moss sent by a friend in Texas. Through this moss the purple and white blossoms looked forth like veiled brides, winning the admiration of all beholders.

For my English Ivy I have made a hanging-basket, trimmed with old-fashioned leather-work and lined with zinc to prevent dripping. In this I set the earthen pot containing the plant, and thus obtain a handsome receptacle for my Ivy without endangering its life by planting it in a vessel with no drainage.

A lady friend informed that glue-water was an excellent stimulant. I experimented with it upon my skeleton regiment—for I had such a regiment—I packed my double Geraniums and several other plants for moving, and for two weeks they were tossed about on the cars and in the freight offices without light or air, and when released they came forth like withered sticks without leaf or branch though still alive. I treated them to small doses of glue-water and an occasional taste of liquid ammonia, and though they have not looked upon the sun for the last six months they have become green and thrifty plants.

There is no trouble with the green-fly or red-spider in my window; the steam from the hot water is not relished by Mr. Spider, and I have learned, by several years' experience, that it is an excellent thing to utilize *Paterfamilia's* tobacco smoke to keep off the aphids. The cigar stumps are also excellent. I put them in the watering pot, turn on cold water, set it on the stove until it is blood-warm, then thoroughly wet the earth around the plants with this *tobacco-tea*—the worms don't like it but the plants do.

Several years ago Peter Henderson, of your city, in a letter of advice said, "Do not kill your plants with kindness by giving too much water, as most ladies do." To those who wish to succeed with window plants this advice is invaluable.

I see I am making this article too long, though the half has not been told, as you

would admit if you could see the waxy bells of my pet Lily-of-the-Valley, the swelling buds of the Fuchsias, the Pink Geraniums, Blue Violets, and fragrant Narcissus, to say nothing of the foliage plants whose leaves are as handsome as flowers. Calla Lilies, *Lilium auratum*, Oxalis, and Tulips, all blossom profusely, and retain their beauty for a long time in my window-garden in spite of the influence of coal gas and want of sunshine.

**MAGGIE'S FAULT.**—I have a little girl whose great fault is forgetting. She forgets to hang up her dresses; she forgets to put buttons on her shoes; she forgets where she left her mittens, or the hammer, or her thimble; she forgets to do her errands; she forgets to come home when she is told to. Yet she always seems sorry when I talk to her, and means, I think, to improve; but she does not. Every week, if it finds her worse, does not find her better. I often wonder how it happens. In other respects Maggie is a good child. She is an industrious little girl, and speaks the truth. But all these fine qualities are almost spoiled by forgetfulness. It leads to much disorder, as you may suppose. I should not like you to see her room; and I cannot depend, of course, that what I tell her will be done. I could not for a long time think how she could forget so. I have found out now; the Bible told me. God says in it, "My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments." Whatever is done from the heart is done quickly, and done well. Poor Maggie, alas! has no heart in it, therefore she forgets and disobeys. And many a mother is grieving over this same fault in her dear child; and perhaps many a poor child is grieving for it too. "How shall I remember what mother says?" "How came I to forget?"—feeling ashamed, and sorry, and mortified as can be. My dear child, I can only tell you to fall down on your knees before God, and beg him to give you that "new heart" which the Bible tells of, filled with the spirit of humble, faithful love. That will remember; that will try hard, and will assuredly succeed, you may depend upon it.

"Oh! Ma, Ma, Johnny's got the urn and is spilling Pa's ashes over the floor." "Oh! what a naughty Johnny! Get the feather duster and sweep your poor father right up."

## Where the Lemons Come From.

When you drink a cool and sparkling lemonade these sultry days, how little you think of the beautiful, small French town which furnishes the American market with the juicy and odorous lemon! You fancy, very likely, that the delicious fruit has been to your glasses by some West Indian, Italian, or Spanish vessel. Nothing of the kind; for, in this matter, the American palate beats all the world round; it has almost monopolized for its enjoyment the lemon crop raised in the south of France around the towns of Menton, Villafranca, and Nice. There, in fact, are produced the most exquisite lemons on earth, and while the stars and stripes beat at the top of the masts of our naval squadron in the Mediterranean Sea, which visits so often the roads of Villafranca, the same flag flutters also under the gentle breezes off the coast of Provence, above the many American merchant vessels waiting near by in the port of Menton for their cargoes of lemons.

The fruit of the region has been declared, through experience, not only the best of its kind, but also the one which bears with the greatest impunity the inconveniences of a long sea voyage. This superiority is due especially to the care which the French peasants watch over and handle their lemons, a fruit which is damaged by the slightest shock in its carting to the sea shore, and by too close packing up in the boxes.

The American steamers and sailing vessels lie at anchor, at a few metres from the pier now in construction at Menton. Around those crafts you see continually real shoals of canoes, boat and small "balancelles," with their loads of lemon boxes, which are hauled on board the American vessels. Usually, a steamer takes in 5,000 cases, containing an average of 500 lemons each, which makes a total for each ship of 2,500,000 fruit, generally for New York. Menton is the principal port patronized by our vessels for that kind of trade; but the lemons are also procured at Villafranca, Beaulieu, Monaco, Roquebrune and at two or three small Italian ports of the Ligurian coast.—[*New York Commercial*.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

### Political Housekeeping.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in a recent recantation before the English public of some theories which his American experience has induced him to abandon, gives this as his ultimate wisdom: "Men are not good housekeepers, and there need not be anything disparaging in saying that women, as a rule, are not likely to be good politicians."

This is precisely the point at issue, it seems to us, in the ethics of government as administered in America to-day. The politician has held sway for half a century. A popular war-cry has carried an election; the honest impulse of a nation for freedom has been shaped for selfish ends of power and greed. On the tide of patriotism, in the grand swell of the last decade, chips and scum have floated high into its farthest reaches. It was so easy to catch the shibboleth — fealty to the black man; even lip-service covered a multitude of sins; and dishonesty and impurity condoned their short-comings with this easy countersign.

But we have come to a pass in our national housekeeping, if peradventure it come not also to grief ere long. There are rats in the cellar, that we know; there are foul abuses which send up their pestilential vapors through saloon and chamber, poisoning the life of every mother's child. There are cabinets where the customary cobwebs are spun secure over the windows, that one may see neither in nor out. There is revolt in the stables, there is trickery in the kitchen, the servants are spies upon the masters, and a general sense of insecurity pervades the house. Meanwhile the gentleman housekeepers smoke their cigars and shake gloomy heads over the extravagance, the discomfort. They write letters about it; they change their servants, and don't seem much to better themselves.

When a woman takes possession of an empty house, what is her method? Before she lays a carpet on the floor or hangs a picture on the walls, a general purification is instituted. Every corner of the vaults and cellars is thrown open to the light of day. All foulnesses are swept away, and there is infinite disinfecting with lime and soap and water. The window panes are cleared of their cobwebs; from garret to cellar goes the avenging broom; and ancient abuses, hid away in cabinets, are

routed with the conquering bucket. She rests not until in the purified and wholesome house her children may sleep securely.

Now that the illustrious services of the politicians have brought the government to dismay, it is just possible that the housekeeper is needed. The politician, as ruler, has come to his logical finale. Entering upon his duty with no, broad sense of its requirements, undertaking as a speculation the grave business of government, he has come to the end of all speculators, darkness and falling sticks after the glare of the fireworks.

Few women have studied political economy, but most of them have a domestic science of their own, based upon experience, and broadening with every day. Women are good housekeepers. A household is but a miniature state. Its head must be at once legislative, executive and judicial. Within the daily range of a woman's life, not seldom must a code be promulgated at breakfast, enforced during the day, and at night must she sit in judgment upon the offender, be it servant or son. The petty cares of her complex duties give her a wondrous education in detail. She is sensitive to responsibility, formally imposed. Who ever heard of a woman defaulter? In the various monied trusts which churches and charities impose upon her, who ever found her faithless?

In broad generalizations she has not hitherto been successful. In this untried field she must yield the palm to men. He will continue to devote potent energies to financial problems, and settle our Indian policy, as heretofore. Though the arbitration of Geneva was a woman's triumph on both sides of the water, men may continue to make the treaties and hold the Peace Congresses of the future.

But the ancient record, in spite of Mr. Goldwin Smith, still stands true of many an American woman:

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

**HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION IN HANDWRITING.**—"On what a curious combination of corporeal structure, mental character, and training," says Mr. Darwin, "must handwriting depend! Yet everyone must have noted the occasional close similarity of the handwriting in father and son, although the father had not taught his son. A great collector of franks assured me that in his collection there were several franks of father and son hardly distinguishable, except by their dates. Hofacker, in Germany, remarks on the inheritance of handwriting; and it has been even asserted that English boys, when taught to write in France, naturally cling to their English manner of writing." I am disposed to think that peculiarities of handwriting are generally rather the exponents of particular types of nervous organization, than resultants of purposive training. In a primary school in which handwriting is carefully taught, it will often be observed that a very close similarity prevails among the individual pupils; whilst in a school of which the pupils, belonging to a higher social class, exhibit a more marked differentiation of mental type, there is a far greater diversity of handwriting. The following curious case, which occurred in my own family, and which can, (I am assured) be exactly paralleled elsewhere, seems to afford a strong confirmation of this view: A gentleman who emigrated to the United States, and settled in the backwoods, before the end of last century, was accustomed from time to time to write long letters to his sister in England, giving an account of his family affairs. Having lost his right arm by an accident, the correspondence was temporarily kept up by one or other of his children: but in the course of a few months he learned to write with his left hand; and, before long the handwriting of the letters thus written came to be indistinguishable from that of his former letters.—*Prof. W. B. Carpenter.*

A recent medical writer says: "Sleep wherever you can—anywhere when you get a chance; the great want of the age is sleep." This is not always safe advice to follow, as one of our townsmen (says an English contemporary) knows to his sorrow. He was recently afflicted with a bad cold, and to cure himself of it resorted to the remedy of putting his feet in hot water, and drinking a tumblerful of strong

whiskey toddy, prescribed by an aged and respected friend of the family. Having got everything in order for carrying out the prescription he sat down by the fire, his feet immersed in warm water, and a tumbler of smoking toddy by his side. In this condition a sense of enjoyment stole over him as he sipped the exhilarating liquid, and he fell asleep. His wife had gone to bed, and, on awakening about three o'clock in the morning, wondered why she was alone. Going down stairs, she was horrified to find her liege lord asleep in his chair, the fire out, his feet still immersed in the water, over which a cake of ice was forming, and an empty tumbler on the chair beside him. His cold wasn't a bit better.

The following rule for washing fluid we know to be excellent. It not only saves strength and makes clothes much whiter than the old-fashioned way of rubbing, but it saves the fabric and saves time. We know a lady who has used this mixture for years. She says that clothes do not wear out nearly so fast, and a washing that takes the whole day with a rubbing board, can be done in three hours if this rule is followed:

**WASHING FLUID.**—Salsoda two pounds, unslacked lime one pound, boiled together in six quarts of water for half an hour. When it has settled clear turn into a jug and cork for use. Soak the white clothes over night in clean, soft water. In the morning fill the boiler half full of soft water; when it boils, add a teacup of the fluid. Wring out the clothes, and rub soap on the most soiled parts; boil briskly thirty minutes. Take the clothes out into a tub half full of clean, soft water, and rub slightly; or put them through a washing machine, which is easier; rinse through two waters, and add a little bluing to the last water. For each additional boiler of clothes add more water and a half cup of the fluid, and proceed as before. Use the suds for washing colored flannels and calicoes.

**TO PICKLE BEEF FOR WINTER OR PRESENT USE, AND FOR DRYING.**—Cut the beef into suitable pieces, sprinkle a little salt upon the bottom of the barrel; pack

the beef without adding salt, and when nicely packed, pour over it a brine made by dissolving six pounds of salt for each 100 lbs. of beef in sufficient cold water to cover it. In three weeks such pieces as are designed for drying will be ready to hang up by soaking them over night to remove the salt from the outside. This pickle will keep beef just right for boiling or even frying by slightly freshening it; but if any is left until warm weather it must be re-packed and a new and stronger brine added to it.

**WASHING SILVERWARE.**—Many housekeepers wash their silverware in soap and water. This should not be practised, as it makes it look like pewter. When it needs polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard; this will restore its lustre.

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## *The Hospital Review.*

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1874.

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### Visit to the Hospital.

Perhaps the pleasantest visit that we ever made to the Hospital was the last one. As usual, we invited some one to go with us, and as usual we had our invitation refused; and we were not surprised, for it was, Oh! so hot and dusty. Clouds of dust went before us, and followed us. Dust surrounded like a halo and enveloped like a fog; but, having many times within the last two years walked the same road, we did not lose our way; besides, occasionally the dust cleared away for a second, and then we could see the dome of the Hospital, and knew that we had not wandered from our path. But, really, cannot the streets be evenly watered? Few, and far between are the patches of wet we see like oasis in a "dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

The only refreshing we had was when one of the nurses told us that there were no very sick ones in the wards, now. Several had left during the week, well. Of

course those suffering from chronic diseases were there, and in all probability will remain while life lasts. One, we found almost discouraged. She has so long been sick and sees so little reason to think that she will ever be any better, that it is hard for her to hope. Another, whom we often see sitting in her rocking chair, sewing, we found in bed, hard sick but patient and uncomplaining. Another one, we saw with her work in her hands, while a young lady sat reading to her. From her bright face and cheerful manner, we judged that she was nearly well, and were sorry to learn that she was but little if any better. Looking out on the lawn, we saw that the sides of the tent were open and feared that some sorrowful cases had been brought in, but upon inquiring of the Matron we found this was not so. Many of the patients in the male ward were out enjoying the sunshine, which is an excellent medicine. The grounds are so large, that the dust does not trouble them, and if it did blow into one yard it couldn't into the other. Who ever heard of the north and south wind blowing at once? The Hospital was so cool and clean that we wandered up stairs and down stairs, wondering in our heart why some one did not order and pay for a fountain, with aquatic plants growing in its basin, to delight the eyes of patients and visitors. In all this city there is nothing so charming as the fountain in the yard of the Savings Bank. Why cannot the Hospital have one like it, or two, even?

### Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

### What is His Name ?

The reason we ask, is, he has paid one dollar and twenty-four cents, and we had his name with the money ; both, we put into our purse. The money we have, but the name, where is it? And the fault is not ours that we can not find it, but "a person's." When we lose anything, we don't like to ask this "person" where it is, because she generally knows, and we don't want her to grow conceited, which we are afraid she would, if she knew that we depended upon her keeping track of our things, which, as she is out of town and can't know what we are writing about, we are free to confess that we do. We rummaged a long time for that name, and then the "person" asked us, "What are you looking for?" We will sacrifice our pride before we will run the risk of being thought an embezzler. That dollar and twenty-four cents must be acknowledged in the September number of the *Review*. So we told her. Now, what does this superior "person," who keeps everything in order and sometimes hurts our feelings when we are wondering where our things are, mean by saying, "it isn't strange that you can't find them. You put them in their places the last time you used them." What does she do but say that she saw a scrap of paper in "the" purse and threw it out! It might have been a note of a thousand dollars, that some one owed us, or our last will and testament, that she so recklessly destroyed. Very well. We don't think that "person," when she returns, will impress us as a superior being again in all her life; no, not if we both should live as long as Methuselah did. Still, what is the name?

Will the gentleman who paid the dollar and twenty-four cents, send us his name? Before that "person" can touch it again we promise it will be in the printer's hands, and acknowledged in the October number.

Sixty-two cents was also paid, and no name sent with the money, but we shall find it out in time for the next number.

We have just finished reading "Valentine the Countess," a German novel of the incomprehensible type. Valentine is a young girl of surpassing beauty, gifted beyond belief, but poor and dependent. She is desperately in love with a young man who is also desperately in love with her. He also is poor; so, instead of acting like sensible young American people, they part. He has a "career." Having each shown so much prudence, he comes to this country as a diplomat; and she, with her wonderful purity and intellect, marries a man so weak minded as to approach idiocy. She has a son, also weak minded. Now, that is a pretty state of affairs; but, to increase the confusion, behold in a few years our smart young man returns to his native country and discourses in this fashion about American ladies: "It is a grace which requires the back-ground of a ball-room for its development. One can be admirably entertained by an American lady in the pause between the dances; she has plenty of wit and animation; but in the family circle these ladies seem wearied and listless. Their one idea of life is flirtation, a word which means even less than coquetry; the more admirers they can show, the happier they are, and their principal occupation consists in maintaining the proper balance between them. The skill with which they preserve their own independence is often admired. I cannot agree with this opinion: where there is so little fancy and warmth of feeling, there is no great merit in keeping a clear head. If an American lady ever allows herself to be carried away by impulse, the motive is always curiosity, never passion. She possesses the external, but not the spiritual charm of woman-hood. It is not the men who give the stamp of emptiness to American life; it is the lack of poetry,

the poverty of feeling of the women." Dear country-women, be not cast down by this severe criticism. It is evident that the author of this astonishing book has had his tender heart wounded by some pretty American girl. A mystery hangs about his, the hero's, birth, which is cleared up in this way. His mother runs off with his father's cousin, or rather, the father sends her and the boy with her. She writes to the father when she finds that her husband, for, according to a foreign way, she marries the cousin, must die, begging him to take home his boy. A servant woman who loves the father—we believe it was Madame Roland who said, "Oh, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name;" we will say, "Oh, Love, how many crimes," and so forth—suppresses the letter, and it never sees the light of day for twenty years, when all the darkness is turned into bright day. René proves to be the cousin of the idiotic husband, marries Magda, and has a fortune. But, what passes the comprehension of the unsophisticated reader is the conversation between the lofty, pure, noble, self-sacrificing Valentine and René, who was quite willing to give up Valentine, for a 'career.' After proving, in a surprising manner, that a divorce from poor, witless Egon, would be right, René says, "Oh! Valentine, do not turn away. When I saw you, when your never-to-be-forgotten voice once more fell upon my ear, everything around me faded into empty shadows. You, you alone, fill my soul! I am bound by the old fetters, and shall always wear them! Nothing shall tear you from me the second time. I will hold you with a strong hand! For what have I toiled and made sacrifices, if I may not call my own the only thing I desire, the soul of my soul." Evidently forgetting that she never was torn from him at all! So, these people talk on, in this rhapsodical fashion. After a time, Valentine says, "René." She uttered only that word; tears were streaming down her

pale cheeks. He threw himself at her feet, and pressed his face to her icy hands. She pushed him back with gentle resolution, and bending down, softly stroked the hair from his broad, proud forehead. "There must be a clear understanding between us; I was foolish to think the mask I assumed would rend the past. You doubt my heart! To this hour it has had room only for your image;" and so on, for three or four pages, when they are surprised by Valentine's Uncle and René's father, who naturally wishes to know what they are making such a fuss about. What does Valentine do but say that René was asking her for Magda's hand! In America we should say that was a dreadful lie; perhaps in foreign lands, they would call it by some other name, and think it diplomatic. Perhaps it wasn't a lie. Coming from Puritan stock, it is in all probability, the reason it seems a lie to us. In common with all American women, we keep a clear head, because we have no fancy, and lack warmth of feeling. We are well aware of this, because René says so. "It is not the men who give the stamp of emptiness to American life; it is the lack of poetry, the poverty of feeling of the women." We rejoice in the lack of all this, if it keeps men and women from adoring husbands and wives, not their own. We rejoice in this lack of poetry and in this plentifulness of poverty of feeling, if it keeps women from marrying idiotic men and adoring poor weak men who, while loving them, run away from them.

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The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

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**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 10, 1874, Libbie Adstitt, aged 27 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 12, 1874, Joseph McCandlees, aged 72 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 13, 1874, Nancy Snyder, aged 70 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 13, 1874, Wm. Konig, aged 38 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 25, 1874, Wm. Yergers, aged 34 years.

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**Superintendent's Report.**

1874. Aug. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 64  
 Received during month, .. 37— 97  
 Discharged, ..... 27  
 Died, ..... 5— 32  
 Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1874, 65

**Children's Department.**

**Pussy's Class.**

"Now, Children," said Puss, as she shook her head,  
 "It is time your morning lesson was said."  
 So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,  
 And sat down before her, all in a row.  
 "Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,  
 "And tell me quick where your noses are!"  
 At this, all the kittens sniffed the air,  
 As though it were filled with a perfume rare.  
 "Now, what do you say when you want a drink?"  
 The kittens waited a moment to think,  
 And then the answer came clear and loud—  
 You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd!  
 "Very well. 'T is the same, with a sharper tone,  
 When you want a fish or a bite of a bone.  
 Now, what do you say when children are good?"  
 And the kittens purred as soft as they could.  
 "And what do you do when children are bad?  
 When they tease and pull?" Each kitty look-  
 ed sad.  
 "Pooh!" said their mother. "That is'n't enough;  
 You must use your claws when child ran are  
 rough.

"And where are your claws? No, no, my dear" (As she took up a paw). "See! they're hidden here."

Then all the kittens crowded about,  
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need  
To use such weapons—oh no, indeed!  
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "pshaw!"  
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now *sptiss!* as hard as you can," she said;  
But every kitten hung down its head.

"*Sptiss!* I say," cried the mother cat;  
But they said, "O mamma, we can't do that."

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;  
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!  
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose"  
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

[M. M. D., in *St. Nicholas* for Sept.

### How Dick Went to the Pic-Nic.

"Where in the world is that boy?" Mrs. Frye took her hands from the suds and went to the barn.

"Dick, what are you doing?"

"Making a box for the cat. Going to sell her, and get money to go to the picnic Friday."

Thankful that he was in no worse mischief, his mother went back to her washing, and sighed to think how poor they were. Dick kept busy at work, making his box like the cattle cars he had seen on the freight trains, open at the sides and on top, with only narrow bars nailed across. Part of an old barrel hoop served for a handle, and it was with no little satisfaction that he held it up to view.

"There, Tabitha Maria, how do you like your new quarters? Not much room to turn round, is there? But you've plenty of good air—needn't be afraid of smothering. O, ho!" he continued, as a head with a pair of frightened eyes was thrust through the bars, "this will never do. You're not such a beauty that your looks will help me any." Down went the box, while another bit of shingle was added to pussy's prison. "Let me see," he mused, crowding back poor Tabitha's head, "you're worth about a quarter; then if those hens will lay a little extra this week, I'm all right."

Dick sallied forth into the July sunshine, but found that cats were a drug in the

market; everybody owned one, so he came home tired and discouraged, and let pussy out.

Mrs. Frye was washing the dinner dishes.

"I say, mother, I'm going a fishing."

"Well, don't tumble overboard," she said anxiously.

For more than an hour Dick sat on the end of the wharf, patiently watching his line, but the fishes seemed to be taking an afternoon nap.

"I don't blame 'em," he muttered. "I'm most melted here in the sun. My! here comes the parson!"

"Fishing, Richard?" Mr. King never called him Dick.

"Yes, sir; but they don't bite."

"Ah! Simon Peter had that same trouble once. Out all night and caught nothing."

The minister had the queerest way of talking about men in the Bible, just as if he were acquainted with them.

"It was a little strange," he continued, "that Christ should ask him to push out into deep water; the last place to find fish, isn't it!"

"Yes, sir; they keep in near the shore, most always."

"It wasn't a favorable time, either. If ever you go to the Sea of Galilee, I advise you not to try fishing in the forenoon. By the way, I suppose you will go to the picnic?"

"If I can earn the money. That's what I want these fish for—to sell."

"Peter found some money in a fish's mouth once."

Dick opened his eyes. "I never heard of that—"

"Didn't you? Read the seventeenth chapter of Matthew when you go home. And if I were in your place, I would ask Jesus to help me in this matter."

"Ask Him how to earn money!" said Dick aghast.

"Certainly. Why not? You don't see the way clear yourself, and He is the Light. Just the time to go to the Lord, when we need Him, and men cannot help us. Do you want a ticket given you, Richard? You know the superintendent has a few for those who cannot afford to buy."

"No, sir," replied Dick, with emphasis.

"Boys who help themselves always make the smartest men," said Mr. King. "But Richard, don't let yourself out to Satan's service. I dare say he has plenty

of odd jobs to be done this week, waiting for just such boys as you; but don't be fooled by him. If you feel afraid that the Lord cannot furnish you with the right kind of work, think of Peter. Goodbye, my boy."

"Hi!" thought Dick, "wish I was your boy!"

"Mother, I'm going blackberrying. Where can I find a pail? Quick, the boys are waiting!"

Dick rushes into the room where his mother stood ironing, flew to the little cupboard, and began rummaging among the dishes.

"Joe Shaw says they are thicker than hops. Hurrah for the picnic!" and he was off again, swinging the pail above his head.

When they reached the spot there were only a few stunted bushes by the roadside. The other boys began clambering over a stone wall, but Dick stopped short.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Over hear a piece. Come on."

"But isn't this squire Dean's place?"

"Of course, you greeny. What of that? We shan't get caught, for the folks are away this afternoon."

"But it's stealing just the same if we don't get found out."

"How long since you turned deacon?" sneered Joe Shaw, at which the others began to laugh.

"Nice little boy, so he was! Goes to Sabbatt school!" mocked the boys.

Dick was so busy thinking he scarcely noticed them.

"A Satan job, as sure's I'm alive," he said to himself, wheeling about and running swiftly down the hill, beyond the sound of his tormentors. Heated and panting, he threw himself under a tree.

"There, old fellow, you didn't catch me this time!" and he shook his fist at the invisible foe.

Thursday evening came, and Dick had earned thirty-five cents selling eggs and running on errands, but fifteen more were needed before he could go on the picnic. It did seem too bad!

That talk Monday afternoon down on the wharf had given him some new ideas. He wondered if Jesus really did think about him except on Sundays. Somehow he had felt differently since beginning to pray every day instead of once a week.

"Do you s'pose I should have stolen

those berries, if I hadn't asked Him that morning to keep me from doing wicked things?" he queried. "I'd like to see Mr. King again. Guess I'll walk up that way, maybe I'll meet him."

A distant whistle announced the coming of a train. Dick always made it a point to be at the depot at such times, for people often wanted a boy to carry bundles.

A lady stepped from the cars laden with a traveling bag, shawl, umbrella, and numerous packages.

"Ah!" cried Dick following her into the ladies' room, "here's a first-class job," and he chuckled with delight.

"Have a carriage, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"Yes; is there one here?"

"No ma'am, there never is at this station, but I'll take your things up for you. Cheap, too," he added, seeing she hesitated.

The lady smiled. "I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering if I could walk as far as my brother's. I'm very tired. Do you know where Mr. King lives?"

"What! the minister? Guess I do—it's only up there," pointing to the house.

"O, well, if you will take my baggage, I'll go then."

"Two—four—five—yes, that's right," she remarked as Dick placed the bundles on the hall table. "How much is it?"

"Ten cents, if you please."

"There's twenty-five, just half what a hackman would have charged me."

Dick's face was radiant.

"Does that make enough, Richard?" inquired Mr. King, who was standing near.

"More, Sir." Something in his throat made it difficult to say much.

"Ah! yes. Bible pay—good measure—pressed down—running over. You've found Him a good master this week. Better take Him for life, my boy."

Dick thought he would like to, and resolved to ask his teacher about it the next Sabbath.

Friday dawned clear and beautiful, and there was no happier boy at the picnic than Richard Frye, because he had tried to help himself in the right way.

*Ipswich.*

F. J. D.

A correspondent of a paper having described a neighboring river as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark; "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

An engine-driver and stoker on the Midland Railway (England), recently called at the shop of a well-known temperance man and Good Templar in Derbyshire, and asked him if he could show them were Messrs. P——'s spirit vaults were situated. "Yes," replied the good templar, "come this way;" and taking them through his shop and house, the back of which faces the parish church-yard, he said, pointing to the graves: "There are the vaults, but the spirits are all gone."

A bright little girl not long since was urging her mother to go up-stairs and hear her say her prayers before retiring. Her mother, not finding it convenient, told her that Jesus could hear them just as well. "But, mother," responded the little doubter, "Jesus can't turn off the gas."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked a city clerk of a Quaker who had just arrived. "Yes." "Well, here is an essay on the rearing of calves." "That," said Aminadab, as he turned to go, "thee had best present to thy mother."

CON.—What is the difference between a tweed suit and a chancery suit? For the first named measures are quickly taken, and you pay for the suit if you get it; in the last named measures are slowly taken, and you pay for the suit if you lose it.

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## S. DUNN'S

## Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

OFFICE, 111 WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.  
REFITTED and remodeled. We guarantee the same satisfaction to customers which we have ever given. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Orders left at other place will be promptly attended to.  
SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

## K. P. SHEDD, GROECR,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

## Summer Silks,

At \$1.35 and \$1.50 a yard—a better assortment than at any time last season. We are selling these goods about 15 to 25 cents a yard lower than same qualities last year. Later, with a more active trade, they will most likely be higher.

A. S. MANN & CO.

## KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

## HATS, CAPS, FURS

Straw Goods, Buffalo and Fancy Robes,  
Robe Linings, Etc.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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## Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

## TRUNKS, HARNESS,

AT

A. V. SMITH'S,

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BREWSTER, GOSS & Co. UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE AND DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.

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## S. W. DIBBLE & DUTTON,

Dealers in

## Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines,

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## L. A. PRATT, BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,

The only Store in the City which Sells E. C. Burt's, New York Made Boots and Shoes. The Best Make in the United States.

54 State st., sep73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**A. R. & T. H. PRITCHARD Co.**, wholesale Manufacturers of TRUNKS and TRAVELING BAGS, and Importers of FINE MOROCCO SATCHELS, LADIES' and GENT'S DRESSING CASES, No. 78 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. mar. '73.

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STEAM BAKING,

137 and 139 North Water Street.  
AERATED BREAD AND CRACKERS of all kinds, wholesale and retail. Mar. '73.



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ALL Books in the market furnished, and every article in line of BUSINESS and SCHOOL STATIONERY at wholesale and retail. Catalogues sent on application. Printing and Binding, to order.

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**DEWEY'S BOOK STORE.** Arcade Hall. All new Books, anywhere advertised or noticed. Bibles, Prayer Books—Religious Works. All American, English and French Fashion Books, for Ladies. Periodicals, Newspapers, &c. &c. Choice Engravings and Works of Art, for Wedding and Birth-day Gifts. Ladies should visit Dewey's Picture Gallery. D. M. DEWEY.

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Wholesale Dealers in  
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, PAPER and PAPER STOCK,  
Nos. 41 and 43 Exchange St.,  
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**HUNN, SMITH & SPENCER,** Manufacturers of and wholesale and retail Dealers in FURNITURE, BEDS, MATTRESSES, LOOKING GLASSES, CORNICES and CURTAINS. Office and Warerooms, 74, 76, 78 State St., and 35, 37, 39 & 41 Mill St. Factory & Lumber Yard on the canal, cor. Jay & Magne Sts. Rochester, N. Y. F. S. HUNN, T. E. SMITH, S. M. SPENCER.

**Mrs. WILBUR GRIFFIN,**  
No. 56 State St.  
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Ladies' Hair Tastefully and Carefully Dressed.  
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**NEWELL & TURPIN,**  
110 Front Street, Rochester  
Manufacturers and Dealers in LOOKING GLASSES, WINDOW CORNICES and FRAMES of every description. mar. '73

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R. Co., Pittston and Elmira Coal Co. and J. Langdon & Co's

**ANTHRACITE COAL!**

GENERAL OFFICE:  
28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade. YARD OFFICES.—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the Railroad. H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.  
Rochester, June, 1872.

**Hamilton & Mathews,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Hardware & Cutlery,**  
Files, Belting, Mechanics' Tools, Etc.

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**J. B. SWEETING,** 84 State Street, having made arrangements with different houses in Europe and America, will be constantly supplied with First-Class Goods in Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Straws, and general Millinery and Fancy Goods, which will be sold at Importer's prices, at his Store, which has been extended for above purpose. m'71

**REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,**  
APOTHECARIES,

66 West Main Street, Powers' Block,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**WILLCOX & GIBBS,**  
**Sewing Machine.**

**J. Z. CULVER,** Agent,  
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ESTABLISHED, 1840.  
**WISNER & PALMER,** IMPORTERS, 33 State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA CROCKERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

**SUNDERLIN & McALLASTER,** WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FRENCH CLOCKS and BRONZES.  
18 State St., cor. of Exchange F<sup>th</sup> St.  
Mar. '73. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**S. B. ROBY & Co.,** Wholesale Dealers in SADDLERY and COACH HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, &c. No. 80 State Street, and 41, 43 and 47 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
S. B. BOBY. mar. '73. H. W. CABY.

## Mechanics' Saving Bank

13 & 15 Exchange Street, Rochester, N.Y.

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, ..... President,  
 GEORGE R. CLARK, ..... } Vice Presidents,  
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 JNO. H. ROCHESTER, ..... Sec'y & Treas.  
 FRED. A. WHITTLESEY, ..... Attorney,  
 EDWARD E. BLYTH, ..... Teller,  
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TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
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Samuel Wilder,	Jarvis Lord,
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Interest on Deposits will be allowed at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on all sums not exceeding \$5,000 to be computed from the first day of the calendar month on or succeeding the date of deposit to the first day of the calendar month in which it is withdrawn.

The Bank is open for business during the usual Bank hours, (10 A. M. to 3 P. M.)

## Canned and Dried Fruits.

WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

Best Goods and Reasonable Prices.

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(Successors to H. A. Blauw.)

## CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs & Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses, Etc. Pure Wines and Liquors, 81 State Street, (west side), Rochester, N. Y. Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. n67

Established 1832.

## W. H. BATTELLE & Co.

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## PHARMACEUTISTS,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

FINE DRUGS, CHEMICALS & TOILET ARTICLES  
 No. 61 Main, cor. St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

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(Successors to B. King & Co.)

## Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

W. H. CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER

## SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St  
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CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.  
 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

## LANE & PAINE.

DEALERS IN

## DRUGS & MEDICINES

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

20 & 22 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE, mch '66 ly CYRUS F. PAINE.

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## FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, c. c.

No. 42 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

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## Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

## ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

## C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

## PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.  
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## M. V. BEEMER,

## MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 1y

## JOHN T. FOX,

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## Watches and Jewelry,

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## And Fancy Articles,

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Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.  
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## ALLING & CORY,

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## Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.





would it lead, if carried out? Why, foreign missions must wait till the poor are all fed.

If foreign missions, then home missions; and if home missions, then every local Christian enterprise; for, if all the money that is expended on Christian work at home and abroad were thrown into the poor fund, we should still have "the poor with us." For Christian enterprises to wait, therefore, till all the poor are supplied would be to wait forever.

All these complaints rest on the assumption that a man's physical necessities are his prime necessities and his physical life his highest life.

It is a very gross view which implies that the great end of a man's being is to be fed. It is a gross and groveling notion which holds that none must be taught till all have been fed—that the Gospel must be sent to none till good bread has been sent to all. Carry out this idea, and we must plant no flowers till the world is surfeited with corn; there must be no homes of comfort till the hovel of every shiftless idler is made tight and warm; there must be no churches till every tenement house is filled with plenty; no missions abroad till there are no poor at home.

But Christ uttered a very far reaching truth when he said: "A man shall not live by bread alone." His bodily needs are not his most vital needs. A high inspiration is often better than a good dinner. Courage in the heart is better than money in the pocket. Many a poor boy has risen from obscurity to distinction by his own efforts, through the inspiration of some brave words spoken to him; while many another, with a fortune at his back, has sunk into imbecility for want of a purpose to his life. You help a man more by elevating his thoughts than supplying his needs. A Sunday-school will often do more for a poor district than an almshouse, and it is better often to plant a living church than a soup-house.

An English statesman once said "he hoped the day would come when every man in England could read Bacon." Richard Cobden replied "that he hoped the day would come when every man in England could eat bacon." There is, of course, a place for this "gospel of bread and butter." If a man is in the gutter, he must be lifted out. If a man is starving, he must be fed. Bradlaugh says, very truly, "hungry men cannot listen." If you find

a man buried in filth, an evangel of soap and water is the most effective. But you have done very little for a man by pulling him out of the gutter if you have given him no new purpose. You have only prepared him another wallowing. You have done very little for a man if you have only taught him to come and get his rations. You have done very little by washing a man if you have given him no cleaner thoughts. But if you give him a new life he becomes himself strong. Inspire him with high thoughts, and he will feed himself. Give him a clean heart, and he will keep his own body clean. "Make clean the inside of the cup."

Yet money spent in Christian enterprise is pronounced a waste, a wrong to the poor. A hundred thousand dollars expended on an opera house is called enterprise and wisdom; but one-third of that amount in a church is robbing the poor. A few millions expended to open trade with Japan, so as to make a new market for our whisky and tobacco, is far-seeing statesmanship; but a few thousands expended in sending the news of salvation to those regions is a prong to the widow and orphan at home. Fifteen or twenty millions of money and a few thousand men to shoot a score or two of Modocs is maintaining the national honor; but one per cent. of the interest on that sum and a dozen or two of men to convert the Cherokees to Christianity and civilization is squandering the money which ought to be used to buy potatoes for the poor.

But the Gospel gives life to men, and with life all other gifts come. It lifts a man's soul, and with that all his surroundings rise. Christ could have adorned the grave of Lazarus with a golden canopy; but he did far better by speaking life to him who lay therein.

*Punch* finds "consolation" in the following: "Housemaid: 'I'm sorry to hear you've lost your uncle, Mary.' Mary: 'Yes, it was quite sudden. But—ain't it a real comfort as I got that black silk dress, instead of the green one you wanted me to buy?'" And this from the same source, may be taken as a warning against "delectables of the season." "Lady (to Jeames, who has brought up a note): 'Did you ask the young person to take a seat?' Jeames: 'Beg pard'n, m'lady, she'd hev'idently been eatin' o' onions; so I as'd her to be s'good as to wait outside.'"

### Public Rights vs. Individual Rights.

We hear so much said about the "rights of the public," that one is forced to ask whether he himself have any rights at all. What are the rights of the private citizen?

The "fifteen dollar a week" men, as Mr. Parton has happily taught us to call those penny-a-liners who prefer to call themselves "Bohemians," tell us every now and then that the "public" has a right to know this or that which happens to be necessary to making up the sensation of the hour.

All this may or may not be true. But, as we said before, one is tempted to ask, meanwhile, whether he himself have any rights which as Judge Taney puts it, a white man can be bound to respect. Or do we all live out of doors, ready at any moment to be made a spectacle in the great hippodrome of the world, if the spectators choose to call for us as the gladiators of the hour?

Because, at the command of the nation, a man leads his troops under fire in storming a battery, and dies as he rushes on, as he knew he would do, it does not follow that he must blow out his brains because the vote of a debating club or the general sense of a sewing society concludes that he stands in the way of the comfort of the neighborhood. Of course not. And for the same reasons, because a man must tell, and means to tell, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, when he is on a witness-stand, when he is questioned by the authorized servant of the state, it does not follow that he may be called upon to tell it by any impertinent jackdaw whom he meets in a street-car or in the common room of a hotel. Yet it is just here that the obliquity and even the blindness of the new school of manners come in. A man has only to put up a sign and say he is a "detective," without any warrant from magistrate, Governor, President, or anybody, and he really supposes that he is a servant of the state, to be respected as such, instead of being what he is—a person engaged in a very hazardous, disreputable, and illegal business. And so a man has only to buy a few pounds of type and establish a newspaper; nay, has only to hire himself out to somebody who has done this and then he shall take the airs of a servant of the "public" indeed, shall ask questions, demand answers, and in general take impertinent liberties as in

the public service; and, like the other, this man really supposes, or seems to suppose, that he is a servant of the "public," when he is really a person engaged in a very hazardous business of private adventure. —[*Old and New.*]

### "On the Ocean Wave."

Nowhere have we chanced upon a better and more pertinent plaint against the sea than Charles Dudley Warner thus makes in his "Saunterings.":

A square yard of solid ground is worth miles of the pitching, turbulent stuff. Its inability to stand still for one second is the plague of it. To lie on deck when the sun shines, and swing up and down, while the waves run hither and thither, and toss their white caps, is all well enough; to lie in your narrow berth and roll from side to side all night long; to walk up hill to your state-room door, and, when you get there, find you have got to the bottom of the hill, and opening the door is like lifting up a trap door in the floor; to deliberately start for some object, and before you know it, to be flung against it like a bag of sand; to attempt to sit down on your sofa, and find you are sitting up; to slip and slide and grasp at everything within reach, and to meet everybody leaning and walking on a slant, as if heavy winds were blowing, and the laws of gravitation were reversed; to lie in your berth, and hear all the dishes on the cabin-table go sousing off against the wall in a general smash; to sit at table holding your soup-plate with one hand, and watching for a chance to put your spoon in when it comes high tide on your side of the dish; to vigilantly watch the lurch of the heavy dishes while holding your glass and your plate, and your knife and fork, and not to notice it when Brown, who sits next you, gets the swash of gravy from the roast beef dish on his light-colored pantaloons, and see the look of dismay that only Brown can assume on such an occasion; to see Mrs. Brown advance to the table, suddenly stop and hesitate, two waiters rush at her, with whom she struggles wildly, only to go down in a heap with them in the opposite corner; to see her partially recover, but only to shoot back again through her state-room door, and be seen no more; all this is quite pleasant and refreshing if you are tired of land, but you get quite enough of this in a couple of weeks.

### The King of Ashantee.

The laws of Ashantee allow the king thirty-three hundred and thirty-three wives, which number is carefully kept up, to enable him to present women to those who distinguish themselves, but never exceeded, being in their eyes a mystical one. Many of these reside in a secluded part of the king's *croom*, or country residence, at Barramang; a greater number in a *croom* at the back of the palace, immediately in the marsh; and the remainder in two streets of the capital. Many, probably, the king has never seen. The streets as well as the *croom* are inhabited by them exclusively, and never approached but by the king's messengers, or their female relatives, who only communicate with them at the entrances, which are closed at each end with bamboo doors, where there is always a guard. If the king *consaws*, or marries an infant at the breast, which is not unfrequent, she is thenceforth confined to the house, and rigorously secluded from the sight of any but the female part of her family. The king has seldom more than six wives resident with him in the palace. On the occasion of signing the treaty, about three hundred were assembled, and none but the king's chamberlain, and the deputies of the parts of the government, were allowed to be present. They were addressed through their own linguist, a very decrepit old man. Many of them were very handsome, and their figures exquisite. When they go out, which is seldom, they are encircled and preceded by troops of small boys with thongs or whips of elephant's hide, who lash every one severely who does not quit their path for another, or jump into the bush with his hands before his eyes; and sometimes the offenders are heavily fined besides. The scrambling their approach occasioned in the more public parts of the city was very diverting—captains, *caboccers*, slaves, and children, tumbling one over another. I was told what it cost the king daily to support them, but it has escaped me; they are said to live as daintily as himself. None but the chief eunuch, an immense creature, is allowed to bear a message to the king when in the seraglio of the palace.

It has been mentioned before, that the king's sisters are not only countenanced in intrigue with any handsome subject, but

they are allowed to choose any eminently so (however inferior otherwise), as a husband, who is presently advised by the king of his good fortune; thus they consider they provide for a personal superiority in their monarchs. But if the royal bride dies before the husband, unless his rank be originally elevated, he is expected to kill himself on the occasion, and also if the only male child dies. If he hesitates, he is peremptorily reminded that as either are his superiors, to whom he is to be considered as a slave, so he must attend them, wherever they go; and when a male child is born the father does it homage, and acknowledges his vassalage in the most abject manner.

The *Ocras* are distinguished by a large circle of gold suspended from the neck; many of them are favorite slaves, many commoners who have distinguished themselves, and who are glad to stake their lives on the king's, to be kept free from palavers and supported by his bounty, which they are entirely; some few are relatives and men of rank. All of the two former classes, excepting only the two or three individuals known to have been intrusted with the king's state secrets, are sacrificed on his tomb. The royal messengers and others of the suite have been described in the processions; they are sometimes fed in the palace, but they have a free seat at the table of every subject.

The king has a troop of small boys, who carry the fetich bows and arrows, and are licensed plunderers; they are so sly and nimble that it is very diverting to watch them in the market place, which they infest every morning. Whatever they can carry off is fair game, and cannot be recovered; but the loser, if he can catch them before they arrive at the palace, may beat them as severely as he pleases short of mortal injury; however, they bear it as obdurately as young Spartans. Sometimes one party trips up a person with a load of provisions, while another scrambles them up. The anxious alarm of the market-people, sitting with sticks in their hands, and the comic archness of these boys threading the crowd in all directions, is indescribable. Some of the earliest European travelers in Abyssinia met with a similar troop of royal plunderers, and I believe suffered from them. Our property was always respected by them, but they used to entertain themselves with mimicking our

common expressions and other actions, which they did inimitably. While sketching, they buzzed about me like mosquitoes. The Ashantees are without exception the most surprising mimics I have ever heard. I have known a captain, called Adoo Quamina, repeat a sentence after I had finished it, of at least a dozen words, which he knew nothing about, and had not heard before. The king has a sort of buffoon, whose movements were as irresistibly comic as those of Grimaldi.

The king appeared to have nearly a hundred negroes of different colors, through the shades of red and pink to white; they were collected for state, but were generally disgusting objects, diseased and emaciated; they always seemed as if going to shed their skins, and their eyes blinked in the light, as if it was not their element.

About twenty pots of white soup and twenty pots of black (made with palm-nuts) are cooked daily at the palace (beside those for the consumption of the household), for visitors of consequence, and a perignon of gold is given daily to Yokokroko, the chamberlain, for palm-wine. This would have appeared too large a sum, had I not witnessed the vast consumption and waste of it; for the vigor of an Ashantee being estimated by the measure of the draught he can drink off, nearly half is generally spilt over his beard, which it is his greatest pride and luxury to draw through his fingers when wet. The king was very proud of the superior length of his beard. A large quantity of palm-wine is dashed to the retinues of all the captains attending in the course of the day; much is expended in the almost daily ceremony of drinking it in state in the marketplace, and our party was always well provided for in the course of the evening. The palm-wine at the palace was seldom good, but a zest was excited by the exquisite polish of the plate in which it was served.

[*Bowdich's Mission to Ashantee.*

"Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time; [clime  
Say not 'Good-night': but in some brighter  
Bid me 'Good-morning.' "

[*Letitia Barbauld.*

### Hats as Life-Preservers.

In the absence of the proper appliances for preventing accidents by drowning, it may be the means of saving a few lives if we call attention to some suggestions printed in 1806, "On means of assisting persons in danger of drowning," by Mr. Lawson. It seems that this gentleman had taken some trouble to ascertain what articles were most readily and universally to be found at hand in all cases which could be converted into a floating apparatus, either for the use of the person in danger, or of those who might venture to his assistance. Mr. Lawson came to the conclusion that the buoyancy afforded by a common hat reversed on the water, answered in great measure those conditions. A hat thus reversed will admit of being loaded with nearly ten pounds weight before it will sink, and will bear seven pounds with safety; and as the body of a man is about the same weight as the water, a buoyancy of seven pounds will effectually prevent his sinking. To render the hat more manageable for this purpose, and less liable to fill with water from accidents, Mr. Lawson recommended, that it should be covered with a pocket-handkerchief laid over its aperture, and tied firmly on the crown; a single hat prepared in this manner, held by the tied part, would, he asserted, enable a man who did not know how to swim, safely to assist any one in danger. When two hats can be had, a stick should be run through the tied parts of the handkerchiefs which cover them, and if more hats can be got, so much the better. Four hats thus fastened to a common walking stick will sustain at least twenty-eight pounds. When a stick is not at hand, another pocket-handkerchief tied to the lower parts of those which covered two hats, would thus unite them like a pair of swimming corks, and make them equally convenient. If a man happens to fall out of a ship or boat, he may support himself till he can get assistance by turning his hat on its crown, and holding by its brim with both hands so as to keep the hat level on the water.

The following advertisement recently appeared in an English paper: "Wanted, a good general servant, who can neither read nor write, nor be able to do tatting, crocheted, or embroidery."

## A Mystery.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees,  
Wound through its meadows green;  
A low, blue line of mountains showed  
The open pines between

One sharp, tall peak above them all  
Clear into sunlight sprang:  
I saw the river of my dreams,  
The mountains that I sang!

No clue of memory led me on,  
But well the ways I knew;  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine;  
Not otherwise the maple hold  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills  
The mountain road should creep;  
So, green and low, the meadow fold  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;  
Their place the mountains took,  
The white, torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream  
Or glimpse through æons old?  
The secret which the mountains kept,  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of Spring  
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.

How can a man see the point of a joke  
when he is the butt?

## The Scottish Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in his Autobiography now in press by Robert Carter & Brothers, tells the following incidents about the strictness of the Sabbath observance in some parts of Scotland:

The current stories which are told in profane ridicule of our Scottish Sabbath—such as that of a woman who parted with a valuable hen because it persisted in laying an egg on the Sabbath day—are all rubbish. Our pious ancestors might be too scrupulous; but whatever they were, they were not fools.

I don't say that they did not fall into even glaring inconsistencies. For example, on first going to Ross-shire to visit and preach for my excellent friend Mr. Carment of Rosskeen, I asked him on the Saturday evening before retiring to rest, whether I would get warm water in the morning! Whereupon he held up a warning hand, saying, "Whisht, whisht!" On my looking and expressing astonishment, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Speak of shaving on the Lord's day in Ross-shire, and you need never preach here more!" In that same county, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie directed my attention to a servant girl, who, if not less scrupulous, was more logical in her practice. She astonished her master, one of Sir Kenneth's tenants, by refusing to feed the cows on the Sabbath. She was ready to milk, but would by no means feed them; and her defense shows that though a fanatic, she was not a fool. "The cows," she said,—drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are not and what are works of necessity and mercy that would have done honor to a casuist—"The cows canna' milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity and mercy, but let them out to the fields and they'll feed themselves." Here certainly was scrupulousity; but the error was one that leaned to the right side.

Years ago, in a country bookstore that we wot of, the sale of the one article of Russia quills was 150,000 a year—every school boy and girl buying them. The present generation are obliged to go to the "Unabridged" to know the meaning of the word. *Sic transit gloria quills.*

S. E. B.

**AN OBJECT IN VIEW.**—The celebrated Dr. Sydenham had a patient whom he had long prescribed for. At last Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him any farther. “But,” said he, “there is a Dr. Robinson who lives at Inverness, (in the north of Scotland), who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better.” The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but traveling was a very different undertaking then to what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much, and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated, “Well, now,” said Sydenham, “after all, is your health any better?” “Better!” said he, “yes, sir, it is better! I am, sir, as well as I ever was in my life; but no thanks to you for that.” “Well,” said Sydenham, “you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you a journey with an object in view. I knew it would do you good; in going you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation, and in returning you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me.”

A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* on “The Higher Education of Women,” very wisely says that a system of higher education for young women should, first of all, and I had almost said above all, guard her health, invigorate her constitution, develop her form, animate and irradiate her features, give color to her cheek, light to her eye, music to her voice, elasticity to her step, grace to her motions, the native hue of health, life, and joy, to her whole person. To this end, her education should be, not exactly gymnastic, although a well-applied and wisely-conducted gymnasium is quite essential, but it should be largely calisthenic in the widest and best sense of that expressive word, so that the result shall be strength clothed with beauty, and beauty

informed and enforced by strength.” We shall never have the right sort of education for women—nor for men either—until we place character and general harmony of mental and physical strength above mere number of accomplishments or mass of accumulated facts. It is specially important of women, in view of their destiny as mothers, that solidity of judgment, depth and breadth of feeling, largeness of nature, should be cultivated—and to these ends a few books more or less are of no importance. It was characteristic of some of the women of the old times that with little learning they yet possessed great force of character; and it is just this quality we need in the mothers of men. The notion that women may be made strong and wise, and a power in the land, by cramming them with erudition, is a current absurdity not a whit more rational than African fetichism.

### The Dangers of Wet Coal.

People who prefer wetting the winter's store of coal to the dust occasioned on putting it into their cellars, do not perhaps, generally, know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. Even the fire-damp which escapes from coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures of but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal, and putting it into a cellar, the mass is heated to such a degree that calcaretted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time, and pervade the whole house. The liability of wet coal to mischievous results under such circumstances may be appreciated from the fact that there are several instances on record of spontaneous combustion of wet coal when stowed into the bunkers or holds of vessels. And from this cause, doubtless, many missing coal vessels have perished.

*Punch* pokes fun at “quality hours” thus: Old Party (to Tomkins, whose pug has been seized with a fit)—“It strikes me sir, your dog has had too much dinner!” Tomkins—“I beg your pardon, sir; my dog does not dine till half-past seven!”

When is a young lady “very like a whale?” When she's pouting.

**The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1874.

**Donation Day.**

The Annual Donation for the Hospital, will be early in December. Now, that the cold weather is coming there will be many more sick people in the Hospital than there has been during the past warm weather. Of course, more must be done; and to do all that is necessary, more must be given. The charity of Rochester has never failed; there is no reason to fear it ever will. People who give, keep on giving, and because times past have taught us to trust, we feel sure that the donations will be abundant. Never did the Hospital need more than it does to-day. Will not the friends give, and give more than generously? Nothing will come amiss, and everything given will be needed. No gift, however small, will be overlooked. Peter's pence amounts to a great sum. The usual dinner will be given, so social in character, so pleasant to remember. It is too early to say what will be the character of the Evening Entertainment, but it will be delightful, of that all may be sure. In our next number we shall go more into detail concerning this matter. This is merely a reminder.

**Visit to the Hospital.**

It is a lamentable fact that so few people, comparatively speaking, understand the real value of fire. These raw, chilly, damp days, instead of having it comfortably warm and dry, we say, "we can get along" without any extra warmth, except that which is given by wrapping shawls around us or putting on sacks. The result of this "getting along" is, that we have generally red noses, colds, and congestions. And when we are enjoying all these miseries, and find that we can't sing "My Mary

Ann is like the Sun," "On Summer Morn Serene," because of a cold in the head, we say, "What miserable weather." It isn't the weather, it is because we have no realizing sense of the value of a clear bright fire.

They understand human wants and taking care of the health of people, better at the Hospital. When the days are cold, after drenching rains have saturated the ground, filling the air with damp exhalations, you step into the Hospital and it isn't like going into a cheerless vault, but like the very air of summer, because they have fires in the furnaces and grates. Of course, sick people and convalescing ones have not a very active circulation, and it is quite necessary if they are to get well that they should be warm.

While making our last visit, the young man was brought in, suffering from an accident, the account of which was in the papers. His horses ran away with him and in some manner he fell under the wagon, the wheels going over his wrists. His upper lip was badly cut. We were so surprised to witness his courage and patience, for he never made the least murmur while they were dressing his face, that we forgot to pity him. Not one of us had the presence of mind to say, "Poor fellow!" or "Does it hurt?" or make any other pathetic speech, to show how sorry we were. The young man seemed so impressed with the truth that the duty of the hour was to keep still while the gravel was being picked out of his lip, that we, surprising to say, also kept still.

There are now in the Hospital eleven cases of typhoid fever; "all doing splendidly," we were told. We did not visit them, because, once, when we were at the Hospital, we went into the fever ward, and it wasn't pleasant for us after we reached home and told of it. We were tired that day, and didn't want to dress again; but we had to, otherwise we felt that we might undermine the peace of mind and happi-



ness of a whole family. We were delighted to see that day, what we so seldom do see there, and that was two or three ladies visiting the patients. Really visiting them, sitting down by them, and talking with them. We often wonder that so few people make it a duty to go where the sick and suffering are. We believe that we have on a former occasion quoted the remark of a lady who said that "if she ever felt sad and discouraged with life, she went to the Hospital to see those who had real and hard trials, and always went home benefited by the visit." If more people would only try this remedy for their sorrows.

We found that our German invalid who has been in the Hospital for two years had gone to her home, and were glad to know that her health was restored. Two or three new patients we saw; one coughing dreadfully and looking very ill; but she has improved steadily since her entrance in the Hospital. It was a pitiable sight, that of an aged woman, with her eyes bandaged, blind, from cataract. We could not learn whether it had been removed or not.

One young girl from the eastern part of the State, who has been in the Hospital for some time, goes home in a few days, entirely well. She had some trouble with her eyes; but as we are not an oculist, we don't know what it was. She seemed very glad and grateful. Notwithstanding the chilliness of the day, we saw out under the trees two or three old men, evidently determined that, cold as it was, they should enjoy the fresh air. Two things in this world everyone ought to have, indeed, are entitled to, as clearly as according to the declaration of independence, we are to the inalienable right of life, liberty, and happiness; namely, fire and fresh air.

"Order slate" is the injudicious advice suspended before certain coal offices.

## The Fairs.

The New York State Fair Society, knowing that the "Hospital Review" is one of the leading periodicals of the day, was sufficiently mindful of its interests to send the Editor a ticket, for which the Editor was not expected to pay. We take this opportunity to express our thanks. Everything delighted everybody. Steam Engines, churns, cheese, poultry, cows, carriages, stoves, furniture, buggies, laces, shawls, pianos, a beautiful refrigerator, something to keep flour in; Oh, and washing machines, about which the men who turned the crank told dreadfully Munchausen stories; and a great many other things we never saw, "we were gone so long to the fair." The finest display of laces, shawls and trimmings, was in the first building we entered. A part of this building was occupied by the firm of Sibley, Lindsey & Curr. The laces were exquisite. Several real India shawls were in the glass-cases, and rolls of feather trimming, now so much used, were shown. From there we went to the building used to show the machinery. There was one beautiful piece. The men put in as many as fifty boards at one time and planed the edges at one buzz. If we had plenty of money to buy works of art, that work of art would have been ours; not that we care to plane boards—we were covered with saw-dust and shavings—but it worked so fast and went so smoothly. Then we went to see the stoves. Why is human nature so weak? No sooner does a new stove appear than the old one—which has kept us warm,

"When the rude wintry wind  
Wildly raves round our dwelling,"

and which we have exhausted the resources of our language in praising—seems worthless; and the acme of our desires is a new stove, which will look well in the parlor and will bake, broil, boil the tea-kettle, warm the entire house, and consume only one pail of coal daily!

We despise partiality. We also visited the Western New York Fair, and saw the plows and harrows, the poultry, the cider presses, and the fruits and flowers, and some dreadful red and green bed-quilts. Think of enduring a headache, with one of them thrown over you; or rather don't think of it. The most astonishing thing we saw was artificial marble. Except one was told that it was not taken from a quarry how could one know? It had precisely the appearance of the dark marble, so much used for the tops of tables and dressing cases. Everybody crowded around it, and we did not get a chance to learn if it was expensive.

Altogether, we were delighted with the Fairs. We liked them both, and respectfully suggest, would it not be well to have instead of two fairs, several at a time? For instance, the Eastern and Western New York State Fair, the Northern and Southern New York State Fair, the Central New York State Fair, and the State Fair.

The St. Nicholas.

We have received the October number of this most charming magazine. It is ostensibly for the benefit of young people, but we doubt if they read it with any more pleasure than the older ones. For ourselves, we are ready to confess that we like to read it before anyone knows that it has come; otherwise, we read in confusion, and with the constant request, "Let me take it first to read 'Fast Friends,'" or "What Might Have Been Expected." There isn't a page in it but is delightful, and we wish that every child in the country might have it.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 12, 1874, Henry C. Shadders, aged 49 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 14, 1874, William F. Dake, aged 50 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 30, 1874, Sarah Babcock, aged 38 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. W. H. Hanford—Magazines and Papers.
- Wm. H. Ward—Harper's Bazaar.
- Mrs. S. K. Warren—Fruit.
- Dr. H. W. Dean—One barrel Apples, half bushel Pears.
- Mrs. S. A. Ellis—Canned Fruit.
- Mrs. E. T. Smith—Two Baskets Pears.
- Dr. Wm. S. Ely—Illustrated Papers.
- Mrs. Witherell—One basket Grapes, one Basket Pears.
- David Porter—Twenty-four volumes Books.
- Mr. Raymond—One bowl Jelly.

Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. B. F. Enos, \$1.25; Wm. Rhodes, 62 cents; Wm. Hyne, \$1.25; T. E. Smith, \$1.87; Mrs. Gildersleeve, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Clark, 63 cents—By H. Husbands, . . . \$6 86
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- \$30 33

Superintendent's Report.

1874. Sept. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	65
Received during month, . . .	43—108
Discharged, . . . . .	41
Died, . . . . .	3— 44
Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1874,	64

## Children's Department.

### Maggie's Last Walk.

"Mother, may I go with the school children to-morrow, to put flowers on the soldiers' graves? They are all going to walk together to the cemetery, and Mary Mahoney and I will go together," said Maggie O'Donnel, a bonny little Irish girl, about ten years old, to her mother, who stood at the table ironing with great energy.

The busy women stopped a moment, and wiped the perspiration from her face. The tired, anxious look changed for one of pleasure and pride, as she looked at Maggie's neat little figure, smooth auburn curls, and bright blue eyes.

"Oh, Maggie, my darling, I am afraid to have you out of my sight, almost. What would I do if anything happened to you, and your two little sisters in their graves, and only you left to me at all? suppose you should get run over?"

"Oh, mother, the teacher will take care of us; and father says he will go along by the procession, and keep his eye on me. You know there's no work for father to-morrow, because it is Decoration Day."

"Well, dear, I'm willing then; but where will you be getting flowers to carry?"

"Why mother, the minister's wife, in the white house, will make bouquets for the children that live right about here, to-morrow morning early, and we will pick flowers over in the fields first, and she will give us some from her garden."

So Maggie's mother toiled an hour longer, to do up her darling's white dress, and Maggie went to sleep so happy, with visions of a delightful walk in the woods, accompanied by flags and music, white dresses and flowers running riot in her dreams.

Her dreams of enjoyment were more than fulfilled. The day was fine; the kind lady at the white house true to her promise; and among those hanging on the skirts of the procession was John O'Donnel, keeping his eye faithfully on his little girl, who, to his eyes, was the fairest one in the long line of children. When they came to a street crossing or any place of possible danger, he would draw as near as possible to her side, and Maggie would look up and smile, and John would nod his

head confidently to her, as if to say: "I'm here, my darling; nothing can harm you where I am."

Alas! for John, and alas, for his treasure, bright, pretty Maggie. That was her last joyous walk. He felt strong enough to protect her from every danger, but he had one enemy, that was too strong for him. A treacherous enemy it was, one that he might have mastered had he understood its strength. He never meant to yield to it, but he gave way a little, and time and again he become a complete victim, and his wife and little daughter, whom he loved so dearly, were made wretched. Can you not guess what it was?

John O'Donnel would have stood between his daughter and a loaded cannon, but the longing for a glass of whisky after this long walk was too much for him, and it was this that made poor Maggie's joyous walk on Decoration Day her last.

They walked home, hand in hand, and met the mother when they were nearly home.

"There mother, you see I'm quite safe," said Maggie joyfully, running to meet her. "Where are you going?"

"I'm sent for, to get some clothes to be washed," said the mother. "I'll be back presently; can you be getting the tea, my dear?"

"Oh yes indeed, mother; I'll have it all ready for you."

When they came to the gate, John said: "Wait a bit, Maggie," and he went into the house and brought out a bottle.

"Just go to the store on the corner and get it full for me. O'Brien knows what to put in it. Tell him it's for me. It's to rest me after the long walk. Come right back, my darling; I'll make up the fire and put the kettle on."

"Yes, father;" and willing Maggie started at once, though she, too, felt weary. "I wonder if it would rest me," she thought; "I'll ask father for some."

Mrs. O'Brien was in the shop and filled up the bottle. Then she put a little in a tumbler, and sweetened it, and giving it to Maggie, said:

"Drink it, dear, it'll rest you first-rate. It's real good; why I couldn't get my breakfast in the morning, without a sip to strengthen me up."

The woman was kind hearted, but a foolish young thing, who had yet to learn

the terrible results of her own course, and her advice to others in this respect.

Maggie drank it. "It is good," she said; "I never tasted any before. Father and mother won't give me any. Thank you, Mrs. O'Brien, and good-bye."

She began to feel dizzy by the time she reached home. Her father took the bottle, and sent her up stairs to take off her white dress. She stumbled up the stairs, feeling strangely confused, and forgetting what she came for lay down on her little bed. In a moment she heard her mother's voice calling: "Maggie, Maggie."

She half remembered about her promise to get tea, and rose to her feet, and went as far as the top of the stairs.

"Mother," she said, in so strange a voice that the mother hurried to the stairs, but too late, alas, for the poor little girl in the tumbled white dress, with her flowers in her bosom, fell headlong down the steep stairs, and lay a lifeless, breathless corpse at her mother's feet.

She could not believe she was dead; she gathered her up in her arms; her baby, her last darling; and rocked her, and called her by name.

The father ran for the doctor, and the neighbors came; but all that could be done for bright, joyous Maggie was to prepare the little body for the grave.

The minister's wife made a lovely wreath to lay on the coffin, and everything that kindness could suggest was done by friends and neighbors, and the little body was laid away to rest under the sod.

Dear children, I wish I could have written a different ending to this little story. But I could not. Sad as it is, it is true; I saw the dear little girl myself, in her white dress, ready for the grave, and I thought then, what I say to you now: O, how I wish every one who thinks it is well to drink strong drink, could see this poor little victim. For no one felt that Maggie herself was to blame.

Oh, how I wish every one would hate it, and turn from it, and work against it, till there was not a drop left in all the land. Children, will not you?

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Interest on Deposits will be allowed at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on all sums not exceeding \$5,000 to be computed from the first day of the calendar month on or succeeding the date of deposit to the first day of the calendar month in which it is withdrawn.

The Bank is open for business during the usual Bank hours, (10 A. M. to 3 P. M.)

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WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

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Shirts made to Order.

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Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.  
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Established 1864.

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## Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

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"Give me the helm!" at length he said,  
 "Uloose these fetters strong,  
 It is *her* form I see ahead;  
 She beckons me, whom I dreamed dead;  
 I'll clasp her soon and long."

From off his arms the irons fell,  
 Firm at the wheel stood he,  
 But we who knew the ocean well  
 Looked on aghast, for none might tell  
 How soon its prey we'd be.

His soulless eye with hope grew bright—  
 His lips smiled as of old;  
 We heard him singing through the night  
 "Oh keep, my darling, keep in sight;  
 I soon thy form shall hold."

The morning dawns, the sun shines fair,  
 As years ago it shone,  
 When they set sail—the fated pair—  
 And he who lies so calmly there  
 Hath wed again his own.

### Childhood in Japan.

A Japanese baby need be constitutionally strong, for it is by no means overdelicately nurtured. Its mother frequently carries it out in the open air in a state of complete nudity and with its head shaven. Amongst the lower orders, the women, when at work in the fields and on other occasions, may be seen with their infants fastened, almost like bundles, between their shoulders, so that they may be as little as possible in their way. In the houses they are left to their own devices much more than with us, and there is no need to be alarmed about their tumbling down stairs, and eternally coming to grief against fenders, coal-boxes, mantelpieces, and similar objects of terror to a fond English mother, for such things do not exist in Japan. The thick mats, which constitute almost the only furniture of a Japanese house, are a splendid playground for the small atoms of humanity, for there they can roll and sprawl about to their heart's delight, without any risk or fear of injury. There they play about with the fat pug dogs and tailless cats, without any restraint and to the great benefit of their tiny frames. They are freely supplied with toys and other infantine amusements, as Japanese parents have the reputation of being very kind to their offspring.

One curious custom in connection with a Japanese baby is that some of the clothes

that it first wears are made from a girdle which its mother has worn previous to its birth, the material being dyed sky-blue for the purpose. The Record of Ceremonies says that "twenty-four baby robes, twelve of silk and twelve of cotton, must be prepared (for the new comer), the hems must be dyed saffron color," and that when the child has been washed "its body must be dried with a kerchief of fine cotton, unhemmed." For the peace of minds of parents of moderate means, it is devoutly to be hoped that baby robes are less expensive in Japan than in England.

Accounts differ slightly as to when the Japanese baby receives its first name. Some say it is on the seventh, while Humbert asserts that it is on the thirtieth day after its birth. According to the latter authority, there is no baptism of the child, properly so called. It is simply, in certain cases, presented in the temple which its parents affect, and without any ceremony of purification. The father gives three names to the priest, and he writes them on separate pieces of paper, which are mixed together, and then, with certain incantatory forms, thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the chosen name. This is written out by the priest on consecrated paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The priests at these times are usually very liberally dealt with by parents in the matter of presents, and they are expected to keep accurate registers of all the children who are thus presented in the temple. This is the only approach to a religious ceremony in connection with the naming of a child. The occasion is celebrated by family visits and feasts, and the child receives certain presents, "among which," says Humbert, "two fans figure in the case of a male and a pot of pomade in that of a female child. The fans are precursors of swords, and the pomade is the presage of feminine charms. In both cases a packet of flax thread is added, signifying good wishes for a long life."

Mr. Mitford supplies a somewhat different version of the ceremony of naming a child; for he quotes a translation of a Japanese MS., which says that "on the seventh day after its birth the child receives its name. The ceremony is called the congratulations of the seventh night. On this day some one of the relations of the family, who holds an exalted position, either from his rank or virtues, selects a

name for the child, which name he keeps until the time of the cutting of the forelock, when he takes the name which he is to bear as a man. The second name is called the 'cap name,' which is compounded of syllables taken from an old name of the family and from the name of the sponsor. If the sponsor afterward change his name, his name-child must also change his name."

According to ancient custom, baby clothes ought to be left off on the seventy-fifth or the hundred and twentieth day after birth, and at the latter day the child (in theory, though not in practice) is weaned. At the ceremony which takes place on this day, "if the child be a boy, it is fed by a gentleman of the family; if a girl, by a lady." The account of the proceedings on this occasion, as given by the Japanese Record of Ceremonies, is decidedly amusing to the European mind; but is somewhat too long for quotation here.

When he is three years old, the Japanese infant is invested with a sword belt, and four years later with two diminutive swords, if he belong to the privileged class. The child's head is completely shaved until he is close upon four years old, and then three patches are grown, one at the back and one at each side. On this occasion the Record of Ceremonies ordains that "a large tray, on which are a comb, scissors, paper string, a piece of string for tying the hair in a knot, cotton wool, and a bit of dried fish or seaweed which accompanies presents, one of each, and seven rice straws—these seven articles must be prepared." In another year's time the child is put into the loose trousers peculiar to the privileged class, and he is then presented with "a dress of ceremony, on which are embroidered storks and tortoises (emblems of longevity. The stork is said to live a thousand years, the tortoise ten thousand), fir-trees (which, being evergreen and not changing their color, are emblematic of an unchangingly virtuous heart), and bamboos (emblematic of an upright and straight mind)." Soon after the child has reached its fifteenth year a fortunate day is chosen on which the forelock is cut off, and at this period, being considered a man, he is entrusted with swords of ordinary size; and on this occasion in particular great family festivities and rejoicings take place in honor of

the auspicious event. The lad then comes of age, and, casting away childish things, adopts the dress of a grown-up man in every particular. Japanese youths are said to be quite equal to the occasion, and even at this early age to adapt themselves most readily to the habits of manhood.

[All The Year Round.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1874.

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### Donation Festival.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital extend to all citizens and others interested in the care of the sick, a cordial invitation to their Annual Festival, to be held in Corinthian Hall, Thursday, December 3d, 1874, during the day and evening.

The same wants presents themselves from year to year—but for the information of those who may be new comers to our city, we would specify, that we need for the Festival, donations in money, fancy and useful articles, and refreshments of all kinds for the tables—while every thing which can comfort and refresh the invalid in our own homes, will be acceptable for the sick in the Hospital.

The Ladies trust that this Festival, being the last of the charities which have come before the public this season, may not be the last in favor with our benevolent citizens. Our needs are great—as sickness brings not only suffering, but, necessarily, expenses which cannot be avoided.

Our Evening Entertainment, we expect to be unusually attractive. The Hall will be opened at half-past seven o'clock; Entertainment to commence at 8 P. M.

Tickets may be obtained before or during the day, from the Ladies, and at the door in the evening.

Donations may be sent to any of the following Lady Managers :

MRS. MALTYE STRONG,	MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,	MRS. E. M. SMITH,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,	MRS. W. W. GARR,
MRS. E. D. SMITH,	MRS. N. T. ROCHESTER
MRS. GEO. F. DANFORTH,	MRS. H. L. FISE,
MRS. E. T. SMITH,	MRS. W. B. WILLIAMS
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,	MRS. A. D. SMITH,
MRS. G. GILDERSLEEVE,	MRS. D. B. BEACH,
MRS. H. H. MORSE,	MISS A. MUMFORD.

**Donation Day.**

The third of December has been appointed by the Lady Managers as the day to receive donations for the Hospital. This day, which is one of the Institutions of Rochester, should be remembered by all who have pity for the poor and sick; for on the results of it their comfort will greatly depend. It is well known that the Hospital is not an endowed charity, neither does it receive much help from the city, notwithstanding its name; but it is mainly supported by the generosity of individuals; and it is on individual giving that it depends for the support of its patients during the coming year. It is true that Rochester people are called on very often, but "to whom much has been given much will also be required"; and while the world endures, "we shall always have the poor with us." The winter is coming on, the Hospital will be full, and everything that can be given will be needed. Never, from the time it was opened, until now, have its wants been more urgent.

We know that just at this time all the charitable objects are asking for assistance. Everything seems to be coming at once. It is a very good plan, too, as when one's purse is opened, to keep on giving, is not so hard as to stop and begin again. Those concerned with the Hospital, who have worked and prayed for its success and prosperity, for so many years, do trust that the donations may, in view of its great needs, be more abundant than ever before. Everything that can be spared from the home, the store, the farm, or the

purse, will be more than welcome. No matter how small the gift, it will be prized and made good use of. Will farmers give from their stores of vegetables? Will merchants give anything from their counters? And will housekeepers give from their closets and store-rooms? If the friends could only realize how much their gifts were needed, we are sure of a hearty response. Donations will be received at Corinthian Hall all day the third of December.

**The Dinner.**

The third of December will be the most peculiar day of the year, in one respect. In Rochester, that day, only one dinner will be cooked. This famous dinner will be served in Corinthian Hall, and everybody is invited to come and dine. It isn't polite to refuse an invitation without a good reason, and surely you are not engaged to dine anywhere else. It isn't possible. Nobody wants company the third of next month, and there will be no dinner at home, for your wife will send it to the "Hall," and go to see how well it looks. You will be delighted with the welcome that you receive, and with the dinner, and with the flowers, and with your friends, and your friends will be delighted that you have accepted their invitation.

**The Fancy Tables.**

One of the chief attractions, if not the chief attraction, will be the tables loaded with fancy work. This work is the manufacture of the young ladies of Rochester, given by them to the Hospital, and sold for its benefit on donation day. These articles, besides being extremely beautiful, are useful: Bright in color as Autumn leaves, they give to the Hall the appearance of October woods. The Lady Managers look to the young ladies for their decoration, hoping that the generous hearts and tasteful hands

which have never failed to help the Hospital in this direction, will this year do even more than ever before—not only hoping, but feeling sure, that the young ladies will do all that can be done to make this part of donation day beautiful and profitable.

#### A Cataract Operation.

DEAR EDITOR:—I believe you said in the last "Review," in speaking of an eye patient at the Hospital, that you were not an oculist; neither am I; still, I have had the privilege of witnessing many times that most delicate of all operations, the removal of cataract; and perhaps it may interest your readers, those of which have sufficient nerve to place themselves for a few moments in an operating room, to be initiated into the mysteries of how it is done.

But if you will accompany me, I assure you, very little nerve is required; and you had better reserve that valuable commodity until you are called to witness a more terrible operation.

After the patient has been properly etherized, a work more or less disagreeable, as the conditions may be, the removal of cataract, when skillfully performed, seems as easy a thing to do, as picking out a sliver, and it is really delightful to see those glistening little instruments playing around that delicate organism, the human eye, knowing they will do their work so well. I suppose almost everybody knows that what we call "cataract," is an opacity of the crystalline lens, which is one of the means for the formation of the optical image thrown upon the retina. So necessarily after the lens is removed, as is done in the operation, there must be something to supply its place, and I have heard people say, that a glass lens was inserted *into the eye!* However, that is not the case, but very strong spectacles are required which, however inconvenient they may be, are not such a source of irritation

as a foreign substance within the eye would be. The eye, which will be operated upon this afternoon is an old one, the patient being about seventy years of age, and the cataract of a year's duration. Leaving her in charge of the oculist, several medical men, nurse and friends, we think the ether will be judiciously administered without our presence; and we would here remark that if the friends and relatives consider the operation as a cause for weeping and fainting, they had better absent themselves, for the officiating oculist treats the whole affair in such an off-hand, matter of fact way, talking and explaining it as he goes along, that one might think he was merely doing it for amusement. With a pair of forceps he holds the eye in position, and with a beautiful little knife, he cuts partly around the lens, then draws it out and frees it from its capsule—all this taking only about a minute. Then follows the bandaging, which is really the most unpleasant part of the treatment; because it is to be continued from one to three weeks. If the wound heals readily, which is generally the case, the patient can try his sight in about ten days. Of course one must allow time for the eye to become strong before procuring glasses.

The discharged lens lies upon the table, and you can examine it if you like; it resembles a dried pea, only more flattened, and in looking at it, you will not wonder that the patient could not see.

So many endure blindness and forego the sweet pleasures of sight, out of a foolish dread of the operation, which by the help of ether is never felt; and I was present once where an old lady refused to take any anæsthetic, and insisted afterwards that the pain she experienced was only to be compared with the slight scratch of a pin. But since ether can be so safely given, it is well to take advantage of it and save one's self the exertion of "bracing up" one's nerves.

### The St. Nicholas.

The November number is out, and better than ever. We really don't know where excellence stops. The illustrations are uncommonly fine. Look at the pictures in the story of "Half a Dozen Young Rascals." How dizzily the man of straw comes down from the monument, and how helpfully the real man on the pavement stretches out his arms. Poor "Trotty" had a hard time going to the funeral. How tired the little fellow looks as he reaches home! But the gem of all the pictures is "Taking Comfort in One's Own House." Evidently to that child, "There is no place like home." We are promised two new stories to begin in the January number—one, by J. T. Trowbridge; the other by Louisa M. Alcott. With Joe Gargery, we will say, "What larks!"

There is nothing in this world to make life delightful, unless we have a congenial friend. We are all like the man who said, "that a church would not hold his acquaintances but the pulpit would his friends;" and out of the pulpit, full, in all probability, only one would be really congenial. When the sodden, gloomy days are here, and we are denied the sweet influences of the sunshine and the bland airs of heaven, to have a friend with whom we can read, chat or work, this it is which makes life delightful. To have a friend so truly part of one's self, that whether in speech, action or silence, to know that one is never misunderstood, this is perfect companionship. A companionship as perfect as that of a fond wife—and husband. "Ah," said she, "we are so much alike in all our tastes, our aspirations and associations. We both are so fond of boiled mutton, and cheese does not agree with either of us."

We have thought of these things because we are blessed with a companion

who is thoroughly congenial, especially in a literary point of view.

We have been reading a book lately of so fascinating a character, that we read it slowly. One night, when the "drowsy god" was scattering his poppies on the eyes of this friend, we repeated a passage from this work, which was so eloquent that she roused herself, said it was beautiful, and wished that she had some. Since then, we read loud from the book alternately. We give the passage which had such an effect upon her:

"CURRY SOUP.—Season two quarts of veal broth with two onions, a bunch of parsley, salt and pepper; strain it and return it to the pot with one chicken, cut up and skinned, and one teaspoonful of curry powder. Boil until the chicken is tender, and just as you dish it, pour in one cup of cream with the juice of a lemon. Have rice boiled to serve with it."

The title of this book is "Mrs. Elliott's Housewife, containing Practical Receipts in Cookery, by Mrs. Sarah A. Elliott, of Oxford, N. C." It is a capital cook book. The soups are not all water, neither is the cake all baking powder and no eggs. Our housekeeping friends will do good to themselves if they buy it.

For sale at all the Bookstores.

We have received, with the compliments of the Publishers, Dodd & Mead, "Opening of a Chestnut Burr, by Rev. E. P. Roe." This story has been published in the *New York Evangelist* in serial form. It is written with a real purpose, not with a desire simply to amuse, but to make people stronger and better. An excellent book for the fireside and an encouraging one for hopeless and tired out people. Want of space forbids our giving even an outline of the story—but the Rev. E. P. Roe is so popular a writer, with those who love pure reading, that to mention his book is sufficient.

**The Fifty-second Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor.**

**LADIES:**—We come not to-day as laborers to the Harvest Home, bringing our golden sheaves, but rejoicing with thankful hearts that we are permitted to recount how by words of encouragement and deeds of mercy we have sought to impart hope and comfort to hearts and homes made dreary, and often desolate, by poverty, sickness and death.

On nearly every anniversary we miss from our number those who have been called from life's cares to their endless rest. During the past winter Mrs. HERVEY ELY, one of the founders of this Society, and always interested in its labors, after a long life, rich in faith and good deeds, was taken to her heavenly home. Two of our visitors, Mrs. E. B. STEVENS and Miss H. M. HARTMAN, whose hearts were deeply imbued with love for their work, and who were always ready to respond to every appeal from the sick and suffering, have also passed from earth.

May we emulate the example, in self-denial and faithful service, of those who have gone from us and "have reached the quiet dwelling on the strong eternal hills."

As we come each year to rehearse the labors of the past our story has much of repetition and monotony; as our work is from year to year the same sad ministration to sickness in lowly homes, with but few gleams of brightness to encourage us, save the satisfaction of having carried a little cheer, where often not a single comfort was present to relieve utter destitution and want.

Our monthly meetings have been uniformly well attended, and a large number of the Board of Managers have been present to hear applications for assistance, and to devise the best means for relief, making no invidious distinctions. The Visitors in the seventy-three districts have, where there was occasion for their services, faith-

fully performed the duties assigned them, and have endeavored to discriminate in the distribution of necessary aid; so far as by frequent visits and inquiries they have been enabled to learn the real condition of applicants. It is almost impossible sometimes to prevent imposition, but the cases are rare where the truth respecting beneficiaries is not soon ascertained; and in so many instances help has been so worthily bestowed and so gratefully received, that visitors have felt amply rewarded for all their toil.

During the past year, nearly 300 persons have been assisted in the families visited; of this number, many have died.

It was thought that the Ward Organizations of last winter would materially lighten the labors of this Society, but as *they* mainly provided for those out of employment and left the sick to our care, our labors were never more arduous, nor our expenses greater; so that our funds were nearly exhausted in the midst of winter, and we were obliged once more to ask aid from our citizens, who responded with their usual liberality. There are fears expressed that owing to the scarcity of work there will be quite as much privation among a large class of our population as during the past winter; but we look forward to the coming year with hope and confidence that those who have so generously contributed of their means for the relief of the *sick* poor during past years as well as others whose attention has never been called to the work of this Society, will, by their benefactions, enable us to pursue our labors for those who ever appeal to our sympathy, and are committed to our care.

We would gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to all persons who have in any way aided us; to the ladies of the second ward, for making garments; to the Hospital Committee, for flannel; to churches, for collections; to the *Democrat & Chronicle* and *Union & Advertiser*, for

gratuitous publications; and to Mr. E. R. Andrews, for printing at reduced rates.

Respectfully submitted,  
HELEN M. CRAIG, Sec'y.

**Annual Report of Treasurer of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, Nov. 1, 1874.**

By rec'd, Cash in hand, Nov. 1, 1873, ..	\$1292 10
Individual Donations, .....	960 16
Interest on Investments, .....	415 84
Interest on Pancost Bequest, .....	121 80
Returned by Visitors, .....	4 00
Premium on Gold, .....	1 95
Membership Fees, .....	486 21
Church Donations:	
1st Baptist Church, .....	\$37 50
1st Methodist " .....	37 06
Brick " .....	24 67
Lake Ave. Baptist Church, .....	19 69
St. Peter's " .....	26 20
Central " .....	42 00
Christ " .....	23 25
United Presbyterian " .....	20 00
St. Luke's " .....	48 40
Central " .....	41 33
St. Paul's " .....	40 00
Central " .....	42 13
	\$402 23
<b>Total, .....</b>	<b>\$3684 29</b>
To paid Directresses' Orders, .....	\$2731 16
Bill for Dry Goods, .....	28 26
" " Circulars & Postage Stamps, ..	11 85
" " Postal Cards, .....	10 00
" " Directresses' Orders, (Printing) ..	3 00
<b>Total, .....</b>	<b>2784 27</b>
Balance in hand, Nov. 1st, 1874, .....	900 02
	\$3684 29
MRS. EMMA M. HOLMES, Treas.	

**Report of the Hospital Committee to the Female Charitable Society.**

LADIES: — Eleven years, to-day, the Hospital Committee of sixteen ladies, was appointed by your Society. Of this number only eight remain; the vacancies caused by death, removals and resignations, have been filled as they have occurred.

Each year a report has been presented. The first, one of thanksgiving, that after twenty years of effort, success had crowned the labor of the trustees and ladies of the Charitable Society, and the Hospital was opened.

It was comparatively the "day of small things," but none the less joyous. The main body of the house was then the

Hospital. A few months passed, and every available space was filled, from attic down, with patients and soldiers.

More room was needed, and the workers, never weary, rested not, until a wing was built and furnished with seventy additional beds; and the second report records this work accomplished.

Almost before the sound of the hammer had ceased, another appeal was heard for another wing, and the untiring workers again took up their work, and, thanks to our benevolent citizens, another wing was built—and the Hospital of to-day, is quite a different thing from the Hospital of 1864.

No effort has been spared to make the Hospital all that could be desired for a home for the sick. Its location, its airy, well ventilated apartments, commend it to all; while the neatness of the wards and the home-like appearance of the private rooms, furnished by the different churches, societies and individuals, with every comfort and many luxuries, cannot fail to charm everyone and dispel the feeling of dread which so many have, of life in Hospital.

We would again say what has so often been said, this is *not* a Hospital supported by the City—and consequently the work is continuous, for the expenses are continuous and the benevolent are and must be its principal supporters, as they have been in the years past.

During the year ending, Nov. 1st, 1874, there have been received into the Hospital, .....

.....	391
Number in Hospital, Nov. 1, 1873, .....	59
<b>Total, .....</b>	<b>450</b>
Of these, there were discharged well .....	258
Improved, .....	75
Unimproved, ..	28
Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1874, .....	58
Died, ..	31
<b>Total, .....</b>	<b>450</b>
Whole number admitted since the opening, .....	3,817



Almost every nation has been represented here at different times.

Of the 391 admitted, there were from the United States, .....	245
Ireland, .....	48
Germany, .....	31
England, .....	26
Canada, .....	16
Scotland, .....	9
Holland, .....	5
Poland, .....	3
Prussia, .....	3
West India, .....	2
Denmark, Sweden and Russia, 1 each,	3

The Superintendent, Mr. George Br ck, and Matron, Miss Hibbard, still remain, and we can only say, as we have so often said, the Hospital speaks for their efficiency better than we can find words to express.

The little messenger of tidings, which greets you monthly, "THE REVIEW," presents the wants and work of the Hospital. This paper should have in this city a larger circulation, and bring into the Treasury, more than its expenses.

Our Donation Festival will be held Thursday, Dec 3d, at Corinthian Hall, during the day and evening. To you, ladies, we look in a great measure for its success.

Remember, many may be stimulated by a word to aid in some of the various ways in which we need assistance: By articles for the fancy tables, donations of refreshments, new subscriptions to the *Review*, delicacies for the sick, visiting the sick, cheering them with pleasant faces at the bed-side, and comforting with encouraging words the desponding sufferer.

We tender our thanks to the many who have never failed us. The Physicians who give their valuable time and attention; to the Editors of the various papers, *Union*, *Democrat* and *Express*, who are ever ready to aid us in our efforts to make known our wants and work;—and to those who minister at the altar, supplying our chapel services, we would tender especial thanks.

To comfort and soothe, to relieve the suffering, was our Saviour's work and mission upon earth; He healed the sick; He comforted the mourner; He lifted up the fallen. May we imitate His example.

C. E. MATHEWS,

*Cor. Sec'y.*

ROCHESTER, Nov. 3d, 1874.

Hollister Husbands is collector for this paper. As he gives this work to the Hospital, we take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to him for his services. Will our subscribers please be ready for him!

THE EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.—The character of this will be announced in the daily papers, as the committee of arrangements are not at this early date fully prepared to say what it will be.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 26, 1874, Robert Darling, aged 76 years.

## Donations.

Alvah Strong—Papers.  
8th Ward Society, by Mrs. Henry L. Fish—Seven loaves of Cake.  
Mrs. C. G. Wetmore—Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible 2 yrs Preserved Fruit.  
Mrs. Parsons—One basket Grapes.  
Mrs. W. S. Osgood—One bushel Pears, Papers.  
Mrs. S. K. Warren—Two baskets Grapes.  
Mrs. S. Remington—Quantity Grapes.  
Mrs. S. Peck—Large number Religious Papers.  
Mrs. Loop—Two baskets Grapes.  
Mrs. J. H. Gregory—Two baskets Grapes.  
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. General Martindale—Quantity of Pears.  
Mrs. Isaac Butts—Two bushels of Pears, Appleton's Journal, 1 year's numbers.

## Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Miss Anna Hart, \$1.87; Mrs. E. M. Smith, 62 cents; Miss McMaster, 62 cts.: Mrs. Jas. Sargent, \$1.25; D. Watkins, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Erickson, \$1.25; Miss W. Hill, \$1.25; E. F. Hyde, \$1.25; J. Wilder, \$1.25; Mr. A. Teal, \$1.07; Mrs. A. O. Wilder, \$3.12; Mrs. Robert Boyd, \$1.60—By H. Husbando, . . . . . \$16 40  
 Mrs. T. A. Ives, Plainfield N. J., 50 cts; Miss Moody, New York, by Mrs. Rochester, \$1.00; Mrs. L. S. Hargons, \$2.00; Miss A. Green, 50 cents; Mrs. Chas. S. Baker, \$1.25; Mrs. I. F. Force, \$1.70; Mrs. Nelson Sage, \$1.90; for 11 copies of the Review, by Miss Munger, 55 cents; Miss C. York, 61 cents—By Mrs. Craig, 26 42  
 D. Leary, Advertisement—By Mrs. M. M. Mathews, . . . . . 10 00

Superintendent's Report.

1874. Oct. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 64  
 Received during month, . . . 37—101  
 Discharged, . . . . . 42  
 Died, . . . . . 1— 43  
 Remaining Nov. 1st, 1874, 58

Children's Department.

Sarah.

BY RUTH CHESTERFIELD.

"Where's Sarah?" did you say? Goodness knows, I don't! I know where she *isn't*, though, and that's where there's any work to be done!"

So grumbled Mrs. Grout in answer to the inquiry of her old mother, who lay helpless on the bed, as she had lain, lo, these many years.

"Don't be too hard on the child, darter," said grandma. "She's young yet, and mebbe she's seeing her best days."

"Not so very young," said Mrs. Grout. "She'll be eighteen come fall. I was married afore I was her age. Submit ain't only a year and a half older than Sarah, but she's worth a dozen of her. She can spin her stent with any girl in these parts, I don't care who the other is. Hark! I can hear her whirl this minute. No stopping to read picter books or gossip with cronies till her work is done. She'll make a first-rate wife for somebody one of these days, Submit will; but Sarah, I don't know what she *is* good for."

That was the way in which Mrs. Grout

usually wound up her remarks when her younger daughter was the subject.

"Sarah's always good to me," said grandma.

"Well, yes, if bringing you goodies, and petting and patting you as if you was a baby, is being good to you, so she is; but she wouldn't cook you a meal of victuals to save you from starving to death, not she. The other day when I gave her a shirt to make for her father, what do you think the ninny did but sew it up all round like a pillow-case! I asked her how she expected he was going to get into it, and she said she hadn't thought about that."

A low laugh from grandma.

"Yes, you laugh at her blunders, and that's the way you encourage her in her careless ways. She's your favorite, that's easy enough to be seen, and I really believe it's just because she's pretty; for, as I said before, she aint good for any thing under the sun, though sorry I am to say it of my own child."

"Yes, Sarah's a pretty gal; everybody must allow that," said grandma.

"For my part, I don't think beauty is any advantage to women," said Mrs. Grout.

"I never heerd 'twas anything ag'in 'em," quietly interposed grandma.

"Now I was never called handsome in my young days," pursued Mrs. Grout, "but I don't see but what I've prospered just as well as others that was; and there's Submit, she aint' what you'd call a beauty!"

"Not exactly," muttered grandma.

"But handsome is that handsome does," and there she comes now."

Enter Submit. No, she was not a beauty, nor was she strikingly ugly; in fact, there was nothing striking about her. When she spoke, it was without a smile, or the slightest variation of expression.

"What she said was, 'I've done my five skeins, and it wants an hour to sunset yet,'" and with edifying industry she sat down by the window and began tying the skeins into *hanks*.

"Where's Sarah?" asked her mother.

"That's more than I can tell," said Submit. "She went out of the house two hours ago, and I haven't seen her since."

At this moment a loud clear voice was heard, bursting forth in wild snatches of melody, and Sarah came into the room.

Her arms were filled with clematis and cardinal flowers, and her head, which was bonnetless, was wreathed with the same.

"Gracious, if you don't look as though you'd just come out of Bedlam! Do take those things off 'o your head and throw 'em into the fire," said her mother. "Eighteen years old come fall, and good for nothing but to tramp the woods like a great idle boy."

"O, such a time as I've had!" began Sarah, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with delight.

"Well, just hold your tongue about it, and throw away that rubbish, and go to work!" said her mother, sharply.

But Sarah was already at her grandmother's bed-side, spreading the flowers before her over the counterpane; and as Mrs. Grout noted the old lady's childish pleasure in them, she ejaculated scornfully, "About of an age!"

It was at dusk of the same day that little Ambrose, who had gone for the cows, came running home with the startling intelligence that there were Indians skulking in the woods—for all this, you must understand, was

"In the good, old colony times,  
When we lived under the king."

He could not tell how many, he said, but he had come within a few feet of one crouching behind a log, and was certain that he had glimpses of several more.

"Then we must all to the garrison as fast as we can run," cried Mrs. Grout, starting to her feet.

"But grandmother? We can't leave her," said Sarah.

"But we can send somebody back to take care of her," said Submit.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Sarah; "they've got no more men than they want up there; and besides, the savages might murder her and set fire to the house before help could come. O, if father and Bartholomew were only here!"

"If they were, there'd be some sense in your talk; but what can three women do against a party of savages? Come along, and don't be a fool," said Mrs. Grout.

"Grandmother is as well off without us as with us," said Submit. "We can do nothing but commend her to the Lord."

"Then I'll stay and commend myself to the Lord, too," said Sarah.

"Come, come, we've no time to lose," said Mrs. Grout; "where's Ambrose?"

"Run on before, most likely," said Submit; and the two women fled to the garrison, which was a mile distant, without more words.

Scarcely were they out of the house, when Ambrose crept out from behind the meal-chest.

"Run, dear, run, or you won't overtake them," said his sister.

"Do you think I am going to leave you and granny? Not I. I knew ma'am would make me if she saw me, so I scuttled behind the meal-chest till she was gone."

"O you darling," cried his sister, catching him in her arms.

"Fasten the doors first, and hug me afterwards," said Ambrose, wriggling out of her arms.

So they bolted the doors and barricaded them, drew the shutters of the lower windows, and then held a little council of war.

The result was a collection of all the old hats and other male garments the house afforded, which they rapidly put together in the semblance of human beings, and stationed at the upper windows, hoping that in the darkness the Indians might mistake them for men.

They also disguised themselves in hats and great coats, and equipped with the muskets which always stood ready loaded in the corner, stationed themselves at the windows which commanded a view of the woods to watch for the enemy.

"I don't know how to load," said Sarah; "so you load and I'll fire; and we must run from one window to another, and when I shout, no matter whether I call Caleb, or Joshua, or anything else, you shout back. We'll make them think there are a hundred of us."

"There! there they are now," whispered Ambrose; "I saw one skulking behind the pear tree."

Now I must confess that Sarah was horribly afraid of a musket, but she was still more afraid of a tomahawk in the hands of a savage; so she grasped her weapon firmly, set her teeth together, and placed her finger on the trigger.

There was a moment of breathless silence, then with a horrible yell the Indians leaped from their ambuscade, and rushed towards the door. Sarah fired, and the leader fell. Evidently this was a sur-

prise to the savages, for they retreated a moment, but returned again, not all in a body, but attacking the house at different points.

But this, we know, had been foreseen, and so well was Sarah's plan carried out, that it seemed to the attacking party that a musket was pointed at them from every window, while orders shouted apparently to a dozen different persons, confirmed the deception so fully that in less than fifteen minutes they retreated to the woods, carrying with them their wounded chief.

On their retreat they set fire to the barn, but Sarah and Ambrose extinguished this before any serious damage was done.

The rest of the night was passed in anxious watching, but the savages did not come back, and at dawn Mrs. Grout and Submit returned, escorted by a party from the garrison.

When Mrs. Grout found that not only her mother's life, but all her earthly possessions had been saved by the intrepidity of her daughter, aided only by a boy of eight, she for the first time discovered what Sarah was good for.—[*Youths' Companion.*]

The following poem was written by a little fellow, nine years old:

Over the crystal sea,  
When sin and shame no more,  
Through the valley of death  
Safe on the evergreen shore.  
Out of the sorrows of Earth,  
Into the beauties of Heaven,  
We know by the Book He has left,  
The promise that He has given.  
He that is good to the last,  
He whom the Saviour doth love,  
He who is faithful and true,  
Shall sing with the angels above.

A Utica paper says that the Clearfield Fair consisted of a calf, a goose, and a pumpkin. It rained so hard the first night that the goose swam off, the calf broke loose and ate the pumpkin, and a thief prowling around stole the calf, and that ended the fair.

People who are always wanting something new should try neuralgia.

An artist is not so strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

## 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, . . . . .	5 00	One Column, 1 Year, . . . . .	20 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

## Artificial Marble.

ELEGANCE & CHEAPNESS.

The Furniture Tops and Mantels.

AT 44 EXCHANGE ST.

Defy Competition in Beauty and Price.

sep 74

JOHN L. STEWART,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

Over 57 Front Street.

Painting, Graining, Paper-Hanging, Whitening, Coloring, &c. Patrons well suited.

1 y. aug, '74.

SIBLEY,  
LINDSAY & CURR,

Wholesale and Retail

DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing.

Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

july '74

EAST SIDE SAVINGS BANK,

OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Interest on Deposits will be computed at SIX PER CENT. from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal; but no interest will be allowed on any sum on deposit less than thirty days. Mar. '74.

## PURE WATER.

SHAW'S PATENT

### Britannia Metal Pipe.

20 Per Cent. cheaper than Lead Pipe.

The Purest, Strongest and Cheapest Article in the World for the

### CONVEYANCE OF PURE WATER

For Domestic or other purposes.

Endorsed by Prof. S. A. Lattimore of Rochester and the Water Boards of Brooklyn, Washington, Chicago, Milwaukee and Rochester.

**E. L. THOMAS, Ag't,**  
 87 South St. Paul St.  
 1 yr. pd. sep. 74.

Established, 1833.

### E. B. BOOTH & SON, JEWELERS.

Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected Spectacles. my '73

**SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS. FINE FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable Stationery in all the latest styles.**

my '73 No. 12 State Street,  
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ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
 Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Cornelius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas and Daylight Reflector.

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**H. & D. ROSENBERG, Importers and Dealers in WATCHES & JEWELRY, SILVER and PLATED WARE, WATCH TOOLS, MATERIALS, &c., No. 11 State Street, Powers' Fire-Proof Buildings. (sign of illuminated clock.)**  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HENRY ROSENBERG, DAVID ROSENBERG.  
 my '73

**J. FAHY & Co., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in RIBBONS, SILKS, MILLINERY, Fancy Dry Goods, Notions, Zephyr Worsteds, &c., 64 State Street, and 2 and 4 Market Street,**  
 my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**E. S. ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers, Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.**

No. 2 State Street,  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
 (At the Old Burr Stand.)  
 Closed on Saturdays until Evening.  
 my '73

## OSGOOD & FARLEY, Manufacturers and Dealers in PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,

No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
 W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. J. FARLEY, JR.

## S. ROSENBLATT & Co. Dealers in MILLINERY GOODS,

Dress Trimmings, Laces, Zephyr Worsteds  
 French Jewelry, Fancy Goods & Yankee Notions.  
 40 and 42 State St., and 11 Mill St.  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y. my '73

## Genesee Paint and Color Works. OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY, Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]  
 Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. K. WOODBURY, HENRY H. MORSE, JOHN SMITH

## E. F. HYDE, DEALER IN FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,  
 No. 64 Main St.  
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## THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE D. LEARY'S STEAM DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,  
 Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central  
 Railroad Depot.

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,  
 (BROWN'S BACK.)  
 Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.

Crape, Brocha, Cashmere and Flaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleansed without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS  
 Cleansed or colored without Blipping, and pressed nicely  
 Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed Black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS. Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Mill street, corner of Platt street  
 Rochester, N. Y.

## WALTER & LINE, DENTISTS,

Smith's Block, cor. West Main & Exchange Sts.

L. D. Walter, D.D.S.  
J. Edw. Line, D. D. S. sep78 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Rochester Savings Bank,

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME,"

VOL. XI. ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1874.

No. 5.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. W. M. H. PERKINS  
N. T. ROCHESTER, Dr. MATHEWS.

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**Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,**  
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For the Hospital Review.

**Gracie.**

We were gathering sea-mosses on the beach, the other day, when we heard, from some distance back of us, a sweet, little baby voice, calling "Papa! Papa! tome tate Dracie!" And looking up, we saw a tiny blue-eyed, sunny-haired creature, with outstretched hands, looking down toward the edge of the water where a gentlemanly-looking person was stooping over, apparently washing fish. He scarcely turned his head as the sweet baby-voice reached him, and did not answer her. Again the baby implored "Papa" to "Pease tate Dracie," and "Papa" did not heed.

Out upon the bay, at a little distance

from shore, was a party of four, two girls and two boys, enjoying themselves hugely in a little pleasure boat. And baby seeing them, varied her call by saying, "Papa, tate Dracie in boat!" A voice from a clump of trees on the bank called, a little impatiently, "*Charles*, come get Gracie and let her go out in the boat! Come and get her; she *can't* walk over the stonies." For the beach, at that point, was not smooth and sandy, but very rocky. But "Papa" did not turn, only said, "let her come herself, if she wants to." The little one looked, first at the clump of trees and then at the gentleman, and after a moment, apparently made up her mind. For she began stepping over one stone, and then another, and now stepping between them, she came to a very large one, in her estimation, and, her baby resolution flinching for an instant; the little voice, now very mournfully called, "Papa! baby tant tome; baby tant tome!" But "Papa" (*strange Papa!*), heeded her not; and summoning her resolution, with an audible sigh, the little fairy started on.

It was a touching sight. And more than one turned to watch the tiny ankles and delicate feet of the resolute, neglected baby, possessor of such a sweet little face and so tastefully dressed, pressing on, over seemingly insurmountable objects toward the coveted boat. After a long, long journey for the tired little feet and repeated haltings, with the same call, "Papa,

baby tant tome," and repeated resolutions, the dear baby reached her destination, and standing quietly by her papa's side, waited patiently for the boat to reach the shore. At last it came. The larger of the two boys lifted the little girls gently out, and then her father turned, and lifted expectant little Gracie—"where? into the boat!" "No! Up back on the beach!" Poor child! The shrieks and sobs told only too plainly the cruel disappointment. But a voice interfered, "You *must* let that child go, it will *kill* her if you don't!" Then the boys, comprehending it all, at once stooped and lifting the little one, swung her over her papa's head into the boat, and shoved off. By their united efforts, Gracie's tears were soon dried. As we left, the last glimpse we had of her was the little white sun bonnet resting lovingly on the shoulder of a gallant boy, whose protecting arm was thrown caressingly round her.

Dear little Gracie. May you be as patiently resolute in the years to come, and may you ever be as tenderly rewarded!

ELISE.

### How to be Disagreeable.

It is easy and cheap enough; but very expensive in the end. Anybody can try it for himself. When you are told to get up in the morning, flounce around in bed; draw the clothes over your head, and say that you do really declare it is a sinful shame and a scandalous sin to disturb a body's sleep right in the middle of the night, this way: Say that your parents always laid late in bed in the morning, and made money by it, and that you see no good reason for doing otherwise than they did.

When you get up, just as the breakfast bell rings, hurry on your clothes, all in a heap; half button the buttons, and leave most of the strings untied, and then rush down-stairs with your back-hair looking like a bird's nest of the year before last. People will admire you, and think you look so lovely, even if they may not say much about it.

When you take your seat at prayers, do it with a scowl; and if any of the youngsters have their feet on the chairs or are looking out of the window, make them stop at once, even if you have to scare them out of their wits. You know it will make them more devotional. When the Bible is read, look sour, as if you felt it was read at you; or look dismal, as if you were just done digging a grave.

At the table, see if you cannot get somebody to slight you in some way; to omit passing you something or other; or to forget to ask you if you don't think it a fine day. Then get up a controversy over some petty item in the newspaper. Say that you don't see how that can be; and whether the rest of the family see or not, impress on them how unreasonable it is for them not to explain it to your satisfaction. Read the paper aloud, especially if you read badly, and are sure nobody wants to hear you read. Read hotel arrivals, money market, police news, or anything; and if "Old Probabilities" says the weather will probably be cloudy, or rainy, or otherwise dismal, croak over it, and say how dreadful it will be. All this makes the family enjoy their breakfast, you know, ever so much.

When the children are ready to go to school, tell them what bad and naughty young persons they are, and what a sin it is that they never study their lessons any better than they do. Picture to them the horrible results of being dunces when they grow up; and then, when they ask you if you studied your lessons much when you were young, snap and snarl at them.

When you come home from meeting, at once begin telling everybody in the house all about it. No matter whether they want to read, study, or be quiet, make them listen to it, and call your talk "conversation." Tell them that everybody ought to converse; and if they object to your style of conversation, tell them it is the best kind, and that they ought to like it. This will make you disagreeable enough to make all reasonable people dislike you.—[Glorietta, in *Christian at Work*.

It is a well-known fact that smoking cigars inclines to indolence. And it is equally well established, we presume, that smoking pipes makes one smart.

## Chief Butlers.

BY REV. GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

Young man, fight your own battles. Do not depend upon a father, or friends, or luck. Joseph never became Prime Minister of Egypt because he had an influential friend in Congress who secured him the position. The only attempt he ever made in that line proved an utter failure. When, in prison, he interpreted the dream of the King's chief butler, he said, "Think on me when it shall be well with thee." The chief butler, like most men when they are in trouble, was willing to promise anything; but when he was restored he, like most men after they have become exalted, forgot his needy companion. For two years the young Israelite remained in prison; and when he was at last advanced, it was because he was *needed*, and not because of any influence at Court.

Remember that no one feels so much interest in your advancement as you yourself. No one will do so much for you. No one *can* do so much; for if a man has to grind his own wheat, how can he grind yours too? You are only applying to another chief butler, and, nine to one, the chief butler will forget you.

Judge Seward, of Florida, concluded to send his son to college. He gave him a thousand dollars, telling him to go to the university and graduate. The Freshman year rolled by, and the son came home. His thousand dollars were gone; several ugly habits had come.

The close of the vacation drew near, and the Judge said to his son, "Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate with!"

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

The young man opened his eyes. He discovered that if he would get up the hill he must *climb*. He went back, worked his way through, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and to-day the name of William L. Seward is honored throughout the world. No better service can be rendered

to a young man than placing him at the oars, to teach him to row his own boat.

## A Specimen of Wycliff.

The germ of our present version of the Holy Scriptures was the early translation by John Wycliff (or John of Wye Cliff). So when we think of the vast circulation of the Bible as it is, we can well recall the old lines written when superstitious bigots dug up the good John's bones and burned them, and flung the ashes in the River Avon:

"The Avon to the Severn runs,  
The Severn to the Sea;  
And Wycliff's dust shall spread abroad,  
Wide as the world shall be."

No part of Wycliff's translation is more striking than his rendering of the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. It reads thus:

If I speke with tungis of men and of augels, and I haue not charite, I am made as bras sownynge or a cymbal tinklynge, and if I haue profecie, and knowe alle mysteries, and al kyunynge, and if I haue al feith so that I moue hillis froher place and I haue not charite, I am nought, and if I departe alle my godis in to metis of pore men, and if I bitake my bodi so that I brenne, and I haue not charite it profetith to me nothing, charite is pacient, is benynge.

charite enuyeth not, it doth not wickidli, it is not blowun, it is not coueitous, it sekith not the thingis that ben his owne, it is not stired to wroththe, it thinkith not yuel, it ioieth not on wickidnesse, but it ioieth to gidre to truthe, it sufferith alle thingis; it beleueth alle thingis, it hopith alle thingis, it susteyneth alle thingis, charite fallith neuer doun, whether profecies schulen be voided, ether languagis schulen cease: ether science schal be distried.

for aparti we knowen and aparti we prouen, but whanne that schal come that is perfect, that thing that is aparti schal be auoided, whanne I was a litil child, I spoke as a litil child, I vnderstood as a litil child, I thought as a litil child, but whanne I was made a man I voided the thingis that weren of a litil child, &c.

There is a Maine clergyman who says from his pulpit that he had "rather possess the pearl of great price than the wealth of all the Rothschildren."

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1874.

### Donation Day.

We don't know why that day the weather was so forbidding, so moist and misty, unless it was that the world might know that the friends of the Hospital were not merely fair weather friends.

If outside it was not as pleasant as June, in the Hall it was the perfection of warmth, light and cheer. First and best, the ladies, in tasteful toilettes, charming the eye and with welcoming smiles, greeting the comers; then the flowers and fruits, the beautiful articles with which the fancy tables were crowded, and the other tables were loaded with more substantial things. Surely, the people of Rochester, who are famous for giving, never gave more abundantly than then. Ah! how delightful it was to sit back on the highest seat, after eating an excellent dinner, watch the smiling crowd, and wonder and admire. Nothing makes us more sure that there are ladies in Rochester equal to any emergency than on witnessing the wonderful way that everything is conducted. No chaos or confusion; everything is put together like Solomon's temple. No chaos, except in the brain of the person who sits back on the high seat, and knows that in all human probability, that at the last moment disappointments come, in the way of sore throats, head-aches, and sickness generally, keeping at home so many who were to help at tables, and who, with flannels around their throats, watery eyes and red noses, sit and groan at the colds which keep them shut up at home this delightful day. We mildly wonder if such good luck attends this undertaking, as that the fires in the regions below burn clear and bright, that the water boils so that neither tea nor coffee will be failures. But we

drink the tea and coffee, and lo! our fears are dispelled. Nothing could fail that day.

There we are, enjoying everything, when a serpent enters this paradise, in the shape of a lady looking at her watch and telling us the lateness of the hour. Nothing remains for us to do, if we hope to have time to put on our other bonnet for the evening, but to go home. So, we start. Usually, we can walk out of that Hall in ten minutes; but there are so many things to see, that we have not seen, and so many that we wish to see again, that half an hour is passed before we are fairly out of the Hall, on our homeward way.

### The Frog Opera.

Weren't you there? Couldn't get a ticket. That was too bad: but those who could not go the first night, will the second. A cloak and bonnet bought our tickets, and of course the gallantry of the hats and overcoats, was called into action, otherwise how could the cloak and bonnet ever have reached the place where the tickets were sold. The Opera, everybody knew, was to be a success, and in order to be one, must be perfect—as it was. The librettos were not equal to giving us an idea of its delights. Never did anyone suppose, in all the world, that frogs and mice, and rats and cats, and a cow and a donkey, could make an evening pass so pleasantly.

Those whose hearts are attuned to nature and whose ears are in unison with sweet sounds, know how pleasant are the notes of the frogs, in the first flush of Spring, but who ever, until the night of the Frog Opera, heard cats with fine voices. While they were singing, not one "scat" was uttered—no tin cans, filled with rattling pebbles, were thrown from hastily opened windows, followed by boots and boot-jacks—nothing but the heartiest applause followed their music. Did e

such a wonderful thing happen before? Where everything was so well done, it would be invidious to particularize. We must congratulate the managers on the grand success of the whole Opera.

The Lady Managers take this opportunity to heartily thank all who so generously gave and loaned articles for their use the day of the donation. Especial thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Flemming, for a beautiful cocoanut pyramid, which graced the table of the ladies of St. Peter's church, and was universally admired. Mr. Teal, is also most heartily thanked for lending his elegant epergnes and other articles of silver ware, also, for his gift of confectionery. Messrs. Hunn, Spencer & Co., as usual, lent the tables, taking them to and from the Hall free of charge. Mr. Falls, kindly sent in his bill, as is his custom, received.

The costumes worn by the performers in the Opera were made by the ladies interested in the Hospital, and by their friends. It was no slight task in the short time they had, to do so much. Indeed to clothe so many frogs, rats, cats, and mice, required steady and well-directed industry. The ladies who did so much, and did it so well, are very earnestly thanked for their labors. The performers in the Opera have not only the gratitude of the Lady Managers, but the admiration of the community, and the pleasant consciousness of having helped the Hospital.

We take this opportunity to thank Creed & Bonford for binding the book in which the names and addresses of our subscribers are kept. The work was beautifully done, and Messrs. C. & B. generously made no charge. Subscribers who wish books bound will do well to call on them, in Elwood Block.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

## RAGS!

WANTED!—rags, rags, rags, rags,

Rags, rags, rags,

Wanted—rags, rags, rags, rags,

Rags, rags, rags.

Wanted—rags, rags,

At the City Hospital!!

We have begged for Rags in every way possible. Sometimes asking for them boldly; sometimes hinting for them delicately—varying the monotony of begging by sometimes designating old cotton as the desirable article; then, we would write of old linen. There is no supply in the Hospital. Clearly, we are not successful in our beggarly efforts; and at last, in sheer despair, we invoke the aid of the muses! Won't all people, fond of poetry, send to the Hospital **R—A—G—S?**

**SCALES.**—A novel feature of the entertainment, was the Scales sent by Messrs. Forsyth & Co. Everyone could be weighed who wished, and—who paid. When we meditate on the wear and tear to which they were subjected, and know that they were returned to Messrs. Forsyth & Co. in perfect order, we must be convinced of their durability. These scales were a source of revenue and amusement, for which we are indebted to the gentlemen who so kindly loaned them. We are also indebted to Mr. E. R. Andrews, who gave the cards on which the different weights were registered.

### Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.  
Miss ELIA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.  
Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.  
Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "  
Miss MARY WATSON, "  
Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 3, 1874.

To the Treasurer and Officers of the City Hospital:

At a regular meeting held by the "Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society," upon motion made,

Resolved, that the sum of Fifteen Dollars be donated to the City Hospital, for the purpose of relieving the sick in our midst.

That our Heavenly Father may bless your endeavors in the charitable work in which you are engaged, is the wish of every member of the "Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society."

Yours respectfully,

MRS. S. GUGGENHEIMER,

Secretary.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 3, 1874, Adam Lefrey, aged 53 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 4, 1874, Ira D. Hall, aged 58 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 12, 1874, Lizzie Eaton, aged 31 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 15, 1874, Felix J. Pousky, aged 25 years.

### Donations.

Dr. H. W. Dean—Three bbls. Apples.

Erastus Darrow—Reading Matter.

John D. Pay—One ton Coal.

Miss Bristol—Old Linen.

Mrs. E. T. Smith—Book and Papers.

Miss Caroline Rochester—Old Cotton and Linen.

Mrs. H. C. Roberts—One bowl Jelly.

Mr. L. D. Ely—Three barrels Apples, 1 bushel Squashes.

Mr. Jarvis Lord—Eleven bushels Potatoes, 21 bushels Apples, 3 bushels Vegetables, 1 barrel Cider.

Miss Hattie Fairchild—Old Cotton.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney and Mrs. Smith, New York.—Six Gallons Oysters and 10 pounds Crackers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel Apples.

Mrs. Isaac Butts—Two barrels Apples.

Mrs. M. A. Gaylord—One basket Grapes.

### Superintendent's Report.

1874. Nov. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	58
Received during month, . . .	30— 88
Discharged, . . . . .	28
Died, . . . . .	4— 32
Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1874,	56

### DONATION FESTIVAL,

AT CORINTHIAN HALL, DECEMBER 3, 1874.

#### Donations to Lunch Tables.

Mrs. George E. Mumford—Jar Pickles, Wine Jelly, 4 cans Fruit, 4 bowls Jelly, 1 Turkey.

Mrs. Seth Green—Two kegs Oysters, 4 heads Celery.

Mrs. H. F. Barry—Charlotte Russe, Chocolate Cake, 2 Mince Pies, 1 dozen Oranges.

Mrs. Dr. M. Strong—Saratoga Potatoes, Pies, 80 Biscuits.

Mrs. John Abbs—Thirteen dozen Biscuits. [Mrs. A. last year also donated 10 dozen Biscuit and 200 Tarts and Cheese Cakes, but they were inadvertently omitted in our list at the time.]

Mrs. Israel Smith—Pickles, 2 Pumpkins, Tomato Catsup.

Mrs. E. E. Hurlbut—2 jars Canned Fruit, Jelly.

M. N. Van Zandt & Co.—Large package Coffee.

Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Four Loaves Bread, basket Rolls, 1 Mince Pie.

Mrs. S. Wilder—Thirteen heads Celery, 2 loaves Chocolate Cake, 150 Biscuits, Roast Beef, 3 gallons Oysters.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Chicken Salad.

Mrs. G. Cooper—Thirty heads Celery.

Mrs. E. T. Smith—One Turkey.

Mrs. Louis Chapin—Ten pounds Sugar.

Mrs. E. M. Smith—One Turkey, jar Pickles, two gallons Oysters.

Miss E. Hall—Three Mince Pies, 3 Pumpkin Pies

Mrs. Amon Bronson—One Turkey.

Mrs. Henry Montgomery—One loaf Bread, Doughnuts.

Mrs. Thomas Montgomery—Saratoga Potatoes, 1 Turkey, Biscuits.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—One Turkey, 1 loaf Bread, Biscuits.

Dr. H. W. Dean—Baked and mashed Potatoes.

Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth—Three gallons Oysters, Basket marked "Frank," 1 Turkey, 2 Lemon Pies.

Mrs. W. B. Williams—One Turkey, Biscuits.

Mrs. Nessel—Lettuce.

Curtis Brothers—Six cans Corn.

P. Fahy—One Turkey.

Mrs. E. D. Smith—Two gallons Oysters.

Mrs. Curtis Clark, Mrs. Geo. Wilder, Mrs. John N. Pomeroy, and Mrs. S. B. Raymond's Table.

Mrs. Geo. Wilder—Charlotte Russe, Potato, Pickles, Cake, Apples.

Mrs. S. B. Raymond—Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. John Craig—Turkey, Cake, Biscuits Salad.

Mrs. Carter Wilder—Biscuits, Potato, Washington Pies.

Mrs. George Lord—Chicken Salad.

Miss Wealthy Hill—Tarts and Cream Puffs.

Mrs. Thomas Leighton—Oysters, Ducks.

Mrs. J. L. Gardner—Chicken Pie, Cake.

Mrs. Dr. Morgan—Cake.

Mrs. John Mure—Ducks, Pickled Peaches.

Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy—Cream, Flowers.

Mrs. Bower—Ducks.

Mrs. Thomas Wright—Snow Pudding.

Mrs. C. H. Upton—Grapes, Oranges.

Mrs. J. S. Stetthomer—Grapes.

Mrs. James T. Stewart—Cake, Pies, Turkey.

Mrs. James Phillips—Turkey, Cake, Jelly.  
 Mrs. Dr. Anderson—Flowers.  
 Mrs. A. P. Nichols—Boston Baked Beans,  
 Brown Bread, Jelly.  
 Mrs. John Howe—Turkey, Jelly.  
 Mrs. Bissell—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. J. G. Maurer—Apple Jelly.  
 Mrs. Powers—Chicken Salad, Biscuits.  
 Mrs. Curtis Clarke—Oranges, Grapes, Apples,  
 Pears, Pickles, Cream.

**Mrs. E. S. Eitenheimer and Mrs. S. Rosenblatt's  
Table.**

S. Guggenheimer—Oysters.  
 Mrs. Hayes—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Moses Hayes—Three Chickens.  
 Ferdinand Hayes—Biscuit, Fruit.  
 Mrs. Rosenbergh—Cake.  
 Mrs. Bachmann—Cake.  
 Mrs. Fechenbach—Chow-chow.  
 Mrs. Seigel—Pies.  
 Mrs. J. Myers—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Talheimer—Grapes, Apples.  
 Mrs. Rosenfield—Two Ducks, Cake.  
 Mrs. Sloman—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Stein—Two Ducks.  
 Mr. J. Wile—Two Chickens, 1 doz. heads Celery.  
 Mrs. S. Myers—Cake.  
 Mrs. Morel—Cake.  
 Mrs. S. Rice—Two Chickens.  
 Mrs. J. Cauffman, Mrs. Elias Strouss and Mrs. M.  
 Cauffman—One Cake Pyramid.  
 Mrs. H. Mock—Four Cakes.  
 Mrs. Benjamin—Jelly.  
 Mrs. Shtatz—Lobster Salad.  
 Mrs. A. Mock—Two Coconut Cakes.  
 Mrs. Danzig—Two Chickens.  
 Mrs. Joseph Bier—Grapes, Oranges.  
 Mrs. L. Moore—Malaga Grapes.  
 Mrs. L. Blum—Crackers.  
 Mrs. Hermann—Two Turkeys.  
 Miss Eva Wile—Lobster Salad.  
 Mrs. Isaac Wile—Lobster Salad.  
 Mrs. Carrie Wile—Cake, 2 Chickens.  
 Mrs. F. Wolf—Two Ducks.  
 Mrs. S. Rosenblatt—Bananas, Pears, Grapes.  
 Mrs. J. Eitenheimer—Oranges.  
 Mrs. Cohen—Three Chickens.  
 Mrs. Wile—Oranges, Celery, Chickens.  
 Mrs. Lechenstein—Cake.  
 Mrs. Max Lowenthal—Two Chickens, Turkey.  
 Mrs. Morris Schwarz—Two Sponge Pies, 2 boxes  
 Grapes.  
 Mrs. Elias Wolf—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. L. Adler—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Bronner—Cranberry Jelly.  
 Mrs. E. Steinfeld—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Michaels—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Rosenblatt and Mrs. Eitenheimer—Chicken  
 Salad.  
 Mrs. Max Mock—Turkey, Oysters, Celery, Pears.  
 Mrs. Greentree—Two Chickens.  
 Mrs. Moses Garson—Two Pies, Biscuits.  
 Mrs. T. Myer—Cake.  
 Mrs. Laudenburg—Salads.  
 Mrs. A. Smith—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Gariand—Chickens.  
 Mrs. Lighthill—Chickens.  
 Mrs. Moore—Ducks.  
 Mrs. Weinstein—Chickens.  
 Mrs. D. Strouss—Fruit.

Mrs. Stern—Fruit.  
 Mrs. A. Hayes—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Sloman—Two Cakes.  
 Mrs. Marks—Fowls.  
 Mrs. S. Stettheimer—Two Ducks, Turkey.  
 Mrs. Savage—Two Cakes.  
 Mrs. L. Bier—Two Chickens.  
 Mrs. J. Katz—Fruit, Jelly cake.  
 Mrs. H. Schwarz—cake, 2 Pies.  
 Mrs. Kirstein—Two bottles Olives.  
 Mrs. Lempert—Two cakes.  
 Mrs. Britenstool—Pickles.  
 Mrs. Rice—Six cans Oysters.  
 Mrs. N. Levy—Oysters, crackers, Oranges.  
 Mrs. Ashley—cake.  
 Mrs. Schwarz—Pies, Grapes.  
 Mrs. Picard—Two chickens.  
 Mrs. Hostetter—Pears, Grapes.  
 Mrs. Pinow—Oranges.  
 Mrs. Aronson—Two chickens.  
 Mrs. F. Hayes—Biscuits, Peaches.  
 Moses Hayes—Three chickens.  
 Mrs. Albert Mock—Two coconut cakes.  
 Mrs. Bronner—Four Pies, cranberry sauce.

**Mrs. E. Pancost, Mrs. H. N. Peck, Mrs. J. Judson,  
Mrs. S. W. Urdike and Mrs. A. G. Mudge's Table.**

Mrs. Judson—Chicken Pie, Jelly, Celery.  
 Mrs. Mudge—Turkey, Rice Pudding.  
 Mrs. R. Mack—Turkey.  
 Mrs. A. S. Lane—Turkey, Vegetables.  
 Mrs. H. N. Peck—Charlotte Russe, Turkey, Cake,  
 Cream, Corn, Flowers.  
 Mrs. S. W. Urdike—Chicken Salad.  
 Miss Edna Smith—Mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. J. L. Sage—Coconut Pies.  
 Mrs. F. Bishop—Fruit, Flowers.  
 Mrs. E. Pancost—Turkey, Pickles, Mince Pies.  
 Mrs. D. R. Barton—Grapes, Ham, Roast Pork.  
 Mrs. O Sage—Vegetables.  
 Mrs. N. Sage—Biscuits, Bread.  
 Mrs. G. W. Burkank—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. W. W. Carr—Plum Pudding, Potatoes.  
 Mrs. W. L. Sage—Scalloped Oysters, Baked Potatoes,  
 Biscuits, Brown Bread, Pickles.  
 Mrs. Dr. Matthews—Plum Pudding, with Sauce.  
 Mrs. Satterlee—Cake, Scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. H. B. Hooker—Cream.

**Mrs. A. F. Beers and Miss Fanny Whittlesey's Table.**

Mrs. A. F. Beers—Two Pies, Oats, Charlotte  
 Russe, Oranges.  
 Mrs. Dr. Moore—Scalloped Oysters, Biscuits.  
 Mrs. Wm. Bush—Two Pies, Pickles.  
 Mrs. Thomas Montgomery—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Eastman—Pork and Beans.  
 Mrs. Beach—Beef, Cranberries, Biscuits.  
 Miss Munger—Grapes.

**Mrs. Henry Morse, Mrs. James Hart, Mrs.  
Henry Smith, Mrs. Charles Pond, Mrs.  
Edward Williams, and Mrs. John  
Brewster's Table.**

Mrs. Charles Morse—celery.  
 Mrs. Henry Smith—Loaf of coconut cake.  
 Mrs. Charles Pond—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Edward Williams—Roast chickens, Walnut  
 cake, Mince Pie.  
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Biscuits, Pickled Peaches,  
 Cucumbers, Jelly.

Mrs. Hooker—Saratoga Potatoes, cut Flowers, celery.  
 Mrs. Charles Hill—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Wm. Burke—Pickled Oysters.  
 Mrs. Andrews—Bread, Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Charles Smith—Grapes, Oranges, calery.  
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Bottum—Loaf of cake.  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Turkey, chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. Heath—Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. Geo. Williams—Wine Jelly.  
 Miss Dunlap—Chickens, celery.  
 Mrs. Kimball—Lobster Salad.  
 Mrs. Austin Brewster—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Henry Morse—Grapes, Pears.  
 Mrs. John Brewster—chicken Pie, Walnut cake, Mince Pie, Biscuit, Jelly, Pickles.  
 Mrs. E. D. Smith—One loaf cake.  
 Mrs. Heath—Two loaves cake.  
 Mrs. Griffith—Black-Bean Soup.

*Mrs. George G. Wanzer, Mrs. Henry Brewster, Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, Mrs. Cha's S. Baker, Mrs. Wm. N. Emerson, and Miss Hattie Hyde's Table.*

Mrs. S. Snow—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Edmund Lyon—Flowers.  
 Mrs. S. B. Roby—Scalloped Oysters, Charlotte de Russe.  
 Mrs. E. B. Booth—Charlotte de Russe.  
 Mrs. C. S. Baker—Quantity celery, Pickles, Jelly.  
 Mrs. Hiram Hoyt—Grapes, cranberries, Graham Biscuits, Jelly.  
 Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Oranges, Grapes, Pickles, gallon cream.  
 Miss Munger—Flowers.  
 Mrs. Geo. G. Wanzer—Pair Ducks, 1 gall. cream, Jelly.  
 Mrs. W. N. Emerson—Pickled Salmon, Pickled Lobster.  
 Mrs. N. A. Stone—Biscuits, Mince Pies.  
 Mrs. P. S. Wilson—Turkey.  
 Mrs. S. Hamilton—Lemon and Squash Pies, Jelly.  
 Mrs. C. J. Hill—Turkey, Wine Jelly, Tartes.  
 Mrs. S. A. Newman—Quantity celery.  
 Mrs. Dr. Collins—Cranberries, 2 Lemon Pies.  
 Mrs. Henry Brewster—champagne Ham, mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Rapaljee—Roast Beef, 2 cans Peaches, 2 cans Pears, 2 glasses Jelly.  
 Mrs. S. D. Porter—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. J. H. Kent—Chicken Salad, mashed Potatoes, Squash.  
 Mrs. Osgood—Turkey, mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Samuel Porter, Jr.—Scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. C. C. Holton—One gallon Cream.  
 Mrs. Dr. Ely—Chicken Pie, Squash Pie.  
 Mrs. Wm. Seward—Plum Pudding.  
 Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Thomas—cream.  
 Miss Lizzie Darrow—cake.  
 Mrs. Maltby Strong—Hot Turkey with Gravy, mashed and Saratoga Potatoes, Squash Pie, Biscuits.

*Mrs. Louis Chapin, Mrs. Dr. Shaw, Mrs. M. Briggs, Mrs. J. W. Hatch, Mrs. Gildersleeve, Mrs. E. D. Chapin's Table.*

Osborn House—chicken Salad, Pressed Turkey in Jelly, 2 Charlotte Russe.

Whitcomb House—Two Pineapple forms of Butter.

Mrs. Alfred Bell—choice cut Flowers.  
 Mrs. Dr. Shaw—Two cream Pies, 2 Jellies, 2 doz. Apple Turn-overs  
 Misses Thompson—Hot Biscuit  
 Mrs. Lempert—Fruit  
 Mrs. McKindley—Four Mince Pies frosted, chicken Salad, Macaroni.  
 Mrs. Robert Turner—Two Roast Ducks.  
 Mrs. David Upton—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. Edward Webster—Biscuit, Hot Potatoes,  
 Mrs. J. W. Hatch—Cocoanut cake, Pickles, Oranges, Grapes.  
 Mrs. Henry Gorsline—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. C. F. Weaver—One bottle of Grape and one of Tomato Catsup Jelly.  
 Mrs. Darling—Biscuits, Scalloped Oysters  
 Mrs. L. A. Pratt—Six bunches celery  
 Mrs. L. M. Angle—Doughnuts  
 Mrs. Martin Briggs—Scalloped Oysters, Pickles, Fried cakes  
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Two loaves chocolate cake, Pickled Peaches  
 Mrs. Henry E. Shaffer—Fruit, Flowers  
 Mrs. Henry Mackie—Pickled Oysters, Pickles  
 Mrs. E. D. Chapin—Sponge cake  
 Mrs. Craig—chicken Salad, Biscuit  
 Lewis Selye—Twelve pounds Coffee, large Urn and a man to attend it, use of Table Ornaments, &c.  
 Mrs. Judson—One dollar  
 Mrs. A. M. Lindsay—Five dollars  
 Mrs. Miller—Two loaves cake  
 Mrs. Ashley—One loaf of cake  
 Mrs. Wm. Thompson—Two Squash Pies  
 Mrs. Gildersleeve—Chicken Pie, Jelly  
 Mrs. Langworthy—Wine Jelly  
 Mrs. Graves—Lemon Pie  
 Mrs. Cushman—can of Apple Jelly

*Mrs. J. W. Stebbins and Mrs. C. C. Merriman's Table.*

Mrs. Chas. Barton; Scalloped Oysters  
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke; Oranges, Grapes, Pickled Oysters, Biscuits  
 Mrs. Flemming; Centre Piece: a Pyramid.  
 Mrs. Dutton; cream, Milk, Bread  
 Mrs. Hayden; Cream cakes, Biscuits  
 Mrs. Pray; Lemon Pie, Sponge cake  
 Mrs. Seward; Pickled cherries and cucumbers  
 Mrs. Selden; Turkey  
 Mrs. Bacon; \$1.50, "for table"  
 Mrs. Holyland; 50 cents, "for table"  
 Mrs. L. A. Ward; Chicken Pie  
 Mrs. Keeler; chicken Pie, with Oysters  
 Mrs. Lowery; Turkey  
 Mrs. A. S. Mann; Turkey and cranberry Sauce  
 Mrs. L. F. Ward; Turkey, Wine Jelly  
 Miss Bradbury; Wine Jelly  
 Mrs. J. B. Ward; Charlotte Russe  
 Mr. Teall; Charlotte Russe  
 Mrs. Nash; Cocoa Pudding, chicken Salad  
 Mrs. Kimball; Lobster Salad  
 Mrs. Wait; cranberry Jelly, Apple Float  
 Mrs. Little; Chicken Salad  
 Mr. Charles Barry; Basket Flowers  
 Mr. Vick; Flowers  
 Mr. Harvey Brown; Malaga Grapes, 20 lbs. cut Leaf Sugar, Catawba Grapes, Olives



Mrs. Merriman; Cocoanut cake, chocolate cake  
Mrs. Chumaseero; Mince Pies  
Mr. J. Van Voorhis; two dozen Oranges  
Mrs. Stebbins; Saratoga Potatoes, Butter

*Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Gould, Miss Farrar's Table.*

Mrs Fox: Roast Ducks, chocolate, Blanc Mange, Jelly, Saratoga Potatoes, cocoanut Pie, cranberry  
Mrs Canfield; Charlotte Russe, Chicken Salad, Pickles, box of Raisins  
Miss Farrar: 2 chicken Pies, 1 Charlotte Russe  
Mrs F Baker: 1 Turkey  
Mrs E Wamsley; 2 Lemon Pies  
Mr J Shake: 1 Turkey  
Mr J Backus; Grapes  
Mr Barber & Son: chow-chow and cabbage  
Miss Gould; Chicken Salad, 2 Mince Pies, Pickles  
Miss Lizzie Gould; Oranges  
Miss Ruby Tilden; Oranges  
Miss L Lyon: 2 loaves cake  
Mrs Rosslewin: 1 Turkey, Malaga Grapes, Pickled Oysters, cranberry  
Mrs C Chapin; Biscuits, 2 Oyster Pies  
Mrs Campbell: Grapes, Pressed chicken, Jelly, Pickles, chocolate cake  
Ellwanger & Barry: Large quantity of Pears  
Mr James Vick: Basket for Decoration  
Mrs E P Gould: Celery, Doughnuts, 2 moulds wine Jelly, Pickles, Jelly, Flowers

*Misses Walbridge, Dean, Morey, Alling and Georgie Walbridge's Ice Cream Table.*

Mr. James Brackett: Grapes  
Mr. Teall: Chocolate cakes  
Mr. Graves: candies  
Mr. Gray: Apples  
Mr. Aldrich: Nuts, Oranges  
Miss Dean: Charlotte Russe, Flowers  
Miss Alling: cake  
Miss Morey: cake  
Mrs S. D. Walbridge: Grapes, cake, charlotte Russe  
Mrs. Fred Alling: cake  
Mr. S. F. Alling: Paper for candies  
Mr. Mathews: Ice cream Tickets

*Donations to Mrs. W. H. Ward's Fancy Table.*

Mrs. Bristol: 5 Doll's Hoods  
Mrs. Henry Anstice: 1 Breakfast cap  
Mrs. Nath'l Rochester: 3 Red Riding-hoods, 2 Photograph Holders, 1 Scarf  
Miss Royce: 2 Fancy Baskets  
Mrs. Grosvenor: 6 Nutshell Pin-cushions  
Miss Weldon: 1 Scrap-bag, 1 Hanging-basket  
Daisie Montgomery: 1 Scrap-bag  
Mrs. W. H. Ward: 2 Knitted Hoods, Florence Hart: 6 Doll's Handkerchiefs and case  
D. M. Dewey: collection of Fancy Articles  
Scrantom & Wetmore: Fancy Balls and Games, box of Doll's Rubbers  
Miss Stanton: Oil Painting  
Miss Louise Alling: 2 Pair of Mittens  
Mrs W H Perkins: 4 Flower Stands  
Mrs Chester Dewey: 3 Knitted Hoods  
H C Wisner: 6 pair of Vases  
Mrs Wm C Bush; 2 children's Hoods  
Mrs Dr Hovey: 4 embroidered Holders  
Mrs W W Carr: 1 embroidered Holder

Lottie Munger: 1 Match Stand, 2 Match Safes  
Miss Kittie Mitchell: 1 embroidered Basket  
Mrs Alphonzo Michaels: 1 pair Baby's Socks  
Mrs E T Smith: 5 Mops  
Mrs Cox, of Potsdam, 5 Canton flannel Dolls  
Minnie Chapin: 1 dressed Doll:  
Mrs Carr: 1 Towel Rack  
Mrs D H. Griffith: 6 Anagram Boxes, 2 "Merry Christmas"  
Miss Carrie Hooker; 2 Nubias  
Katie Montgomery: Photograph Holder  
Alice Montgomery: Toilet case  
Miss Ruth Montgomery: 1 Nubia  
Miss Whittlesey: 1 pair of Baby Socks  
Miss Fannie Whittlesey: Infant's Knitted Drawers  
Mrs. Major Lee: 1 Rigolette  
A Friend: 6 Holders  
Mrs. Boswell: Infant's Knitted Leggings  
Miss Helen Bissell: 1 Nubia  
Mrs. Levi F. Ward: Infant's Knitted Afghan  
Mrs. Cha's H. Angel: child's Sack  
Mrs. George Selden: 1 Oil Painting  
Mrs. Cha's Jones: Toilette case and Mats  
Miss Nelly Walbridge: 2 Jewel Stands  
Miss Florie Montgomery: 1 Traveling case  
Miss Minnie Montgomery: 1 Nubia  
Mrs. Thomas C. Montgomery: 1 Rigolette  
Mrs. Dr. Little: 1 pair Mats  
Frederick Turpin: 1 Elegant Engraving, framed  
Mrs. L. A. Ward: 1 Elegant Basket cradle, 1 Brioche, embroidered, 1 Baby Basket  
Mrs. S. D. Porter: Infant's Leggings  
Miss Anna Hart: 1 Toilette Box  
Miss Ashley: 1 Infant's Sack  
Mrs. Danforth: Infant's Socks  
Mrs. Samuel Wilder: 4 children's Aprons.  
Miss Fannie Clarke: Jewel Stand  
Mrs A. B. Cox: Infant's Sack  
Miss Clara Durand: Photograph case  
Mrs E. M. Smith: 2 Mats  
Gertie Chappel: 3 candy Bags  
Mr Hone: 12 yards Red Flannel  
Mrs S. G. Andrews: Infant's cap  
Mr James Field: Donating the use of Flags.  
Mr Forsyth: Donating the use of Scales for the day

*Donations to Julia Whitney's Flower Table.*

Ellwanger & Barry; A basket of beautiful Flowers and cut Flowers.  
Messrs. Frost; cut Flowers.  
Mrs. Sibley; cut Flowers.  
Miss Elwood; cut Flowers.  
Julia Whitney: cut Flowers and Hanging Baskets.  
Mrs. A. T. Lee; Hood.  
Mrs. Wm. Ashley; Hair-pin cushion.  
Mrs Carr; 6 Holders.  
Lottie Munger; 2 Match Safes.  
Miss Fanny Bissell; 6 cravats.  
Mrs Brownell: 2 pair Leggings.  
Mrs S Porter, Jr.; Slippers.  
Mrs Charles Pond; Doll.  
Mrs James Hart; Mittens.  
Mrs Pomeroy Brewster: Aprons.  
Mrs Wm. Kidd, 2d.; Polish Boot  
Mary Adams; Doll.  
Mrs McVean; Knit Doll cushion.  
Mrs J N Pomeroy; Hanging Moss.  
Mrs Arthur Robinson; Slippers.  
Miss Saxton; Mittens.

Mrs S Hamilton; Traveling Case, 2 Rattles.  
 Mrs Beach; Sachets.  
 Mrs Bullis; Wax Flowers.  
 Mrs John Brewster; Embroidered Skirt.  
 Miss Jeffrey; Painting.  
 Miss Anna Williams; Painting.  
 Mrs Wm H Perkins; Surprise Nuts.  
 Mr Burns; 1 Illuminated Text.  
 Mrs Sibley; Materials for work.  
 Mrs Watson; Materials for work.  
 Mrs Buell; Materials for work.  
 Mrs Edward Williams; Infant's Hoods  
 Mrs George D Williams; 2 Infant's Shirt  
 Louise Williams; 8 Knit Wash clothes  
 Mrs James Whitney; 3 Hoods  
 Mrs S G Andrews; cap and collars  
 Mrs C D Fiske; Infant's Socks, Doll Socks and Embroidery  
 Mrs A D Fiske; 3 Infant's Sacks, cravats  
 Mrs Bullard; Mittens  
 Mrs Geo W Smith; A variety of Articles  
 Miss Whitney; Handkerchief and Glove cases, Pin Balls, Frames  
 Miss Heiser; Painted Pin-cushions  
 Mrs George J Whitney; Sundries

Cash Donations.

Mr D. A. Watson.....\$100 00  
 Mr George Ellwanger..... 25 00  
 Dr E M Moore..... 5 00  
 Mrs E D Smith..... 5 00  
 Mr Edward Brewster..... 2 00  
 Mrs S M Spencer..... 10 00  
 Mr L H Ailing..... 10 00  
 Rev C K Furman..... 1 00  
 Mr W A Shepherd..... 1 00  
 Mr E Ray, \$2.00; In Memoriam \$5.00—  
 By Mrs Dr Mathews..... 7 00  
 Mrs Freeman Clarke..... 20 00  
 Cash..... 2 50  
 Mrs H B Knapp..... 5 00  
 Mr M Greentree..... 10 00  
 Mrs C Dewey..... 20 00  
 Mr Marvin Culver..... 5 00  
 Mr J O Pettingill..... 5 00  
 Mr W H Montgomery..... 3 00  
 Mrs J B Yale..... 5 00  
 Mr Seth Green..... 10 00  
 Mrs F W Little..... 5 00  
 Mr F Gorton..... 10 00  
 Mr Joseph Field..... 100 00  
 Mr N Osborn..... 5 00  
 Mr Wm N Sage..... 10 00  
 Mrs A D Smith..... 10 00  
 Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society... 15 00  
 Mr Seth H Terry..... 5 00  
 Messrs Erickson, Jennings & Mumford 100 00  
 Mrs D F Little..... 10 00  
 Mrs Isaac Butts..... 25 00  
 Hebrew Ladies' Hospital and Aid Society 15 00  
 Mr E B Parsons..... 10 00  
 Prof. Whittemore..... 2 00  
 Mrs M E Solomon..... 3 00  
 Mrs Robert Johnson..... 5 00  
 Mrs Nichols..... 2 00  
 Mrs Sam'l Porter..... 5 00  
 Mr P Barry..... 20 00  
 Mrs E T Smith..... 5 00  
 Mrs M Galusha..... 5 00  
 Mrs E Paucost..... 5 00

Dr H W Dean..... \$ 10 00  
 Mrs J C Nash..... 5 00  
 Dr Van Ingen..... 2 00  
 Cash..... 1 08  
 Miss Matty Dunlap..... 10 00  
 Mrs John Adams..... 5 00  
 Dr L S Walter..... 5 00  
 Mr John Greenwood..... 12 75  
 Mr J. S. Andrews..... 25 00  
 \$699 31

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

Miss F. Whittlesey's..... 41 30  
 Mrs E. Pancost..... 81 05  
 Mrs G. G. Wanzer..... 60 00  
 Mrs Ettenheimer..... 166 55  
 Mrs Edward Gould..... 62 50  
 Mrs C Clarke..... 100 95  
 Mrs Louis Chapin, including Mr Gorsline's donation of \$100..... 171 50  
 Mrs John Brewster..... 142 26  
 Mrs James Sargent, and Mr Falls' receipted bill of \$3.25..... 51 29  
 Mrs Stebbins..... 82 49  
 Mrs Walbridge, Ice Cream..... 64 50

FANCY TABLES.

Mrs Wm. Ward..... 156 50  
 Mrs Geo Whitney..... 220 00

\$1,390 89

The delay occasioned by the repetition of the Frog Opera has prevented the publication of the usual recapitulation in this No. of the "Review"; it will appear in the Daily papers and also in our next.

Subscriptions to Review.

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—By Mrs. Craig.....	\$57 09
Maria Couverse, 53 cents; Mrs. Renouf, \$1.25; E. L. Thomas, Advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 62 cents;	
—By Mrs. Mathews, .....	\$ 7 45
Total, .....	\$69 85

## Children's Department.

### One Forenoon.

BY FRANCIS JONES.

Princess Pine sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes and called to her matron of the robes and general lady-in-waiting: "Dolly, what day is this?"

"Monday, Princess Pine."

"Must get up," her royal highness pronounced immediately. "Got to wash to-day. And after I wash I got to do a yerrun'."

"Got to do what, little sister?"

"A yerrun'. A yerrun' for my own self, to find out something. And you can't come with me, Dolly Pine."

"All right, Princess," said the rebuked maid of honor. She was accustomed to the royal moods and didn't mind them much. "Come, put on your stockings and shoes."

And the little blonde head slid out of bed.

"I've got to pick up my childr'n's clothes just as soon as I get mine on. Dinah's got her red silk dress dreadful dirty; 'cause I left her in the road when it rained on her."

Every mother-subject knows the collection that the royal washerwoman gathered with infinite painstaking—the red silk dress, cut from a sash of Princess Pine's own; little underclothes made to button

and unbutton and come on and off (Princess would have them so. She "wouldn't dress her childr'n like a sore finger with a rag sewed on"); a gingham skirt and overdress, with sad gasbes where Princess Pine had tried to cut buttonholes; and, last of all, Bob Tucker himself, a knit doll, who "must be washed, 'cause he's cloth. Everythings is cloth got to be washed sometime," settled the little maiden, bearing him off to the kitchen and plunging him head first in the suds.

But Princess Pine did not put as much heart as usual into her washing that day. She had been observed to be very still at breakfast, and it was not long after that Bob Tucker dangled by one leg to the line, with the red silk dress weeping tears of blood into his right eye, while Princess Pine was getting off her very uncourt-like wet apron and asking leave to "go over to the new house to play."

"Yes," Mamma said, "if you will be sure to be back by dinner-time."

This princess, you will observe, was, after all, much like other potentates, hampered and bound by those she seemed to rule, and obliged to consult with them before undertaking anything important.

This especial royal progress was of the greatest importance, apparently, in the eyes of the little lady herself; for she walked along soberly, instead of skipping about, as usual, and even could have been seen to hesitate a little as she reached the enclosure of her father's new grounds.

"I wish I had let Dolly Pine come," she remarked to herself, with her hand on the gate.

But Princess was as bold as Henry of Navarre, though she wore only a white ruffled sunbonnet for her oriflammé. She marched straight into what she supposed was real danger—she was a woman-child—to find out something. So she opened the door and looked behind it. She surveyed the whole room carefully and peeped into the closet. Then she went into the next room, and as the door swung open Princess popped in quickly, as though seeking some one who was trying to evade her. But that one was as empty as the first, and so were all the others; for Princess went through the house conscientiously, searching here and there and everywhere, under piles of lumber-leavings and behind hods of mortar and in cupboards and on pantry-shelves. When she was

satisfied that she could find nothing, she turned and ran toward home as fast as her little buff-colored feet could fly. How prettily they looked twinkling and pattering along.

If there is one thing more than another, that I shall sometime ruin myself in buying, it is children's shoes.

And then she burst into the sitting-room. "There ain't any there at all, Mamma. I couldn't find one. Papa told a big, black, awful lie."

"Why, Princess, what do you mean?"

"He did, Mamma Pine! He did! He did!" the voice reiterated, almost breathless, "for I couldn't find one."

"Could not find what, my daughter?"

The mother lifted her little girl to her lap, took off her sunbonnet, and fanned her hot, flushed face. "What couldn't you find?"

"There wasn't one old woman with the toothache there. I looked behind every door—every single door."

"Princess Pine, what do you mean?"

"Papa said he'd got 'em; and he hasn't got 'em, and I'm so glad. It's bad enough to have the toothache yourself—just one of you, you know—'thout seven."

"Seven what, darling?"

"Seven achers. Seven old women with hangchuffs all round their heads and makin' faces. Papa said he had 'em."

Mrs. Pine did not let her smile get audible quite yet.

"Now keep quiet, daughter, and tell me just what your father did say."

"He said he had seven achers to his new place, and I can't find one. I've been all over the house and looked in every dental corner."

"Papa meant that he had a good deal of land there, dear. An acre is a piece of ground."

"I thought an acher was a tooth," said Princess Pine, reflectively. "Bob said mine was last week—a regular acher."

"Never mind, dearie, till you grow up and study arithmetic. Hadn't you better go and bring in your washing?"

And while she was gone to fetch it the family came home to dinner, and found Mamma Pine laughing till the tears ran down her face. Of course, she told the story, and Princess came in just in time to find Rob on the floor in paroxysms of laughter, holding his sides and exclaiming: "Seven achers! Oh, my! Old women

behind the door with their faces tied up! Oh, I shall burst!" Which seemed not unlikely, his face was so purple. The little sister's cheeks flushed as she stopped just inside the door, and her breast began to heave and the drops to gather in her eyes. Her father, seeing her discomfiture, composed his features into their everyday grave and pleasant steadfastness and opened his arms, saying: "Come, little daughter."

She sprang to that refuge. Comforted by her father's close embrace, she whispered, a few minutes later: "Didn't you say so, Papa?"

"Yes, darling. But Mamma told you what I meant?"

Princess Pine assented, doubtfully. The matter was not yet clear to her. "I couldn't think what you wanted them for. I was glad when I couldn't find any. I I was afraid so many at a time would make me sick—to my stomach."

Then they went to dinner, and I think Princess Pine had two saucersfull of pudding.

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,  
AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1875.

No. 6.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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" N. T. ROCHESTER,      " Dr. MATHEWS.

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## A Birthday Greeting,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

(Accompanied by a Present of Flowers.)

BY J. A. E.

With quiet joy to see the years go by,  
The years that bear us on beyond return ;  
To gaze each morning on a fairer sky,  
To see each night the lamps of heaven burn  
With calmer brightness in their frame of blue ;  
This blessed peace to-day, thy strength renew.

To watch the suns go 'round from morn to eve,  
To catch no trouble from the silent star ;  
To see the earth its frequent furrows heave  
O'er dearest hopes, yet still to hide each scar ;  
Upon thee fall to-day, this glory from afar.

In looking back, to wish no step untrod ;  
In looking down, to feel no chill of fear ;  
In looking up, to see the face of God ;  
In looking on, to know Him ever near ;  
Within thy heart to-day, be this the cheer.

To take the staff He puts into our hands,  
And on its sure support our weakness lean ;  
To follow Him forth into unknown lands,  
And find all waters still, all pastures green ;  
Be this, to-day, thy confidence unseen.

The desert has its rose and cooling spring,  
Its sheltering rock, its stream of gentle flow ;  
Couched in the darkest shades, the sweet birds  
sing ;  
On barren hills, the richest pastures grow ;  
Be thine, to-day, this secret grace to know

Bleak are the winds, and bleak the frozen earth ;  
The glory of the woods and fields is gone ;  
But these fair blossoms mock the season's dearth ;  
In these sweet buds, the summer still lives on ;  
So 'round thee bloom to-day, all days that bright-  
est shone.

And when all flowers of earth are withered quite ;  
When the last gleam dies o'er the distant hills ;  
When silent throng the shadows of the night,  
And some strange touch the fainting heart, beat  
stills ;  
To see with joy the morn of God break forth—  
What wish so pure can crown these days of earth !  
NOVEMBER 30, 1874.

## Miss Maloney, Etc.

Miss Maloney is the best-known member of her sex. Long before she rendered her widely-read opinion upon the Chinese question, she was an inmate of our house, and we had no friend or neighbor with whom she had not lived. About her name and nationality there were disagreements. Some have insisted that she was from Ireland, others were sure she was German, while some few have declared her Dutch or a Swede. As to her personality, however, all housekeepers are agreed: she was a strong, fairly good-natured, kind-hearted, fitfully affectionate creature of foreign, peasant extraction, and she said she knew how to cook—she had cooked in her

own ancestral halls. Had it not been for her, where would have been many of our funniest anecdotes and saddest digestions? But for her, the strongest bond of sympathy between housekeepers otherwise strangers would never have existed. She was not born to greatness, nor did she achieve it, but when it was thrust upon her she very naturally took it, and held it tightly. She has been a living illustration of the text, "But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Her station, as per contract, was in front of the kitchen stove, but despite the lowliness and retired nature of the position, she ruled therefrom as really as did Peter the Great from his bench in the ship-yard.

Occasional protests against Miss Maloney have been formulated in anger and rehearsed with varying degrees of heroism, but when they who protested appeared before Miss Maloney herself—she of the uprolled sleeves and the arms a-kimbo; the widely-separated shoulders and the dome of thought in which all curved lines had been squared; the impassive mien and changeless mind of the great god Brahm himself,—when the miserable protesting ones reached this dread divinity of the kitchen, their tongues clove to the roof of their mouths, and they,

"—trembling, passed in terror out of sight."

Occasionally Miss Maloney has been deposed, and a new sovereign has been selected at the intelligence office, but—oh, fateful horror!—from beneath the robes and crown of the new queen there sooner or later appeared the original Miss Maloney herself.

So Miss Maloney has ruled undisputed. She, more than any other earthly agent, determines what shall be the strength of the father, the nerve of the mother, the brain of the son, the tint on the cheek of the daughter, the longevity of the baby, the influence of the preacher, the logic of the lawyer, the infallibility of the editor, the wisdom of the statesman and the skill of the physician. Miss Maloney makes or mars the poet's rhymes, the musician's notes, the sculptor's lines, the painter's fancies; she may even be responsible for the design from which the roof of the new Post Office in New York was elaborated. She may not possess the attributes of foreknowledge or predestination, but Miss Maloney is not on that account any the

less fruitful in works of mighty moment. King Alcohol has probably done all the mighty deeds that are told of him, but how feeble his reign compared with that of Miss Maloney!—nay, more; it is fair to claim that had it not been for Miss Maloney's experiments upon human digestion, King Alcohol's subjects would have been nowhere near so numerous as they are.

But this is an age of investigation, and while there are people questioning the merits of the Bourbons, the Pope, and the Civil Service, it is hardly likely that Miss Maloney can escape impertinent criticism. When dissatisfaction was expressed individually and with bated breath, it was too contemptible for notice; besides, no criticism is dangerous until a method of improvement upon the object criticised is suggested. But this latter has just been done by certain enemies of Miss Maloney, and we must say that we apprehend grave results. An association of housekeepers, calling themselves the "Woman's Educational and Industrial Society"—a name probably assumed only as a cloak for their seditious designs, have said a great deal which contained imputations against Miss Maloney's skill. Reasoning upon premises as slender as those usually adopted by so-called reformers, these women claim that because in her paternal mansion Miss Maloney prepared the ragged-jacketed potato, or the savory sausage and aromatic sauer-kraut, or the homely, but satisfying, rye or oaten cakes, it does not follow that she can rightly prepare the many strange and complicated articles of food demanded by us, the barbarians of the new world. They argue that if brain, and nerve, and bone, and muscle are absolutely dependent upon the blood, and the goodness or badness of the blood is determined primarily by what material the stomach receives, then it is important that food should be prepared with infinite intelligence and care. To enable them to carry out their treasonable designs, they have organized and have in successful operation a "Free Training School," in which is taught the theory and practice of cooking to all intelligent women who wish to act in Miss Maloney's capacity. They are taught how to please the palate, to avoid provoking dyspepsia, to cook economically (thereby injuring the business prospects of grocers, butchers, etc.,) and to cook according to the ridiculous demands which the hum-

system varies according to the season. They are debarred from two of Miss Maloney's privileges, in that they are not allowed in the Society's kitchen with unshod feet or dishevelled tresses.

But this is not all. These upstarts of educated cooks are in great demand. Still worse, it being noised abroad that their instructors are only capable American housekeepers, woman in other towns are raising the standard of revolt against Miss Maloney, and are calling for the capable housekeepers in their midst to come forward and prepare the heirs-apparent for the throne which they propose to have vacated of its present occupant. And among smart, but underpaid and hungry seamstresses, shop-girls, and women knowing no handiwork, yet needing to provide for themselves, the idea is slowly gaining ground that to fulfill humanity's first requirement—the one which if unfulfilled, renders impossible any subsequent demands—is more honorable and useful than is the doing any of the underpaid labor which is ruining so many women.

We fear Miss Maloney is doomed. We shall miss her; so will the butcher, the grocer, and all venders of provisions, as they sorrowfully count their diminished receipts. She will also be missed, and for like reason, by the physician and the undertaker. The amount of currency liberated from household demands will, we fear, seriously disturb the financial status. Her peculiarly keyed voice, and her terrible tread, have each been two of the most powerful disciplinary influences of our lives; what now shall restrain us from that perfect mental liberty which is so dangerously apt to degenerate into license? One sustaining hope is ours: should we need Miss Maloney we shall know where to find her; not all housekeepers and mothers will be led away by new and strange notions; there will ever be a faithful few who will be above taking an interest in the kitchen; who will think over these new ideas to-morrow; who will have too much sewing or calling to do to find time for such common affairs; who will piously attribute all sickness and death to the mysterious decrees of an all-wise Providence. Among these Miss Maloney will regain her scepter, and long will she reign.

First law of gravity: never laugh at your own jokes.

## A Training-School for Girls.

BY FULLER-WALKER, M. D.

A Training-School for girls has been opened on East Tenth street, New York near Mr. Stewart's great up-town store, which is well worth telling the world about, since it promises to solve one of our most serious domestic problems. The object of the school is to teach girls how to do housework, and any respectable girl, of any nationality or religion, can go to the school free of expense. Indeed the arrangements are such that most of the girls can support themselves while they are being educated, since they are enabled to earn considerable money in the school. The idea of originating this school started with a wealthy and benevolent lady, Mrs. Hodges, who has a large house on Fifth Avenue, in the same block with Rutgers College. At first she only thought to teach girls how to work on the sewing machine, and for this purpose took them into her own house, where she had several large and unused rooms. Some of her friends told her the experiment was a dangerous one, that the girls would prove dishonest, ungrateful, etc. A trial showed that these fears were groundless. The girls were only too glad of an opportunity to learn, and were as kind, grateful, and polite as women in any class of society. The same warm heart and tender impulses were found beneath the dress of calico as the robes of purple and fine linen.

Coming in contact with the girls, and having them talk over their troubles, Mrs. Hodges came to know the wants of her sex better than she otherwise would have done. Her school for sewing rapidly increased, and in a short time she felt obliged to rent a large room on Broadway, where she soon had sixty sewing machines running. Then it was that the discovery was made that a girl cannot earn enough money on a sewing machine, in New York City, to give her a comfortable and honorable support. After a hard week's work had been done, and the wages divided among the girls, each received about \$3.25. Mrs. Hodges was surprised at this result, and made inquiries of the manufacturers, to learn if they paid her their usual prices. Learning that they did; that the sewing market is glutted, and the needle is no longer woman's best weapon, she deter-

mined to seek other fields of labor for the girls. The truth is, that in New York a large number of Germans, Hebrews, Bohemians, and Irish, work on the sewing machine, both men and women, and they keep these instruments in constant motion, day and night, Sunday and all. The whole family is busy, and a visitor to a large tenement house in New York will find it buzzing like a bee-hive, from cellar to roof, with the whirr of sewing machines, driven by stout men and boys. How can a poor girl hope to compete with such a tide of opposition?

Knowing the difficulty which exists among house-keepers in obtaining good servants, Mrs. Hodges finally resolved to teach such girls as come to her how to cook, to wash, iron, and do dining-room work. To this list of practical accomplishments she added penmanship, bookkeeping enough to enable girls to become clerks in stores, and phonography. To this end the whole of a large house on E. Tenth street, was rented, and fitted into a training-school for girls. A range was put into the kitchen, large enough for a family of two hundred, and a French gentleman was employed to instruct the girls. He has had a large experience as head cook at one of the most aristocratic hotels in New York. The education of the girls in cookery is not confined to fancy French dishes, but rather to those plain, wholesome and palatable dishes common upon the tables of most well-to-do Americans. All the dishes are prepared in the presence of the girls, and frequent lectures are given on the nature of foods, and the best methods of compounding and working them. The girls work in the kitchen, as well as in the tea-room, or restaurant, which is connected with the school. No special time is required before a girl can graduate, each learning according to her capability. As a rule, from three weeks to a month is spent in the kitchen. And as fast as the girls are educated places can be found for them. The country sends to New York for domestic servants; but, as a rule, girls decline to live in the country, preferring New York with all of its attractions and disadvantages.

In the laundry department of the training-school a week or ten days suffices to teach those willing to learn the mysteries of washing and ironing. Good laundresses are in constant demand in New York, at

wages as high as \$1.25 a day. Frequently an order is sent to the school for a dozen girls capable of washing and ironing. We have inspected the work done by these girls, and know it to be of a quality to gladden the eyes of all neat housekeepers who love too see spotless linen. Already this school has enabled from four to five thousand girls to earn a livelihood, thus removing them from the temptations which beset the poor and friendless. The best thing a girl can have in New York is a comfortable home, with plenty of work and good wages.

Girls of all nationalities and religions, so they are respectable, are admitted to the school. We saw Americans, English, Swedes, Germans, Bohemians and Irish, working side by side. The friends of many German and other foreign girls arriving in America frequently take them directly from Castle Garden to the school, that they may learn at once the American method of keeping house. But for this opportunity they might seek in vain for the instruction needed, being compelled to occupy inferior and poor-paying positions for years, because ignorant of American cookery. Thus it will be seen that this school is a blessing in more ways than one. It is doing a great missionary work in saving girls. All the influences and surroundings of the school are refined and gentle. The parlors are neatly fitted up, and in the library there is a good collection of books, with most of the magazines and religious papers on file. Many ladies of high position in New York are taking a personal interest in this school, while ladies in Philadelphia, Savannah and other cities propose to inaugurate similar institutions. All the cities in the country need schools which shall accomplish the same ends, where both housekeepers and servants can be properly educated. With an improvement in American cooking and housekeeping we expect to see an increase of health and happiness in all circles. We wish a God-speed to every institution which enables men or women to work out their own salvation—physical or spiritual.

A Western paper, in describing an accident, recently, says, with considerable candor: "Dr. Crawford was called; and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1875.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Two or three days ago, we went to the Hospital and as we opened the doors of the wards our thought was, "What would be the fate of all these sick people if there were no home like this for them?" Hardly one familiar face did we see, and the nurse said that every bed in her wards was taken, except one. There were three faces that we knew. One, a German woman, to whom we have often alluded. She has been a patient for two years. Three months since she went home, but did not feel as well as she hoped, and has returned to the Hospital. She said, in her broken English, that if she "stayed a little longer she thought she would be quite well." Another familiar face, was that of a patient who for nearly two years has been very lame—a great part of the time her foot has been quite useless. She is now so well that she is employed as nurse, and as such has worked successfully in the Fever Ward. "An excellent nurse," they said. Her patient, kind and cheerful face must have been comforting to the sick in her charge. The other face that we knew was that of our German friend, whose knowledge of English is extremely limited. She has been very sick and has changed so much that we hardly knew her. She is broken down and old, but her spirit is strong enough yet to keep her from leaning back in her chair. She looks sad and lonely, and has not one to talk with. In the corner of this ward was a pale young woman, in consumption. Her cough was racking her dreadfully, and her breath came in gasps. She said "she thought she was getting better until a month ago, when she took cold and had been worse since." She coughs nearly all

the night, and is glad to sit up in her chair. She looked wistfully out of the window. A month ago she hoped that she might go out once more. At another window, sat a stranger, with her back to the room. To attract her attention, we laid our hand on her shoulder. She started so that we were sure that her heart was far away from the Hospital. She had a sorrowful story. All that could break a heart she had borne. Loss of husband; loss of children; loss of property; and now loss of health. All the time she has such severe pain in her head, that she cannot read. What is there left for her? Certainly no looking forward; and "Sorrow's crown of sorrow, is the memory of happier things." One young girl came in to the Hospital while we were there—a spirited, independent, courageous, but homesick, child. Her rebellion at the thought that she was sick and in the Hospital, was refreshing, comparing it to the apathy and listlessness of others. A friend came with her—a real sweet-faced, sweet-voiced, sympathetic young girl. She was so comforting and so kind, we pitied the other patients who had no such friend. While we were walking around the Ward, we noticed a straight, broad-shouldered, trim woman, with an elastic step and a cheerful face. As she had her neck swathed in flannel we thought she was recovering from some trouble with her throat, and were amazed when she told us that the Doctor said she was in the second stage of consumption. It did not seem possible, with such width of chest and with such breadth of shoulder, she could have such a disease. A bright, cheerful young woman sat by the register. She had been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, but was getting well so fast she would soon be able to leave the Hospital. Indeed, her sickness was so much a thing of the past, she did not seem to mind it. Another, also quite young, had been paralyzed. The left side was almost helpless, the hand

especially; however, she could walk. Another, had spinal paralysis, but is improving wonderfully.

It cannot be that typhoid fever is so fearful a disease; all the patients we hear of in the Hospital, who have it, get well. In the Nursery, we found a little, almost waxen, baby, nearly four months old. Her father and mother had brought her to the Hospital, the mother staying with her, so that she could have better care than she could have at home. She was asleep, and did not look as if she ever would wake in this world, but the nurse said she was a great deal better. Think of a frail little baby having congestion of the lungs—a disease that is often more than a stout healthy grown person can live through. While we were looking at the tiny little creature, she stretched out and turned in her cot, showing that she had a world of strength left. At the far end of the nursery was a desolate young mother, more desolate than a widow, for her husband had deserted her. Two children she had sent to the Orphan Asylum. Now she has a little two-weeks'-old daughter to take care of. How can one frail woman do so much? She cannot take care of three children. Poor mother, and poor little flock. What will become of them all?

We had spent our morning in the Hospital. It was nearing their dinner hour, and our visit was not nearly through, but we had to leave. Every day since, we have thought of those sick people and felt grateful that God had put it into the hearts of his children to give to his sick ones such a home and such a refuge. There are a few cases of typhoid fever all gaining. Of course, these we did not see.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

### Christmas at the Hospital.

On this day, when everyone looks forward to something to brighten life, what could all those weary sick people hope for? Too ill to visit their friends, if friends they had; many of them strangers, knowing no faces except those of their nurses, all shut in, doubtless, most of them thinking of the past, when some one Christmas stood out beyond all the others, bright and beautiful; certainly it would seem that they must be uncommonly sorrowful. Oh no! The friends who have remembered them before, surely would not forget them this year. So three fine Christmas trees were bought and loaded with gifts; then each tree was carried to its ward, and the gifts were distributed. Every patient had oranges, apples and malaga grapes. Every female patient had a bouquet of lovely flowers. These flowers were appreciated, for many days after, we saw some of their green leaves worn in the hair, or at the necks of the recipients. All of the fever patients, also, had bouquets. Everyone had a stocking full of candies and popped corn. It was delightful to see wan, pale faces brighten at the sight of the flowers and fruits, and smiles light up faces that had been for so long time sorrowful. These presents followed by a real Christmas dinner, served to make the day pass delightfully to the inmates.

### Thanks.

We wish to thank the friends who have so generously donated rags. But will not they prove the proverb true, "It never rains but it pours." Rags have come by the barrel full. Now, won't they be sent this new year, in large, *very* large boxes? The nicest way to send rags is to roll them around cans of fruit, bottles of pickles, or glasses of jelly. Then, the glass-ware does not break, and the old cotton and linen are kept quite smooth, almost ready for bandages. The vegetables that the

friends are intending to send, can just be heaped in baskets or barrels; so with apples. There is no need to do them up in cotton or linen. It is a real comfort that so much has been given us, because it opens the way for us to give to those who lack. We ask but for little, nor ask that little long. Rags, potatoes, onions, turnips, parsnips, apples, jelly, canned fruits and pickles. That is very little, compared to what we might ask for.

### Rags!

It may seem rather strange that so much is said on what might be thought a trifling matter. But it is not a trifling matter.

It is often necessary for the Matron of the Hospital to buy new cotton and tear it into bandages, when old is so much better. Last month, a barrel full was received, and of an excellent quality. Do not smile. There is as much difference in rags as there is in people. This barrel full is now all gone. "Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold." Exceeding thoughtfulness on the part of the ladies who took such care to send the Hospital nice rags, has made us bold to ask for more—and not stop at rags, either.

If they and everybody besides would send old shirts for the sick men in the wards, and dried fruits and jellies, for both sick men and women, who have little or no appetite; in fact, send anything and everything that is used in homes. Nothing will come amiss. Everything that we eat, drink or wear, is needed. There is not that person alive, never has been, never will, who can say that a gift, he or she has made to the Hospital, has been slighted or returned—never! Our reliance for donations, just now, is on the ladies who sent such a supply—and on others, as kind hearted. What if the Ladies who so generously sent the barrel of rags, should send a barrel of different kinds of dried fruits—cherries, berries, currants, peaches and apples? We almost think they will.

### Cards of Thanks.

The Treasurer of the ladies' board of the Rochester City Hospital gratefully acknowledge the following amount as the avails of the donations of December 3, 1874:

Receipts.....	\$2,106 20	
Expenses.....	253 26	
		\$1,852 94
Receipts of the Frog Opera,.....	\$1,329 10	
Expenses.....	515 29	
		813 81
Net proceeds.....		\$2,666 75

MRS. W. H. PERKINS,  
Treasurer.

The ladies thankfully appreciate the very generous response to their appeals, in donations of money, fancy articles, refreshments, and the use of tables furnished by Hunn, Spencer & Co., for their festival of December 3d, and all kindnesses received from the editors of our daily papers and others. To J. H. Stedman we feel especially indebted for his enthusiastic and untiring efforts to make the Frog Opera a substantial success for the Hospital. We also desire to extend our thanks to W. R. Cankins and to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly contributed much time and work to its successful rendering.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,  
Cor. Secretary.

MR. JAMES VICK has sent us his "Floral Guide" for the first quarter of the year 1875. It is beautifully illustrated and full of interesting and instructive reading matter concerning the culture of flowers and vegetables. The book will be sent to the Hospital and the lovely illustrations will be almost as good for the patients as looking at his gardens in the summer time.

We give below his generous offer to send seeds to the Nebraska sufferers, also his floral premiums:

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.—It is sad that in this land people suffer and even starve for bread. That there should be a lack of food in the fertile West seems as strange as it is sad. That hundreds and thousands in portions of Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Iowa, will suffer and die before spring, from want, without aid from abroad, is true, as we know, not only from

published reports, but from scores of private letters from customers, now lying before me, and from persons whom nothing but the most urgent necessity would induce to make known their personal wants.

Thousands of good, industrious people, with the laudible desire to make homes for themselves and families, have taken up land in the West. Removal, the purchase of implements and a little stock, and the expense of living until a crop is secured, usually exhausts the resources of these persons. They expect to endure privations for a time, but with ordinary success, a few years of trial and endurance usually place them in comfortable circumstances. Unfortunately the past two years swarms of grasshoppers have swept away at once the crops and hopes of these deserving people, while we have "bread enough and to spare."

We look at the pile of letters before us; we have read every word of the sad stories, from strong men, enduring women and suffering children, and would like to feed them all, but what can one do for so many? Last year we supplied all who applied for seeds for half price, or no price. No one, we think, was denied. This year the need is more serious.

FOOD IS WANTED TO FEED THE HUNGRY FAMILIES UNTIL CROPS CAN BE GROWN. So, we thought perhaps some of our customers would like to help a little, if they knew an easy way to forward funds. *We therefore propose to receive from our customers, or others, whatever money they may appropriate to this good work,* acknowledging the receipt of all sums, and giving an account of its disposal, and will add *Five Hundred Dollars* as our subscription to the amount forwarded.

EARLY IN THE SPRING SEEDS OF ALL KINDS WILL BE NEEDED, for everything that can sustain life will be consumed. We will be glad to appropriate to this purpose any money that may be sent us for this truly God-like work, also adding *Five Hundred Dollars* to the fund.

If all of our two hundred thousand customers, who can afford to do so, and who have not had an opportunity to aid the sufferers in any other way, will send us a little, how much can be done to make sad hearts happy.

VICK'S FLORAL PREMIUMS.—For the purpose of encouraging the culture and

love of flowers, I authorize the officers of every State and Territorial Agricultural Society in the United States (and where there are two prominent Societies in one State, both,) and the provinces of Canada, to offer, in my behalf, the following premiums:

For the Best Collection of Cut Flowers,	\$20.00.
Second Best	10.00.
Third Best	5.00.
Fourth Best	Floral Chromo.

The offer is made to amateurs only, and the flowers to be exhibited at the regular Annual Fairs. The awards to be made by the regular Judges, or by any Committee appointed for the purpose. When only one collection is exhibited, the Judges may award the first, or any other premium, according to merit, but the exhibition must be a creditable one, and if not so, in the opinion of the Judges, no premium to be awarded. The flowers not to be made up in bouquets, but exhibited separate and named. I shall not consider this offer accepted by any Society, unless published in the regular Premium List, so that all may have an opportunity to compete. The money will be forwarded by Draft on the Bank of New York City, as soon as the award is made known to us, either to the officers of the Society or to the persons obtaining the premium.

I also authorize the officers of EVERY COUNTY SOCIETY in America to offer one of my FLORAL CHROMOS for the best exhibition of Cut Flowers. Now let us have some grand exhibitions of flowers.

## Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 6th, 1874, Infant of Mrs. Jane Walker.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 31, 1874, Jacob G. Doty, aged 50 years.

## Donations.

- Mrs. Ives, Batavia—Old Cotton.
- A Friend—One barrel Old Linen.
- Mrs. Ira B. Northrop & Mrs. E. S. Gilbert—Three volumes Atlantic Monthlies.
- Mrs. Louis Whitney—Four Turkeys.
- Charles Schroth—Four Turkeys.
- Mrs. James Brackett—Old Linen and Magazines.
- Mrs. S. P. Smith—Two gallons Oysters.
- Mrs. W. H. Crowell—2 Bowls Jelly, 4 cans Fruit.
- Mrs. Eliza Witherell—One basket Apples, canned Fruit.
- Mr. E. K. Warren—One barrel Ale.
- Dr. H. W. Dean—Two barrels Apples.
- Goetzman & Son—Deduction on bill of \$2.50.
- John L. Stewart—Deduction on bill of \$4.85.



### Subscriptions to Review.

John Greenwood, \$1.25; Mrs. C. Atwater, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Roderick, East Pembroke, 50 cents; Mr. Shephard, Dansville, 50 cents; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. L. Kelly, \$1.65; Mrs. Geo. Lord, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Conser, 50 cents; J. P. Wheeler, Mt. Morris, 50 cents; Mrs. George E. Jennings, \$1.25; Geo. Witherell, Canaseraga, 50 cents; Eliza Witherell, 62 cents; Samuel Pierce, 62 cents—By Mrs. Craig . . . \$11 87  
 Wilcox & Gibbs, adv't, \$5.00; Scrantom & Whetmore, adv't, \$5.00; Sherlock & Sloan, adv't, \$5.00; Newell & Turpin, adv't, \$5.00; E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., adv't, \$5.00; Mrs. C. F. Smith, \$1.30; M. V. Beemer, \$1.30; Thomas Hawks, \$1.87; C. F. Weaver, \$1.00; R. Turner, \$1.55; M. E. Gilman, 80 cents  
 —By H. Husbands, . . . . . \$32 82

### Superintendent's Report.

1874. Dec. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	56
Received during month . . .	34— 90
Discharged, . . . . .	32
Died, . . . . .	2— 34
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1875,	50

The following report was not received until the December number of the "Review" was published. We regret that it did not come in time for that number:

Mrs. Hildreth, Mrs. I. F. Force, Mrs. E. B. Chace, Mrs. James Sargent, Mrs. Asa Saxe, Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt, and Mrs. B. McFarland's Table.

A Friend—\$2.00.  
 Mrs. Robert Archer—\$1.00.  
 Mrs. George Archer—Charlotte Russe.  
 Miss Della Brown—Two loaves Cake.  
 Mrs. Brown—Pickles, Jelly.  
 Mrs. Cross—Preserved Currants.  
 Mrs. Louis Chase—One keg Oysters, Crackers.  
 Mrs. Ethan Chase—Roast Beef, spiced Beef, mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. E. B. Chace—Four roast Chickens, Chicken Salad, 2 rolls Butter, Pickles.  
 Mrs. R. Cartwright—Two Roast Chickens, 2 bowls Jelly, 3 quarts Cream.  
 Mrs. Castleman—Two jars Fruit, 1 bowl Jelly.  
 Mrs. George Cramer—50 cents.  
 Mrs. James Cook—Two loaves Cake.  
 Mrs. I. F. Force—One roast Turkey, 5 quarts Cranberry Jelly, Milk.  
 Mrs. D. Hovey—One pan Biscuits, 1 boiled Ham, scalloped Oysters, 2 glasses Jelly.  
 Mrs. Greenleaf—One roast Turkey, 2 quarts Cream.  
 Mrs. W. Gray—One roll Butter.  
 Mrs. George Glover—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Henry Gordon—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Beth Green—Two kegs Oysters, 4 bunches Celery.

Mrs. Hildreth—Six Pies, 2 forms Charlotte Russe, 1 box Catawba Grapes, 1 platter Lobster Salad, 1 dish Cabbage, Cranberry Jelly, 6 loaves brown Bread.  
 Miss Minnie Hale—Celery.  
 Miss Dora Hiscock—Two Chicken Pies.  
 Mrs. Clinton Hall—Six Pies.  
 Mrs. Lovcraft—Pickles, 1 pan Biscuits, 2 dishes Jelly.  
 Mrs. George Loder—One dish scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. G. Montgomery—Six bunches Celery.  
 Mrs. Mackie—Three pounds Crackers.  
 Mrs. Ben. McFarland—One Turkey, Jelly Tarts, 2 bowls Jelly.  
 Mrs. Pells—Lobster Salad.  
 Mrs. Stephen Remington,—\$5.00; also, Nuts, 5 pounds Raisins, Candy.  
 Mrs. Rhoda—One Ham.  
 Mrs. Asa Saxe—Two dishes Chicken Salad, pressed Chicken, 6 quarts Milk, Doughnuts, 1 pan Biscuits.  
 Mrs. James Sargent—One roast Turkey, 1 loaf Cake, mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Streeeter—Eight pounds Sugar.  
 Mrs. Snell—Five pounds Sugar.  
 Mrs. Sweet—Two loaves Bread.  
 Mrs. J. J. Van Zandt—Three quarts Pickles, 4 Pies, Jelly, Doughnuts, 1 pan Biscuits.  
 Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt—One Turkey, Pork and Beans, Jelly, Mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Vanderbeck—One Tongue.  
 Mrs. VanDuke—One keg Oysters, 3 lbs. Crackers.  
 Mrs. A. N. Whiting—Two loaves Cake, Turnips, 1 pan Doughnuts.  
 Mrs. Warner—Pickled Peaches.

## Children's Department.

Donny

BY C. A. G.

"The idea of it!" said grandpa, laughing.  
 "So very inconvenient," protested grandma.  
 "That many in a family is uncommon, mem," added nurse Pippin.  
 "Nobody ever heard of such a thing," pouted auntie Meg.  
 They were talking about naming the baby; and if there ever has been a baby at your house to name, you know how much talk that takes. But when all the other people had spoken, the baby's mamma repeated what she had first said.  
 "He is to be John Boyd, Jr."  
 "But that is so commonplace," sighed auntie Meg, who wanted the name to be Lionel Frederick.  
 "Your argument is not a good as grandma's. It might be inconvenient," said baby's mamma.

For you must know that in this family there were already *three* Johns under the same roof; John Boyd, Sr., who was baby's papa; John Harlow, who was baby's uncle; and little John Hathway, who was seven years old, and baby's half-brother. So it did seem rather droll to add a fourth, and you cannot wonder that auntie Meg brought in the dictionary and read aloud all the names in the last part, in the hope of softening her sister's resolution. However, dictionaries are of no use when a woman's mind is made up, and baby was christened John Boyd. And the name did not prove so inconvenient after all, for by the time grandma began to say,

"We must leave off calling that child Baby."

Baby had made a name for himself, and was accustomed to describe himself as "Don Boyd, Dunior," so presently everybody fell into Baby's habit and called the little fellow Don or Donny.

When he had grown so much as to wear button boots and a sailor suit, Donny was a square sturdy urchin, with brown hair cropped close, brown eyes, brown little fists, and a snub nose freckled across the bridge. The freckles were almost as great a trial to auntie Meg as his name, but Donny cared not a penny for them, and frisked out in all weathers regardless of consequences.

One day Donny was sent of an errand.

"And I don't care much about going neither," he said confidentially to his mamma. "I feel as if I could get in a tantrum just as easy!"

"I wouldn't to-day," said mamma, kissing his brown cheek. Here are five cents to spend for yourself, and after you have carried the note you may go and slide on the Common for half an hour."

In spite of this encouragement, Donny took the note rather gloomily.

"Jonnie don't go of errands. Wish I was big, and studied Latin. Wish I had a sealskin cap, too."

With this remark Donny wound himself up in a long gay-colored scarf which auntie Meg had knit for him, pulled his cap over his overcoat pocket, then ran for his sled and departed.

He had delivered the note and was trudging toward the Common when a chestnut stand with its little furnace attracted him.

"Five cents worth, and I want some all botted up and cracked open," said Donny.

Turning away with the paper bag of warmth in his hands, Donny jostled against a boy very nearly his own size, who held a long basket on his arm.

"Buy some peanuts, won't you? or a candy stick!" said the boy wistfully.

"Haven't any more money, I don't suppose," answered Donny, fishing vainly in his pockets. "I like peanuts."

"I haven't sold hardly a pint this afternoon," said the boy sadly. "Folks don't buy 'em so well when its cold."

Donny looked at the thin jacket and torn hat, the bare red hands and pinched lips, and shivered a little with sympathy.

"'Course I didn't mean to fret 's if I's a beggar boy. I only wanted a sealskin cap 'cause Johnnie has one, and I wasn't ungrateful, neither," said Donny to himself, answering a little twinge of conscience hastily. Then aloud he said,

"I'm going up to slide, and if I meet papa I'll ask for five cents and buy some. I'm sorry."

So Donny trudged away and was soon sliding merrily among the little throng of boys on the long slope. Coming down with a shout and a whirr he saw his small acquaintance with the basket watching him from the sidewalk.

"I didn't find him," said Donny, stopping to speak. "Haven't you sold any more?"

"No," said the boy.

"You don't holler out and ask folks loud enough, maybe," suggested Donny. "Don't you want to slide down once with me?"

"I darsen't leave my basket," said the forlorn boy, brightening a little at the idea, nevertheless.

"I'll tell you," cried heedless, generous Donny, struck with a sudden thought.

"I will take your basket and sell for you while you slide a few times. Take my scarf, too, the snow flies into your face so."

The next minute Donny had flung his pretty scarf about the peanut boy's neck, and was holding out to him the sled rope. It was not in boy-nature to resist the temptation, and after an instant's hesitation the offer was accepted.

"You're a regular *banger*," said the peanut boy, admiringly. "You'll be sure and meet me here pretty soon!"

"Of course," said Donny, slinging the basket on his arm, and the new-made friends parted.

It was a funny sight to see Donny in his new office; he never did anything by halves, and now intent only on adding to the capital of his employer, he plucked at gentlemen's coat-tails, presented his basket in the way of fashionable ladies, marched into shop-doors, and ran against large boys with reckless earnestness. Some people bought of him, but more set him aside or bade him clear out, and most were too busy to notice that this little peanut boy wore a surprisingly nice overcoat with a velvet collar, and showed handsome plaided stockings below his knickerbockers. The few who did attempt to question him about his costume Donny took leave of at once. He had no idea of having his fun spoiled too early. On and on he ran, careless of time, until he saw a line of horse cars waiting for some temporary obstruction to be cleared from the track, and sprang aboard.

"Peanuts! only ten cents," called Donny, but nobody minded him; and he had reached the forward car in the line when with a jerk and a rumble it started on.

Donny sat down very suddenly and hard on the floor, but picked himself up and held on by the door as the car rattled around a corner and a long distance up the street, then as he stopped he jumped off and discovered two things which surprised him greatly. First, that it was evening, second, that he did not know where he was.

"Of course I can find my way to the Common, but I wish 'twas nearer," said Donny, with a little gasp. "'Spose that boy's a waiting this minute."

On and on he ran, but the streets still were strange, the glare of the lamps confused him, and he was tired and very hungry.

"I might eat some peanuts, only I am honest," sighed Donny. "Shouldn't wonder if some boys would cry if they felt like me."

Before long poor little Donny found himself on the list of "some boys," for the the tears fell fast down his brown cheeks.

"It's cold without my scarf, and we were going to have oysters for supper," sobbed Donny. "I shan't eat any peanuts, though, 'cause I'm honest. May be

that boy is hunting for me, so I'll sit down here till he comes along."

So it came to pass that later a policeman spied Donny asleep, curled up in a doorway, and knew him for a "lost child," though somewhat puzzled by the basket. Donny was too sleepy to explain, but told his name, street, and the number where he lived; so presently he was stumbling and trotting along in the right direction by the policeman's side, hungry still, but happier. How glad he was to see the familiar house and hear the bell tinkle sharply in answer to his guide's strong pull.

The door flew open with a jerk, and in the hall Donny saw a curious group. Papa John, Uncle John, Johnnie Hathaway with his arm around mamma's neck, auntie Meg with tearful eyes, all staring at another policeman who held by the collar a little shivering boy, with a torn hat and a gay scarf hanging from his neck.

"Hallo!" said Donny.

"There! he'll tell you I ain't a thief! and—"

"Here! I sold a lot of 'em for you," said Donny and the boy together.

Then they both began to cry, the family began to laugh, and the policemen stared at each other very surprisedly.

Well, at last it was all explained, the policemen went away, the real peanut boy was sent away with his basket, a thick jacket, and a handful of five cent pieces, and the boy who had played at his trade cuddled into mamma's lap and wiped his eyes on her soft kerchief.

"Did you think how naughty it was to run away and frighten me so?" whispered she gently.

"But I wasn't going to lose myself a purpose; I was going to help that boy. And how did I know it was going to hurry up and be night so quick!" said heedless, generous, naughty Donny.

### Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
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- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
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- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

**EXHAUSTION OF THE BRAIN.**—Dr. Redcliffe, in his recent Croonian lectures, is reported to have discussed, at much length and very accurately, the subject of brain exhaustion, so common at the present day. After describing the leading symptoms, such as loss of memory, depression of spirits, increased or lessened sleeplessness, unusual irritability, epileptiform condition of the nerves, and sometimes transitory coma, he argues against urging the patient to eat heartily, believing that such a practice tends to develop the disease; he equally opposes the training diet system, as generally starving the nerve tissues by excluding hydro-carbons from food. Nor should the patients be urged to work more than is natural under the circumstances, nor to rest from head-work, in many cases cerebral exhaustion being intensified by the brain lying fallow; if there is undue sleeplessness, the head should lie low on the pillow, and if undue sleepiness, it should be kept high.

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Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33N. Fitzhugh Street.

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Mar. '73.

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1875.

No. 7.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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For the Hospital Review.

### Pen Pictures.

#### PICTURE NUMBER ONE.

A lovely scene it was the sun disclosed that morning, as its rays touched with gold the brown ringlets of a rosy cheeked boy, over whose ruby lips, just parted, flitted a smile of rare beauty at the kiss of the sun. One tiny hand was tucked under the little head; the other, which clasped a jeweled crucifix, was laid on the rose-satin coverlet of the dainty scallop-shell in which he lay. About him, hung in graceful folds rich lace drapery, which was caught up and held in the bill of a beautiful dove, whose silver wings glistened in the sunbeams. In the opposite corner of this

eastern room, was a marble cross, behind which stood an angel, who in calm benignity pointed with one hand toward heaven, and with the other, toward the Holy Book, which lay open at the foot of the cross, just above a little kneeling cushion. A myrtle hung its graceful festoons about the room and deep windows, and the perfume of orange blossoms floated through the open casement. A bird, swinging upon a bough close by, poured forth his morning song, effectually arousing the little sleeper, who, leaping from his couch, threw himself upon the cushion before the cross, and in the pure accents of childhood, repeats: "Our Father, which art in Heaven," &c.; then pressing his cherub lips reverently to the Holy Bible before him, repeats: "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and "Little children, love one another," and the Apostles' Creed; then, with his baby-finger crossing himself, he looks up at the angel and smiled.

#### PICTURE NUMBER TWO.

Fifteen years later.

The long shadow, cast on the sun-dial, announces the approach of sunset. But the multitude which throngs the Basilica Cæsarium, heed it not. That great and gorgeous building in this city, justly styled the Queen of the East, greater and richer than Rome itself, has been filled, crowded to overflowing since morning with the wealthy and noble, the poor and the mean,

listening to an appeal from a mere strip-ling, but a very Apollo in beauty and stature. An eloquent, soul-stirring appeal in behalf of a poor widow who had been defrauded by one of the Ecclesiastical Court, The opposition is great; but his eloquence seems *inspired*, as he pleads like his Divine Master, for the rights of the widow and orphan. And praise be to God! he wins. Just as the disk of the sun touches the horizon, his success is complete, and the excited populace, half heathen, half Christian, crown him with laurels and bear him away upon their shoulders, amid acclamations and rejoicings.

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PICTURE NUMBER THREE.

Twelve years pass away.

It is noon. The hot sun pours his oriental beams upon the sterile soil of the mountain. The goats even have sought shelter from the heat in the clefts of the rock. No sign of life appears, save one solitary traveler, who, weary and worn with many an hour of slow, hard toiling up the steep mountain side, seeing at length a rude hut, erected by the roadside, turns toward it and seats himself within its shadow, weary and faint. As he reclines here, wondering if aught of human life can exist in this forsaken place, he sees far up above, on the heights he had hoped to reach, a human figure descending and approaching. It is that of a man, whose shaven head has nought to protect it from the scorching rays of this noonday sun; for even the cowl of his scanty hair-cloth gown is thrown back. At his side, depending from his hempen girdle, is a crucifix, a rosary, and a whip of small cords knotted and twisted. His feet are bare and unwashed; his beard is long and unshaven. Yet the fire of youth is in his eye, and his form is as straight as the staff which he clasps with his right hand, while in his left is a copy of the Holy Scriptures. He disappears through a small aperture in the rock, and soon re-

turns bearing a large gourd shell filled with water, and a towel. Unloosing the sandals of the traveler, he proceeds to wash his feet, then spreads before him a repast of dried fruit and cool water to slake his thirst; after which, beckoning with his finger, he leads him through the aperture into a cool place, where he spreads boughs and skins and mutely invites his guest to repose. He himself obtains only such sleep as his weary frame can snatch, while he stands leaning on his staff; for this vow is upon the Hermit, as well as the vow of silence. After the traveler has been refreshed by another repast, he is conducted by the Hermit a part of his journey up the dizzy height; and then he kneels to receive the benediction from the holy man. And in *this* act the traveler recognizes in this godly man his mother's deliverer—the noble youth, who had, years before, established her rights.

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PICTURE NUMBER FOUR.

Thirty years later.

"Put not your trust in Princes."

In the holy Cathedral of St. Michael, at the high altar of God, in his canonical robes, stands the holy priest of the Most High God, so consecrated by hermit life. The chant of the male voices, far above, floats downward on the incense-perfumed air to the worshippers below in angelic cadences. The building is crowded. At the solemn moment when, by the prayer of the anointed priest, the sacred emblem is being changed into a bloodless sacrifice, an ominous sound is heard of martial steps and clattering arms, of shouts of men and hoofs of horses on the pavements. Nearer and nearer they approach, even into the sacred edifice! The king's soldiers are under orders to secure the Archbishop, living. The people rising from their knees seek by instinct to defend with their lives, if need be, their spiritual Father; and he, in imitation of our Lord Christ, commands them "to put up their swords," and let him go. But they, like St. Peter, heed

not his words; and the Church of God is stained with their blood. The holy walls re-echo unwonted sounds of shrieks and groans mingled with prayers and curses. The soldiers accomplishing their object ruthlessly trample the people beneath their feet, and bear their unresisting victim away.

PICTURE NUMBER FIVE.

Again the burning heat of an Eastern sun falls on the uncovered head of a grey-haired, pious old man, whom all Christendom holds in loving admiration. He toils wearily on between two Arabian chargers; his hands, tied behind, are swollen with the tightness of the cords that bind them; his path is stained with bloody foot-prints, which attest the leagues he has traveled. How patient he is! Not a murmur escapes him. With pitying love and forgiveness he, like his great Exemplar, prays God to bless and forgive his tormentors. He falters and totters, but is urged on by the point of the spear, till at last outraged nature asserts her rights, and he falls heavily. The soldiers, finding him unconscious, bear him in pity to the oratory of St. Basil; here, clothed in white robes, we see this dear, loving, holy old man, receiving the Eucharist, and hear him utter in faltering tones: Fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and, in the world to come, life everlasting—Amen;” and adds, as usual, the words: “Praise be to God for all things.” He crosses himself, gasps, and the attendant angels receive his spirit and bear it away to his Maker.

His body now rests, after many changes, in the Vatican of Rome. The Greek Church celebrates his feast the thirteenth of November. The Romish Church, the twenty-seventh of January. And all Christians, whether Greek, Romish, or Protestant, unite in extolling the goodness and piety of Saint John Chrysostom.

ELISE.

The following exquisite poem we have never seen in print. It has been copied and sent to a friend of the “*Review*,” and our readers will be delighted with its beauty:

One By One.

I.

They are gathering homeward from every land,  
One by one;  
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,  
One by one;  
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,  
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,  
And clothed with white raiment they rest on the mead,  
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,  
One by one.

II.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,  
One by one;  
Through the waters of death they enter life,  
One by one;  
To some are the floods of the river still,  
As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;  
To others the waves run fiercely wild,  
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,  
One by one.

III.

We, too, shall come to the river's side,  
One by one;  
We are nearer its waters each eventide,  
One by one;  
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,  
Now and again through our life's deep dream,  
Sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow,  
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,  
One by one.

IV.

Jesus, Redeemer! we look to Thee,  
One by one;  
We lift up our voices tremblingly,  
One by one;  
The waves of the river are dark and cold,  
We know not the spots where our feet may hold;  
Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,  
Strengthen us—send us the staff and the light,  
One by one.

V.

Plant Thou our feet beside as we tread,  
One by one;  
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,  
One by one;

Let but they mighty arm round us be twined,  
 We'll cast all our fears and cares to the wind;  
 Saviour! Redeemer! with thee full in view,  
 Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,  
 One by one.

**Food for Invalids.**

**FARINACEOUS** food, jellies and meat broths are the most nutritious preparations for invalids; and such food as the patient can take without producing distress and pain in the digestive organs is the kind which will give most strength to the patient.

**Sago Gruel.**—Take three tablespoonfuls of sago, and wash in cold water; then add one quart of boiling hot milk, and boil for twenty minutes; sweeten and flavor with lemon peel or a tablespoonful of brandy.

**Arrowroot Gruel.**—Mix a dessert spoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water, and pour over it one pint of boiling water; boil until it looks transparent. Add a little salt. If the patient can take milk, substitute boiling milk for water, and flavor with grated lemon peel or vanilla.

**Tapioca Jelly.**—Wash a teacupful of tapioca—soak it for three hours in cold water—turn off the water and pour over it one quart of boiling water. Add the grated peel of one lemon; sweeten to taste and boil one hour.

**Oatmeal Gruel.**—Mix a dessert spoonful of fine oatmeal or patent groats with two tablespoonfuls of cold water; add one pint of boiling water, and boil for ten minutes, stirring frequently. For a richer gruel, boil two tablespoonfuls of groats in a quart of water for an hour. Strain through a sieve; stir in a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and some sugar, nutmeg or ginger.

**Barley Gruel.**—Wash four tablespoonfuls of pearl barley; boil it in two quarts of water, with a stick of cinnamon and a pinch of salt in it, until reduced to one quart. Strain through a sieve; add a teacup of milk, and boil for ten minutes. Serve with sugar and nutmeg if relished. This will keep on ice two or three days.—  
 [American Rural Home.

In a Montana newspaper appeared the following: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

**Contrast.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The joy we looked and listened for,  
 Without the sight of sun or stars,  
 As captives gaze through prison bar,  
 Came, with white raiment covered o'er.

Sweet was her chalice to our lips,  
 Yet lingered still a thought of pain,  
 An aching from the weary strain  
 Of waiting through our life's eclipse.

The joy that dropped into our palm,  
 The diamond of a rare delight,  
 And vanished, leaving but the bright  
 Star-sparkle, thrilling all our calm.

With sense of beauty, unawares  
 Bestowed, and made the spirit's own  
 That strong sweet music hath a tone  
 In which no trembling minor shares.

Queen Ranavalomanjake, of Madagascar, replies to the address sent her from the London Missionary Society that her kingdom is at peace, that through the enlightenment of the Gospel she has led and encouraged her subjects to serve God, that the kingdom of Christ has made great progress in the island, and that she shall continue to encourage and protect the Society's missionaries and teachers. Her closing wish to the Society is: "May the Almighty God bless you in your useful labors for the evangelizing of mankind, and may be ever give to the people earnest hearts to help you to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ among all nations." Madagascar, we take it, is an instance of the "failure" of modern missions.

Instead of starting small mission chapels or helping along weak and struggling churches in London, it has been proposed that the Congregational Union of that city take a new departure in the matter of church erection and put up large and handsome houses of worship at centers of influence, with a strong man for pastor in each. The London *Independent* urges this aggressive and somewhat costly policy on the ground that in the end it will prove to be the most effective, at least far more so than the usual policy of keeping up small churches which seldom become a real power in any neighborhood. It is possible the Union may try this new plan if it succeeds in raising a sufficient fund to begin with.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1875.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Our German friend who spent her time in trying to overcome the difficulties which our language presents, has gone home, where she shall know neither sickness, sorrow or loneliness, anymore. She was sick but a little while, and that she might be quiet, was taken into a room where there were no other patients. Just before she died, she asked her nurse to pray with her, and said she was so glad that she was going to her Father. The one who told me this, will not be far behind her; "and Oh," said she, "I wish it was now." Tears rolled down her cheeks, as she told her sad story. Seven years ago her husband died; a year and a half ago she lost her only child, a daughter—and now she is passing away, in great suffering and weakness. But she knows her Father's tender arms are ready to receive her, when life is over; and in this knowledge she finds her rest. A fair young woman, also in consumption, is a little better, and very cheerful. She said that her medicine stopped the pain, but tightened the cough. "I tell them," she said, "that at least half the night I am without pain." In bed, we found a young girl only eighteen. Poor child, she said she had "a hard cold," "How long ago did you take it?" we asked. "About a year ago," she replied. But the short breath that came in gasps and the feeble voice, told us a sadder story than she knew. Our homesick friend we found homesick no longer, but laughing, and almost happy. "Oh," the nurse said, "I do just love that child." She is obliged to lie in bed most of the time, but her doctor is sure that she will be well eventually. Mrs. Mc. who has been a patient so

long and was well enough to nurse the fever patients, has taken a dreadful cold. We found her in bed but as cheerful as ever. A new patient was in the adjoining bed, and they were chatting very happily together. Two cases of typhoid fever in the farther ward, we did not see. Indeed, we never see the fever cases, for whatever broils disturb the streets, there should be peace at home. We don't believe that fevers are contagious, for how would doctors and nurses life; but other people do! The poor and almost friendless widow who told us her pitiful story a month ago, is no better. Her head pains her all the time, and as she has been slightly paralyzed, it is difficult for her to move about. Tired, homesick and suffering, her life is one of endurance. Two quite young people, of whom we have spoken in a previous number, are improving, and are able to get about. There is one patient in the Hospital whose name we do not know; she has been there ever since we have been in the habit of visiting it, and the reason we don't know her name is, we are always so surprised to see her. She is dying from an incurable disease. Whenever we see her and think her sad, we find we are mistaken. Never yet have we seen in her the least disposition to complain; always cheerful, always smiling. If we find her in bed, and say, "I am sorry to see that you are worse," she smiles and replies, "I am no worse, but I thought I would lie down a little time." Sometimes we find she has been very sick for several days. Then she always says that she is getting better. Until within a few months we often saw her if she was well enough to sit up, with sewing-work in her hands, but latterly, if she is in her rocking-chair, her hands hang at her sides.

We notice this winter that there are no patients in the wards—that is in the female wards—who have fallen on the ice and either dislocated or broken their joints or bones. As yet, we have not seen one,

and are almost afraid to say so, for fear that soon we shall hear of a half a dozen—not logical, perhaps—but experience proves that we should seldom rejoice. Two winters ago, during the winter months and most of the spring, there were patients in both male and female wards suffering from such accidents.

### Baked Beans.

Pick over and wash two quarts of them, and at night put them to soak in four quarts of filtered water. In the morning, soon after breakfast, put them on to boil, with water enough to cover them, and with a piece of pork. Boil until tender, then gash the pork, put the beans in a baking pan with the pork. Bake in a well heated oven until dinner time. In New England where brick ovens are still used, the beans are put in at night and left until morning. It is the dish prepared on Saturday, and Sunday morning everybody has an iron pot of baked beans sent home. In this way outsiders and barbarians know that the New England Sunday is to be observed. At the Hospital they don't bake beans in this fashion. You can't bake beans if you haven't any. And beans are just what they don't have at the Hospital at the present moment. The cause of this dearth is, nobody sends any. Now, beans are cheap as everybody knows, who knows beans. Won't some one send two or three bushels? and then some others send a barrel, and keep sending, so that baked beans shall no longer be a rarity? Baked beans are very good with cider vinegar, and that reminds us. Will some one send a barrel of vinegar? Or even less, half a barrel? We will be thankful for that. You see we are asking for things that are very cheap. It is not as if we were bold and begging for delicacies, like canned fruits or oranges and lemons, or rags or partly worn clothing. Not but what everything is needed and will be gratefully received, but just now the text

is "BEANS." But, if we may be permitted to wander from it, we will say that dried apples, well soaked and stewed, with the addition of orange or lemon peel, are very good at tea time. These are also very cheap. Will some good Christian send a barrel of dried apples to the Hospital?

We almost blush to think what cheap things we are asking for when it is just as easy to be extravagant; but we hope as we are so very modest, and ask for so little, we shall get a great deal—"full measure pressed down and running over."

### Pickles! Pickles!! Apple-Sauce! Apple-Sauce!!

It is a law of heavenly bodies that the space they have once traveled through they must travel through again, in order to return to their starting point. We beg that no one will ask Mr. Swift if this be true. For perhaps it is not. At any rate, in some book we have read it. In obedience to this law—for a law that is good enough for a heavenly body, is certainly good enough for earthly, ones—if we want to see the Matron of the Hospital, we stand where the four halls cross on the first floor, and she must pass us in order to go above or below, or into the wards or office. When we have succeeded in arresting this lady, her foot-steps, we mean, we always ask: "What do you need for the Hospital?" as if, the moment she answers, we should put our hand into our pocket and take out whatever she wanted. To be sure, there is usually nothing there, but there is a great plenty all through the country; so let us not be dismayed. Just now, the crying want at the Hospital is, *Pickles!* This is the very thing she said, "Oh, if some one would only give us some Pickles; we do need them so much!" Pickles are not extravagant things, especially if they are sent in brine. Now, won't some kind people send us some pickles? And apple-sauce—not all in the same barrel, however. First, a barrel of

pickles; then, a barrel of apple-sauce. Yes; she asked for apple-sauce, made of boiled cider. You see that there are a great many people at the Hospital that have little or no appetite, and unless they have something that stimulates their taste they really suffer. Of course we would not ask one person for a barrelful of apple-sauce. We are not grasping as that; but as there is but one way of making cider apple-sauce, if two, or three, or four families would join in the donation it would not be so very much. It is as strange as it is true, and as true as it is strange, that the people who don't give, are the ones who always say they disapprove of charity. While those who do give, enjoy it, and keep on giving. To this latter class, we look for pickles, pickles; and apple-sauce, apple-sauce.

#### Thanks.

We take this opportunity to thank those ladies in Fairport who gave so generously and so much to the Hospital. Their gifts were well-timed and abundant. Twenty-five good shirts, besides sheets, pillow cases, and old cotton; canned fruits, vegetables, and beans. That was a present which is appreciated, which will not soon be forgotten; and one which we fervently hope is a precursor of more. What ladies, in some other town, will do as much—will do so well—and so promptly? The Hospital also received from three of those ladies, a present of money, which was gratefully received.

#### Religious Services at the Hospital

Our readers are well aware that every Sunday, services are held in the chapel, to which all the inmates who are able, go. Yesterday, the attendance was small, as so many were sick. Some of those who went, who conducted the services, had the good were hardly able to be there. The clergyman taste and thoughtfulness to make them quite short. We have often wondered

how the invalids could bear some of the long sermons to which we have listened. After reading a chapter, prayer and singing, he gave us a short explanation of the text, and then closed. After the services were over, he sat down to the cabinet organ and sang, in a remarkably pleasing voice, two or three exquisite hymns. A large number in the male ward were unable to go to the chapel services, and this kind young clergyman went into that ward, accompanied with some others, and there sang for the pleasure of the sick. As the sound of their pleasant voices floated through the halls and into the other wards, we felt they hardly knew how kind an act they were performing. Although these sweet singers could not appreciate the good they did, those who listened were grateful that even for a little time they could, in their enjoyment, forget the sickness, sorrow and pain that make the days go so wearily by.

Our readers will notice several new advertisements, among others, that of Mr. Newman's Drug Store, and Mr. Ross' Boot and Shoe business. As our paper goes to California, to Canada, to all of the New England States, to many of the Southern States, and to most of the Western States, we consider it a very good advertising medium. We are very glad to say that all people who advertise in our paper are uniformly successful in business.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to our advertisement of L. D. Fleming, but as our out-of-town subscribers may not know where to go for superior confectionary and creams, we assure them that in no place in Rochester can they find the exquisite candies, cakes and creams, that they will find there. 41 Main St. Bridge.

The question of the period for engineers: ought an "air-line" railway to have an arrow gauge?

**What Some Eminent Men Say of St. Nicholas.**

"It is little to say of St. NICHOLAS that it is the best child's periodical in the world, and I think the editor has great reason to congratulate herself upon it."—  
[John G. Whittier.

"I am ready to say that a cleaner, purer, more trustworthy periodical for children cannot be named. The best writers are engaged upon it. It is printed beautifully, and illustrated in the highest style of art. I know the proprietors, and if ever a high, noble purpose was cherished by any public people, it is found here. The magazine does not claim to be religious, but it is on the side of all that is true and good, from beginning to end." [Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

"Never before, I think, has so much literary and artistic talent co-operated in the service of children, and I will not resist the hearty impulse to say to you that you have made the best magazine for children of all ages that I have ever seen. I do not see how it can be made any better, and if the children don't like it, I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country."—[Chas's Dudley Warner.

**Died.**

- In the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 5th 1875, George Beddie, aged 25 years.
- In the Rochester City Hospital Jan. 14, 1875, Melvin Taylor, aged 64 years.
- In the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 15, 1875, Lillie West, aged 18 years.
- In the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 30, 1875, Mrs. Eva Bolig, aged 78 years.

**Donations.**

- A Friend—One barrel of Flour.
- A Friend—Dressing Gown.
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- Mrs. Yale—Second-hand Clothing, Old Cotton, and Reading Matter.
- Miss Frank Munger—Second-hand Clothing and Reading Matter.
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- Mrs. John Brewster—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. J. Brooks, of Fairport—Canned Fruit and Jelly.
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- First Presbyterian Church Supper, Dec. 18, 1874—Scolloped Oysters, Pickled Oysters, 1 gallon Oysters.
- Mrs. Nichols—, Pickles, Celery, Biscuits, Ham Oysters.

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C. P. D., .....	50
Mrs. Loop, \$5.00; Mrs. Nestle, \$5.00—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, .....	10 00

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- Louis Chapin, \$1.10; Miss Anna Barton, 50 cts.; Mrs. F. C. Hewer, 62 cts.;
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- L D Fleming, adv't—By Miss Munger, ... 5 00

**Superintendent's Report.**

1875. Jan. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 56	
Received during month, ..	20 — 76
Discharged, .....	17
Died, .....	4 — 27
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1875,	56



## Children's Department.

### Soap-Bubbles.

I blew bubbles once for Kitty,  
As they sailed about,  
Kitty cried, "They are so pretty  
Don't let them go out!"

Then I tossed them hither, yonder,  
Low, high, every way;  
Kitty's eyes grew wide with wonder:  
"Mamma, make them stay!"

"Let me catch one!" she entreated,  
As they flitted past;  
"Let me have one!" she repeated:  
"I will hold it fast!"

So I tossed a bubble at her;  
Light it touched her hands,  
Broke, and left a soapy-splatter;  
All abashed she stands.

Said I, "What is that troubles  
Mamma's darling pet?"  
Cried she, "Wish you'd wipe these bubbles  
So they *won't be wet!*"—[*St. Nicholas.*]

### Sozette's Watch.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

How many of you little "Independent" people remember Harry Morrill and his Christmas among the Chippewa Indians at Red Lake? and how many more of you care to hear what the summer brought? Some, I am sure, and so, to begin with, I shall say mosquitoes. Not peaceable, well-disposed mosquitoes, such as bite about New York and New Jersey; but long-legged gray-backs, with a hum like a small trumpet and a sting which goes straight through broadcloth or moccasin leather. No Southern forest can hold a more starving army than those great northwestern woods, where one would fancy the seven or eight months' winter would end all insect life. But, strange as it may seem, when you come to read books about Russia and Liberia, Alaska and our own northern country, you will find that the shorter the summer the longer the bite of mosquitoes, wood flies, black flies, gnats, and all the stinging tribe. No wonder Harry danced as he lighted the "smudge," the stifling clouds of which were our only protection. The oxen, just ready for the

hay-meadows, stood near—one at the barn-door—stretching their heads into the smoke, while great tears rolled down their patient faces, brought there by the white clouds about them. Harry sputtered and I coughed over my sewing; but half strangling was better, on the whole, than a never-ending slap at our enemies.

"They don't bite so at St. Cloud, I know," Harry said, at last, flinging his strips into the air and rolling on the ground. "I wish I had iron legs. I couldn't scratch half the bites if I had forty hands. Oh! dear, what will I do in the meadows?"

"Perhaps you had better not go, Harry."

"I wouldn't if it wasn't for the canoe. I don't see why they left it down there. I'll bring it back myself—maybe to-morrow. There's Josance now and Sozette, too. Oh! won't we have fun!"

Sozette's great brown eyes danced as she ran toward us, the little red blanket wound tight about her, to keep out mosquitoes. Summer or winter, this blanket was the most essential part of Sozette's wardrobe, used as bed, mosquito-bar, and pillow, flag of truce or war, or streaming out straight behind as she ran. The blacksmith swore as he saw it fitting through the slender black pines in which his cabin stood, for with him it was always war. Snowballs fell from the wide chimney and sizzled in his forge-fire in winter; showers of grass and sticks covered it in summer; and, watch as he might, the red blanket was always just out of reach, and Sozette screamed and shouted with pure delight as she danced at a safe distance. Only nine years old and full of wild life, running over in pranks as absurd as any ten Topseys could have played, she was the best sort of companion for little, delicate Harry, who had always been coddled and petted and stuffed, till life was a constant sick-headache. I have told you why he was in this lonesome place, and four months of it had made so great a change that his mother would hardly have known him. He had learned enough of the language to talk a little with the children, and what he could not understand in words Sozette made plain by pantomime.

Old Harding, the farmer, delighted in her, because she plagued the blacksmith, with whom he had a constant quarrel; and so it happened that she and Harry

had both been told they could go to the meadows, if they liked, while he cut the winter's supply of hay needed by the oxen Government gave the Indians for plowing. Mosquitoes might have kept Harry with me; but the night before, Little Thunder had come over to tell us that a small canoe had been made and was waiting for him at Ten Mile Lake, and, as Harry had learned how to manage one, he was wild to go down and take possession, and begged till I said yes.

Half an hour later, as the sun struck the noon-mark at the barn-door, the clumsy cart moved slowly down the Leech Lake road, and Harry's head-net and Sozette's red blanket disappeared behind the hill. Harding had planned to reach the lake in good time to build smudges and prepare the camp for a week's stay. Two miles an hour was good traveling through swamp and river and all the afternoon would be spent in simply getting there. Sozette and Harry took their own way, running here and their like two puppies, doing at least five miles to Harding's two, and glad at last to climb into the wagon and rest a little. Then Sozette told of a wonderful berry-patch, full of strawberries, where she was sure nobody had been; and Josance, who knew some English, asked Harry to bring back berries enough for their supper.

The two ran off and the oxen plodded on, getting into camp about five. Josance made smudges, built the camp-fire, and boiled tea; and then they waited for the children till the sun went down and the long twilight followed. Harding grew worried at last and walked up the road, calling to them. But no answer. Josance sat smoking, and laughed when he came slowly back.

"They're making fool," he said. Sozette knows all the way. They will come soon."

"They ought to be flogged," Harding said. "They've no right to stay off alone. Something might happen to that small chap. I ain't afraid o' her. The Devil looks after his own, an' I vow she's one o' his imps, sure. I'll pay her."

Then they sat still and waited, shouting now and then. No signs of the children; and by nine Harding made up his mind they had gone home, hung his mosquito-net in place, crawled under and tucked it around him, and laid down to sleep as well as the gnats, which no net could keep out,

would let him. He half expected to find them there in the morning, and went grumbling to work, determined never again to have "anything to do with small fry, always bothering."

The day wore on to noon, and then Harding looked up to see Sozette, dragging herself over the meadow toward him, and calling in Indian: "Harry is going to die! Come and see the place he is in."

Poor Sozette! Bruised and cut as if she had rolled among sharp stones; scratched and torn and her eyes swollen with crying. Harding hurried after her, but the rest you shall hear as Harry told it to me next day.

"That was a splendid place for berries. You never saw anything quite so thick. It took us a good while to get to it, and the skeeters bit—oh! awful; but the berries were too good to let alone. Sozette had her little birch-bark thing—*mocock*, you know; and after she'd eat awhile she said she was going to fill it full for her father. I helped some; but I was tired and sat down, and just took a handful of hers for fun. I did mean to put them back; but she looked so mad I ate a few, to plague her, and then she ran at me and bit me. Then I was mad, too, and I began to chase her. She dodged round trees, and I couldn't get anywhere near her; and at last I was bound I would, if it took all night. You never did see such a time. The harder I ran the more I couldn't get her, and we'd got way off in the woods, where there wasn't any sign of a track. It was pretty dark, too—long after sundown. We got out into an open sort of space; and she thought I'd get her then, sure. So she ran just like lightning, and I after her; and all at once there I was on the edge of something and couldn't stop. I felt myself going way down, and catching at things; and then I didn't know anything. It was fainting, wasn't it? for everything went away from me.

"It was dark as could be when I opened my eyes, an' I didn't know where I was at all. It seemed just like a dreadful nightmare; and Sozette was crying—not loud, but sort of to herself, and holding her head in her lap. I tried to move, and then everything went away again. It was this hurt wrist, I expect; and she thought I was dead this time, sure. Pretty soon I saw things again; but I lay still, I can tell you, and I told Sozette I guess I was all

smashed to pieces and was going to die—I was so scratched all over and smarted so. Sozette whisked off all the mosquitoes with some leaves; and she said she had tumbled, too, but caught at something going down. It was an awful deep place—the side of a hill, just a precipice, you know, with the trees so thick you couldn't see. Oh! wasn't it lonesome. Such a long night, and every time I tried to move I most died. A fox came round barking, and I was afraid it would bite me—but Sozette said it wouldn't; and the owls screeched awfully. I minded 'em more than the fox, for they sounded like wolves. Sozette started for Harding just as soon as it was light; but she was cut on her leg and couldn't go fast, and I had to wait you know. She fixed grass under my head for a pillow, and left some water from a spring, in the *mocock*, but it most all ran out where it was sewed, and I knew I should choke.

"Oh! it was like a hundred days in one! Every time I tried to move it made me sick, and I wished I hadn't; and at last I didn't much care about anything. The squirrels ran right over me, and one of 'em came up to my face an' looked right in my eye, and then ran. Bymby I thought Sozette had forgotten me and God and everybody. I wondered what Mamma would say when she heard I was dead all alone in the woods; and then I went to sleep and staid so until Harding came and picked me up and carried me all the way back to you. There's one thing I found out, though, and I'm going to tell them all when I go home. They used to say Indians hadn't any feelings, and they would rather kill anybody then not. But it isn't so, is it? Why, Sozette cried most all night to think I was hurt so, and took care of me like everything—well as she could in the dark, any way. I'll give her something nice when I get well."

Sozette sat on the front of the bed listening, as if she understood the whole, and refusing to lie down or rest. She seemed to feel responsible for all the trouble, and through the long days in which Harry was a prisoner tried every device to amuse him. His wrist was not broken, we found—only dislocated; but there was not a long waiting-time before he played again.

### Unseen Allies.

Elisha's servant was appalled by the strength of the enemies of his master. He saw that a "host compassed the city, both with horses and chariots," and he cried: "Alas, my master! How shall we do?" "They that be with us are more than they that be with them," was the calm reply. God opened the eyes of the young man. "Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire around about Elisha." New York from one standpoint is a wicked city. From another, it is a power for good. Looking at the street Arabs that swarm around Five Points and Water street, one asks, "What will become of you city when these children grow up?" Put in line our 40,000 Sunday school children, and the question is not difficult to answer. There are at least 20,000 young men and young women who, in Sunday schools, Bible classes and mission labor, are doing work for Christ. Let this company file in Broadway, and it would stretch from the Battery to Harlem River, outnumbering twice the National Guard. Men regard our churches and pastors, our Sabbath school work and other public institutions, as the dykes of Holland, which hold back the surging tide which would overwhelm and destroy. But who counts up the hundreds of religious meetings held along the docks, in the dark cellars of sin and poverty, among the seamen, the lowly, and those who have no helper. At least a thousand men and women, besides their own church meeting and church labors, have little church meetings of their own. These are held in tenement houses, back alleys, in cellars, and everywhere where people will gather. These messengers of mercy do not go empty-handed. They carry a little coal, a little rent money, surgical aid, food, medicine, and, more than all, a kind voice and cheerful face.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.



# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,  
AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1875.

No. 8.

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" N. T. ROCHESTER. " Dr. MATHEWS.

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**Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,**

9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

For the Hospital Review.

**Phebe Cary.**

BY BERTHA S. POOL.

I.

The lesson of life is read to the end,  
All its loving and tears and pain,  
Where the way of soul and of heart must blend,  
And where the journey shall cease again.  
Where the heavy burden will clog and fret,  
Where patience and pain must strive to win,  
Where the dew's of night on the brow grow wet,  
And where the flashes of dawn begin.

II.

And the lips that have spelled out the story well,  
Have grown so pale at the story's close,  
And the hands of the dreamer, some magic spell  
Has folded down with their tips of rose.  
So we never shall know how the answer came,  
With its white revealing to all her soul,  
How God's messengers, with their wings of flame,  
Made clear and perfect and grand the whole.

## Saving the Boys.

AN INSTITUTION IN MASSACHUSETTS THAT MIGHT  
WELL BE COPIED IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Sun :

SIR : In every large city there is a class of boys, between the ages of seven and twenty, most of whom are occupied during the day either in school or the workshop, who, when night comes, have no occupations, no comfortable fireside, no home amusements, and who are thus thrown, as it were, into the streets to seek that pleasure and excitement that they cannot find at home. These are they that gather around corner groceries, that make night hideous with their yells. From this class our criminal population is yearly recruited. They are growing up neglected in the midst of temptation, and constantly associating with the vile. Cannot something be done to snatch them from destruction before it is forever too late!

I happened to be in Salem, Mass., during Thanksgiving week, and was invited by a young lady to attend a meeting of what is called "The Fraternity," where I passed one of the pleasantest evenings of the year. This unpretentious institution invites the boys of the streets, in their rags even, to come to its well-lighted, comfortable rooms to talk, to play at games to listen to music, to read, and if they choose, to be otherwise instructed. The main room in this establishment is devoted to amusements, and is fitted up like a restaurant with small tables and four chairs or stools to each table. At the end of the room opposite the entrance is a piano, which is occasionally played during the evening, and often accompanied with singing.

At the entrance of the room there is a dais, on which sits the lady directress of the room, who acts as orderly and gives out the articles for amusement, such as checkers, dominoes, puzzles, &c., all gambling games being prohibited. The visitors come in sometimes singly, sometimes in parties, and either sit or converse, watch others play, or play themselves. As soon as a party is formed it applies to and receives from the directress whatever it may require for the game it proposes to play. Adjoining this room is a reading room, where daily and weekly papers, magazines, engravings, &c., are kept: and connected with this is a public library containing about 1,500 volumes, which is at the disposal of the visitors. Still another room is devoted to such as desire to be instructed in the rudiments of education, or even in more advanced studies. Once a week an amusing or instructive lecture suited to the tastes and capacities of the boys is given. Two or three gentlemen, assisted by a corps of ladies, have thus far in turn given their gratuitous attention to the institution, one or two gentleman and two or three ladies attending each evening. The boys are not held in duress for a moment. They come in when they please and go out when they are tired, without even asking permission. They talk, play, read, look at pictures, or study as they feel disposed. All that is required of them is to behave themselves as much like gentlemen as they know how.

Although the evening visitors vary from two hundred to six hundred, it is rare that any boy has to be sent away on account of misconduct. Sometimes there is unwonted excitement over a game, but usually a few persuasive words from the directress calms the storm and all is quiet again. These outbreaks are, however, infrequent. The humanizing effect of thus holding boys together without any restraint but that of their own comfort and enjoyment seems truly wonderful, as shown in their improving cleanliness, tidiness and self-respect. The library and reading room are well patronized, and out of the large number of books which have been taken out of the library by the boys not more than a half dozen are believed to have been finally lost, although no other pledge is exacted for their return than the name and residence of the individuals receiving the books. The expense of the institution

thus far has not much exceeded \$1,200 a year, including rent, lights, fuel, binding of books, a janitor, and incidentals. The library, newspapers, magazines, &c., have been contributed. The privileges of the library have been extended to girls, and it has been suggested that an amusement room should also be provided for them. Would not something similar be useful in this city?

### Kid Gloves.

In certain parts of Europe the rearing of kids for the sale of their skins is an important business, those which command the highest prices, and are regarded as superior to all others, being the French, called in the market *peaux nationales*. By some the fine quality of these skins is attributed to a peculiar virtue in the wild vines upon which the young ones feed in the pasturage which they frequent; this however, being a popular error, as their value is simply the result of the care with which the little animals are reared during their life of four or five weeks. They are not allowed to roam at large, as such a license would imperil the evenness of their skins, which would become scratched by rubbing against stones, or passing through hedges. They are, besides, deprived of all food except milk, as eating grass would tend to render their skins coarse. Consequently they are kept under a wicket-coop, from which, at regular hours, they are led to suckle the mother, and this continues until they are killed, at the end of four or five weeks. The younger they are killed the thinner the skin, but, of course, the smaller they are the less valuable, too, especially when they are only large enough to allow of single-buttoned gloves, while the demand is all for two, three and four buttoned gloves. By rearing the kids in the manner just described, larger skins are obtained, which are as fine and delicate as those of younger ones of other countries where they roam at liberty. As France produces the best skins, so Paris excels all places in France where gloves are manufactured, and an adept in the trade can select a Paris-made glove from among hundreds made elsewhere.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture man: he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

**March.**

BY LUCY LARCOM.

March! March! March! They are coming  
 In troops, to the tune of the wind.  
 Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,  
 Gold-crested thrushes behind;  
 Sparrows in brown jackets hopping  
 Past every gateway and door;  
 Finches with crimson caps stopping  
 Just where they stopped years before,

March! March! March! They are slipping  
 Into their places at last—  
 Little white lily-buds, dripping  
 Under the showers that fall fast;  
 Buttercups, violets, roses;  
 Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;  
 Throng upon throng of sweet posies,  
 Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry  
 Forth at the wild bugle-sound,  
 Blossoms and birds in a flurry,  
 Fluttering all over the ground.  
 Hang out your flags, birch and willow!  
 Shake out your red tassels, larch!  
 Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow  
 Hear who is calling you—March!

**A Mouthful of Air.**

In this age of progress, while we are earnestly besought to consider the importance of science, oatmeal, International Sunday School lessons, frequent baths, Christian union, the "previous question," and other prominent mental and physical influences, we wonder how much thought is devoted to that ever-present influence which works its own sweet will upon us in spite of our diet, politics or theology? It is as invisible as the proofs of the outrages in the South, but it is of far more importance: it is as silent as the people who know were the Pacific Mail Co's money went, but is far more influential: its elements are as well known as those of the Forty-third Congress, but their workings are as mysterious as those of that distinguished legislative body. We can no more escape it than we can a life-insurance agent. In schools it is more influential than the Compulsory Education Act; in churches it is more potent than the soundest system of theology; in the social circle it determines very largely what the propor-

tions of wit, stupidity, good nature and bad temper are to be.

Conceding the truth of these incontrovertible statements, it would seem as if good air would be cheaply purchased even at a cost as great as that of good diet, proper clothing, sufficient fuel, or any other of the comforts and necessities which are continually finding use for our money. We have been in many log-churches, school-houses and residences where pure air came as freely as visitors did, but how many buildings of any sort are there upon which attention has really been given to the securing of a proper supply of pure air? Physiologists agree that the smallest allowance of air per individual should be 300 cubic feet, and that even in that case the air should be changed frequently: how many buildings fulfil this requirement of health? The writer of "Perils of the School Room," a paper which created a marked sensation when read before the "American Health Association" at its late meeting, quotes from the Report of a late inspection of the public schools of one of our largest cities to show that certain children are daily confined in an atmosphere but little if any better than that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In one room in a new and favorite school "there were 126 children, the windows all closed, the ventilating shaft closed, and the hot-air registers open. Each of these children had *fifty* cubic feet of space." In a room in another favorite school there was found to be only *forty* cubic feet of air-space to each child. Rooms in other school buildings contained respectively, *thirty-two*, *thirty*, *twenty-nine*, *twenty-seven* and *twenty-four* feet! These buildings are no worse than the school-buildings of many other cities, and the worst of them might be matched by many Sunday-school rooms. As to churches, we imagine every one can remember certain sanctuaries in which no pulpit eloquence can keep the whole congregation awake. And who does not remember certain residences where the first mouthful of air has a stifling effect; where the ghosts of many departed dinners float in to welcome fragrance through parlor and hall; where the residents, who are smart enough when met in the street or in business, lapse into hopeless stupidity soon after they sit down in their own residences?

The breathing of bad air is the most inexcusable of human extravagances. The

poorer the air, the lower the animal temperature, and the more money must be expended for fuel, clothing and food to maintain animal warmth. The poorer the air, the less able is the system to expel its waste matter, and, by consequence of such inability, the less able is it to work advantageously. The poorer the air, the slower is the mind to comprehend the lessons of book and pulpit, and neither teacher nor preacher can make good the deficiency. The poorer the air, the slower and more imperfect is the physical growth of children, while in crowded and badly ventilated recitation-rooms and Sunday-school rooms they are in more danger of contracting contagious and infectious diseases than they would be in a walk through the most unhealthy neighborhoods of our dirtiest cities. The poorer the air, the more powerful is the physical incentive to use liquor, tobacco and other stimulants and narcotics. The poorer the air, the lower inevitably become moral tone and moral force, for the independence of mind and body is a fact fixed beyond dispute.

Considering the greatness of the evil, the means of relief which can often be obtained seem ridiculous, for an industrious and frequent opening of windows and doors will in most cases fully comply with the requirements of health. In residences this method is all but perfect: in churches it is even more effective, for there can be obtained cross-drafts much easier than in residences. School-rooms, both in secular schools and Sunday-schools, are not so easily dealt with. Class-rooms are generally as badly located as bed chambers, but need far more frequent and steady ventilation, while Sunday-schools are as a rule put into basements where the tops of windows are not much higher than the heads of the children. A concerted removal of children from such schools, by parents, the reason being assigned with all possible publicity and frequency, would cause Sunday-school officers to take hasty steps toward reform. The same means would have a similar result upon some public school officials, and where they did not, a vigorous exercise of the right of petition would have a wholesome influence upon those boards of education whose members were elective. At a small pro-rata expense a few parents in any neighborhood could have a scientific inspection and report made by a physician of large repute,

and where all these influences failed to work reformation, legal action against public officials would be always in order. While mechanical means for the changing of air and the removal of contaminating influences are so inexpensive, the only cause for the existence of the evil we allude to is the apathy of the people who are the principal sufferers.—[*Christian Union*.

**A NEW USE FOR MINERAL OILS.**—In a late number of the *Australian Medical Journal*, Dr. Day maintains that certain of the mineral oils, gasoline especially, are of great use as disinfectants, their value depending, he believes, on the fact that they are rich in peroxide of Hydrogen. He employs the gasoline in various ways as a disinfectant, applying it to walls, to articles of furniture, and to clothing; also as a wash for the hands after treating infectious diseases, allowing the moistened hands to dry in the open air. A peculiar and valuable property of these oils as disinfectants in their continuous action, while they improve and gather force by exposure to the air.

Here is a hint or two for occasional contributors, especially such as are not sure that they are well known to the editor.

1. If you want your manuscript sent back, enclose with it an envelope addressed to yourself, having stamps partly attached. Do not crowd the envelope in, but double it up and place it conspicuously, so that it will not be thrown away in the haste of opening the mail.

2. Do not put your communication and your letter about it in separate envelopes. Send them together.

3. Put your name and address at the top of the first page. Don't fail; for the manuscript may get separated from your letter and we may not know who sent it.

4. Never roll your manuscript. That is atrocious. Never fold ten sheets separately. That is more so. Fold them all together, and, if convenient, tack the left upper corner of the sheet together.

5. Pay honest postage. Sending by book postage is stealing.

6. Write your manuscript legibly with good black ink.

A bad habit to get into: a coat that is not paid for.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1875.

The visit to the Hospital, this month, our readers will find uncommonly interesting. We will not betray confidence and tell who wrote it, but this we can say: it is written by a young lady who spends many hours visiting the sick, reading to them and by her cheerful conversation and gentle manners, cheering their sad hours, indeed making for them sunshine in a shady place:

### Visit to the Hospital.

We went first through the Male Wards, and here the number of patients seemed small, when one saw the many beds that were unoccupied. Two or three were reading at the fire, others were talking with friends who had come to visit them, and few were so sick but that they were being entertained in some way. One of the convalescent patients was busily engaged before a table in a corner of one of the rooms, making a sketch of a mysterious "something," to which he declined giving any other name, but which, if it realized all his expectations, would be the making of a fortune to him some day. As we saw the earnestness with which he worked, and his hopefulness of the grand results of his idea, we thought it is not reserved to youth and strength alone to dream of wealth and honors. And even should his hopes fail of their realization, which wouldn't be a very strange or unheard of thing, we cannot call that utterly useless and unprofitable which keeps a sick, greyhaired man, away from home and friends, from idleness and despondency. Two patients have lately been brought in with broken limbs, and one of them has become delirious, so that it is necessary to tie him to his bed, and put irons upon his wrists, lest in his violent motions he

should do himself injury. As we passed near him, he called out, and though we could hardly understand his remark, we suppose it must have been a joke, for those lying near him were greatly amused by it. As we turned to go away, his harsh, unnatural laugh, struck painfully on our ears it was so sadly in contrast with free, healthy merriment. If it hadn't been the first time we had ever seen a sick person in the ravings of delirium, perhaps we should not have brought away such a haunting memory of the wild, restless way in which his eyes followed us about, but being so unused to the sight, we were not sorry to leave that ward for another part of the building. There we saw a cheerful group gathered about the register, and we were glad to find some of the faces, grown familiar to us, were looking much brighter and more cheerful. With part of these, it must have been but the reflection of the sunlight streaming in from without, and the good cheer within; but with others it was no mere temporary glow, but a real evidence of fast returning health. A fair, sweet-faced young girl who, only a week ago, was quite sick with intermittent fever, was visiting another patient at the farthest end of the room, and she will soon be able to go back to her friends. One patient, whom it is always a delight to see, for she greets us with such a cordial welcome, was lying as she has lain for so many months, in her corner, with her crutch beside her, amusing herself with German newspapers that had been brought to her, and though, as she said, she was "not quite so well as she was last week," her face has never learned to look any way but cheerful, and we can't imagine her giving up to despondency. The young friend in the opposite corner has almost entirely forsaken her bed, and is likely to leave the Hospital entirely, soon, though it will surely be a matter of regret to those she leaves behind her, for such a smiling face and pleasant voice as her's

must do good, "like a medicine." Little "Nellie," as they all call her, is no better, and her terrible cough must soon wear out the little strength with which she now holds on to life. Poor child! She clings, so, to it and to the world, and is so unwilling to face the end, for she does not see in it the *beginning* of better things. Sad as it is to see one so young, even when perfectly resigned, passing away without hope of recovery, how infinitely sadder, when "the summons" is so unwillingly received. In a far, shaded corner of the Ward, we found the two who are best known to us—one of them, in spite of a headache and pain in her side, which her racking cough made almost unbearable, was sitting in a rocking-chair, close to the other's bed, talking pleasantly with her. They take such comfort together, as they say, sharing their books, their visitors, and the good things that are brought to either one, as well as their "miseries," a convenient word for the whole catalogue of aches, pains, and wearinesses which sick people must endure. This little corner is a witness to numberless examples of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others, which would put to shame many of us who know so little of privation and suffering, and it seemed to us as if the Master, in His going up and down in the midst of these, His children, must linger longest and most lovingly here.

#### **A Conundrum, which no One Can Answer.**

Why is it that—when old linen, old cotton, oranges, strawberries, jellies and things of similar nature are begged for and sent to the Hospital, all of them nice and some of them expensive—such things as apple-sauce and beans can't be had for love? Yes, they can, for money. The prize for the correct answer to this conundrum is two bushels of beans or a barrel of pickles, which the fortunate guesser will please buy and send to the Hospital; and if you cannot guess it, do, please, for

the sake of soothing your perturbed spirits, the result of your failure, send the beans, apple-sauce, pickles and everything else on which you can honestly lay your hands, to the Hospital. We don't doubt that during the past month more than one hundred families have dined off baked beans, cooked according to our directions, and not a spoonful sent to the Hospital! Is this gratitude? Seriously, we do not think it is. It is not too late. Beans and the other things will be in season for some time. Now will not the friends remember the poor and needy? If you can't send the things asked for, send partly worn clothing, especially for the patients in the Male Ward. Shirts, old coats, vests and pantaloons. Just reflect, we have come to begging for "old clo'." Once there was a man who felt fitted for the position of minister to the Court of St. James, and he asked the President for it. Naturally, he was refused; then he asked for the same position at the Austrian Court, with the same result. After exhausting the geography, the last place he begged for being a consulship to Patagonia, he said to the President, "Please, sir, could you give me an old pair of boots!" Comment is superfluous.

#### **A Short Address to Those who Refuse to Pay their Subscriptions.'**

It is not pleasant to refer to the subject of indebtedness, but it is necessary. Subscribers are divided into two classes—those who are honest and pay and those who do not pay. It is not fair that any money due the "*Hospital Review*," should be withheld, for the poor patients are the sufferers. In the present condition of the paper it pays its expenses and has a surplus, but if all accounts with it were settled the income from it would help sustain poor patients who, for want of money, must be left uncared for. In many cases our collector has been refused the small sums due the paper, by those who have

taken it two or three years. Yet those same people would be indignant if we annually gave them in United States currency, sixty-two cents, which is exactly what we are doing, if they don't pay us. Charles Sumner once said that "a wrong was not the less wrong because it was gigantic; nor an evil less an evil because it was immeasurable." We say a debt is not the less a debt because it is owed to the "Review," nor keeping sixty-two cents for two or three years from the paper less keeping it because the sum is so small.

**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—Since the new postage law has gone into operation, it will be necessary for all subscribers to the "Review" to send sixty-two cents to the Treasurer, instead of fifty per year, as heretofore.

**KEROSENE.**—As retrenchment is the order of the day at the Hospital, all unnecessary expenses being stopped, the Lady Managers have had kerosene lamps put in the place of gas burners, thus saving a little fortune, which will be used for the benefit of the sick people.

**OUR COLLECTOR.**—For several months past, Hollister Husbauds has been collector for this paper. He has given his services, thus in reality giving a handsome donation to the Hospital. The task cannot have been a pleasant one and one which few would have performed so faithfully. We take this opportunity to very earnestly thank him for doing so much and doing it so well.

The following we print just as it is written:

ROCHESTER, Jan. 25, 1875.

*Treasurer City Hospital:*

Enclosed find two dollars, as they don't belong to me, and I can't find the owner. I thought the best object I could give them to, was your deserving institution.

A FRIEND OF THE HOSPITAL.

## City Hospital.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING  
FEB. 1, 1875.

### LADIES:

In presenting the eleventh Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital, we hesitate at the sameness which must necessarily characterize it. For ten years we have shown our Hospital work, ever the same—our wants the same—our necessities greater. The work, the care of the sick, ever requiring constant oversight, continual watchfulness and unlimited patience. The wants only vary with the individuals and the diseases.

As the Hospital is known and valued, the necessities increase, and our report must be, more than ever, a plea for these necessities.

We give statistics, as we have ever done; but, with a more than exhausted treasury, we would plead more earnestly than ever for the means to sustain this institution, and to enable us to give such care and attention as is due to those who seek within its walls the blessing of health.

We need not tell you how generous have been the gifts, year after year, and how assiduously have been the labors which have brought the Hospital thus far—but we must tell you, that if the Hospital continues to do its work, these labors cannot end or these gifts decrease.

This work is Christ-like and for Christ—and are there none of the stewards of God's bounty who, waiting not till life is ended, are ready now to consecrate a portion of their substance towards the endowment of this most charitable work, and thus place it upon a substantial basis?

"What wilt thou do for the Master?"

Oh, list to the voice that calls!

Make haste, for the day is fleeting,

Make haste, 'ere the twilight falls."

The words of our Saviour, when restoring to sight the eyes of the blind man, "I must work while it is day, for the night

cometh when no man can work," are most forcibly brought to mind, as we see only six, of the *twenty-three* of the incorporates of the Hospital, now living:—Hon. John Williams, L. A. Ward, E. F. Smith, D. R. Barton, and Drs. E. M. Moore and H. F. Montgomery. While, of twenty-four who were Trustees at the opening of this institution, Jan., 1864, *eleven* "rest from their labors."

Of one hundred and thirty of our citizens who gave so generously about four thousand dollars, to place the Hospital in working order, only twenty-five have died, while many of those remaining are reaping the promised blessings to "those who provide for the sick and needy." Were a thank-offering to be made to our God, commensurate with these blessings and mercies, this noble charity would not languish for funds.

Various causes, combined, have depleted our Treasury. The aid furnished by the State has been withdrawn for the past three years, during which time the patients have greatly increased, and the sick poor of city and county have been transferred and are sent to the hospital at the Almshouse. The necessity of curtailing the expenses, compelled the Trustees to dispense with the services of the Superintendent, thus placing more care upon the Matron and Lady Managers.

We did not part with Mr. BRECK without great regret. His gentlemanly bearing, his kindness won many hearts and we trust a field more profitable will open before him.

MISS HIBBARD, still remains, with additional care. Her faithfulness is beyond praise.

The "Review" is still presented to its patrons, acceptably edited, its mission is fulfilled. We regret that more do not avail themselves of this small opportunity of doing good.

To all who have aided in this work—the

Medical Staff, the Donors and the Editors of the various city papers who have so freely given their columns for the various reports, notices, &c, we offer our oft-repeated thanks.

The number of patients for the year ending Feb. 1st, 1875,.....

No. received since its opening,	3,902
“ of deaths,....	313
“ now remaining,....	55

Mrs. C. E. MATHEWS,  
 Rochester, 1875. Cor. Secretary.

**Selected Recipes.**

*Milk Toast.*—Make and butter the toast, keep warm. Bring a pint of sweet milk to the boil; put in a piece of butter the size of a small hen's egg. Then make a batter of one heaping tablespoon of flour in a little cold milk; stir into the boiling milk; let it boil up, and then pour over the toast. This is excellent.

*Prune Pudding.*—Two quarts of dry bread crumbs, one large tablespoonful of butter, one small teacup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon. Mix and pour over these one quart of boiling milk. Boil one half pound of prunes in two quarts of water till soft. Skim out the prunes and mix with the pudding, and bake it an hour. Take the juice in which the prunes were boiled for dip, putting in a small teacup of sugar, some nutmeg, a teaspoonful of butter, and a little thickening. Let it boil.

*Patron's Fruit Cake.*—The day before you make the cake, stew two cups of dried apples till soft, chop fine and simmer in two cups of molasses from one to two hours. Next morning add one cup of sour milk, two small teaspoonfuls of soda, one cup of sugar, one nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make as stiff as gingerbread; raisins improve it. Bake with a steady fire. Time improves it and icing will keep it from drying and getting hard.

—[Rural Home.

Boys now walk around under apple and pear trees looking for the ball that they lost.

A man called his best hen "Macduff," because he wanted her to "lay on."



Donations.

- F. Goetzman—Two gallons Port Wine and 2 gallons Sherry, valued at \$14.00.  
 Mrs. G. H. Mumford—Papers and Periodicals.  
 St. Paul's Brotherhood—Reading matter.  
 Mrs. D. A. Watson—Pickles, Jelly, Reading matter.  
 Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Pickles.  
 Dr. Van Ingen—Quantity of baked Apples.  
 Boardman & Son—Reading matter.  
 Mrs. Loop—Canned Peaches.  
 Mrs. Robinson—Seven Shirts.  
 Mrs. R. Mathews—Bundle of Old Cotton.

CASH DONATIONS.

G. P. D., New York, \$50.00; Mrs. Loop, \$5.00; Mrs. Nestle, \$5.00.—By Mrs. Mathews, .....	\$60 00
A Friend, \$2.00; S. J. Arnold, \$25.00; —By Mrs. Strong, .....	\$27 00
	\$87 00

Subscriptions to Review.

- Mrs. W. D. Oviatt, \$1.00; Mrs. G. McAlister, 63 cents; C. J. B. Mount, 63 cts.; Mrs. H. Amsden, \$1.07; Mrs. E. Pratt, 60 cents; Mrs. Tallman, Geneva, 50 cts.; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 65 cents; Mrs. Edward Ray, 63 cents; Mrs. Charles Allen, 75 cents; Mrs. M. D. Munger, Canandaigua, 75 cents; Mrs. J. F. Baker, \$1.87; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 62 cts.; Mrs. Barber, 50 cents; Rochester Savings Bank, Advertisement, \$15.00;—By Mrs. Craig, .....
- \$25 20

Children's Department.

Chased by a Prairie Fire.

"O-o-o-o! I never *did*, Mercy Ann, wake up and LOOK!"

A second small, dark face, the exact counterpart of the first, peered into the starlight, and another low, wondering voice exclaimed,—

"Never *did* I, neither. Ned, wake up! Wake up!"

Ned rolled hastily over, disturbing the spirit of a peaceable nightmare that was haunting his nearest neighbor Bob. Bob leaped erect, hitting his head against a saucepan, which fell heavily into the upturned face of sleeping Tom. A terrified bounce precipitated Tom across the stomach of little Nick, who cried out distressedly, calling forth from the next wagon the query,—

"What's the rumpus, children?"

"The prairie's all afire!" exclaimed a

chorus of voices. "And its steerin' straight this way," added Bob.

"And we're so scared," said Mercy Ann and Kit, huddling close together with chattering teeth.

"Jinks! hear it roar," shouted Ned, excitedly.

The father emigrant poked his head through an opening at the back of the tented wagon, listened intently for a moment and replied,—

"Fudge! it's nothin' but the wind ye hear a roarin'. The fire's miles away, and a crick or sunthin' else'll stop its course long enough afore it scorches us. Pack yourselves away ag'in and stop yer cacklin' afore ye set wae Poll a squallin', and rouse the mother up. Go ter sleep, go ter sleep," he grumbled, drawing in his head and soon relapsing into snore.

The "cacklin'" subsided into mysterious whispers, and the little emigrants "packed" themselves, but not to sleep. Six small faces were framed within the narrow opening of the tented wagon, and the starlight quivering over them revealed a picture medley—blended terror and admiration, eager excitement and awe.

"It's like the *very biggest* sea on fire," said Mercy Ann. "And the tide a comin' in on fire, too," said Kit. "An' wolcanoes busthin' up all over it," said tongue-tied Tom.

"Red, 'n' yaller, 'n' purple, 'n'! My! I see—y-e-a-s, strue's I'm an immigrant, I do—squads 'n' squads of soldiers all afire, marchin' 'n' countermarchin'. Ye need'nt giggle, Bob Fillerbuster—guess I know what 'tis to march 'n' countermarch," said Ned, in a growing whisper.

"He aint gigglin'; hesth's shakin' with-skeer," interposed Tom.

"Aint no such thing! I'm tryin' not to sneeze'n rouse daddy ag'in," said Bob, elbowing Tom wrathfully. "Yes, I see the soldiers now; thousan's 'n' thousan's on'em, right down at the edge of the tide. Crieek! how their legs go! They're playin' crack the whip."

"That fire'll rout the wolvthes, 'n' snakthes, 'n' prairie dogths. I'd like to be an ogre with theven league booths. I'd travel 'fore the fire and big a menagerie that would do to carry round the world," said Tom.

"Look! look! up yonder's all afire too. Are there prairies in the *sky*?" whispered Kit, in amazement

O wonderful! Above the purple blackness that overhung the burning prairie burst a crimson glow. Was it a watch-fire set on high to lure the footsteps of that mystic fire host, marching and counter-marching down by the edge of the amber sea?

"Must be on the highland we came over to-day," said Ned. "Did ye mind how tall and dry the grass was up there? Wild hosses couldn't outrun that fire. Hark! Hear that!"

"Prairie wolves," whispered the children, huddling closer together. "Back to yer nests, all on ye!" whispered Ned, excitedly, seizing again the old sharpshooter. "I'll mount guard, 'n' defend the camp, 'n' watch the fire. Bet I'll pop one varmint over 'fore I call up daddy to the rescue."

Mercy Ann, and Kit, and Nick crept into a bedquilt together, and shaped themselves into a tight, round roll, that shook like a bowl of disturbed jelly. Bob and Tom laid down upon the straw and engaged in courageous whispers, and trembled in their boots. But the distant growling died away, and only the wind made noises in the tall, dry grass. The children stopped trembling and began to wink. Pretty soon they stopped winking and began to sleep.

The stars quivered on through the night; the watch-fire in the sky burned brighter and brighter; the mysterious soldiers marched nearer and nearer, while the tired little picket slumbered.

Was it nothing but the roaring of the wind that roused the sleeping senses of the father emigrant at length? The cattle were breaking camp. Wee Poll's face was all aglow. The fire was coming upon them.

"For the horses!" shouted the father, in a hoarse, excited voice.

"They've broken camp with the cattle," cried Ned, pointing to the bellowing, neighing herd escaping over the prairie.

"Lord, pity us," groaned the father, with a wild, white face. "It's comin' fast. Run fer yer lives!" he cried, snatching wee Poll from her mother's grasp, and driving the little emigrants before him like a herd of frightened deer.

But alas! what was frail human strength when measured with that of the Fire Spirit? Faster and faster rolled the flames, and slower and slower grew the

speed of the emigrants. Wee Poll became a burden in the father's arms. The mother sank breathless upon the grass, and the children dropped sobbingly around her.

"Heaven have mercy on us! We can't go no further," said the father, in a dry, choked voice. "Say yer prayers, childrun, and speak a word fer poor wicked daddy, fer he can't." A sob choked away the rest of the sentence, and the father folded his arms in mute despair, looking down upon his family with the fear of a dreadful doom written on his countenance.

But a shout of hope arising from the lips of Ned reanimated the despairing emigrants. Right into the glow of the oncoming flames dashed four horsemen, weird and wild enough in appearance to seem the leaders of the fire soldiers—but they were human riders.

"Injuns!" muttered the father, with a gleam of hope lighting up his face.

"They've spied the wagons, and are makin' for 'em," said Ned.

"Well, they're welcome to all they can cheat the fire out of; though heaven knows all we've got on earth is in the wagons," said the father, sadly. "Can we make 'em hear, think ye?"

"Now boys, shout with yer daddy. Now, then—Hip!" cried Ned, raising his voice lustily, joined by all the rest.

The "hollo" reached the ears of the Indians. They wheeled about in the direction whence it came, listened until it was repeated, held a hurried consultation, then turned again and were soon engaged in loading down the ponies with the contents of the wagons.

"There'll be little chance for us, with all the ponies packed with plunder. I'm afeard the red skins' greed will turn out stronger than their pity," said the father, anxiously.

The fire was now hard upon the wagons, but the Indians worked fearlessly and fleetly, until a greater portion of the goods were tied up in quilts and blankets, and placed upon the ponies; then leaping astride the plunder, they dashed along toward the place where the emigrants waited in breathless suspense. The children trembled with new terror on seeing the Indians draw near, with their scarlet blankets flying in the wind, and their dark faces making fierce pictures in the flickering firelight.

"They'll scalp us, they will!" cried Kit, clinging to her mother's neck, faint with fright.

"Hush, darlin'; they'll save your life, maybe," said the mother.

The Indians halted to reconnoitre the group, one of them counting upon his fingers the number of the family, and shaking his head doubtfully at his companions.

"For the love of mercy save the mother and children," pleaded the father, with imploring gestures.

The Indians disputed together in unintelligible gibberish, measuring the distance of the oncoming flames, and viewing first the emigrants and then their plunder in an undecided manner. Suddenly, one of the company seemed to have hit upon a plan that was assented to by all but one, in whose breast avarice proved stronger than pity. With a disapproving grunt he spurred his pony and hurried away, leaving his companions heaping fierce execrations upon his retreating head. The remaining three dismounted, and in a twinkling threw the plunder to the ground and began hoisting the mother and children to the ponies' backs, one of the Indians holding up two fingers and saying "No," by a significant shake of the head.

"One of ye'll have to stay behind with daddy, he means; their aint room fer all. Go, Ned, yer the biggest; mother'll need ye most. Which one'll stay with daddy?" said the father, in a faltering voice.

The children looked into each other's pale faces. Mercy Ann and Kit stretched up their arms beseechingly to their mother. "I can't! I can't!" cried Bob, springing frantically on to one of the ponies.

Tom, little tongued-tied Tom, who had trembled in his boots at the distant growling of the wolves, stood out the hero of the night, with the spirit of a Casabianca shining in his face.

"I'll sthay with daddy," he said, slipping down from his place behind his mother into his father's arms.

"God bless ye, my brave sonnie! Ye'll stay with daddy, will ye?"

The Indians pointed to the baggage, made backward gestures with their hands, and the ponies dashed away.

"D'ye think they will come back for uth, daddy? They made ath if they would with their handth. We might run a little wayths."

"No, no, my boy; daddy's lame, ye know. We couldn't get fur, and they might lose us if we left the plunder. They'll have to git here very soon if—don't ye see 'em comin', Tom? Yer eyes are sharper 'n mine."

"No; and the fire ith comin' stho fasth. If God had made a crick right over there! Maybe there iths a crick, daddy! We didn't sthee the hill. You know the alwayths mosh is."

A cry of hope interrupted Tom. "I didn't see it! Likely's not—perhaps the good Lord—run, Tommy—can't ye keep up with lame daddy? Faster, faster, boy!"

Only a creek making music all to itself down among the rushes at the bottom of the ravine—only a shallow brook, but the river of life it was to the father and little boy, who soon rested safely on the other side.

THEODORA ROBINSON.

"Well, neighbor Slumwidge, how much shall I put you down for to get a chandelier for the church?"

Neighbor S.—"Sho! What ye want to git a Shandy-leer for? The' hain't nobody kin play enter it when ye git it!"

### Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

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### Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XI. ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1875. No. 9.

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### Tired, so Tired.

Tired, so tired!

Heart, soul and brain,  
Utter the same sad plaint,  
Feel the same dull heavy pain.  
Tired of the ceaseless struggle,  
Of the everlasting strife,  
Of the weary waiting and yearning  
That the children of men call "life."  
Tired of listening for voices  
That never will come any more,  
Waiting for the sound of footsteps  
That have passed to the other shore.  
Weary of rejoicing and sorrowing,  
Loving and hoping in vain,  
Tired of endless striving  
For that which I never shall gain,  
Weary of thinking, thinking,  
O, soul! wilt thou never cease?  
Worn out and tired and weary,  
Wilt thou never know peace?  
In heaven? ..

Ah! even that word  
Seems a meaningless one to-night,  
For it seems my tear-dimmed eyes  
Could not bear heaven's glorious light,  
That I'd weary of endless singing  
And my faltering stammering tongue  
Could not raise one "Hallelujah!"—  
Could not join the angels' song;  
And amid the bliss of heaven,  
The brightest angelic throng,  
I should still be tired, weary  
And long to be alone.

Tired, so tired!  
All earth takes up the sad refrain,  
Tired, so tired,  
Murmur the wind and the rain.  
Oh! for rest,  
That heart, and brain and will  
Might cease their aching, thinking, working—  
And be still.  
Oblivious sleep would be so sweet!

No more to know  
Aught of life's yearnings, hopes or fears,  
Its joy or woe.  
A dreamless sleep through ages passed  
Still to sleep on in perfect rest.  
Eternal life! I know 'tis great,  
But oh! to-night it seems a weight  
My spirit cannot bear—  
I cannot think of life with its strife and care;  
How can my soul live on  
And yet its suffering gone!  
Eternal life! no, far more sweet  
Is never-ending, dreamless sleep.  
And yet, O, coward soul!  
What dost thou say?  
Would'st thou fling thy heritage,  
Blood-bought, away?  
Father! forgive; I know thy word is true;

I do believe in heaven is perfect rest;  
 All sorrows cease.  
 Thy weary children there find perfect peace  
 And yet, O God! forgive,  
 I know but cannot feel.  
 Teach me to *trust* Thee more,  
 These wild thoughts *still*—  
 Tired, so tired!  
 Each thought comes with a throb of pain,  
 But another home will come  
 I shall be strong again.  
 This weakened weariness will pass away,  
 God's word is sure "Thy strength will be  
 Even as the day."  
 To-morrow, strength will come to meet life's  
 toil.

Bravely bear sorrow's sting  
 And immortality will seem  
 A *glorious* thing.

But not to-night, my tear-dimmed eyes  
 Cannot pierce life's deep mysteries,  
 God's glorious purpose see,  
 Yet I do trust in Thee.  
 O God! thy suffering earth-child keep,  
 "Thou givest thy beloved"  
 And I am weary, "sleep."

The following extracts from Dr. H. A. Hart's paper, read at a meeting of the "New York Medical Literary and Journal Association," on "The Prevention and Curability of Chronic Diseases," are taken from a paper sent to the *Hospital Review*, with the request, "Please Notice." The best notice that we can give will be quotations from the paper. Want of room compels us to make fewer extracts than we wish. The whole paper is of the greatest interest:

#### The Prevention and Curability of Chronic Diseases.

I have been requested by several eminent physicians of New York to give to the profession and the world the general results of my observation and experience during the 42 years that I have been engaged in the study and practice of medicine.

I was educated in Scotland, at the University of Glasgow, in what may properly be styled the heroic school, wherein I was taught that the lancet was to the physician what the sword was to the warrior. In

those days the chambers of the sick were scenes of combat, in which blood flowed almost as freely as upon the battle-field. The great ruling idea was the necessity of depletion. It was demanded for every ailment and for every accident, and the fear that haunted the mind of the conscientious practitioner, in almost every case, was that he had neglected to take away a sufficient quantity of blood. When the veins had yielded up the last drop it was safe to abstract, then followed counter-irritation in its severest forms by means of the fly-blister, the tartar emetic ointment, Granville's lotion, the issue by caustic potassa, and by nitric acid, the seton, the moxa, and the actual cautery, to these were superadded, in many cases, a succession of drastic purgatives and hydragogue-cathartics. As soon as the powers of the system were sufficiently reduced, the aid of mercury was invoked. The strongest preparations of the medicine were preferred and it was generally considered necessary to push it to the extent of producing salivation, which was regarded as the only evidence that it had affected the system. It cannot be denied that these measures were generally effectual in subduing inflammatory affections in their most violent forms, but it is equally certain that they sometimes also destroy the patient. I do not remember any case in my own practice in which they proved positively fatal, but I can recall an instance in which a man was carried by the use of the lancet so near to the gates of death that an indelible impression was made upon my mind, and ever since I have exercised more caution in its employment. The patient lived at the distance of 25 miles from my residence, and I was obliged to travel by night, through a burnt forest, in the most terrific thunderstorm I ever saw. I reached my destination at 2 o'clock in the morning, and found that the patient had been suffering for several days from a severe attack of pneumonia. The length of time it had existed and the ravages it had committed on the powers of the system, suggested a doubt with regard to the propriety of depletion. But I had never seen nor heard of an instance of recovery from this disease without it, much less had I been informed that it has a natural tendency to a cure, but having no leeches or cupping apparatus, at hand, I opened a vein in the arm, but when I had obtained

about half a pint of blood the patient fell back in a faint, from which he rallied slowly, and then only to gasp and pant for hours as though his end had come, in spite of the most powerful stimulants. He had not fully recovered from this condition when I was obliged to leave him, and 30 hours elapsed before I could see him again. I shall never forget the anxiety I felt on his account during that period. I found him, however, decidedly convalescent.

There may have been a time in which the stamina of mankind demanded and bore this violent treatment. But that era had passed, and it was no longer required. The strain had become too great. A reaction was inevitable, and it came, and like reactions generally, *it has gone entirely too far*. The pendulum has swung to the other side. It has been powerfully aided by a remarkable change which has taken place in the type of disease. It is impossible to deny that acute diseases do not now make their appearance in the same violent form that they did 30 or 40 years ago. An inflammation or fever which was then attended with a pulse of from 120 to 160 full and bounding, gives us now a much softer pulse of from 96 to 108, with all the other symptoms correspondingly mild. I have obtained the testimony of many distinguished physicians, in both this city and elsewhere, who all agree with me upon this point. It may be difficult to ascertain the causes of this variation in the character of acute diseases, but the fact remains.

The reaction in question received also a great momentum from the changes produced in the constitutions of men by the progress of our civilization. As nations advance in commerce and the arts, they acquire habits of ease and luxury, and lose in proportion their moral and physical force. Their powers of endurance are weakened, and there is a general revolt against everything that is painful, disagreeable, or unpalatable. They would take from fire the property of giving pain though every child that should be born thereafter should run the risk of being burnt to death, and they would extract from every medicine its nauseous taste though every man might be poisoned by using it as an article of food. They lose sight of the great fact that in both the moral and the physical departments of nature, the violation of

law is followed by punishment, and that all remedial measures are necessarily disciplinary, and, therefore, distasteful, and so they demand of their spiritual advisers that they should prophecy smooth things, and cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace, and of their medical advisers that they should treat them only with rose water and lemonade. In perfect harmony with this new spirit of luxury and folly came homeopathy, holding in its hand a vial of sugar pellets, and proposing to thrust aside at one fell swoop the accumulated results of the wisdom and experience of ages, and proclaiming the law of *similia similibus curantur* as the one great and only law of medical science. If the multitudes who embraced this heresy had paused to examine the subject, they would have seen at once that it is never by such sudden and revolutionary measures that any science or art is advanced; that, on the contrary, it is by the gradual addition of new discoveries of fact, and principle, and law that the great structure is slowly reared from age to age, never to be completed till time shall end. They would have seen also that that which has been so ostentatiously put forth as the only law of medical science is not a law of medical science at all, but simply a law of certain classes of agents called stimulants and tonics. From time immemorial it has been known that if these agents are used in excess they produce a weakness of the parts upon which they operate, and that if these parts have become debilitated or congested, through cold or an injury, or any other cause, then these agents, in moderate doses, are the appropriate remedies. They would have seen also, in pursuing the inquiry, that there are other agents of vast importance which act upon the law of opposites, and others again which act upon principals different from either. In short, they would have discovered that the laws which govern the action of medicines are varied and manifold, and that the attempt to restrict the science of medicine to one law, is just as ridiculous as the pretence that all the ills that flesh is heir to can be cured by one remedy. And, if they had chosen to go still further, and examine into the *practice of the founder* of the system, they would have met with facts which would have both amused and astounded them. For instance, in his work entitled the "Organon," he says:

"In a sudden affection of the stomach, with frequent nauseous eructations, as of spoiled food, accompanied with depression of mind, cold at the feet, hands, etc., if the patient should only smell once of a globule of sugar the size of a mustard seed, impregnated with the thirtieth dilution of pulsatilla, then he is cured in the space of two hours." Now, Prof. Simpson of Edinburgh, in his admirable work upon Homœopathy, has shown that this thirtieth dilution of pulsatilla, according to the prescribed formula, is one grain of pulsatilla dissolved in an ocean of alcohol equal to several globes, the diameter of which would reach from this earth to the nearest fixed star. If Hahnemann had declared that he was the Emperor of Germany, or the King of the Cannibal Islands, he would not have made a statement a whit more preposterous or incredible. And yet, in a later work, he affirms, as a result of his matured experience, that a dose of the two-hundredth dilution is the best dose for all diseases, both acute and chronic.

COUNTER IRRITANTS—CHARLES SUMNER'S CASE.

A memorable case of our own times affords such a striking illustration of the value of counter irritation that I deem it appropriate to refer to it in the discussion of this subject. In the Spring of 1856 Charles Sumner was struck down in the Senate Chamber by Preston S. Brooks, and beaten on the head with a cane till he became insensible. He was sitting at his desk when the attack was made upon him, and in his efforts to free himself from the hands of his assailant he sprained his spine in two places. Some time after the assault I read in a newspaper a letter written by a lady, containing a particular account of his symptoms, from which I inferred that his spine was the seat of disease. In the Summer of 1857 I mentioned my opinion to the Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, and Mr. Palmer Waters of Salem, Mass., who, learning soon afterward that Mr. Sumner was lodging at the Brevoort House in this city, called upon me to request that I would visit him in company with them, and state to him the views which I had formed of his case. I opened the conversation by asking him whether he had any reason to suppose that his spine was affected. He replied, "I am sure it is not, for my physicians examined

my spine only yesterday and assured me that it was perfectly sound." I did not deem it proper, whether rightly or wrongly, to make any further remark to him on the subject; but when we withdrew I said to the gentlemen who accompanied me, "nevertheless his spine is the seat of disease, and no cure can be accomplished until it is properly treated." At our interview he informed us that he had consulted several eminent physicians, both in this country and in Europe, and that all had agreed that he was suffering from an affection of the brain. He said, with tears in his eyes, "I am not afraid to die, but I confess that I do shrink with dread from the thought of insanity."

A month or two afterward he went to Paris and placed himself under the care of Dr. Brown-Sequard, who discovered that the spine and the cervical sympathetic were seriously affected, and who treated him successfully by counter-irritation in its severest form. There was everything about this case which was calculated to produce the most profound impression upon mankind. The character and position of the sufferer, the cause for which he was assailed, the boldness and savageness of the attack, the insatiable malice of his enemies which pursued him with misrepresentations, and charged him, in the midst of his agonies, with the ineffable meanness of feigning to be ill, in order that he might exort a sympathy which he did not deserve, all conspired to awaken an unparalleled interest throughout the civilized world. The details of the treatment were published at the time with the utmost particularity, and everybody knew exactly the method by which the cure was effected, and the great physician, who was known before as an ingenious experimentalist and learned physiologist, at once obtained a world-wide celebrity as a practical man on account of this astonishing achievement. One would have thought that counter-irritation might now have successfully asserted its claims and become at least the fashion of the hour, but the great forces that rule the world were too strong for it, and the horrors of the moxa outweighed the brilliancy of the cure. I would not take one leaf from the crown of Dr. Brown-Sequard, for he is entitled to immortal honor and to the ceaseless gratitude of the American people and of mankind for the energy, fidelity, persis-

tance, and skill which he displayed in the treatment of the wisest and purest statesman which this country has produced; but I feel that it is my duty in the interest of science to declare my opinion that a milder counter-irritant, which would have had admitted of frequent application, which would not have been attended with one-tenth part of the pain, and which would have been wholly unaccompanied with the prostrating shock of the moxa would have been equally efficacious in overcoming the disease.

**DANGER OF THEORIZING IN MEDICINE.**

There is obviously at the present time a deplorable tendency among eminent scientists to a departure from the inductive process of reasoning, and a reckless indulgence in the wildest and most chimerical speculations. Darwin has built up a stupendous theory, which, according to his own admission, is not, and will not for millions of ages, be susceptible of proof. Huxley reluctantly confesses that there is not a single fact to establish the daring pretension of the vestiges of creation that death can bring forth life, and yet he has what he calls a philosophic faith that if he could go back beyond all geologic periods to the regions of chaos and eternal night—his vision sharpened, I suppose, by darkness visible, would behold the problem solved by the infant energies of ammonia and other gases. And thus with one sweep of the imagination would these men madly and impiously tear away the immovable foundations of historical and experimental evidence on which rests the sublime superstructure of the Christian faith. In like manner we see in the medical profession a disposition to indulge in loose deductions and vague theories, and thereby to array the discoveries of science against the indubitable facts of experience. The disuse of depletion in peritonitis, and the substitution of large doses of opium, which merely lessens the peristaltic motion of the intestines and relieves pain; the expectant and stimulating treatment adopted in pneumonia, on the ground that it is a self-limited disease, that the exudation in the second stage withdraws a pound or more of the solid constituents of the blood, and that counter-irritation, interferes with the physicial explorations of the chest: the abandonment of leeches, counter-irritants, and stimulating applica-

tions to the throat in diphtheria, because it is a constitutional affection, and the microscope has revealed the agency of germs in its production; and many other instances of a similar nature, all go to show a growing determination to place the art of medicine upon a fanciful instead of an experimental basis. The earnestness with which I protest against this innovation will, I trust, excite no surprise when it is known that, having through the whole course of my professional life refused to be guided by these false lights, and adhered to the fundamental principles in which I was educated, only modifying their application to meet the actual exigencies of disease, I have never lost a case of uncomplicated peritonitis, or diphtheria, and only one or two of pneumonia.

I once encountered an epidemic of scarlet fever in which almost every patient was attacked at the outset with congestion of the brain, and death occurred in a few hours in every case in which depletion was not promptly employed. I was called at that time to see a child about two years old, which was in a state of unconsciousness, with flushed cheeks and intense heat in the head. Totally ignorant of the germ hypothesis I opened the jugular vein and took from it two or three ounces of blood, and applied counter-irritants to the back of the head and neck, and recovery speedily followed without any unpleasant sequelæ. The avalanche of lore from the universities of Europe which is now coming upon us threatens to carry away the last vestige of ancient and time-honored methods, and unless some powerful barrier shall be erected at once to check the tide of modern speculation, our hopes of immortality and our chances for holding on to this planet will be buried together in one common ruin.

O! star-eyed science hast thou wandered there  
 To bring us back the tidings of despair?

**PLEA FOR A HOSPITAL FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.**

I cannot conclude this paper without a plea in behalf of that unfortunate class which in addition to the sorrows and pains of hopeless disease, are forced to endure the pangs of poverty. Regarded by every body as the victims of incurable evils, it was natural, perhaps, that little provision should be made for them, and that the dispensary system should be considered suf-

ficient to furnish them with all the benefits which they could reasonably expect. But, I trust, that when it shall be made to appear that there is no need of all this suffering and despair, and that they can be made whole and restored to their families and to society, that thousands of sympathizing hearts will rush to their relief and give them the aid which their condition imperatively demands. It has been the dream of my life to assist in founding a hospital for these helpless sufferers, and I am sure that there is not in the world an object of a charitable nature that is so urgently required. I need scarcely add that I am willing to give to it all the time and medical services which it would need from me, without further reward than the satisfaction I should feel in helping to carry forward such a noble enterprise. I have said that there is no such institution in the world. The establishment of the first would be an imperishable honor to New York.

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## *The Hospital Review.*

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1875.

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### **The Lady Washington Tea Party.**

So many inquiries have been made as to the character of this Entertainment, that a short explanation of some of its principal features may prove acceptable.

On Tuesday, April 13th, and Thursday, April 15th, are to be given, under the auspices of the Ladies' Charitable Society, (for the benefit of the City Hospital), two Entertainments at the City Hall. The first a "*Costume Concert*," and the second the "*Lady Washington Tea Party*."

For the first, a large chorus of ladies and gentleman, aided by the majority of the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, will furnish the music, which will consist of English madrigals and choice selections from the old masters, as well as from the modern composers.

In the management of this affair the studied formality of the concert room will be avoided. The ladies and gentlemen

composing the Chorus, will appear in the costumes of the Continental period, as also those of the English Court and the elaborate toilettes of more recent years.

Admission to this Entertainment has been placed at a price within the reach of all. *No reserved seats* are held, all seats in the hall being open to the holders of Tickets.

The LADY WASHINGTON TEA PARTY will constitute the second evening's Entertainment.

The Hall will be so arranged as to devote a portion to the Drawing Room Reception, while the remainder will be so prepared as to admit those, not desiring to take part in the reception, to all points of interest. One section of the hall will be devoted to Tea Tables or Booths, thirteen in number, each representing one of the Original Thirteen States. These will be presided over by matronly and young Ladies, in the dress of the Continental period. The tables will be furnished with tea urn and cups of antique pattern, prepared for the occasion, from which the guests can sip their tea by the payment of a trifling sum, or by paying a little larger amount can take also the cup as a souvenir.

In another section of the hall, arranged for the purpose, General and Lady Washington will receive their guests in due form, surrounded by their suite, in the costume of the Continental period. The guests are expected to appear in similar dress, or in Court costume or full evening dress, and the military in full uniform. Those desiring simply to witness the affair without taking part in the reception, may appear in ordinary day costume, ample opportunity being afforded of visiting the various points of interest in the Hall.

The music for the evening will be furnished by Schaich's full Band.

Tickets for this Entertainment have also been placed at a moderate price.

These Entertainments differ from any previously given here, and promise to be unusually attractive. A cordial invitation is extended to all to witness them.

### The Entertainments for the Benefit of the Hospital.

Our readers have all heard of the Entertainments to be given the evenings of the thirteenth and fifteenth of this month. Of course it is both a duty and pleasure to do anything and everything for the Hospital; but it is doubtful if duty and pleasure ever combined in so pleasant a form as it will on these two evenings. We shall feel that we have helped the Hospital, have had a most enjoyable evening in the presence of the "Father of our Country," and what is dear to every woman's heart, and to every man's also—we claim no superiority for our sex—have seen elegant costumes of very ancient date. Proving, by the large attendance, the falseness of the slander, as old as the oldest—of anything except Adam and Eve, that people do not dislike old clothes. Some of the costumes have been worn by Queen Elizabeth, or if not by her by some other Queen or Empress. And elegant ones will be worn that evening by American ladies, which title, we are sure, is as noble as any in the world.

### Visiting the Hospital.

This last visit was in striking contrast to the one preceding, as far as the out-door world was concerned. Then, the bitter winds fairly howled, the snow blew in blinding gusts and the mercury went below zero. Such dreadful weather affected the patients badly, causing much suffering among those who were sick with throat and lung diseases, and making the others feel sad, sorry and homesick. But now that the sun has given us the blessing of his warm beams and has shone bright and beautiful for a few days, nearly all are feeling the effects of warmth and beauty. "Let there be light," is as wonderful a command as it was thousands of years ago.

For many months past we have always stopped at the bed-side of little Nellie and

tried to cheer her, because we knew [that the young eyes of eighteen summers dreaded to close upon this beautiful world, and the young heart found it hard to die and shut out the sweet possibilities of the future, from which we all hope so much. Poor Nellie! She would not admit that she had any sickness, but a hard cold, and when her breath was short and her voice so low that it could hardly be heard, she would say "I am better; I have a cold." She said to one of the patients who is hopelessly sick, "When I am well and at home again, I'll often come and see you; it isn't but a little way." "Oh Nellie," was the reply, "don't think of getting well. There is no more hope that you will ever be well than that I will." And, one morning, after a night of much suffering, Nellie passed away—let us hope, to a blessed home, where "there is fullness of life for evermore." Ah! how hard it must be to die and leave this life which we know, with the few sorrows it brings us, but with its intense joys and delights, the bright days of sunshine, the gentle winds that kiss our cheeks; the flowers, and trees, and all the beauty of earth, with friends and homes—to leave all these, is more than heart can bear to think upon, unless there is a hope of a better life.

As we passed through the ward, we saw a child with her face buried in the pillow, as we supposed, crying. Laying our hand upon her shoulder we said, "Is this a new comer?" She said that she had been in the hospital only two weeks. Her home is so near Rochester that her friends can visit her often and relieve the tedium of her hours. She is blind and has been for several months. This is the second attack she has had, but now is so much better that she can distinguish colors. She is as cheerful as the morning, and laughed out gleefully several times during our stay. She had laid down with her face in the pillow, "because she was lonesome." She is very fond of reading and music.

"The girls are real kind about reading to me," she said, and the young lady who went to the Hospital with us promised to play for her when the piano was sent back from Mr. Mackie's, where it is being repaired. We trust Mr. Mackie will have it put in order "right away," as it is missed so much. In a chair, near the register, sat a patient with her shoulder in a kind of framework. Nearly three months ago she stepped on a chair that tipped over, throwing her against the arm of a lounge. She struck upon her shoulder and broke it. As it was supposed to be only a slight hurt, she rubbed it with liniment; after a time the fracture healed—this is a surgical description, or an attempt at one, and we fear that fractures don't heal—at any rate, the broken bone began to grow together, but not in good shape, so she came to the Hospital, had her shoulder broken again, and mended as it ought to be, and now is rapidly getting better.

A young girl we found sitting by the window. Her left hand entirely closed from paralysis; the left side has been affected, but is improving. This terrible affliction was caused by spotted fever. One patient of whom we have often written, has been sick four years in the Hospital—"sick unto death." Her disease is so complicated that if she is not suffering from one thing she is from another, and it makes one's heart ache to see her. We said, "If we only could, we would cure you this minute." "Oh dear," said this patient, weary from so many years of pain, "I wish you could." Part of the time she is able to sit up, but as time goes by, we find her more often in bed, always uncomplaining, but with a pitiful look upon her face. The look, born of patience and of pain, the look we see so many times in the faces of those who are called on to bear the heavy load of a long, painful and hopeless sickness, whose only release is the one offered by death.

"I question much if any pain or ache,  
Of soul or body, brings our end more nigh,  
Death chooses his own time, till that is worn,  
All evils may be born."

In the corner we found two invalids visiting, that is, chatting together, cheerily, as they were both feeling too weak to sit up, and as their beds were near together, their visiting was made easy. One has been sick sixteen years. A long time but she is patient and nearly always cheerful. Our homesick patient is growing decidedly better. Whenever we see her we think of the day she came. It required all of her self-control, which was not small, to keep her from giving way. Poor child; she had been more of an invalid than she knew, for one year, and it will take time for her to be a thoroughly well person.

There are two patients in the ward sick with consumption. It is heart-breaking to hear them cough, to see them growing feeble, and to see how short their breath is. But a lesson of faith and patience might easily be learned from them. They are cheerful, resigned and uncomplaining, while suffering pain of which we well people have no conception. Days of pain, nights of wakefulness. No cessation from the racking cough, nor rest from the weakness that is more wearing than pain. As we left the Hospital that Sunday afternoon, and on our homeward way, we met so many happy looking fathers and mothers, and so many smiling little children, we thought how much sickness, sorrow and pain there is of which we know but little.

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#### Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.  
Miss ELLA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.  
Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.  
Miss FLORE MONTGOMERY, "  
Miss MARY WATSON, "  
Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.



We are in receipt, this month, of Vick's Floral Guide, No. 2, for 1875. It is an excellent pamphlet, beautifully illustrated, with an abundance of excellent reading matter. Mr. Vick not only loves flowers himself, but he wishes to cultivate in others a love for them. There are detailed instructions concerning the care and cultivation of plants, a witty receipt about cooking mushrooms; and directions concerning air, ventilation, soil and water; all of benefit to lovers of flowers.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

### Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, March —, 1875,  
 Mrs. Wm. Simpson, aged 40 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, March —, 1875,  
 Catharine Holmes, aged 29 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Mar. 11, 1875,  
 Mr. Boyer, aged 88 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Mar. 27, 1875,  
 Mrs. Stanley, aged 37 years.

### Donations.

- Mrs. Danforth—Pickles.  
 Miss Wyle—Flowers and delicacies for the Sick.  
 Miss Lottie Jones—Jellies, Oranges and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Geo. Mumford—One barrel of Apples.  
 Miss Fay—Old Cotton and Reading Matter.  
 St. Paul's Brotherhood—Reading Matter, every week.  
 Eliza Witherell—Three Dollars in Cash.  
 Mrs. Dann, Avon—Four jars Canned Apples, Dried Apples and Peaches.  
 Mrs. Angle—Oranges.  
 Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Pickles and Apples.  
 Mrs. N. Rochester—Oranges.  
 Mrs. Allen—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. John Brewster—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mr. L. Page—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Frank Hunn—Jelly.

### Subscriptions to Review.

- A. S. Mann, \$10.00; Moore & Cole, \$10; Mechanics' Bank, \$15; Mr. Wayte, \$5; C. B. Woodworth & Son, \$5; Rowley & Davis, \$5; H. Babcock, \$5; J. B. Sweeting, \$5; J. Schier, \$5; Alling & Cory, 5; M. V. Beemer, \$5; Woodbury & Morse, \$5; E. F. Hyde, \$5; Smith & Perkins, \$5; Hamilton & Mathews, \$5; Curran & Goler, \$5—Advertisements.  
 Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. H.

- S. Redfield, 40 cents; Miss Gulick, Watkins, 70 cents; Miss Hayward, 62 cts; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. N. Fulton, 50 cents; Mrs. W. B. Brown, New York, \$1; Mrs. Robert Johnston, \$1; Mrs. Bristol, 62 cents; Mrs. Hildreth, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. Eugene Arnold, 62 cents; Miss E. Hayes, 60 cents; Mrs. Melvin Brown, 50 cents; Mrs. James Dieuhart, Potter Center, 50 cents; E. K. Warren, Donation, \$1; W. I. Ingraham, Donation, \$1.40—By Mrs. Craig, .....\$111 94

### Superintendent's Reports.

1875. Feb. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 52	
Received during month, .. 27—	79-
Discharged, .....	17
Died, .....	2— 19-
Remaining, Mar. 1st, 1875,	60-
1875. Mar. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 60	
Received during month, .. 24—	84-
Discharged, .....	20
Died, .....	2— 22-
Remaining, Apr. 1st, 1875,	62-

### Children's Department.

#### Maria and Her Stories.

At the same house where I lived at Florence, on the same floor, in a room further down the passage, lodged a girl of eighteen or nineteen, slender, generally pale, but with flashing black eyes, and features that were, on the whole, rather pretty. She called herself Maria, was a native of Sienna, and followed the trade of seamstress. As I saw her nearly every day for over three months, we had plenty of opportunities for the exchange of ideas, and I found her an invaluable mine of Italian idioms and Italian credences. For, be it known that Sienna is the place, of all Italy, where the language is the purest; and not only this, but it is a retired little city, somewhat away from the great lines of travel and thought; so that old opinions and superstitions still possess there a perceptible degree of vitality. I collected a small museum of ghost-frights and witch-adventures from Maria's conversation; although such was her timidity and fear of ridicule, that she would only relate these wonders by dint of being delicately coaxed and managed.

She was the most bashful girl that I ever saw—bashful with a kind of nervous-

ness, bashful even to disease—and to the last, she never looked me full in the eyes for more than a lightning-like glance. Her face bent down so as to be half hidden by its own shadow, or by one hand lifted partially over it, she used to prattle Florentine gossip, or relate her astonishing histories. If I looked incredulous, above all, if I laughed, she would stop and declare, with a comical pettishness, that she never would tell me another word.

"Witches? O yes! to be sure there were witches. Why, her mother had told her how—" and here catching a smile upon my face, she came to an indignant stop. "There; now you are laughing at me. I knew you would laugh; I knew you would not believe it. I will not tell you anything more. You shall not laugh at me."

"No, no, Maria. I am not laughing now. Tell me all about it; perhaps I shall believe it. Just tell me the story, and let me see what I think of it."

Then came a most ridiculous narrative, how her mother, when a girl, was very handsome, and thus attracted the evil eye of an old woman of Sienna, who had the name of being a witch. This old woman offered her mother an apple, and pressed it upon her so urgently, that, against her better judgment, she accepted and ate it. Consequently, her mother fell sick, and pined away in such a manner as very much astonished her relatives, until they learned the adventure of the apple, when they immediately understood the cause of her illness. Then her father and brothers went to the old woman's house, and, surrounding her with their knives drawn, said: "Thou hast bewitched our daughter and sister, and deservest to die; but cure her and thou shalt live, and we will promise secrecy concerning thy crime."

So the old woman, in a great fright, went to the chamber of the invalid, and anointed her with some species of ointment which she caused to be prepared for the occasion; after which she kneaded her from head to foot, as you would knead bread, and so brought her out to the family, as smooth, as sound, and handsome as ever. The father and brothers kept their agreement of silence until the witch died, when they felt at liberty to repeat the tale, which had ever since been a current thing at Sienna.

There was a better story of a poor

woman who fell partially into the power of Satan through an evil wish. The night following this crime of thought, she was awakened by a tap on the window; and, looking through the glass, she saw a goat which motioned her with one of his forehoofs to come out. She was under the influence of some terrible charm; for she neither dared wake her husband, nor keep her place; and so, rising, she slipped noiselessly through the door, and stood, before the strangely potent animal. "Wilt thou harm Christ's earth, or his followers?" said the goat.

"I will harm the earth," said the woman, who already repented of her sin, and had no desire to injure her fellow-creatures.

"Then mount on my back," replied the goat. The woman was so constrained by some mysterious power to obey, that she instantly bestrode the animal, unable to take any other precaution than to cling to its long hair. Immediately the goat went off with the swiftness of wind; springing along the bending surface of the corn-fields; leaping from festoon to festoon in the vineyard, and galloping madly over the top of the trees. Wherever his feet struck, they ruined everything; crushing the grain to earth; tearing the vines in pieces; splintering to the roots the strongest olives and mulberries. The miserable rider was bruised and wounded by the crashing branches; her thin robe torn from her in shreds, and her strength exhausted by fatigue and terror; until, after an hour of this fearful aerial gallop, she was brought back to her own door and flung violently from the infernal animal's back. There she lay breathless, unable to move, and with a fearful enchantment of which she was unaware.

Morning came, and the husband, not beholding his spouse, first called her, then hunted the house over, and finally sought her out of doors. He saw a huge unisightly toad on the threshold, and indignantly kicked it into the bushes. No wife being anywhere discoverable, he hurried to the neighbors and told them of this incomprehensible disappearance of his wife. Of course the poor man's house was soon inundated by an assembly of curious gossips, among whom was the pious old priest of the village. As the holy father trotted about the house, peeping into the most improbable localities for finding a woman,

he happened to spy, nestled among the bed-clothes, a toad of extraordinary magnitude; so prodigious, in fact, and so abominably ugly, that, in his amazement at the sight of it, the good man incontinently said a *benedicite*. The moment the sacred words were pronounced, the toad changed shape and became the mistress of the house, who immediately proceeded, with many tears and faintings, to tell her lamentable story. She was still dreadfully scratched and pounded from her midnight ride; and had a large bruise on her cheek, caused by the heavy toe of her husband's shoe; so that they were constrained to leave her. The wise father immediately took all the necessary precautions against a second visit from the devil; blessing the house, sprinkling holy water copiously about the grounds, and holding especial service in the parish church that afternoon. These vigorous measures were, by the favor of the Madonna, perfectly successful; and the fiendish goat never troubled the family thereafter.

Another of Maria's stories struck me as really pleasing, and as affording a subject for a pretty night-picture. She said that a pious, poor man of Sienna went into the church of San Francisco to say his evening prayers; and, being very tired, sat down on a bench against the wall, where he presently fell asleep. The vespers ended; the worshipers passed out; the sexton closed the dim church; yet the sleeper remained at his post. He was awakened at midnight by a glare of light falling across his eyelids. Greatly astonished to find himself napping in so holy a place at such an hour, he was still more amazed at seeing the altar-candles alight with a halo like that around the head of Christ in pictures, while before them a priest, in white robes, was in the act of commencing a mass. But, being a man of pious disposition, and, also, not a little awed by the circumstances in which he found himself, he very reverently joined in the service, making the usual responses, and bowing his knees at the proper time. The priest recited with extraordinary fervor; and our Siennese felt unusually edified and uplifted by the holy words; more so than had ever been the case with him on any previous religious occasion. The mass being ended, the priest noiselessly glided to the sacristy, and entered it, without drawing the curtain, or even shaking it by his passage.

The spectator hesitated some time between respect and curiosity, but finally stole to the doorway and peeped into the sacerdotal precinct.

At that moment the priest rose from his knees, with a countenance full of unearthly joy, and turned toward him. The Siennese would have drawn back; but when the other in a low, sweet tone bade him enter, he tremblingly obeyed.

"My son," said the priest, "thou art anxious to know why I celebrate this service alone and at this unusual hour. Know, then, that I am a spirit just liberated from purgatory, and by thy means. When I died I had one grievous sin on my soul; and that was that I had neglected a mass for the repose of one dead; neglected it, too, that I might pass the time in worldly mirth. So Christ condemned me to remain in suffering until I could repeat in this place, with some faithful Christian to render from his heart the just responses. But until this time no one came; and thus I labored in vain for many years. But now, thanks to thee, and thanks above all to our merciful Lord, I have done my work, and am free to ascend to paradise. The blessing of a purified soul, and the blessing of God be with thee! Amen."

So saying he vanished; leaving his listener wonder-struck, trembling, but, as became a man of his piety, exceedingly joyful at the good which he had been the means of accomplishing. He retired to his bench, and, falling calmly asleep, remained in a gentle slumber until the sacristan discovered him in the morning.

Thin Party (to street urchin): "Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?" The youngster casts a knowing look at him and readily replies: "Guess he takes you for a bone!"

### Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1875.

No. 10.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,  
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

## The Month of May.

BY ELIZA.

Roey May, so fair, so bright,  
Coming forth from winter's blight,  
As to the heavens, the shining star,  
The same to the earth your flowers are.

Beautiful May, in emerald vest!  
Gem of the world, bright and best!  
Around your features a charm doth play,  
Queen of the months, blooming May.

As in future, joy we meet,  
All with a welcome smile to greet;  
Oh, let our spirits be blithe and gay,  
Just as thou art, fairy May.

The most lovely month in all the year,  
Driving away April's dewy tear,  
Chasing all our winter cares away;  
Oh, how we love thee, smiling May!

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1875.

## HOSPITAL BENEFITS.

The necessity of devising some means to replenish the treasury of the Hospital, led to the suggestion, by a member of the Board of Managers, of giving a series of entertainments for that purpose. A "CONCERT EN COSTUME," and a "LADY WASHINGTON TEA PARTY," was the result.

The editors of our city papers, who so very generously offered us the free use of their columns, have given such full and vivid descriptions of these entertainments, that we take the liberty of quote from them.

According to previous announcement, the Concert was given in the new City Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 13, 1875:

## COSTUME CONCERT

Frequent references to the event made in the daily papers of the city for some time past, had prepared the public in some degree for the excellent entertainment which was afforded them. And yet, doubtless, few expected the rare treat they received last night. For a number of weeks past, a choir of twenty, and a chorus of eighty voices have been in faithful rehearsal under the able direction of F. B. Mitchell. This chorus was composed of young ladies and gentlemen from the leading circles of the city, and the interest they have taken in the matter, the fidelity with which they have labored to acquit themselves well, is highly creditable to them. Mr. Mitchell has been indefatigable in his efforts to make the

affair a success, and that it was eminently such, is largely due to him. His labors have been constant and unceasing ever since the project was first undertaken, and he deserves the gratitude not only of the board of managers of the Hospital and the members of the chorus, but also of the audience and the entire community.

At 8 o'clock last evening, "ye lordly knights and ladies faire to see," ascended the stage and occupied the raised seats arranged upon it. Nearly all of the ladies wore elegant costumes, such as figured conspicuously at our grandmothers' receptions many years ago, and all were tastefully and beautifully attired. Some of the gentlemen were in fancy dress, and the rest in full dress. All either wore wigs or had their hair powdered. The appearance of the stage when all were arranged upon it was truly beautiful. Never was a finer array of beauty seen in Rochester, and we doubt if any other city in the Union could furnish a chorus of ladies as handsome as those who graced the concert last night. The entertainment was, on the whole, very fine, and will be seen by the following:

PROGRAMME.

- Glee in Chorus—Hail! Smiling Morn, Eginald Spofforth  
Part Song—Good Night, Good Night, Beloved!.....  
Ciro Pinsuti, Mrs. Bennett.  
Song.....  
Ciro Pinsuti, Mrs. Bennett.  
Quartet and Chorus—Where Wavelets Rippled  
Gaily,.....  
Ciro Pinsuti.  
Part Song—Luna,.....  
Joseph Barnby  
Gypsy Life.....  
Robert Schuman  
Madrigal—Down in a Flow'ry Vale.....  
Constantius Festa  
Chorus from Lohengrin—Faithful and True,.....  
R. Wagner  
Stradella.....  
Ciro Pinsuti  
Madrigal—Since I first Saw your Face.....  
Thomas Ford  
Part Song—Sleep! The Bird is in its Nest.....  
Joseph Barnby  
Madrigal—Now is the Month of Maying.....  
Thomas Morley  
Excelsior.....  
M. W. Balfé  
Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Staples and Chorus.  
Auld Lang Syne.....  
Arranged as a four-part-song  
by.....  
Edward Land

The programme, though long, was listened to throughout without impatience, a sure proof of its excellence. Every number was applauded with heartiness and many were rewarded with an *encore*. The solo by Mrs. Bennett—a waltz song—was rendered in that talented lady's best style, and at its conclusion an enthusiastic *encore* was given her, eliciting in response a laughing song equally good. One of the most pleasing selections was the quartette and chorus, "Where Wavelets Ripple Gaily." The madrigal, "Down in a Flowery Vale," was sung with great precision and was very pleasing to the audience. The "Bridal Chorus," from Wagner's "Lohengrin," was splendidly sung. The madrigal "Since First I saw your Face," was very good, as was also the part song, "Sleep! the Bird is in its Nest." The finest feature of the evening was Balfé's "Excelsior," sung as a duet and chorus. Mrs. Bennett and A. H. Staples sang the duet, the rich strong baritone of the latter showing to fine advantage. The concert closed with Land's arrangement of "Auld Lang Syne," the audience standing during its singing. We should not forget to mention that Professor Bauer and Professor Reynolds accompanied the choruses in an admirable manner, the former on a Steinway grand piano and the latter upon a Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ. Both instruments were kindly furnished by H. S. Mackie.

1775—1875.

The Lady Washington Tea Party,

THURSDAY, APRIL 15.

City Hall Transformed into a Scene of Splendor.

The most brilliant affair ever seen in Rochester, was inaugurated last night in the much-talked-of and long-expected Lady Washington Tea Party.

The committees having the affair in charge have labored unceasingly since the close of the concert Tuesday evening, and so great was the task imposed upon them, that it was hardly finished before the time for the reception had arrived. When at last it was completed, the hall presented indeed, a beautiful appearance. Last evening, although the storm was severe, the crowd was immense. Early in the evening carriages began to roll up to the door, and furnish their quota of handsome and elegantly dressed ladies, and from 6 o'clock till after 9 the stream was constant and unabating. Therefore it was that, about 11 o'clock, progress through the hall was rendered almost impossible. Never before has so large a throng been seen on a similar occasion in this city.

As the visitor entered the hall last evening a scene of wondrous beauty burst upon his sight. It might be likened only to a glimpse of fairy land. Ranged about on either sides of the hall were the thirteen booths, representing the original thirteen States, about six feet higher than the staging, which was five feet in height. These were covered with the gayest decorations and nothing of oriental magnificence ever presented a more brilliant sight. A full description of these booths in their order will be found below.

THE RECEPTION.

Inasmuch as the reception proper was the most important part of the affair, it is appropriate that a description of it be given first. The entire space in the center of the hall was reserved for this ceremony. The floor was covered with canvas, and that portion of the space used as Lady Washington's reception parlor was raised about a foot. General and Lady Washington, with their suite, were all dressed in the costumes of the last century, or as near it as could be approached. The scene was, therefore, at once novel and exceedingly interesting. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, either in costume or full dress were presented to the receiving ladies, the ceremony being conducted with the dignity and *impressment* befitting the occasion. The officers of the twenty-fifth brigade were all present in parade uniform, their glittering accoutrements adding not a little to the gay appearance of the reception.

THE COSTUMES.

Mrs. George G. Munger, as *Lady Washington*, wore a rich black velvet robe, profusely trimmed with point *duchesse* lace, over a petticoat of quilted white satin. The powdered hair, decked with pearls,

was in perfect keeping with the ancient style of dress. A necklace of unique workmanship and pearl ear-rings, with every detail of ornament, added to the harmonious effect.

Mr. Isaac S. Averell, whose dignified appearance as *General Washington* was admirably adapted to the distinguished character he portrayed, wore the costume of a by-gone century. His coat of black velvet, black satin knee-breeches, waist-coat of white gros grain, lace ruffles, white silk stockings; knee and shoe buckles completed the attire.

The ease and grace with which General and Lady Washington received their thronging guests, will long be remembered by many of them, with pleasure.

The ladies and gentlemen of the court, were dressed in unique and beautiful costumes and assisted gracefully in the reception of the guests.

Miss Minnie Clark, as *Miss Custis*, wore a light blue silk, with point lace, over a white silk petticoat.

Mr. Charles Hayden, as young *Custis*, was appropriately dressed in character.

Mrs. M. Strong, as *Mrs. Timothy Pickering*, wore over a white satin petticoat, a blue satin brocade, with antique lace and trimmings. Her ornaments were ancient pearls. This dress and the one worn by Mrs. Seth H. Terry, once belonged to *Marie Antoniette*.

Mrs. M. M. Mathews, as *Mrs. Schuyler*, a black velvet dress over a lavender silk skirt, with thread lace flounces and trimmings.

Mrs. W. W. Carr, as *Mrs. George Clinton*, wore a rich green velvet dress, with point lace and diamonds.

Mrs. D. B. Beach, as *Mrs. Livingston*, wore a petticoat of black velvet, with broad flounces of altar lace, from a ruined church in the old country; train of pink silk, bordered with point lace over black thread lace, waist of velvet and lace, powdered hair, with high comb, worn by her ances-

tors a hundred years ago; ornaments, pearls, diamonds and gold beads.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, as *Mrs. Madison*, was richly attired in pearl-gray silk, with trimmings of velvet and point lace.

Mrs. J. McDonnell, as *Mrs. John Adams*; an exquisite lace dress over blue silk; blue plumes in her hair, with a valuable neck-lace and ear-rings of quaint design. This costume was worn by Mrs. John Adams at court receptions, abroad. Mrs. McDonnell is a descendant of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, as *Col.* and *Mrs. Duer*, were both attired in ancient costumes. Mrs. Perkins wore a rich dress of white *moire antique*, over a petticoat of blue and white chene silk; roses, feathers and point lace.

Mrs. S. B. Roby, as *Mrs. Bayard*; quilted cherry-satin petticoat, train of blue brocade, and *coiffure*, trimmed with cherry-ribbon. This costume was worn by one of the Bayard family to whom Mrs. Roby is related.

Mrs. M. F. Reynolds, as *Mrs. John Hancock*, was attired in a black velvet dress, white-satin petticoat, mantle of point lace, with diamonds.

Mrs. Roswell Hart, as *Mrs. Alexander Hamilton*; lilac silk, with lace and crimson trimmings.

Mrs. Isaac Hills, as *Mrs. Charles Carrol*; blue silk, with black velvet, with flowers and lace.

Mrs. Seth H. Terry, as *Mrs. Tristram Dalton*, wore over a white brocade petticoat, a cherry and gold satin *waiteau* sack, trimmed with antique lace; ornaments, ancient pearl, and topaz.

Mrs. A. D. Smith, wore an apron which had been worn by a maid of honor of Queen Elizabeth. It was of white silk, embroidered in the oldest *tambour* style, in gilt and colors. This relic has descended from generation to generation, down to Mrs. Smith, and is an article of great interest.

Mrs. John H. Brewster, as *Mrs. Wm. Bingham*, wore a crimson *moire antique*, satin petticoat, with lace and diamonds.

Mrs. Hiram Sibley wore an elegant garnet velvet dress, with rich trimmings of point lace.

Mrs. William H. Ward wore a dress of scarlet brocade with white satin over dress, trimmings and necklace of pearls.

Mrs. Wm. F. Cogswell wore an elegant dress of green silk trimmed with point lace, white satin petticoat, ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Charles Angell was richly attired in black velvet and blue silk.

Miss Lois Whitney wore a rich green silk, with crimson petticoat, point lace and diamonds.

Mrs. Wm. C. Rowley wore a garnet velvet dress with white satin petticoat profusely trimmed with point lace; also cape of point lace. Ornaments; diamonds.

Mrs. Frank N. Lord wore one of the most elegant dresses of the evening. It consisted of a pink silk, trimmed with black silk and white fringe, short sleeves, jewelry, diamonds.

Miss Charlotte Eustaphie of Buffalo, was elegantly attired in a dress ninety years old, of white brocade silk, short, scant skirt, low waist. This lady also carried a fan which was once the property of Isabelle de Bourbon, whose autograph was written upon it.

Mrs. Samuel Porter wore a dress made and worn in the time of Louis XIV.; white satin underskirt, pink brocade over dress, trimmed with thread lace, jewels and diamonds.

Mrs. E. C. Frost wore the traveling dress worn by her mother on her wedding journey. It consisted of a purple satin with the huge puffed sleeves of the period, lace cap and white feathers. Ornaments, mosaics and diamonds.

Miss Fanny Rochester wore an old-fashioned pale blue satin of delicate shade, over sixty years old, formerly worn by her grandmother.

The dress worn by Miss Adelaide Gaffney once belonged to Mrs. J. Q. Adams. A blue satin petticoat with white brocaded satin trimmed with blond lace.

Miss Louise Alling wore an elegant dress which was her grandmother's wedding dress. It was of white brocade silk, with mutton leg, puffed sleeves, short waist and scant skirt.

We are not unmindful of the great service of our ushers; some in costume and others in full evening dress, wearing the "hatchet," that emblem of truthfulness.

We cannot refrain from referring to a few, dressed as gentlemen of the old school, and in military, colonial and continental costumes: Mr. Joseph Field, with ruffled shirt, dress coat and brass buttons. Mr. G. H. Perkins, who, for the good of the cause, bore with evident satisfaction to others, if not to himself, the tortures of the barbarous fashion of broad stock and standing collar of long ago. Dr. Cary, in

full military, prepared to protect the Key Stone State and its fair occupants. Mr. W. H. Averell, with velvet coat and satin knee-breeches, powdered wig and ruffled shirt—a graceful representative of the chivalrous gallants of '76. Mr. Angel, with an embroidered overdress, from the Celestial empire. Mr. Clinton Rogers, Dr. E. V. Stoddard, Mr. G. M. Elwood, Mr. H. Hawks, Mr. Hart, with a waistcoat, dating back an hundred years; Mr. Mann, with one, worn at a court reception in Holland—with scores of others, in courtly dress.

The costumes of the gentlemen attracted much attention and formed a striking feature of the party. They deserve an elaborate notice, but our limited space prevents a description of the very, very many elegant and antique costumes, which our ladies and gentlemen were at much pains and expense to procure—and which made the party so much more brilliant and beautiful.

## THE BOOTHS.

The booths were arranged in the following order:

### NEW YORK.

Mrs. J. Stern, Mrs. J. Michaels,  
Mrs. J. Wile, Miss A. Michaels,  
Miss E. Wile.

In this booth was a very fine portrait embroidered in colors, of General Washington, from M. Garson; also the 54th regimental banner bearing the state arms. Other articles of great interest were shown. The booth very justly, as it represented our own State, was one of the finest in the hall.

### GEORGIA.

Mrs. W. F. Cogswell and Mrs. E. H. Hollister.  
Miss Nellie Munger, Miss Mattie Cogswell,  
Miss Alice Cogswell, Miss Libbie Conkey.

Here was shown an autograph of the Father of his Country, neatly framed. Beside many suitable ornaments, was a coat of arms of Georgia, which was tastefully displayed in the rear of the booth.

### RHODE ISLAND.

Mrs. C. E. Upton, Miss Jennie Ashley.

Seven young girls, Lillie Arnold, Bertha Hooker, Theodora Pompelli, Effie Hill, Anna Upton and Allie and Louisa Upton, were stationed at this booth. They were all attired in the dress of the Revolutionary period, caps, etc., and presented a very fine appearance. The booth was tastefully decorated with flowers, etc., and looked very nicely.

MARYLAND.

Mrs. George C. Buell.  
 Mrs. A. Robinson, Miss Sallie Hall,  
 Miss Mary Adams, Miss Nellie Ely,  
 Miss Blossom Buell.

In this booth was the only autograph letter of General Washington on exhibition. It is the property of Mrs. James Nichols. Dated "Headquarters, New Windsor, Feb. 5, 1788, it orders a court martial to be assembled at Springfield, or other suitable place, for the trial of a delinquent officer. It is in a clear, bold hand, and remarkably well preserved. In it the father of his country spells the word "trial" according to the orthography of the day. Several other rare articles were also shown, and the booth was very handsomely arranged by its tasty lady managers.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Samuel Porter,  
 Miss Addie Gaffney, Mrs. Daniel Bush,  
 Miss Martha Porter, Miss Julia Hamilton.

This booth was among the foremost in its attractiveness, and the ladies having charge of it are to be greatly complimented upon the fine appearance which their skillful hands gave to their booth. Several beautiful paintings adorned the walls, and rare flowers drew the eyes of the admiring throng.

VIRGINIA.

Mrs. W. C. Rowley,  
 Mrs. John H. Brewster, Mrs. D. M. Gordon,  
 Miss Louise Rowley, Miss Minnie Reynolds.

That "little hatchet" hung in this booth. It was made from beautiful flowers. A magnificent arch, on the center table, formed of flowers, attracted considerable attention. Beneath this arch was a fac-simile of the tea-set which was brought over in the Mayflower by Elder Brewster. William H. Vanderbilt, who was present, purchased this tea-set, donating \$100 for it. It was presented by D. Briggs, of Boston, the party from whom the Lady Managers purchased their cups and saucers which were on sale, and an exact copy from a tea-set belonging to General Washington. On the bottom of the tea-pot was the inscription, "The Elder Brewster tea-pot. The original was brought to America in ye Mayflower, A. D. 1620, and has been exactly copied and reproduced by Richard Briggs, Boston, from ye ceramic collection of Governor Lyon, 1871."

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mrs. George J. Whitney,  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Miss Lois E. Whitney,  
 Miss Emily E. Sibley, Miss Libbie Atkinson,  
 Miss Julia Whitney, Mrs. Eustaphie,  
 Miss Moore, Miss M. Montgomery.

Among the articles shown in the booth were a chair, brought to this country in the "Mayflower," two tables said to be over 200 years old, and a fan given by Isabella de Bourbon to the aunt of the young lady who at present possesses it.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. A. D. Smith,  
 Miss Laura Mitchell, Miss C. Mitchell,  
 Miss Mary Dean, Mrs. C. H. Angell,  
 Mrs. L. F. Ward.

Here were large number of relics of "ye olden tyme," among which was a chair brought over in the Mayflower by a family named Brinkerhoff; a powder horn borne through the war of the Revolution, the principal battles of which are carved upon it; two china dishes 150 years old made in the open flagree pattern, and two medalion portraits made in China 200 years ago. The former are the property of Mrs. Smith, of this city, and the latter of Dr. Barnard of Lyons.

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. Henry Anstice,  
 Miss Emma Smith, Miss Cornie Hoyt,  
 Miss Mary Hart, Miss Florence Montgomery.

Miss Emma Smith wore a dress of pink brocade, made and worn in 1776. A sword formerly belonging to Gov. Pitkin, who died in 1769, was among the curiosities shown. There was also a clock 150 years old, and two candlesticks of nearly equal age, belonging to Mrs. N. T. Rochester. In this booth was a profuse assortment of the famous wooden nutmegs, baswood pumpkin seeds, hams and onions of old Connecticut.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mrs. James Chamberlain,  
 Miss Edgar Holmes, Mrs. Charles Gifford,  
 Miss Jennie Chamberlain.

This booth was also very attractive. Among the relics of interest was a silver salver, made in 1733, belonging to Mrs. S. B. Roby; China cups and saucers, and a large glass tumbler over 100 years old, the property of Mrs. W. H. Bowman; a bronze China pitcher of great age and two copies of the famous Claude Lorraine landscapes with Japanese frames.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. A. S. Mann,  
 Mrs. Joseph Ward, Miss Nellie Dater,  
 Mrs. M. L. Cook, Miss Annie Hart,  
 Miss Fannie Ward, Miss Lottie Hayden,  
 Miss Mary Dater.

Two young gentlemen, Messrs. George Hollister and Elbert Mann, were also in attendance at the booth, dressed in Continental costume.

Among the attractive articles found in this elegant booth, was a pewter platter which bore upon it the dates of several generations placed upon it one after the other as it had been handed down. The first was 1773. Miss Fannie Ward wore a solid silver cross found near the junction of the Ohio and Muskingum rivers, supposed to have been lost by a Jesuit Missionary. A mirror and a teapot over 150 years old, brought from Cape Cod, attracted much attention. Elbert Mann wore a vest belonging to the grandfather of N. Oothout, and worn by him at a court reception in Holland. There were also two chairs over 200 years old.

NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. Curtis Clark,  
Mrs. D. W. Powers, Miss Clara Wilder,  
Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Miss Annie Warner,  
Mrs. Hattie Arnold, Miss Mary Munger.

Here also was a beautiful and elegantly decorated booth. Presided over as it was by such ladies as those named above, it is no wonder that it was constantly thronged.

DELAWARE.

Mrs. Gildersleeve,  
Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Briggs,  
Miss Alice Chapin.

No more tastefully arranged or more attractive booth than this was found in the whole circuit. Among the curiosities were a silver goblet 100 years old belonging to Mrs. Martin Briggs and a chair formerly belonging to Governor Pitkin. We advise all to give this booth a visit.

Ice Cream.

The rostrum was fitted up with tables and other conveniences for cake and ice cream, and was presided over by the following ladies:

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,  
Mrs. E. T. Smith, Mrs. W. B. Williams,  
Miss Fannie Montgomery, Miss Mary Jeffrey,  
Miss Nannie Williams, Miss Mary Wayte,  
Miss H. Fairchild, Miss Mary Hooker.

A stand was erected here, at which some charming young ladies sold button-hole bouquets, and many a young man was enticed into buying one by the pleasure in having it pinned on by the fair hands of the flower girls. In the little room of the stage an enterprising young man had opened a show of his own, and a large placard announced that for the small sum of five cents anybody was privileged to step inside and see some live alligators and a chameleon—a sight well worth the money.

Lady Washington Tea Party, No. 2.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1874.

*Second Night of the Grand Reception in City Hall—The Scene one of Rare Splendor—Additional Curiosities—Old Swords, Old China, Old Glasses, Old Pictures, Old Boys and Old Girls.*

The Lady Washington reception and Tea Party, in City hall, closed last evening, the universal verdict of all pronouncing it, in every respect, a grand success. Of all the cities which have engaged in the enterprise, following Philadelphia's noble pattern, we doubt if any has done better than Rochester. A gentleman who was present last evening, and who had been in attendance on many occasions of a similar nature in some of the most principal cities of the country, stated that nowhere had he seen a finer hall, a better display of attractive features in the way of old relics, costumes, etc., or so brilliant an array of handsome ladies. Naturally enough Rochester people will give that man credit for an unusual

amount of common sense. Seriously speaking however it seems impossible for anything finer than Rochester's Tea Party to be gotten up. Looking at it in every light there was nothing connected with it but was of the most superior order. It was in the hands of ladies whose hearts were also in their work, and whenever such is the case, results most gratifying must follow.

Last evening the number of people present was very large, although by no means equal to that which thronged the hall on the evening previous. Although that condition of affairs was not gratifying, looking at it from a financial standpoint, yet it materially increased the comfort and convenience of those who were present, giving them an opportunity of examining all the beauties of the booths without being crowded, and enabling them to take refreshments at the tables without jam. The hall was therefore what may be termed, comfortably full. A great many people came in during the evening, looked about a short time and then retired, and thus while the crowd at any time might appear small, yet the total receipts of the evening must have been equally as large as on the opening night.

THE RECEPTION.

About half past 8 o'clock the strains of "Yankee Doodle," from Schaick's orchestra, announced that something American was about to make its appearance. All eyes were turned toward the door, as with stately steps and dignified demeanor, in walked the "parents" of their country, General George Washington and his noble lady, attended by a full suite. The center space had, as before, been kept clear for the receiving party and sweeping up to the farther end of the improvised parlor, they took their positions and were ready to welcome their guests. The latter came up in large numbers and were presented one after the other. The scene was a very beautiful one, and the great throng of spectators were heartily interested in it. Mrs. Munger assumed the character of Lady Washington with admirable grace and dignity. Mr. Averill, as General Washington, acquitted himself in such a manner as to elicit the warmest compliment from all. His costume was faultless, and as near that in which it was the wont of the celebrated G.W. to array his manly figure as could be procured. Mr. Averill is to be congratulated on the success he achieved in personating the great and noble Washington. The ladies and gentlemen in the train were dressed as described yesterday morning and made, indeed, a fine appearance.

Among those who were presented to the receiving couple, were two "XV amendments," a gray-headed, solemn-visaged old man and a lively, talkative woman. Both were very dark and were dressed in the very height of the corresponding fashion. We were pleased to see that G. W. and his Martha received these sable guests with as much cordiality as though their faces were as white as powder could make them, and their clothes borrowed from some "oldest inhabitant."

## THE DANCING.

When at length the people had become tired of playing reception, the drawing-room furniture was removed and the dancing begun. At first, of course, it was slow and solemn, the dancers moving through the quadrilles with as much dignity as they could assume. Gradually, however, the music became livelier, the dances more modern, and it was surprising to see the feet which had been moving slowly through the quadrille of 1775, quicken, capering so nimbly down the century, until once more they were at home in 1875. The music furnished by Schaeick's orchestra was most excellent, as it always is.

## THE BOOTHS.

There was but little material alteration in the appearance of the semicircle of booths, but there were very many additional attractions within, in the shape of old curiosities, which are worthy of notice. It is astonishing how many relics of the last century, and even the sixteenth, were brought out from their dusty hiding places. There can be no doubt that if the festival had continued a whole week, more old China, swords, jewelry, etc., would have been resurrected, than this country contained in the days of the Revolution. Certain it is more chairs, which actually came over in the *Mayflower*, would have been found, than would be sufficient to sink a dozen ships. Without joking, however, it was a matter of surprise that so many valuable relics still remained.

In the Delaware booth, Mrs. Gildersleeve in charge, we noticed an ancient sword of great interest. It was carried by Titus Darrow in the battle of Saratoga at the defeat of Burgoyne in 1777. It is now the property of Erastus Darrow, the grandson of the soldier above mentioned. In this booth also Mrs. Briggs showed us some salt spoons which were once used in the family of John Hancock.

One of the most attractive features of the New Hampshire booth, presided over by Mrs. Chamberlain, was an ornament of granite and flowers occupying the center table, emblematical of the State represented by the booth.

There were also exhibited in this booth, a china tea-pot and pitcher, very ancient; a silver salt cellar, and silver can 130 years old, belonging to Mrs. S. H. Terry, which are heirlooms from her grandmothers, Bartlett and White—both of these ladies entertained Gen. Washington at Haverhill, Mass., in 1789.

## CONNECTICUT.

In addition to the curiosities described previously, there were found in this booth a doll, whose dress was made in a convent in Lima, Peru; a wine glass made from a piece of the old Charter Oak; and a glass formerly owned by Napoleon Bonaparte, belonging to H. E. Rochester. Edward Hart wore a vest made in Ireland a century since. There was also a double drinking cup 200 years old belonging to Miss Mary Hart. A real Connecticut pump-

kin pie was a notable feature of this booth, the material having been procured by express from Wethersfield yesterday.

In the South Carolina booth, Mrs. Samuel Porter in charge, there was an old sword with tattered leather scabbard, which was presented to the grandfather of Mrs. James Nichols, on the field of Monmouth, by LaFayette. There was also a chair once owned by Benedict Arnold. One of the ladies in this booth—Miss Julia Hamilton—wore a mourning ring 110 years old, bearing the name, and date of death, 1765, of one of her ancestors, after the fashion of that period. Miss Hamilton also wore some gold beads of equal age as the ring. Miss Porter showed an English pepper box 200 years old, marked with the initials of her ancestors—John and Hannah Ashley.

In the Maryland booth, Mrs. Buell in charge, was noticed an "original" of the famous "Ulster County Gazette," containing a notice of the funeral of Washington. This is owned by Robert Fenn. There was also a copy of the "Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser," of the date August 30, 1773. A tea caddy, with lock and key, used in the time of the Revolution, was also shown. This is owned by Mrs. L. D. Ely.

In the Rhode Island booth, Mrs. Upton in charge, seven young ladies dressed in the costumes of the days of the Irish allies attracted much admiration by their fine appearance.

The New York booth was last evening in the hands of Mrs. Robert Mathews, Miss Alice Wells, Miss Emma Cole and Mrs. Geo. McKittrick. They had a few curious relics of great interest in addition to those of the previous evening. Among them were letters patent granted to Daniel Updyke for an improvement in pumps, issued by James Monroe, president, and John Quincy Adams, secretary of state. There was also an autograph letter of Thomas Jefferson, belonging to Captain S. W. Updyke.

The Georgia booth, presided over by Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, had increased its stock of curiosities by a book containing autographs and literary curiosities, the property of William R. Seward. There was also an autograph of Washington. Miss Mattie Cogswell, one of the ladies of the booth, wore a gold locket 100 years old, bearing the date 1775.

Last night was to be seen there, among other curiosities, a China cup and saucer a century old. These are owned by Mrs. Gibson, mother of Chief Engineer, Law S. Gibson.

In the Massachusetts booth, Mrs. A. D. Smith presiding, were some rare old relics. Among them a box belonging formerly to Gen. Dearborn; a certificate of the appointment of Philip Bradley as marshal of Connecticut, signed by Washington in 1789; and a piece of brocaded satin 200 years old.

In the New Jersey booth, Mrs. Curtis Clark in charge, was noticed two curious old pictures on card board, made in 1798. Yesterday morning we gave the name of Miss Harriet Arnold incorrectly. Miss Fannie Clark, of Albion, was one of the attendant ladies in this booth, whose name was inadvertently omitted. Ogden Bachus was in attendance, dressed in continental costume.

**Receipts of the Costume Concert and Lady Washington Tea Party.**

**CASH RECEIPTS,**

From Tickets for Costume Concert,....	\$ 422 00
Tickets for Tea Party, .....	1,229 00
Booths at Tea Party, .....	1,125 83
Donations for Tea Party, .....	148 00
Donations on Bills, .....	283 00
	<b>\$3,207 83</b>
Expenses, .....	948 14
Net Receipts, .....	<b>\$2,259 69</b>

**CASH RECEIPTS,**

*From the Booths and Ice Cream Table, on Thursday and Friday Evenings, April 15th and 16th, 1875.*

Ice Cream Table, .....15th, \$113.21—16th, \$69.40; .....	\$182 61
Mrs. C. Upton's booth, .....	45.45
Mrs. J. H. Brewster's " .....	187.45
Mrs. G. J. Whitney's " .....	57.50
Mrs. A. D. Smith's " .....	38.50
Mrs. Hollister's " .....	25.20
Mrs. Chamberlain's " .....	58.46
Mrs. A. S. Mann's " .....	28.00
Mrs. H. Anatic's " .....	84.75
Mrs. G. C. Buell's " .....	24.80
Mrs. Curtis Clarke's " .....	34.60
Mrs. Samuel Porter's " .....	27.34
Mrs. J. Stern's " .....	71.00
Mrs. Gildersleeve's " .....	48.10
Cloak Room, .....	29.95
	<b>\$1,125 88</b>

**CASH DONATIONS,**

*To the Martha Washington Tea Party.*

Mr. J. T. Andrews, .....	\$20 00
Mr. E. K. Hart, Albion, .....	10 00
Mr. C. J. Hill, .....	10 00
Mr. J. S. Andrews, .....	20 00
Mr. W. C. Rowley, .....	10 00
Gen'l Martindale, .....	5 00
Mr. Wm. Kidd, 2d, .....	5 00
Mr. Eben. Sherman, .....	20 00
All by Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney.	
Mr. J. Fuller, Brockport, .....	5 00
By Mrs. Oscar Craig.	
Mrs. Geo. Danforth, .....	10 00
Mr. Edward Brewster, .....	2 00
Mr. Oliver Benedict, .....	2 00
Mr. C. J. Hayden, .....	20 00
Mr. Charles Hayden, .....	5 00
Master Gilman Perkins, .....	4 00
All by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.	
	<b>\$148 00</b>

**DONATIONS ON BILLS.**

Banning Brothers, on Shields, .....	\$ 9 50
Democrat & Chronicle, .....	40 60
Union & Advertiser, .....	102 40
Sherlock & Sloan, .....	20 00
E. R. Andrews, (Printing) .....	12 50
H. S. Mackie, .....	7 00
Joseph Cowles, (time and labor) .....	14 00
Wm. Willets, carriage, .....	2 50
J. M. Padley, .....	5 00
E. K. Warren, .....	4 50
	<b>\$218 00</b>
Kindling wood, value, .....	15 00
Coffee, Sugar, etc., sent to Hospital, .....	50 00
	<b>\$283 00</b>

**BILLS PAID FOR EXPENSES**

*Of the Costume Concert and Martha Washington Tea Party, April 13th, 15th and 16th, 1875.*

A. M. Cobleigh, for gas bill at rehearsals, .....	\$9 50
H. Schenck, use of piano, .....	3 00
Gibbons & Stone, for music, .....	34 40
Janitor of Powers' Block, \$3; cartage .60 .....	3 60
James Callahan, posting bills, &c., .....	5 00
Extra for platform and labor, .....	1 00
H. S. Mackie, use of piano and organ, ..	7 00
Democrat and Chronicle, .....	16 25
Union and Advertiser, .....	11 30
Joseph Cowles, lumber and labor, .....	262 22
Banning Bro's, Shields, .....	13 00
Hunn & Spencer, .....	3 00
J. Teal, ice cream, .....	62 05
Brown & Hammett's hatchet account, ..	196 85
Help and cleaning, .....	69 52
Selling tickets at door for tea party, ..	7 00
Card boards for shields, .....	1 50
L. Schaich, for music, 2 evenings, .....	110 00
Cups and Saucers, .....	126 00
Shedd's account, coffee and lemons, ..	5 95
	<b>\$948 14</b>

**Card of Thanks.**

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, desire, most gratefully to acknowledge their indebtedness to all who aided them in their efforts to make the Hospital Benefits, (the Costume Concert, and the Lady Washington Tea Party,) charming entertainments, long to be remembered, and a success financially. Special thanks are due to Mr. F. B. Mitchell, and to those associated with him, for their indefatigable efforts and the interest manifested in this labor of love, which afforded such gratification to all present. To Sherlock & Sloan, for the arrangement of gas pipe and oversight of the same; to Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., not only for the loan of goods for the decoration of the booths and the covering of the floor, but also for the services of men in their employ; to Mr. James Field, for the use of flags; to C. J. Hayden & Co., for furniture and chairs; to Hunn & Spencer, for the use of tables and stands; to Newell & Turpin, for mirrors; to Brown & Hammett, for gold and silver "hatchets," upon liberal terms; to Mr. Ashley, of the Clinton House, for ice and water; to Mr. H. C. Wisner, for the use of crockery; to



Mr. I. Teal, for dishes; to Trotter & Stone, for services of men and utensils for carrying water; to Mr. James M. Backus, for tubs; to Bemis & Rogers, for water cooler and boiler; to Mr. Joseph Cowles, for personal services in superintending the erection of booths; to the Board of Public Works; to the Water Commissioners and the Assessors, for the use of their rooms; to Mr. Thos. H. Hopwood, City Messenger, for his courteous and unremitting attention; to Mr. Richard Briggs, of Boston, for the "Elder Brewster" Tea Set, which brought into the treasury one hundred dollars; to Mr. George J. Whitney, for his untiring efforts in every department of the work. To the *Democrat and Chronicle*, the *Union and Advertiser*, the *Evening Express* and to the *Times*, for the generous use of their columns, contributing largely to the interest and success of the entertainments—we are much indebted and very thankful.

#### Visit to the Hospital.

Now that the cheerless frozen days are over, "the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land," visiting the Hospital is very pleasant. Yesterday, as we opened the door of the first ward, we entered and found a cheerful group around the register, while through the open windows the gentle spring breeze came bringing refreshment on its wings. But, alas! for some in the Hospital spring winds and sunshine bring no healing; for some, there is nothing in this world but weary days and nights of sickness and suffering, with no looking forward to bright days of renewed health. The two patients who are so sick with consumption, do not seem any better; the dreadful cough and the wearing pain are unceasing; and, hardest of all, they have little or no sleep. Still, their resignation and patience continue, and no patients in the ward are more cheerful and

uncomplaining. While we were talking to one of them, we heard a noise, as if some one were choking. Looking into the corner from which the sound proceeded, we saw a sick woman, very sick indeed, with that fearful disease which has proved so fatal this past winter—pneumonia. Her purple lips and her gasping breath betokened intense suffering. She tried to talk and seemed glad to have a listener, but the effort caused her so much pain that it was better to leave her. She came to the Hospital to be treated for paralysis. She has nearly recovered from this, and the hand that a few weeks since was useless, she now moves with nearly the freedom of a well hand. Two or three months ago we wrote of a young girl, sent to the Hospital to be treated for blindness. A few weeks since she went home, but returned during the last week. Poor child; her eyes do not seem to get better, although she can see a little. We asked her, "can you see at all?" "Oh, yes," she said; "I can see that you are sitting by me; but I cannot tell the color of your clothing." She does not suffer pain in her eyes and was then waiting for the Doctor to come and operate on them. She was not so cheerful and hopeful as when we last saw her. We found one patient sick in bed. She has been sick ten years, with little or no hope of ever being well; so now she is going home to stay. When we saw her, she was suffering with dreadful pain in her head. She said that she "was just as sick in one place as another." When she was first taken ill, she did not think it a serious matter, and paid little attention to herself; and a life of suffering is before her.—One patient, who hoped to be well long ago, has still a severe pain in her chest. "Oh," she said; "I did think to be well before this time, but I will not complain. The Lord has been too good to me. Why, I am so thankful everyday that he lets me stay here and be taken such good care of." One patient, who will never be well, had

the good sense to put on her wraps, and walk up and down in the bright sunshine. When she came in we asked her "if she was not better." "Yes, indeed," she replied; "although I am tired; still, I always try to get out into the air when I can walk." Very many of the patients who are sick with chronic diseases, doubtless find it rather difficult to get up the requisite amount of energy and ambition to go out of doors, when the weather is so favorable, but if they would, the pure air and the bright sun would do them worlds of good. We made a similar remark to several of the patients, and were delighted to see one putting on her wraps, preparatory to a walk. Out of doors, were several of the patients from the male ward at work, clearing the grounds of the debris of the winter. Renovating themselves, as much as they were the lawn.

Was it not Antius whose strength was renewed every time he touched his mother Earth? Although his story is fabulous, it has much of truth in it; and if sick people could only be persuaded to live out of doors, not only would the air and light help their lungs, and give them strength, but it would help them to pass pleasantly many hours that otherwise would be wearisome.

#### Death of David R. Barton.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Rochester City Hospital, held at the Mayor's office on Wednesday morning, April 28, Levi A. Ward, chairman, Edward M. Smith, Secretary, to take action in regard to the death of David R. Barton, appropriate remarks were made by Messrs. Ward, Angle, Ettenheimer, Perkins, Morse and Smith. Mr. S. D. Porter offered the following resolutions, which were unani- mously adopted:

The trustees of the Rochester City Hos- pital are convened to contemplate the loss of one of their long- tried and esteemed as- sociates, David R. Barton, who died on the 26th instant, after a useful and honor- ed life of sixty-nine years. In view of this solemn event, this Board would give

due expression to their emotions, and they are all the more impressed by the thought that our departed colleague is now em- braced in that long list of distinguished names amongst our fellow-citizens, who, within the last few months have been called away from the field of worldly activity and usefulness in which they have borne so conspicuous a part. Amongst them all none have been more esteemed for their enterprise, public spirit and worth than David R. Barton, whose death we now mourn. Long and well known, he dwelt in our community for nearly fifty years, an active man of labor and business. For nearly all this period the director and em- ployer of many hundreds of workmen, he has perhaps contributed more to the de- velopment of our manufacturing interests than any other individual. While deeply absorbed in business he was not unmin- dful of his public duties, but was dis- tinguished for his interest in everything that concerned the public welfare, both social and political; and in these direc- tions he proved himself a good citizen in the best sense of the term. As a Christian his profession was coupled with a benevolent and self-deny- ing life. He feared God and loved his neighbor. As a man, he was able, up- right, thorough and honorable, and he has long enjoyed, by a life well spent, the con- fidence, esteem and respect of the commu- nity of which he was a valued member. This board share in the common senti- ment of grief which the death of this honored citizen will occasion, and extend to his bereaved family, where this afflictive brow of Divine Providence will fall most heavily, their sincere sympathy and re- gret.

It was resolved that a copy of the above should be published in the daily papers and sent to the family of the deceased, and that the Board should further testify their respect by attending his funeral in a body.

EDWARD M. SMITH,  
Secretary.

#### Subscriptions to Review.

Mrs. C. Waite, 65 cents; Mrs. George Bryant, 65 cents; A Friend, \$25.00; Mrs. W. F. Evans, Niagara Falls, 50 cts; Mrs. S. V. Pryor, \$1.35; Mrs. B. Pratt, 64 cents; Mrs. J. Sharpe, Baritan, N. J., \$1.00--By Mrs. Craig, ..... \$29 97

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Apr. 10, 1875,  
Archibald Martin, aged — years.  
At the Rochester City Hospital, Apr. 22, 1875,  
Joseph W. Brown, aged 71 years.

**Donations.**

Mrs. Carr—Four bottles of Catsup, one jar of  
Higdon.  
Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Rochester—Second-hand  
Clothing and Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Peck—Clothing and Quince Sauce.  
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Clothing and Reading  
Matter.  
Mrs. Charles F. Smith—Clothing and Reading  
Matter, and Oranges.  
Mrs. Dr. Campbell—Three doz. cans Fruit.  
Fish & Heath—Seven doz. cans Peaches, 3½ doz.  
cans Apples, 3½ doz. cans of Piums.  
Mrs. J. C. Hurlbutt, Brighton—Black Currant  
Sauce.  
St. Paul's Brotherhood—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. James Cutler—Reading Matter.  
Miss Kent—Reading Matter.  
Plymouth Church—Flowers.  
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Seventeen doz. Eggs.

**Superintendent's Reports.**

1875. Apr. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	62
Received during month, . . .	27 — 89
Discharged, . . . . .	13
Died, . . . . .	2 — 15
Remaining, May 1st, 1875,	75

**Cutting up the Minister's Hog.**

Dr. Prime, of the New York *Observer*, gives a reminiscence of the early days of his ministry. "Those three years—how sweet their memory still." They gave me \$700 a year and the use of the parsonage. The salary appears small now, but it was more than twice, perhaps three times what seven hundred is now. They were fond of making presents to their minister, especially provisions for his table: in the fall of the year, for three months at a time, we never bought a pound of meat, the larder being always supplied by the gifts of the people. And this reminds me of a little incident, perhaps too homely for print, but it will show the inner life of the rural pastor, and will brighten the sombre pages of this letter.

"One of my elders sent me as a gift a whole hog; weight two or three hundred pounds. It was dressed—that is to say undressed, for when I went down into the cellar to see my present, he lay there on

his back, with his legs extended in all directions, especially upwards, with a mighty rent extending from head to heels. What to do with him I did not know. Had he been a live elephant, the animal would have been of more service to me than this huge carcass, which seemed to fill the vault, and, in the light of a solitary candle, presented a ghastly spectacle. There was no person in the village on whom I could call for help, yet it was evident that the beast must be dissected and packed in a barrel with brine. I was in a pickle to get him in. The more I contemplated the task the more the wonder grew. I returned to my study and mused on the vanity of possessions that one does not know how to use or enjoy. At this moment a stranger, the Rev. Mr. Bronson, an agent of the American Bible Society, called at the door, and sought the opportunity of presenting the 'the cause' to my people on the next Sabbath. This being settled, he yielded to an invitation to pass the night. After tea I said to him: 'Mr. Bronson, we country ministers are obliged to do our own work; I have a job down cellar; will you excuse me for an hour, or will you go below and hold the candle.'

"He preferred to walk down and continue our conversation. I took the knife with much trembling, and not knowing where to begin, struck in valiantly but blindly. Mr. Bronson exclaimed: 'Brother, it seems to me you don't know how to do that thing.'

"I paused in my work, and seriously fixing my eyes upon him as he stood with the candle in his hand, I said:

"'Do you suppose you could do it any better?'

"'I do,' said the blessed man.

"'And I will hold the candle,' said I, handing him the knife.

"He took it, and with the ease and skill of a surgeon who has a beautiful piece of human misery in his hands, this good brother, in twenty minutes, carved that animal into elegant pieces; such shoulders, such hams, and the spare-ribs, too! and those leaves of lard, and a nice lot of chops that he slit up; and when he had laid aside the meat for head-cheese and sausage, we put the *disjecta membra*—the disjointed members—into a cask prepared with salt; we rubbed the hams with salt-petre; and having cleared up the place, returned to the parlor.

"I had not been neglectful to entertain this stranger, and he proved to be the angel whom I needed in my hour of embarrassment when I had too much of a good thing."

A SHARP ANSWER.—A little boy the other day was put into long twosers for the first time. Some one asked him why he had changed. "Well," he replied, "the boys made fun of me; and I wasn't going to wear my pants at half-mast any longer."

**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, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed.

**MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,**  
At Wholesale and Retail,

**CONE & KENDALL,**

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
First-class Laundry in same Building.  
Apr. 75.

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Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.  
**FANCY AND  
MILLINERY GOODS,**

Zephyr Worsteds, Hosiery and Small Wares,  
40 & 42 State St.  
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb '74 **Rochester, N.Y.**

**L. D. FLEMING,**  
PRACTICAL  
**CONFECTIONER,**  
14 Main St. Bridge,  
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Feb '75

1846. 1875.  
Diaries for 1875  Blank Books.  
And Office and School Stationery,  
At the Bookstore, 67 East Main Street.  
MAR '74 **ERASTUS DARROW.**

**SIBLEY,  
LINDSAY & CURR,**  
Wholesale and Retail  
**DRY GOODS,**

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing.  
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.  
69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
July '74

**L P ROSS,**  
Wholesale Dealer in  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
147 State Street,  
Feb '75 **ROCHESTER, N. Y**

**EAST SIDE SAVINGS BANK,  
OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

OFFICERS :

WM. N. EMERSON,.....President,  
HENRY S. HEBARD,..... } Vice Presidents,  
MICHAEL FILON,..... }  
P. BRYAN VIELE,.....Sec'y & Treas.  
JOHN M. DAVY,.....Attorney.

TRUSTEES :

Isaac F. Quinby, Truman A. Newton, Horatio G. Warner, J. Moreau Smith, Henry S. Hebard, Pliny M. Bromley, Hiram Davis, Wm. A. Hubbard, Michael Filon, Araunah Moseley, Wm. N. Emerson, Abner Green, Hector McLean David R. Barton, Edmund Ocuppaugh, Erastus Darrow, James Vick, Henry Lampert, Elias Wolf, Louis Ernst, Lucius S. May.

Interest on Deposits will be computed at SIX PER CENT. from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal; but no interest will be allowed on any sum on deposit less than thirty days. Mar. '74.

**JOHN L. STEWART,**  
**PRACTICAL PAINTER,**  
Over 57 Front Street.

Painting, Graining, Paper-Hanging, Whitening, Coloring, &c. Patrons well suited.  
1 y. aug. '74.

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Smith's Block, cor. West Main & Exchange Sts.

L. D. Walter, D. D. S.  
J. Edw. Line, D. D. S. sep78 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be allowed on each deposit account of not less than Five Dollars and not exceeding Six thousand Dollars; and at the rate of four per cent. per annum on all sums in excess of Six Thousand Dollars, but not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars; all interest to be computed from the first day of the month succeeding the time of deposit, and to the first day of the month preceding the time of withdrawal. All moneys deposited on the first day of the month will draw interest from that day; but when the first day of the month shall fall on Sunday, or on a legal holiday, the first business day thereafter shall be regarded as the time from which interest shall be computed. Interest on deposits will be placed to the credit of depositors on the first days of June and December in each year, and if such interest is not withdrawn, it will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day to which it was computed.

OFFICERS:

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ISAAC HILLS, ..... Vice-President,  
EDWARD R. HAMMATT, .... Sec'y and Treas.  
CHAS. L. FREDENBURG, .... Assistant Sec'y.

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William A. Cheney.	Mortimer F. Reynolds,
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Roswell Hart,	Hobart F. Atkinson,
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Addison Gardiner,	Charles C. Morse,
Nehemiah B. Northrop,	George J. Whitney,
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DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

## FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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## Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

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SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

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100 and 102 West Main Street,

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COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

## Summer Silks,

At \$1.35 and \$1.50 a yard—a better assortment than at any time last season. We are selling these goods about 15 to 25 cents a yard lower than same qualities last year. Later, with a more active trade, they will most likely be higher.

A. S. MANN & CO.

## KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

## HATS, CAPS, FURS

Straw Goods, Buffalo and Fancy Robes,  
Robe Linings, Etc.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

## TRUNKS, HARNES S,

AT

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my'73

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BREWSTER, GOSS & Co. UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE and DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.

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## Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines,

No. 57 State Street

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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**Britannia Metal Pipe.**

20 Per Cent. cheaper than Lead Pipe.

The Purest, Strongest and Cheapest Article in the World for the

**CONVEYANCE OF PURE WATER**

For Domestic or other purposes.

Endorsed by Prof. S. A. Lattimore of Rochester and the Water Boards of Brooklyn, Washington, Chicago, Milwaukee and Rochester.

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1 yr. pd. sep. 74.

Established, 1888.

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Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier Watch, and Lazarus & Morris' Perfected Spectacles. my '73

**SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS, FINE FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable Stationery n all the latest styles.**

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**Defy Competition in Beauty and Price.**

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Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central Railroad Depot.

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The reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

**NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.**

I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleansed without injury to the colors. Also,

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS** Cleansed or colored without Ripping, and pressed nicely Also **FEATHERS** and **KID GLOVES** cleansed or dyed.

Silk, Woollen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed Black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

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AERATED BREAD AND CRACKERS of all kinds, wholesale and retail. Mar. '73.

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HENRY ROSENBERG, DAVID ROSENBERG.  
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No. 2 State Street,  
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Closed on Saturdays until Evening.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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Latest Styles CURLS, WATERFALLS, HAIR JEWELRY, LADIES' VENTILATED WIGS and TOILET ARTICLES.

Ladies' Hair Tastefully and Carefully Dressed.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in LOOKING GLASSES, WINDOW CORNICES and FRAMES of every description. mar. '73

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**ANTHRACITE COAL!**

GENERAL OFFICE:

26 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade. YARD OFFICES—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the Railroad H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.  
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**J. B. SWEETING**, 84 State Street,

having made arrangements with different houses in Europe and America, will be constantly supplied with First-Class Goods in

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**REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,**

**APOTHECARIES,**

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**FOR Holiday, Wedding and Birth-day Gifts:**

A collection of fine Engravings, Etchings, Water Colors, Choice Chromos, Bronzes, Porcelains, Rogers' Groups, &c. New and Elegant Styles of Frames—always on exhibition at

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Ladies are requested to call and examine. Also, all New Books, New Styles Stationery Games, &c. for Children—and Holiday Goods. D. M. DEWEY Arcade Mail.

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18 State St., cor. of Exchange F<sup>acs</sup>,

Mar. '73.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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S. B. ROBY.

mar. '73.

H. W. GARY.

## Mechanics' Saving Bank

13 & 15 Exchange Street, Rochester, N.Y.

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 SAMUEL WILDER, ..... } Vice Presidents,  
 H. D. SCRANTON, ..... }  
 JNO. H. ROCHESTER, ..... Sec'y & Treas.  
 H. W. SIBLEY, ..... Attorney,  
 EDWARD E. BLYTH, ..... Teller,  
 ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, ..... Book-keeper.

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Gilman H. Perkins,	F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen,	Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Abram S. Mann,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,
Ebenezer E. Sill.	

Interest on Deposits will be allowed at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on all sums not exceeding \$5,000 to be computed from the first day of the calendar month on or succeeding the date of deposit to the first day of the calendar month in which it is withdrawn.

The Bank is open for business during the usual Bank hours, (10 A. M. to 3 P. M.)

## Canned and Dried Fruits.

WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1875.

No. 11.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,  
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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**Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,**  
9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

### A Thought.

BY ABBIE OLIVER WILSON.

Of all the sweet and tender thoughts  
That 'round my heart doth cling ;  
One dearer, sweeter than the rest,  
To thee this day I bring.

'Tis a thought of thee, my mother,  
That others may not see ;  
A thought that tells in sweet heart words  
Of all thou art to me.

Thy noble worth and tenderness  
Of life doth form a part ;  
And weave a chain of memories rare  
All 'round about my heart.

It tells me, too, of thy great love,  
So fondly, freely given ;  
That mother-love which here on earth  
Reminds us all of heaven.

### Home Conversation.

Among home amusements the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh, and the speaking the good and kind and true things which all have in their hearts. It is not so much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting and amusing, that home life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make conversation genial and happy. We are too ready to converse with newspapers and books, to seek some companion at the store, hotel or club-room, and to forget that home is anything more than a place to sleep and eat in. The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will entertain themselves, is one secret of a happy home. Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes on. Conversation in many cases is just what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not simply occupy husband and wife and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their life, to share their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood. It is a great step in education, when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a large family, sharing their occupations with one another, the older assisting the younger,

each one contributing to the entertainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. It is the health education of great and noble characters. There is the freedom, the breadth, the joyousness of natural life. The time spent thus by parents, in the higher entertainment of their children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and these winter evenings furnish just the time.—[*Churchman.*]

### How One Woman Wrote.

Speaking of the habits of authors, *The Aldine* says:

The impulsive habit belongs to some writers whom we should least suspect of it. If there has been one woman writer in America who was pre-eminent for a strong masculine understanding, critical insight, coolness and impartiality in her judgments, and the power to put her own personality aside, it was Margaret Fuller; yet, of her, when especially employed as critic on the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Greeley complained that she could only write "when in the vein" and although new books demanded her attention, and the utmost promptness was desirable, she waited day after day to feel in the right mode for writing, and her criticisms were consequently sometimes too late. She did, in fact, distrust herself in writing; her pen was a "non-conductor," she said; she was subject to pain, and affected by the most subtle influences, sometimes wrote in bed, and believed that she "could understand anything better when she was ill." Her "Summer on the Lakes," seems to have been written under more tranquilizing circumstances, and after a more orderly way than was usual with her. "Every day," she says, "I rose and attended to the many little calls which are always on me. \* \* Then, about eleven, I would sit down to write at my window, close to which is the apple tree lately full of blossoms and now of yellow birds. Opposite me was Del Sarto's 'Madonna,' behind me 'Simenus holding in his arms the infant Pan.' I felt very content with my pen, my daily bouquet and my yellow birds. About five I would go out and walk till dark."

### Fifty-Five Dozen Clothes Pins.

The *Danbury News* man tells how Mrs. JOHNSON stirred up the head of the family, which is a warning to lazy husbands:

Ladies who have husbands who are neglectful in supplying them with kindlings, should carefully study the experience of a Division street sister. All her married life she has had an unbroken struggle with her husband to keep herself supplied with wood, and a greater part of the time she has been obliged to depend upon her own deftness with the ax, and any one who has seen a woman handle an ax knows what a dreadful thing it is. Two months ago she begged him not to go away without leaving her some kindlings. He said he wouldn't. But he finally did. Then she hit upon a plan. She had four dozen clothes pins. She took one dozen of them to start a fire, and found that they worked admirably. The next day she used another dozen, and so she continued until the four dozen were gone. Then she went to the store and purchased another four dozen, having them "put in the bill." When they were gone she repeated the errand. She said no more to him about kindlings. For ten years she had kept up the battle, and now she was tired and sick at heart. He could go his own way, and she would go hers—patiently, uncomplainingly—until the end would come.

On Monday he signified at the store that he would like to settle his account. The bill was made out and handed to him. He glanced down the items. As he advanced along the column his face began to work. First his eyes slowly enlarged, than his mouth gradually opened, caused by the dropping of his under jaw; and wrinkles formed on his forehead. One-third down the column he formed his lips as if to whistle. Four lines below he did whistle. Half way down he said:

"Gra-cious!"

A little further on he said:

"Thunder!"

Four more lines were taken in, and he spoke again:

"By the jumping Jupiter!"

Then he read on, smiting his thigh vigorously, and giving vent to various expressions of the liveliest nature. Finally he threw the bill down.

I say BENSON, look here; †his bill can't

be mine; you've got me mixed up with some laundry."

"That's your bill, sir," said the grocer, smiling pleasantly.

"I tell you it can't be," persisted the Division street man, beginning to look scared. "Why, here's fifty-five dozen clothes pins in a two months' bill. What on earth do you take me for—a four story laundry?"

"But it is your bill. Your wife can explain it to you. She ordered the pins."

"My wife!" gasped the unfortunate man.

"Yes, sir."

The debtor clutched the bill, jammed it into his pocket, and hurried straight home. He bolted into the house without any abatement of speed, and then flinging the paper on the table before his wife, knocked his hat on the back of his head, and said:

"**MARTHA ANN JOHNSON**, what does this mean? There are fifty-five dozen clothes pins in **BENSON'S** bill for the past two months, and he says you ordered every one of them."

"And so I did," said she, demurely.

"W-h-a-t! Fifty-five dozen clothes pins in two months!" and he shot down into a chair as if a freight car had fallen a-top of him. "Fifty-five dozen clothes pins in two months," he growled.

"Will a just heaven stand that **Mrs. JOHNSON?**"

"I tell you, you needn't stare at me that way, **REUBEN WHEELER JOHNSON**, nor go calling out heaven with your impiousness. I ordered them clothes pins myself, and I have burnt every one of 'em in that there stove, just because you were too all-fired lazy to get a stick of wood. And I declare before I'll be bothered jawing and fighting to get you to cut wood, I'll burn up every clothes pin in the land, and you shall pay for them, if you have to sell the shirt on your back to do it. So now!"

And **Mrs. JOHNSON**, with a face like scarlet, snatched up the broom, and went to sweeping the carpet as if every flake of dust was a red hot coal, while the unhappy **Mr. JOHNSON** hastened to the store and paid the bill. And before dark that night he had a half cord of wood sawed, split and piled up ready for use.

Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he is a sea-king what never did exist.

## Fashion.

Ladies who seek reliable authority upon matters of dress will find **Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar** the magazine to be consulted. The last issue of this excellent journal bears conclusive signs of the determination of its publisher to place it beyond all imitative efforts, and it bids fair to keep its place as foremost in the esteem of ladies of elegant tastes. It contains more information on fashions and matters pertaining to the toilet than any other journal of fashions published in America.

Not less successful is the portion devoted to reading matter; the stories, poetry, etc., which are excellent, making it pre-eminently a family magazine of the highest character. Its cost is but trifling, the subscription price being only one dollar and ten cents a year, while its value can scarcely be estimated. In short, a subscription from even the most moderately circumstanced, instead of being an extravagant expenditure, will prove a piece of well-advised economy.

The premiums offered, both for single subscribers and clubs, are simply astonishing. Over Two Thousand Dollars in gold coin is offered for the largest clubs that are obtained within a certain time. Send either \$1.10 as a subscription for one year, or 25 cents for a single copy, and get full particulars of how this immense gold premium is to be got.

Another most important feature connected with the establishment issuing this fashion journal, is the perfect-fitting paper patterns with **CLOTH MODELS** accompanying each, showing exactly how to put the garments together, and how they look when completed. This original invention so simplifies the putting together and finishing off that even the most inexperienced need not hesitate in attempting the most elaborate costume, as with the "cloth model" for a guide, it is impossible to make a mistake, and any woman who can sew, will find no difficulty in making any garment cut by a pattern from this house, which is the only one giving cloth models.

For **Fashion Book or Patterns**, address,  
**A. BURDETTE SMITH,**  
*Publisher of Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar.*  
 P. O. Box 5055. 914 Broadway, New York.

When deaf and dumb lovers are married two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

"I often wonder whether those to whom our Heavenly Father grants this blessed ministry of sending flowers into the darkened rooms of the suffering, fully realize the beautiful mission of their gifts, a mission which touches so many different chords in the heart of the receiver. I think every blossom comes with its own gentle whisper, a whisper to awaken pure thoughts in the soul, perchance murmur of gratitude; while another wins a smile of pleasure as its sweet odor hints of sympathy—another, by the mysterious hint of memory brings back recollections of by-gone days, long-silent thoughts, helpful and upward, leaving the sufferer, as Sabbath morning sunlight on eastern hills. Yes; I do believe that never yet a flower came alone into a sick room, that always it brings with it something more than its own beauty and fragrance—something that points heavenward."—[*Selected.*]

### Good Education.

The saying that "the twenty-four letters of the alphabet contain the key to all knowledge" is a good one, but fortunately not too good to be true. And words like the following are full of noble encouragement to those who cannot learn more than "the three R's," Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic.

This is from Edward Everett: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and os' ose, are ostentatious rubbish.

A gentleman handed up a ten-dollar bill in one of the Boston Red Line coaches, from which one fare, five cents, was to be taken. "Look a' here," said the driver, down through the hole, "which of these horses do you want to buy with this ten dollars?" "Well," coolly replied the gentleman, "I thought I might get both for that."

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1876.

### Hospital Entertainment.

The ladies of the Hospital Committee desire to express their sincere thanks to Mr. Frank B. Mitchell and those who so ably assisted him in the Costume Concert at Corinthian Hall.

The programme was exceedingly well chosen. Many of the selections were new and elicited much applause. "We'll gaily sing and play," in which the "Last Rose of Summer" was ingeniously introduced, and sung so sweetly and admirably by Miss Moore and Miss Alling, with the chorus, was very fine and received a hearty *encore*. The rendering of "Excelsior," a duett by Miss Mutschler and Mr. A. H. Staples, with chorus, gave great pleasure and received such an *encore*, as was irresistible. The general effect of this concert was greatly heightened by orchestral accompaniment. This entertainment, as well as the one given at the City Hall, were very enjoyable and highly creditable to our amateur talent, and our only regret is, that more of our citizens did not avail themselves of that opportunity of listening to them.

The following notice we copy from the *Democrat & Chronicle*:

### THE CITY HOSPITAL BENEFIT.

Corinthian Hall was about two-thirds filled last evening on the occasion of the second concert for the benefit of the City Hospital. At 8 o'clock the "dames of ancient days" (the quotation refers only to the dresses) made their appearance on the stage, occupying the front seats; the gentlemen followed, taking up a position at the back. The stage presented a charming spectacle. The dresses of the ladies, many of which were quite antique, with their bright but well-contrasted colors, produced an exceedingly pleasing effect.

The appearance of F. B. Mitchell, under whose able direction the orchestra contributed so much to the enjoyment of the evening, was the signal for the first demonstrations of applause. The programme of the entertainment was an excellent one. Some of the selections were given at the former concert, but most of them were new. The first, which was the fine old May-song—"Rejoice, Oh, English Hearts, Rejoice," by those two Elizabethan worthies, Beaumont and Fletcher, was rendered with fine effect and elicited the heartiest applause. Tennyson's song, "The Owl," was given in excellent style and was well received. All the selections were rendered in a manner highly satisfactory. "We'll Gaily Sing and Play," which merely formed a setting for Moore's exquisite "Last Rose of Summer," won a well deserved *encore*. The gem of the evening, however, was "Excelsior," sung as a duett with chorus. Miss Mutschler and A. H. Staples left nothing to be desired in their rendition of the favorite ballad. It received the heartiest *encore* and closed what every one present pronounced to be a most enjoyable entertainment.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Evidently some one at the Hospital is ambitious that the green grass shall grow, for in front of the Troup street entrance the center of the circular drive is turfed and surrounded by a fence rope, while a fierce looking sign, with the forbidding words, "Keep off the grass!" warns the trespasser that he must keep on the gravel and walk around the green. Doubtless a great many people do step over the rope, for is it in human nature to see such a sign and not desire above all earthly things to walk on that very spot of grass? There are natures strong enough to resist temptation; besides, where a house has so many windows as the Hospital has, trespassers would surely be caught; so we meekly walk around the green, not on it, after having walked miles on the pavements too. But life teaches us this lesson—so does the sign also—that we must not always seek the soft and pleasant walks;

some places must be hard—that graveled drive, for instance. Looking on the pavements, one is reminded of Bunyan's man with the muck-rake, who would not look up and see the crown that was so little way above his head. Looking up to-day, one might not see a crown but such beauty as no earthly crown could compare with—such wealth of leaf and blossom—such glory of clouds, and sky and such golden sunshine.

When we stepped into the Hall, we remembered that it was a long time since we had visited the male ward. A great many of the sick and convalescing men were out of doors; one old man, over eighty, was making garden, and quite methodically laying out the beds. Others were creeping about with the help of canes and crutches, in the warm sunshine, while those confined to their beds only knew of the pleasant weather as the summer winds brought them tidings of it through the open windows. The old blind man, who has been in the Hospital for so many years, was in his rocking-chair, but to our surprise was not singing. An aged negro lay upon his bed, looking at the wall, old, sick and nearly helpless. Another patient, brought in last evening with a broken leg, was trying very hard to look patient. In walking on the pavement, during a shower, he slipped and fell. So slight a fall resulted in a broken leg; but doubtless he will be well in a little time. Farther on, in a small ward, we saw a patient slowly recovering from the effects of a burn. He and another man were painting the inside of an immense beer hogshead. One of them dropped the lighted candle into the paint, and, to improve the dangers of the situation, then dropped the paint. Of course the inside of the hogshead was all in a blaze. Their only chance of escape was to crawl through the bung-hole, which they did; the one that came through last getting dreadfully burned, his chest, face, hands and arms suffering severely. We

politely as possible corrected our narrator, and said, "You don't mean the bung-hole, but the head of the hogs-head?" But he said the bung-hole. It seems that some hogsheads have bung-holes as large as a man's body. We make this explanation for fear that otherwise our readers will blame the printer. While looking at the patient, we were aware that the room had a very unpleasant odor, but were told that it was one that always accompanied that kind of accident.

We never, in the female ward, saw so much sickness and such hopeless sickness. Almost everyone is sick, with no hope of ever being better. We said something of this kind to the nurse. She said, "it is so, and I never had so many helpless patients." Often, we have thought that the wards were very comfortable, home-like places, but to-day there was too much intense pain borne. There was no thought of anything, but how much suffering there was. One patient, a new one, is all drawn out of shape by rheumatism. It began about eight years ago with a pain in one joint and has gone through her whole system, except her chest and head. She suffers only when a sound joint is attacked; when that is drawn up, she has no more pain from it. Another joint will be taken, and more pain follows. Of course she cannot walk, but is quite cheerful as the doctors encourage her that she will in time be able not only to walk but to use her hands. The little blind girl, with the pretty name, almost the prettiest one we ever heard, goes home to-day. She has so far recovered as to be able to tell colors; but it is hardly to be expected that she will ever see clearly. The two consumptive patients are still there, worn out with pain and the hard cough that will not let them sleep. Both of them are obliged to sit up in spite of their dreadful weakness and the weariness so hard to bear. One of them sits up nearly all through the night in her chair, to escape the coughing

that follows lying down. Every time we see them we find them a little more worn, a little sadder, a little more hopeless—by and by to close their eyes forever on this lonely world, and open them in that other world where there shall be no more sickness or pain,—where none shall say, "I am tired." Another, so sick that only death can bring relief, "crept to the door to be in the sun," and was then sitting in her chair, breathless with the exertion which she had made. In the bed adjoining hers, lay a patient whose disease is of so painful and hopeless a nature that all that can be done is to give her powerful opiates. Except for the slight motion of her chest, as she breathed, she might to all appearance have been dead. Three patients we found not very sick, sitting together, employed in making a cotton flannel rabbit; one stuffed it while another made the eyes and ears; the third looked on and criticised. It was a trifle but the one thing in the wards that was cheery. Last Sunday, every patient was taken out on the lawn. Those who could not walk were carried in beds or chairs. The blessed sunshine of that lovely Sabbath day was better than a sermon.

One thing which we wish to mention, omitting of course the Christian gentleman's name, we notice here: One of these beautiful days, he went to the Hospital, and carried out to ride a patient, who will never see another Spring. Her only chance of seeing blossoming trees and the growing grass he gave her. It was a kind and Christian deed, and one which is not so common that we can pass it by. There are many in the Hospital to whom a short drive would be like manna from Heaven; and there are many carriages and horses in Rochester, whose owners would be doing a great kindness and conferring a real blessing if they would only once in a while employ their horses in doing such work. Surely horses would never work more willingly, or in a better cause. We thank

Mr. —, for the kind act, and for the good example which he has set.

### Flowers.

For several weeks during the Spring, the Flowers that have adorned the pulpit of Plymouth Church, have, the following day, been sent to the Hospital, thus doing double duty,—beautifying the church and decorating the wards. It certainly is a friendly remembrance of the sick people for whom never again will any church doors open, and whose only glimpse of this beautiful world is the one they have from the Hospital windows. Will not other churches do as much? Surely, no good gift should be slighted; and if flowers are given us, is it not the best use they can be put to, in turn to give them to others; especially to give them to the sick? It is merely the trouble of carrying them to the Hospital, a trouble which by frequent repetition would become a pleasure.

### A Sewing Machine.

There is in one of the wards, a patient hopelessly sick. It is unnecessary to add that she is poor. She owns a sewing machine of Howe's manufacture, for which at the rooms she paid eighty dollars. There is not a scratch or mark on it; the case folds together or can be opened like a table. She wishes to sell this machine for fifty dollars; or thirty dollars less than she paid for it. Will some one in want of a good machine, buy her's? Any one who wishes to see it can have the opportunity of doing so on application to Mrs. Kendall, City Hospital.

### Notice to Subscribers.

Our readers will find on the margins of this paper, the amount they owe to the *Hospital Review*. We hope that this year these small sums will be promptly paid, because if they are not, the papers are lost and the debt is forgotten or remembered too late, and the amount is forgotten, thus

compelling us to "dun," which is disagreeable.

There is so much owing to the "*Review*," that when it is all paid into the treasury quite a handsome sum will be handed over to the Hospital; but please bear in mind that the *large* aggregate is made up of sixty-two cents, sometimes multiplied by two or three; that is, when two or three years' subscriptions are due. Will not our subscribers send in their dues while this notice is fresh in their minds?

### Another Notice.

We often hear complaints that subscribers do not get their "*Reviews*." One subscriber "left word" with a lady that she did not receive her paper, and that she lived in "Potter Centre." On our list we find no place of that name. Another gave her name with no address. The best way that we can devise is, for subscribers who fail to receive their "*Reviews*," to send to the editor of the "*Review*" a postal card with full name and address; then if the U. S. Mail is of any use, we think we can safely promise that there will be no further trouble. "Leaving word" at the Hospital or sending a message by a neighbor is not a sure way. The better way is to send to "Editor *Hospital Review*, No. 123 Plymouth Avenue."

### Cheering Words from an Aged Pilgrim.

It is pleasant to know that absent friends sympathize with us in our ministries to the sick and suffering. The following extract from a letter recently received from a venerable friend, tells its own story:

MY DEAR MRS. S.:

I received, yesterday, for the second time, the "*Hospital Review*," which I have no doubt is doing good by being freely circulated. I enclose one dollar to you for one year's subscription for the *Review*, which is probably as long a time as I shall be here to read it, having in April, passed the *ninetieth* milestone of my pilgrimage. May God bless you all.

Your friend,

J. H.

**Donations.**

Mrs. George E. Mumford—Clothing and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Watson—Jar of Pickles.  
 Plymouth Church—Flowers.  
 Miss M. S. Anthony—Books.  
 Mrs. Wm. C. Bush—One dozen cans of Tomatoes.  
 Mrs. Parsons—Pie-plant and Asparagus.  
 Mr. L. D. Ely, Brighton—18 bush. Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Hooker—Six cans Fruit.  
 Mrs. Campbell—Old Cotton and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Carr—Four bottles of Catsup.  
 Mrs. E. Smith—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Eggs and Clothing.  
 Dr. Dean—Pie-plant.

**Subscriptions to Review.**

Mrs. A. Mosely, 70 cents; Mr. O. Chilson, 62 cents; Miss Linda Webster, Canaan Valley, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Fabrig, 62 c.; Mr. Little, 62 cents; Mr. Joseph Harrod, Annondale, N. Y., \$1.00—By Mrs. Craig, ..... \$ 4 18  
 Mr. H. Wisner, \$5.00; A. V. Smith & Co. \$5.00; L. P. Ross, \$5; Dibble & Dutton, \$5.00; Shatz, Lowenthal & Leiter, \$5.00; Osgood & Farley, \$5.00—Advertisements—By Miss Munger, ..... \$30 00

**Superintendent's Reports.**

1875. May 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	32
Received during month, ..	30
Births, .....	3— 65
Discharged, .....	19
Died, .....	4— 23
Remaining, June 1st, 1875,	42

**Hospital Notice.**

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 62 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

**Agents.**

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
- Miss ELIA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "
- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

**Children's Department.**

**The Safe Key.**

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In the city of New York there are many very large and elegant buildings, whose first and second floors are used for offices of insurance, banking, and other companies. In most instances these offices are fitted up in elegant and expensive style.

Here clerks work until late in the afternoon, and the rooms are then left in charge of janitors, who come to put the desks and furniture to rights, and dust and sweep, and get everything ready for another day.

In some cases the janitors and their families occupy upper rooms in these buildings, and live very comfortably, high up in the air above the world. The janitor of the East India Buildings lived in this way. Besides his wife and two girls, he had one son, who used to help him in his work.

This boy's name was Zachary, or "Zack," as he was commonly called. At the time we introduce him to the reader, there was nothing peculiar about Zack, unless perhaps it was his intense love of reading, and, I am sorry to say, his utter carelessness of his personal appearance. Reading books did not make him a good sweeper or duster, and his father often scolded him sharply for what he called his shiftlessness.

Zack, however, had one friend who sympathized with him, not only in his love for reading, but in his boyish disappointments and difficulties.

This friend was a middle-aged book-keeper, named Farley, a thin, pale, weak-voiced man, who worked faithfully for his employers, often staying in the office as late as midnight, to make out his accounts and to finish balancing his books.

Farley delighted in getting Zack to talk of American History, for the boy loved to read about his own country, and remembered a great deal of what he read. Farley had never given much time to such reading.

It was pleasant to see the gaunt book-keeper sitting upon his stool at night, eagerly listening, while the shock-headed Zack, upon another stool, with a silk dusting-cloth in one hand, and a feather whisk



in the other, related stories of the fights of the Spaniards with the Indians in Florida, or described the grand ceremonies that attended the journey of Washington through the country after the close of the Revolutionary war.

Zack was full of interesting facts relating to the great men of old times, and Farley often wondered how it was that so little a fellow came to know so much.

In return for these entertainments, Farley taught Zack many of the small mysteries of account-keeping, showed him how to take care of books, and various office duties. Zack looked with wonder on the huge ledgers and journals, and at the mighty safe, set like a great cupboard in the walls, large enough for a man to walk inside and stand erect.

He grew to have a sort of affection for the broad white pages of Farley's folios, with their beautiful writing and figures. At odd hours he learned to do a great deal in the way of adding columns and filing papers, while poor Farley, with his bent back and red eyes, was leaning over his desks and toiling through the long reckonings, making no sound save the scratching of his pen and the laying down of his pencil.

This hard work told upon Farley severely; so much so as even to cause him to faint at times; and Zack had more than once revived him by bringing ice-water and ammonia, and throwing open the windows for air.

Thus the two became fast friends.

Zack also took a great interest in the huge locks on the safes, and two or three times he had happened in in the morning when Farley was alone, and stood by to see him open the one under his care. He listened with curious wonder to the heavy clink of the bolts, and the significant rattle of the odd-looking key in the wards, and he kept his eyes open to all the strange manœuvres that seemed necessary to perform the work.

One particular part of the unlocking was evidently a secret, for Farley never explained it, or said any thing about it. After inserting the key he used to turn the knob of the door a certain number of times, apparently counting or calculating as he did so, until the lock seemed to give a muffled signal inside, and the door was easily pulled open. The mystery was in the number. Zack was sure that this

number was not always the same, and that was all he could make out.

The key itself was entirely unlike any variety of the ordinary form of key, and its use would scarcely be suspected by an uninitiated person. It was of the "combination" sort, and was composed of bits of steel, each stamped with a number, and all fastened together with a long slide, which ran through little grooves.

The place into which the key fitted was arranged to correspond, and whenever it was thought that too many persons in or about the office knew how the keys were made up, the one that had charge of the safe had only to take the key apart, change the positions of the pieces, and make a similar change in the lock. Then, so long as he kept secret the combination, no amount of guess-work would enable a burglar or any dishonest person to open the door. The closing of the door was a more simple matter, for when once arranged by the numbers, the lock would set itself without the aid of a key.

Zack, seeing that Farley was not disposed to explain the secret of the key, of course said nothing about it, and contented himself with trying to understand fully what the good clerk *was* disposed to explain.

Meantime the boy had to sweep and dust the same as ever, and on the nights when Farley stayed late, which he did usually at the end of each month, Zack hastened his labors in order to get the sooner into his friend's society.

On other nights, when Farley left early, Zack was lonely enough, and moped through his task without the slightest enthusiasm. But he always dusted Farley's desks with the greatest care, and emptied his waste-basket, and cleaned his pens, and filled his inkstands, and arranged every thing with scrupulous and affectionate neatness.

It vexed him to discover while moving about among these desks a great many things that he did not understand, and that seemed to be constantly used by Farley. For instance, there were the Interest Tables, and the Foreign Money Rates, and the Mercantile Agency Reports, and, besides these, all sorts of cancelling stamps, and pass-books, and memoranda, that he could not make head or tail of.

One thing in particular puzzled him excessively. He dropped a large book while

he was dusting, and on picking it up, he found these words written faintly in pencil at the top of one of the leaves:

"The landing of Columbus and the days of the year make the key—Nov. 20, 1869."

"What on earth," queried Zack of himself, "can *that* mean?" and he repeated it over and over again.

It became fixed in his memory, but no solution of it came to hand. It remained a mystery. Occasionally it was recalled, when his eyes happened to catch sight of the book that contained it. He did not dream that these words would have a life-and-death importance by-and-by. The writing was the work of Farley, done to aid his memory, and which he had intended sometime to erase.

As the winter went on, Farley, though ill much of the time, continued to instruct his young friend, and Zack, under his tuition, was initiated into the secrets of double-entry book-keeping. In the course of a month or two he mastered most of them, and was proud of his success. It seemed, too, to have a beneficial effect upon his personal habits. He took pains to polish his shoes, and to smooth his hair, and to conduct himself like a gentleman.

Though he still discharged his duties as sweeper, he wore an old coat and an old straw hat to protect himself from the dust. In fact, he began to be and to feel like a man, and he attributed it all to Farley.

Poor Farley! His tasks seemed to grow more heavy every week, and he bent under them so perceptibly that Zack's heart ached.

"Can't you go away, sir, for a little while on a vacation?" asked Zack one day.

"No, I'm afraid not, Zack," said Farley. "I don't think the officers would let me."

"Then they must be brutes, that's all!" cried the boy.

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered Farley, looking around cautiously. "Don't say such things, Zack!" and his thin hands trembled from sheer nervousness.

"I—I wish," said Zack, hardly able to control his voice, "that I knew how to do something for you, sir, you have done so much for me. But I can't—I'd like to give you a thousand dollars,—and let you go into the country for a year or two—or do all your work for you—or something!"

Farley gazed at him with thankful earnestness in his dim eyes, but made no reply. But Zack had a chance to help

Farley in a way he little dreamed of. It was late in the afternoon of a bitterly cold day. The snow was blowing fiercely without, and strong men shivered as they glanced through the windows into the bleak and darkening streets.

At four o'clock the occupants of the offices began to lock up their books and wrap themselves for their homeward walk or ride. Farley was preparing to go home, and the office-boy was assisting him to put away his folios in the safe, and secure every thing for the night.

Busy in the gathering darkness, and supposing that all was ready for the final locking up, the boy shut the great safe door and looked about impatiently, expecting Farley to tell him he might go. Not seeing Farley, he concluded that he had gone to the closet to wash his hands.

After waiting a minute, feeling in a hurry, he went to look. There was no one in the closet.

Perhaps Farley had gone away. No, there hung his coat and muffler and old-fashioned hat.

The boy hunted through all the other offices, for he was anxious to go home, and he was never permitted to do so unless Farley gave him permission. The man was missing, no one could account for him.

Two of the officers of the company which employed Farley, elderly gentlemen, were still in the building; and they now came from their private office, and joined in the search.

They began to feel some alarm. All at once the boy cried out, "Hark!"

A muffled noise, as of some one pounding, seemed to come from the wall. The three stared at each other in silence. The noise was repeated, but more faintly.

The boy ran to the safe. The terrible truth flashed upon him that he had shut the door upon Farley. The bolts had sprung, and the poor clerk had been locked inside!

He cried out in dismay, and turned pale as a ghost. The two gentlemen were in despair. Farley undoubtedly had the safe key in his pocket!

"Run, run to the nearest machinist, and call some workmen, quick!" cried the oldest partner. And the frightened boy darted from the office.

There were no sounds now from interior of the safe. Farley must be suffocating.

While they waited in an agony of im-

patience, Zack came into the office. Both the old gentlemen knew how friendly to each other he and the head clerk were, and seizing upon the smallest hope in their distress, they at once told him the situation.

"Farley is locked in the safe! We suppose he has the key in his pocket!"

Zack's heart sank within him.

He knew that a person could not live long shut up in that stifling place. But he did not lose his presence of mind. He thought rapidly, and began to look about him with all his eyes. It was possible that Farley had not put the key in his pocket. He was sure he had sometimes seen him do that the last thing before he left the office. His desk was still unlocked, and that was a faint omen of hope to Zack.

The gas had been lit now, and with eager haste, the two officers and their young assistant searched among the papers and through all the tills. There was no key to be seen.

At that instant the panting office-boy returned, bringing two machinists with drills and sledges.

"How long will it take to force the door?"

"Can't tell. Several hours."

There was no chance, then, of getting Farley out alive!

The partners were just ordering the smiths to begin their work, when a joyful "Hold on!" was heard from Zack, who still bent over the open desk. He had found the key!

The old gentlemen reached for it with trembling haste. They looked at it and groaned. They did not know the combination. Farley changed the numbers at will, and was not required to communicate the secret to his employers. Only one officer of the company would possibly know it, and he was gone far up town.

In the consternation of the moment Zack's mind was not idle. He had seized the hint of the pencilled words accidentally thrown under his eye some time ago, about "the landing of Columbus and the days of the year," and his thoughts were busy, trying to work it out.

The familiar old date gave him four figures, the days of the year three more. Zack took the key from the passive hand of the senior partner and studied it. An arrangement of the figures occurred to him. It might be the right one, but he dared not say so.

He stepped to the door and inserted the

key in the lock. Then he stood a moment looking intently at the mysterious knob. There was a scale marked round the rim of the revolving guard, where it fitted the door. Noting carefully its exact position, he began to turn. Slowly, once, and again, and again, till he thought he had the necessary number.

With a prayer in his heart, he watched the figure on the scale, and listened for the muffled signal. It came! Zack trembled so that he could hardly stand.

Everybody in the room stood breathless. His faltering hand pressed the key. It moved softly in the oiled tumblers of the lock. The great door yielded, and swung silently open!

There lay poor Farley, a lifeless heap, with his bald head pressed close to the edge of the door, as if he had hoped to get more air there. But Zack did not see him. He, too, had fainted on the floor.

It was nearly an hour before the physicians, hurriedly summoned to the spot, restored the unfortunate book-keeper to consciousness. Then all present stood ready to greet him, and Zack among the rest. It was a fearfully narrow escape.

Two days afterwards Zack sat beside Farley in his chamber at home. The old clerk was pale, but a hopeful smile brightened his face. "Zack," said he, "I think now I am in your debt. What can I do for you?"

"We won't talk about that," said Zack; "but I want to know if the firm are going to give you a vacation, or any fair treatment at all?"

"Yes. I start to-morrow to go South. They pay all my expenses, and my salary goes on besides."

Zack jumped up. His eyes lighted with pleasure. "And you," continued Farley, "are coming into the office as a clerk, at three hundred a year."

Zack could not express his surprise and gratitude; but in honor of this grand turn in the fortunes of both the two friends, they had a little private dinner together that day, and in the course of it they toasted the firm in cups of chocolate.

"We reformed 'em, sir."

"No, it was *you* that did it, Zack."

"No, it was *you*."

"Wrong, Zack, all wrong. Let's compromise. It was our nerves. Mine gave out, and yours *held on* till you made a first-rate guess that saved my life."

The very boy you have heard about, who disobeyed his father and went a swimming, lives in Richmond, and his father said to the wicked boy: "You've been a swimming." The wicked boy said: "I hain't." The pa said: "You have, sir, and you have got your shirt on t'other side out." "Pshaw!" said the wicked boy, "that shirt got turned wrong side out getting over the fence."

A schoolboy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "pins," produced the following: "pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,  
AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

" I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1875.

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For the Hospital Review.

### The Mother's Lesson.

BY MRS. CHAS. E. RIDER.

The rich lady rode in her carriage so fine,  
In fashion's bright garments arrayed;  
Her laces were soft and her jewels did shine,  
While her bearing high station betrayed.

Her little gloved hands folded idly did lie,  
For labor they never had known;  
And on many a woman that day fell her eye  
Who sighed as the carriage rolled on.

Oh, had they but seen how the shouting so glad,  
Of children that played as she passed,  
Made her smile die out and her face grow sad,  
They'd pitied, not envied, at last.

For she, all her fortune, her beauty and power.  
The caresses and smiles that these bring,  
Would gladly have given to call back the hour  
When her baby to sleep she could sing.

As she looked on the mothers, all weary and worn,  
Whose children were crying for bread,  
These words softly low to her spirit were borne,  
"Think not, mamma dear, I am dead;"

"I'm with you each day, but it grieves me most  
sore  
These little ones hungry to see;  
You must promise me, mamma, to never weep  
more,  
But feed them and clothe them for me."

The passers by looked as the carriage stood still,  
And the lady stepped down to the street,  
But they heard not the music her soul which did  
fill,  
Nor saw they her baby so sweet.

### "I Have Been to School."

BY MISS ROSE PORTER.

It was May-day, with one of its changes,  
that led Alice Burns to repeat to me the  
following simple story: It was the going  
from her old home into a new that brought  
Alice into contact with the woman who  
uttered the words: "I have been to  
school."

"We had been trying," Alice said, "to  
make a fresh-looking carpet out of a half-  
threadbare, worn thing, had been trying  
all the morning long, and still patches  
would show—the pattern would not match  
till at last, wearied out, impatiently I push-  
ed aside one of the most perplexing  
breadths, exclaiming:

"There's no use contriving any long-  
er."

"Then it was that the poor tired-look-  
ing woman, who, with no word of com-  
plaint, had, for three hours or more, been  
doing my bidding, looked up, with a smile

on her face, which straightway hid the tired look, as she said :

" 'May I try a little longer, Miss Alice? I do not mind it as much as you do—though, sure enough, it is a teasing thing; but, you see, I have been to school.' And her smile gave place to a look of eagerness, which seemed to ask: 'Do you know my meaning?'

"And," Alice continued, "in a minute I did know it, and could smile back, as the woman, all unlearned in book culture, but skilled in heart knowledge, went on to say :

" 'Some folks know right off what I mean when I say those words, 'I have been to school;' and other folks, they never guess. The truth is, Miss, folks must have been there too, I'm a thinking to know what I mean.'

"And then," said Alice, "after a few more words, I sat down on a roll of that worrisome carpet, where the gray would mismatch the blue, the green would lap over into the red, and with folded hands I listened to Mrs. G.'s talk, which was not hindered by her much cutting and piecing, stitching and tacking, even though she told me of what meant—life—to her. A simple enough tale, that began away off in the fatherland, and sped on to a time when the last look was taken of the home-land, when the wide ocean was crossed—went on to the waking up in a strange country, but a happy waking, spite the strangeness, 'for you see,' said Mrs. G., 'my Frity he was more to me than country or home,'—and then followed the history of years, all made glad by the presence of Frity, though some were care-burdened years, for baby voices had begun to be heard in their home, quickly little one followed little one, and each one must be clothed and fed, loved and watched.

" 'All this time,' Mrs. G. said, 'I was a learning, I was at school—for the home-mother, she must take lessons in patience; the wife, even of such a man as my Frity, must learn the same lesson too; and sometimes I thought my task hard—but it was easy,—easy, to what came after; and I'm a thinking, just as I send my children to school, to learn their A B C first, and then the little words so easy to spell, so that they won't stumble when they have to tie up the little words into the bundle of letters that make big words, just so the good Father sent me to school, to learn the little lessons of patience, that

I might be ready when the great lesson came; for, Miss, I had to gather up every lesson ever I had learned, and bind them close together, before I could read the great, hard lesson the Father sent me—the lesson I learned through tears. It is seven years bygone now since it happened, a sunshiny June morning, as sunshiny as this May-day, and my Frity'—ah, the sobs that broke like moans through her words at this part of her story—'went out into the sunshine, my strong man Frity, and the children did run by his side to the street corner, and there he turned and waved his hat for a good-bye to me, his Mena—my Frity!'

" 'Till noontime the sunshine lasted; then, all of a sudden, clouds came, and I called the little ones in, for great drops of rain began to fall, and the rolling of the thunder was louder than the roar of the factory wheels just back of us, and the lightning, it flashed like fiery sparks in and in, through the cracks of window and door. But I was not afraid, for the lightning and the thunder they were in God's hands, I told my little ones—and so they were—but that lesson I learned slow—slow: for, just as the words were quieting the children, steps came up our stairway—heavy steps, as though of men carrying a burden; and they tarried—those steps—at my very door; they pushed it open slowly, and they came in with their burden—my Frity! They took only a minute to tell me :

" 'Killed—struck 'dead—by the lightning!'

" 'One of those lightning flashes that I had told my little ones were in God's hands. Well, well—I spelt my lesson blindy that hour; but I tried to say it—the lesson I had taught the children before the blow came, that the lightning was in God's hands—and I said it brokenly for many and many a month, for it brought me trials sore and pressing; but the Father, who held the lightning flash, he helped me learn it.'

"And, with one of those sudden changes from grief to almost gladness which is a something so peculiarly inwrought and belonging to the heart where faith rules, Mrs. G. brushed away her tears as she added :

" 'So now you know, Miss Alice, why I say, when such little worries as making over this old carpet come up, I don't mind—for I have been to school—and the lea-

son my Master taught me there is patience with the little as well the big things. So I smooth over the wrinkled places in my life and in my work with the feather He has given me to dip into the oil of patience.'

"And to a whisper Mrs. G.'s voice sank as she said :

" 'Do you know that oil, Miss—the oil of patience, that makes gladness?—given to those who just do their work, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant, looking up to Him who don't think any work, if faithfully done, too humble for Him, Heaven's King, to smile on.' "

This is the story Alice Burns told me, and a good receipt surely it holds for us learners in the school of patience:—Just to do our work, remembering *He*, our Emanuel, does not think any work too humble to smile upon. And what is work? Is it only some task of hand or brain? Is it only accomplished when we see tangible evidences of our toil? Or is it, too, the checking of a petulant or thoughtless word, the subduing of an unworthy desire, the rising above the subtle temptation that woe us to spiritual indolence, the striving to keep fresh and blooming that garden plot God has given us for all our own, and where only by heart-work the flowers can be brought to bloom, the fair-heart flowers of "Love, Joy and Peace." Ah! when the Master comes, when our school-days are ended, when he asks, "Child, what hast thou gleaned to-day?" will we have them ready—these fair flowers, with the ripened "fruits of righteousness"—to offer up to Him as our gleanings-time harvest?

[*New York Observer.*]

The two medical missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. in Japan find access where doors are closed to other missionaries. In their tours through the Shikama district they have required the wealthy Japanese to pay for the medicines prescribed to the poorer, and have besides raised \$2,500 for three charitable hospitals. "So thoroughly am I convinced," says one of the physicians, "of the pernicious influence which the use of *foreign* funds will have upon the question of self-support among the churches that I have felt it my duty to refuse offered gifts from resident foreigners, in behalf of the sick poor of certain stations in our field of work.

### Young Ladies in Conversation.

The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness, is an inexhaustible theme; and, indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching addressed to the young women of the present,—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their finger-ends, with the ignorance, or accidental picking up of knowledge, which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement, and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors; they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need, at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers, is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers; do they express their meaning with greater nicety; nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by the writers of their own sex who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation pass unreviewed? The present *regime* not only does not teach people to talk, it does not—to judge by appearances—even inspire the wish or prompt the attempt to clothe thought in exact wording. The best education can only help towards clear thinking; but fit words and plenty of them it ought to put at its pupil's command. Do the boasted systems of our day succeed in this? In the most carefully and elaborately trained girl of eighteen we do not look for more than the promise; but we reasonably expect promise. Taste, careful not to offend, we might calculate on, and a sensitiveness easily offended. Newly freed

from the seclusion of the schoolroom, the great interests that agitate the intellect of the world will impress her with awe as well as with an eager curiosity held in check by modest grace—the natural attitude of an intelligent listener; and by the difficulty of finding fitting words to express dawning thought. This is no unreasonable ideal of youthful culture feeling its way. We approach the object of so many cares; she is not listening, but talking with rapidity and dash. What are the words that first greet our ears? Two or three hackneyed epithets, which we had supposed mere schoolboy slang, and perhaps a word or a phrase which—so widely separate is the vernacular becoming from our written language—we hesitate to expose to the ordeal of print. What promise for the future is there in this? How is it to develop into the conversation of the gifted woman? She is a good girl, we have reason to believe, and we take it on trust that she knows a vast deal of history, many languages, and some science; but what is the good of it all if she has no adjectives at command but nice, jolly, horrid, awful, disgusting, and tremendous? How can she keep what she has got? how can it fructify? Thought dies if it has no means of expression. It is really a grand power to have something to say, and be able to say it. This it is to be educated; but the something to say fades out of being and consciousness, if adequate speech be wanting.

What a struggle to express thought we detect in any one who, having abandoned himself to the formulas in vogue, tries to choose words for himself, and to say really what he thinks and means. The school-boy who indolently takes refuge in slang—or what is much worse than slang, the current phrase of the hour—to save himself trouble, cuts his rhetorical wings for good and all. Words are a bondage. They cannot be taken up and cast off at pleasure. The person who contents himself with unmeaning epithets or terms that merely express likes and dislikes without reason, is destroying his powers of discrimination. The girl who finds everything horrid or jolly is uneducating herself, neutralizing her life's work, and putting herself intellectually below one with none of her "advantages," but who uses her mind and ear to define her thoughts with accuracy and propriety.

There is something painful in watching the process of deterioration, the suppression of thought, the smothering of imagination, which are the consequences of adopting a rude and conventional phraseology—one that throws the labor of interpretation on the listener. After some experience of the verbal freemasonry current among our young people, and observing how prone the young ladies of our day are, to borrow the jargon of brothers and cousins, we are sometimes disposed to think the past century had something to say for itself in treating girls' schools as places in which not so much to learn as to unlearn, to be cured of awkwardnesses, and to get rid of vulgarisms; a certain amount of self-mistrust could not but be infused under the refining, snubbing process.

The peculiarity of the present time we take to be its courage. Backed by the consciousness of a careful grounding, nobody is ashamed. Ignorance used to blush—often where it need not; but nobody is ignorant now. In reaction from the severities of the schoolroom, license is cherished and defended. Even the double negative, once an impossible solecism, will be justified as a colloquialism not to be dispensed with: "He is not gone, I don't think," or that other prevalent vulgarism of modern speech, "Why have you done so-and-so?" She told me *to*—an error charged by the whole press upon Watts; but one of which that respectable and ill-used shade (ill-used in more respects than one), a very purist in his lifetime, was incapable.\* If we seem to speak now of the female share in the question, all must allow the weight of female influence on the diction of society.

But, after all, it is the young men who are to blame if our young women talk so far below their powers. It is in the nature of girls to look up; and to whom should they look up but to their male friends, graced with all the prestige of a public school and college education, and glorious besides with athletic triumphs? How pleasantly playful do the few poor expletives in vogue sound when first heard from their heroes, who could no doubt talk profound sense in choice terms if they chose!—how easy it is to slip into them! Anybody can say "awful"; and at first there is a sense of liberty and humor in the outrage to plain sense. But expletives

are like opium; once taking to them there is no leaving off. Nor are these fair imitators likely to speculate on the enervating feebleness which hides itself behind the seeming force of such windbags of epithets; for of these we speak rather than of slang proper, which generally has some fun in it, at least on starting, and which gives play to humor in its application.—[*Blackwood's Magazine*.

### Another Live Sea-Flower.

Much has been written about the singular and beautiful zoophyte called the "sea-anemone," and numbers of them, exhibited in popular aquaria, have been seen, probably by more or less of our readers, but the variety described below though somewhat similar, is rarer and less known:

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is the opelet, a flower resembling very much the German China-aster. It has the appearance of a double aster, with a quantity of petals of a light green color, glossy as silk, and each petal tipped with rose-color. These lovely petals are never still, but wave about in the water, while the flower clings to the rock, so innocent and lovely-looking. No one could suspect it of eating anything; certainly if it did, only a bit of rainbow or a drop of dew. But these beautiful and waving petals have other material work to do—to provide food for a large mouth, which is cunningly hid deep down among them. They do their duty famously; for as soon as a silly fish comes in contact with those rosy tips, he is struck with a poison, fatal and quick as lightning. He dies instantly, and the beautiful arms wrap themselves about him, and drag him into the greedy mouth. Then those lovely petals unclose and float innocently on the water. Just like our water-lily. This flower was long ago talked of, but its existence doubted until the last century. Now the opelet is known to be a thing which really exists.

A German scientist has found that, by mixing lampblack with ten times its weight of sulphuric acid (sp. gr. 66° B.), allowing the mixture to stand for some hours, and then washing it free from the acid, the material acquires the power of mixing readily with water, and possesses all the qualities of genuine India ink.

### Freed.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Welcome the wild north wind  
That strains at the sails once more;  
Whatever the fate we find,  
We have left at last behind  
The shoals of a treacherous shore.

Fierce may the tempest rave  
That drives us on our way!  
Better the writhing wave,  
Better the yawning grave  
Than the dead sea where we lay!

Better go down at last  
In the whirl of the eager strife!  
The perilous calm is past;  
Welcome the strong north blast  
That brings us the breath of life!

### German Kitchens.

The kitchen is a small, bare room, with a brick or concrete floor; no oil-cloth, no cocoanut matting, no carpet, no pretence at comfort. You wonder how all the routine of cookery and scullery can be carried on in it. The copper pans on shelf and peg shine warm and bright from the walls, the window is clean, and buckets full of water, with a large brass water-scoop, show that all is ready for the day's operations. The mere cooking is far more easily accomplished in a German than in an English household. The hot metal plates, provided with numerous circular holes, into which rings can be fitted, or from which they can be hooked out, to suit the exigencies of the various pots and pans, accommodate any number of kettles or stew-pans. These stand simmering, boiling or stewing, according to their position, and are placed in the holes by which they come nearer to the fire when accelerated speed is desirable. The servant has here again a vast amount of labor saved her; not only that she has no hearth-stoning, fender-polishing, or black-leading to accomplish, but that she can get at all her plates readily, without burning her face and hands, or straining her muscles as with us, by stretching over a wide hearth in front of a scorching fire, to the detriment alike of her clothes, health, and temper. I may mention that drunkenness is quite unknown among female servants in Germany, and one cannot help feeling that a great deal

has been done for them by the contrivance of the hot metal plates.

Knowing the value of fuel and the extreme frugality which is observed in all households as to this most expensive item of domestic economy, a German servant will give you no trouble in the matter. Having heated water for your early coffee (a mere handful of firing has been necessary for this) she allows the flame to die out. She will draw the few living embers to the mouth of the grating in the hot plate, and lay a piece of peat upon them before she goes out to market. When she returns, a few puffs of breath blow the smouldering heap into life, and her saucepans will soon be boiling in merry concert. The moment dinner is over she will fill every available vessel with water, so that she has a supply sufficiently warm to wash up with, and the fire again dies down. It has to be lighted for supper, but the same frugal rule is observed, and as the hot plate affords no warmth beyond that immediately beneath the saucepans, there is no temptation to make a larger fire; nor do I remember, in a single instance, having had to remonstrate at a waste of fuel.—[*Fraser's Magazine*.

### A Lively Spell.

Old folks' concerts and old time spelling matches have had a sudden revival of popularity during the past winter, and have furnished very delightful and profitable amusement to the young and old in nearly all eastern towns.

In New England spelling matches have been particularly popular, and the general interest in them reached the highest point when it was announced that on an evening recently, a spelling match would take place in Boston Music Hall, between the representatives of the Boston press and the best spellers in the Boston schools.

At an early hour in the evening an immense audience filled the hall, so famous for its unequalled concerts and lectures. Three or four thousand tongues turned for a time the place of classic harmony into a Babel of confusion.

At about eight o'clock the contestants, who consisted of about forty composers, proof-readers and reporters connected with the daily press, and an equal number of intelligent school-boys, filed upon the stage in the midst of hearty applause. They

were marshaled in battle array, in front of the great organ and statue of Beethoven, and after the choice of a committee to decide upon, or, rather, against the admissibility of obsolete and technical words, the contest began, and excited the greatest enthusiasm to the end.

A daily paper informed its readers the next morning that the contest called forth "anthropophagous cachinnations" from the audience, and thus vividly described one part of the scene, in a paragraph which some of our readers may like to copy into their note books:

"There were further tortuous and unconscionable slueings by the tragedians, who vainly strove against the cataclysm of words hurled at them by the ceremonious professor; and a viridigris hue characterized the countenances of these comatose victims, whose dose of opodeldoc had produced an effect quite different from exhilaration. Ecstasy, stanchion, emollient, deleterious, anomalous, ebullition and epiphany; satellite, adscititious, foliaceous, osseous, cantos and souchong brought the array of a hundred spellers down to nineteen."

The contest of course became very exciting toward the close, when the hundred knights of the spelling-book had been reduced to less than twenty. The list of words by which these latter chivalrous spirits were finally unhorsed and slain, may be of service to some of our readers, and we give them in the order in which they did execution on this memorable occasion:

Phocine, tic douloureux, trousseau, poniard, empyreal, congeries, anthropophagous, deleble, indelible, quahang, sanatory, saccharine, cachinnation, conferrable.

The victory in this contest was won by one of the High School boys, who mastered all "jaw-breaking hendecasyllabics," his last competitor, a member of the press, being slain by the simple word "conferrable."

The old-time way of conducting a spelling-match was somewhat different from this. Two of the best spellers in a school were selected to "choose sides," as the election of contestant was called. This was done by each of them calling alternately upon the best spellers in a school or assembly to join his or her side, until the two classes were complete.

Penmakers are a bad set. They make people steel pens and then say they do write

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1875.

### Visiting the Hospital.

Perhaps never was there so little of interest to chronicle concerning the inmates in the wards of the Hospital as at the present writing. Many of them, as the warm weather comes on, are sufficiently well to go to their friends for a little time, finding themselves benefited by the change. Others, have died after passing through a hard Winter and trying Spring, hoping for recovery but dying daily. One patient, of whom we have never given any account, came to the Hospital in the Winter, and was afflicted with so dreadful a disease that it was found to be a matter of necessity that she should have a large and fireless room, and a nurse, whose only patient she was. She was a woman of more than ordinary character, and intelligent beyond the average. She suffered no pain, as besides her other diseases, she was hopelessly paralyzed; but her courage was something wonderful. She was so determined to get well that she would not allow a doubt as to the result of her sickness to enter the mind. During the latter part of the Spring, she had her arrangements made for the Summer, thinking she would be quite well enough to go to her home, and never thought death could be so near until her friends in the Hospital assured her that there was no hope. So bitter a disappointment she could hardly bear; but after the shock was over, she as calmly made her preparation for death as she had made them for life, and in a little while passed away, far from home and friends, far from the son she idolized. Mrs. B., who has so long lingered at the Hospital with consumption, has gone to her friends in Canada, still living, while the patient who said to her, "I would rather have my

disease than yours, for I shall get well and you must die," three or four weeks ago, died in a fit. The other patient, sick with consumption, we found sitting in her chair, sewing. Her cough is distressing to hear but her cheerfulness and her uncomplaining spirit are wonderful to witness. The young girl we saw, so homesick a few months ago, is well enough to go to her friends, and sends back word to her fellow sufferers, that her health is improving. One or two patients, whom we found in the Hospital the first visit we made there, we see still there. As long as they live, in all probability, they will have no other home. Sometimes they seem as if but a little more strength were gained, they would be quite well; then, perhaps the next visit we make, we think never again shall we see them. One young girl, who is in the Hospital for treatment for paralysis, the effect of spotted fever, we found taking care of the morning toilette of a patient sick with rheumatism. This last patient had her limbs dreadfully contracted and of course drawn out of shape. Her fingers, instead of bending like those of a well person, bend the other way. Her physician has straightened her limbs, putting them into plaster to keep them firm. One was to be released the day that we saw her. Two other patients, recently brought in, were suffering from the same malady, but not in so desperate a condition.

This visit was in pleasant contrast to the one of last month. Then, there was so many distressing cases, and so much of hopeless suffering, that it was depressing to see it and know how helpless we were to relieve it. Yesterday we saw sickness enough, but if such a thing is possible, it was, with few exceptions, comfortable sickness. It does seem if all the patients who could, would go out and sit in the open air, it would do them a world of good. There is a wide difference in the habits of the patients in the different wards. Those

in the male ward, if they can creep, hobble or go on crutches, or in a wheeled chair, will get out of doors; while the female patients find a needle and a bit of muslin dearer than sunlight and summer winds. If they were compelled to sit out of doors, when the sun shone and every breath of pure air brought health to them, they would feel it a grievance, especially if they had a piece of ruffling to suit in the house. Such is the peculiar formation of the female mind, in the Hospital or out, to sew, or do a piece of fancy work, or crotchet, or learn a "new stitch," is better a thousand times than out door air, or a good "tramp," if one is well. Why it should'nt hurt a woman to do all these wonderful things, all day, week in and week out, and why it should hurt them to walk off into the country, or down to the lake, or anywhere else where the trees are tossing their arms invitingly where the green grass makes a soft carpet for the feet, and the sun is streaming so bright and warm—is one of the questions which must forever remain unanswered.

#### Roses.

Thanks are due all the Proprietors of Nurseries in Rochester, for the abundance of Roses and other flowers sent to the Hospital during the past month. Also to the young ladies of Plymouth Church, for the care they take that the flowers used for beautifying the Church Sundays, serve a double purpose and beautify the Hospital the following days.

#### The Money Question.

If there is ever a time when the editor of this paper feels like lifting up her voice and wailing—in figurative sense, of course, for it is impossible to wail with a lead pencil—it is during the months of June, July and August, not because the beautiful summer weather is here, but because collections are to be made. Through the courtesy of this truly paternal Government,

we are allowed to write on the margin of the papers the amount due from subscribers. In order to do this, we borrow the Treasurer's book, and just as the indebtedness stands against the name of the subscriber, we write it on the margin of the paper. Then our troubles begin, for owing to some greater than Eleusinian mystery, subscribers cannot believe that the amount is correct. One reason for this disbelief, we think, is, they pay long after their account is sent them, perhaps when the second year of their subscription is nearly passed. For instance, if they subscribed for the paper in February, 1873, and paid November, 1875, it would be one year and nine months' subscription that would be due. The rule is to pay in advance, which is seldom done; then, instead of paying for '73 and '75, only one year is paid for; and the subscriber is surprised that "due 62 cents," is written on the paper. We assure our readers that we do not indiscriminately put "due 62 cents" on the papers. In some cases we put "due \$1.24;" in others, \$1.86; and in other cases, we put nothing on the margins, as nothing is owing. The Treasurer is out of town at the present writing, but will return before this goes to press, and will doubtless be quite willing to show her book to any who think the editor has made a mistake, as it is possible she may have done where so many bills had to be sent.

#### The Money Question—again!

The *Hospital Review* is intended to be a help to the Hospital. If it is not successful in the attainment of that object it is useless. Aside from giving a monthly account of a visit there and keeping our subscribers acquainted with its wants, the "Review" ought to give, annually, a handsome sum of money to the Hospital. This it would do, provided all the money owing it could be collected. Before any



collections were made, last month, according to the Treasurer's book, about seven hundred dollars were due this paper, while the paper owed less than one hundred dollars. We know the sums are small, and for that reason are easily forgotten; still, the aggregate is quite respectable, and if the small sums are not paid, how can we give the surplus to the Hospital? You can't give what there is'nt. And if these small sums are not paid, there will be no surplus, consequently none given to the Hospital. It lies entirely with our subscribers, whether the "Review" will help the Hospital or not. To send out a collector—unless one should collect without pay, as Hollister Husbands did—would cost ten per cent., which it seems extravagant to do, in these times of retrenchment, and quite unnecessary, provided every subscriber will be a collector, collecting for himself or herself.

After all the people have paid, who will pay by seeing the sums on the margins, it will be necessary to send a collector. The Editor of the "Review" has promised to be that unfortunate person; and, as she "can't bear" to have a collector paid, she does this disagreeable work gratis. Two or three years' experience has taught her that armed with bills—concealed weapons, for she carries them in her pocket, so that debtors shall not suspect but that she has come shopping—she is a mob, or a mutiny, or a revolt, and should be suppressed. Comfort, ease, self-respect, freedom from dust and heat, all say stay at home; but staying at home will cost this "Review" fifty or sixty dollars, paid to a collector, and that money must be saved. Always on the sad occasions of collecting she feels that she has come for the spoons in a stealthy manner, and nothing restores her self-respect except kind treatment—and the money that she has come for. She trusts that she will not fail of receiving either.

Out of town subscribers may be surprised to learn that they are expected to pay 62 cents instead of 50 cents, as formerly. The reason is, we pay their postage now, instead of having them pay it. It really makes no difference to them, as, according to the old law, they were obliged to pay 12 cents per year postage. Now, the postage is pre-paid, they sending the money here instead of paying at their own Post Office.

### Donations.

Mr. Wheeler, Ogden—Fifteen bush. Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Danworth—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. Robertson—Books.  
 Mr. Geo. Elwanger—Basket of June Roses.  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Seven cans of Fruit and Pickles.  
 Mrs. Erickson—Pieplant.  
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Flowers and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Davis—Second-hand Clothing.  
 St. Paul's Brotherhood—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Geo. Whitney—A quantity of Lettuce.  
 Plymouth Church—Flowers.  
 Mrs. Geo. Whitney—Sixteen quarts of Strawberries.  
 Mrs. Witherall—Seven quarts Strawberries.  
 Frost & Co.—June Roses.  
 H. E. Hooker & Bro.—June Roses.  
 Mrs. Charles Barton—Reading Matter.  
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 Union and Advertiser, for printing, ..... \$10 00  
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### MRS. PERKINS :

Please accept this sum of money, (\$21.00), for the benefit of the City Hospital. It is the result of the labors of five little girls.

EFFIE HILL,  
 MINNIE STOWELL,  
 MAMIE MOGRIDGE,  
 FLORIE HART,  
 GERTIE CHAPPELL.

Friday, July 2d, 1875.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

## Subscriptions to Review.

Sunderlin & McAllister, Rosenberg & Co., Booth & Son, E. S. Ettenheimer, Scrantom & Wetmore, Brewster & Goss, Kenyon & Hunt, A. R. & T. Pritchard, Anthony Brothers, Fahy & Co., E. Darrow, Roby & Co, Hunn & Spencer, Geo. Stratton & Co., Sherlock & Sloan, —5,00 each, for Advertisements; B. H. Clark, \$1,25; Miss Carleton, Salem, Mass., 75 cts.—By Miss Munger, . . . . \$77 00  
 Mr. J. Harrod, Annandale, \$1,00; Mrs. E. D. Smith, \$1.25; Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, \$1,25; Mrs. James Peart, \$1,25; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, \$2.50; Mrs. S. O. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. Cross, \$1.25; Mrs. Wm. Corning, \$2.48; G. C. Jacobs, \$1,25; Mrs. J. H. Clements, Barnet, Vt., 50 cts; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, \$1,00; Mrs. E. R. Coy, Livonia, 63 cents; W. H. Tholens, Syracuse, 62 cents; Mr. O. L. Shelton, 65 cents; Mrs. Geo. Smith, Knoxville Tenn., \$1.25; Jesse Shepherd, \$1.26; Mrs. D. C. Hyde, 62 cts.; Miss A. S. Mumford, 62 cts.—By Mrs. Craig, . . . . . \$20 62

## Children's Department.

## What the Street-Arab Did.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

It was a splendid fort! At least, so Ned said; and, as he built it, ought he not to know? The walls were almost three feet thick and ever so high, and at one end there was the cunningest little "bomb-proof" that ever was seen, being a cave dug right into the wall and arched over, so that no snowball could go through.

"When the rebels come, you see, Mama, I can jest hide in there, and they won't never know. Then there's more'n twenty thousand balls piled up in there, all made of ice. Couldn't I give it to 'em! You bet!" And, dancing away overjoyed at his success as a fort-builder, the little fellow at once retreated within his works, took Bidley for a "Fenian," and opened such a fire upon her that the poor girl was driven from her lines (clothes-lines), and left the field threatening most direful things if that boy didn't "lave off sindin' them bits of ice flyin' at her hid."

Shortly after, Fred Williams, who lived next door, came in, and the two boys busied themselves for an hour or more in pouring water upon the snow and making more balls, until the "magazine," as Fred

called it, was full, the bomb-proof well supplied, and the fort itself in a condition to stand a long siege. And now only an enemy was lacking to make the sport complete.

"Don't you s'pose them Grey little boys would come over and fight us if they knowed we had a fort?" inquired Ned after some moments of unusual silence.

"Jes' as like maybe they would," answered Fred. "They's awful nice boys, too, and I guess your ma'd like to have 'em play with us. Don't you think so?"

"I know she would. You run over and tell 'em to come. Tell 'em my folks has got company to tea, ('cause they has, you know), else I'd ask 'em to stay; but they can come over and play a little while. You can say maybe we'll let 'em be in the fort."

"Oh! that wouldn't be no fun!" answered Fred, with sober face. "I don't want to fight outside."

"You go on! Don't you see? When they get here, we'll kind o' fix it, and first they know we'll be in here and they'll have to fight outside. Only coax 'em, you now, so they'll come," said wily Ned. "And Fred," he continued, as his little friend started on a run to bring in the combatants, "if them Grey boys can't come no how, when you're a-coming back, jest make faces at some little Irish feller on the street, and then run right here, and we'll fix him! Mind that he's a little feller, though!" And, with that parting instruction, Ned turned again to making balls, and his lieutenant proceeded on his way for the Grey boys.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and still no one came. Ned grew fretful. "Dear me! how long they are! I'm going in the house. No, I won't. I'll hide in the bomb-proof; that's what I'll do! And build up the door! They never'll think of looking there." And in a moment more the boy was out of sight, and only the sound of his little shovel rapidly blockading the entrance of the bomb-proof told his whereabouts. At last even this noise ceased and silence reigned in the fort.

Half an hour went by. Mother opened the house-door and called: "Ned! Ned! Supper is ready!" But no Ned answered, and she sought him on the street; then, still unsuccessful, decided that the little boy had run away, and wondered at it,

when his fort was but just done. I thought he would play there all the afternoon," she said to his father.

"I couldn't find them Grey boys; Ned, and I hunted all over after some Irish feller to make faces at; but they's all gone peddlin' papers. There's a girl comin', though! She said she'd break my head if she caught me; and we'd better get ready, for I tell you, sir, she's a big one!" And Fred panted into the fort and glanced about for his companion. "Ned! Ned! Where you gone, Ned? Oh! he's buried, he's buried!" And the boy gazed with wild, frightened eyes at a shapeless heap of snow in one corner, unable to move with terror.

"Now, ye spalpeen, I've got— Phat iver are ye cryin' about? Spake, can't ye's?" and a heavy hand fell on Fred's shoulder, turning him half around. "Phat's the matter with ye?"

The girl who had threatened to break his head! But it was no time for battles now; the bomb-proof had caved in and Ned must be under there. "Oh! please help me, good girl! Ned's buried under that snow! I won't never make faces no more; and it's a bomb—bomb-proof, and he's—he's—he's—" Fred could go no further, for the tears filled his eyes and the sobs would come instead of the words; but the quick-witted girl was at work in an instant, and already the pile of snow was disappearing before her.

"Rin! rin to the house, young one, and get his mither! I'll have him out in a jiffy now!"

Fred flew away, and the girl tossed the snow right and left. Suddenly she started back. A little hand was sticking stiffly up before her! "Oh! Holy Mither, kin the choild be ded? Help! here; help!" and, seizing the inanimate arm, she dragged Ned forth from his cold, white tomb. "Help."

The frightened mother came hurrying from the house. "Ye darlint!" and the poor girl bent and kissed the still, cold face again and again, half crying as she did so. A wild street-Arab—God's child only; and yet with a heart full of love, running over and blessing this little stranger.

The boy was carried to the house, a physician called, and it was soon ascertained that he was but in a fainting fit and would soon recover. Fred stood trembling at the door.

"Is he goin' to get well? Oh! there was more'n a ton o' snow right on him. He ain't dead, is he?"

"No, not dead, thank God," whispered the pale mother; "but he could not have lived much longer. Did you dig him out, Fred?"

"No, ma'm; it wa'n't me. Why, 'twas that little girl. She's right—. Oh! she's gone. Didn't you see her?"

"She! that girl! I must find her! But for her I should have lost my boy! Where is she?" And the lady would have hurried forth into the evening shadows, but for her husband's detaining hand.

"Wait! the girl is gone," said he. "I will find her to-morrow."

But to-morrow came and went, days and weeks slipped by, and, although diligent search was made and advertisements put in the papers, nothing could be found of the child. Back to her old life again, to squalor, misery and dirt, to blows, perchance, and a garret or a cellar, had she gone. Seen for a moment only, known in one good deed, then lost in the surging life-tide that ebbs and flows in the great city.—[*The Independent*.]

*Census Officer*: "What age, madam, shall I put down?"

*Madam (after mature reflection)*: "What have you put down for the lady overhead?"

Simkins playfully remarked to his wife that he had four fools: beautiful, dutiful, youthfool, and delightfool. "Poor me!" said she. "I have but one."

Dollars and sense do not necessarily travel together.

### Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93 1/2 State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

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