



reer, and was reduced to thoughtfulness and self-examination, and forced to walk in ways that were not always to his liking.

If all this be true, the mischievous effects of pseudo-culture may be readily estimated. A society of ignoramuses, might lead a tolerably happy and useful existence; but a society of ignoramuses, each of whom thinks he is a Solon, would be an approach to Bedlam let loose; and something analogous to this may readily be seen to-day, in some parts of this country. A large body of persons has arisen under the influence of the common-schools, magazines, newspapers, and the rapid acquisition of wealth, who are not only engaged in enjoying themselves after their fashion, but who firmly believe that they have reached, in the matter of social, mental, and moral culture, all that is attainable or desirable by anybody, and who therefore tackle all the problems of the day—men's, women's, and children's rights and duties, marriage, education, suffrage, life, death, and immortality—with supreme indifference to what anybody else thinks or has ever thought; they have their own trumpery prophets, prophetesses, heroes, or heroines, poets, orators, scholars, and philosophers, whom they worship with a kind of barbaric fervor. The result is a kind of mental and moral chaos, in which many of the fundamental rules of living, which have been worked out painfully by thousands of years of bitter human experience, seem in imminent risk of disappearing totally.—[*The Nation*.

A minister of my acquaintance made an exchange with a neighboring brother, soon after the occurrence of the catastrophe at Norwalk Bridge, Ct., by which a large number of physicians were instantly killed. He improved the occasion to impress upon his audience the wisdom of being prepared for sudden death. The preacher lingered to speak to one or two old friends (having supplied the congregation several Sabbaths in years gone by). As he entered the parsonage the minister's wife was weeping immoderately. He had no idea of producing such a sensation, and stole away to her husband's study. Upon being called to tea, he had only asked a blessing, when the lady spoke: "As I was coming home from church, *the wind blew the dust into my eyes.*" Nothing was said, but a good deal thought. T. L. S.

## Ten Thousand a Year.

BY W. WAYBRIDGE, ESQ.

When I was about eighteen years old, (I speak of a very distant period), I used to go on Saturday afternoon, during the beautiful season, to spend the Sunday with my mother, who lived at V——, some five miles from my place of labor. I usually went on foot, and was sure to find sitting under an old oak on the route a great fellow, who always cried out to me in a squeaking voice: "*Can you give a poor man a little something, my good Sir?*"

He was pretty sure to have his appeal answered by the clinking of a few coppers in his old felt hat.

One day, as I was paying my tribute to Anthony (for so he called himself), there came along a good-looking gentleman to whom the beggar addressed his squeaking cry: "*Can you give a poor man a little something, my good Sir?*"

The gentleman stopped, and having fixed his eye on Anthony a moment, said: "You seem to be intelligent and able to work—why do you follow such a mean vocation here? I should be right glad to draw you from it, and give you *ten thousand dollars a year!*"

Anthony began to laugh, and I joined in with him.

"Laugh as much as you please," replied the gentleman; "but follow my advice and you'll have what I promise you. I can show it to you also by example.

"I have been as poor as you are; but, instead of begging, I made out of an old basket a sort of sack, and went from house to house and village to village and asked the people to give me, not their money, but their old rags, which I then sold readily to the paper-maker.

"At the end of the year I did not ask the rags for nothing, but paid the cash for them; and I had besides an old horse and cart to assist me in my work.

"Five years afterwards, I had six thousand dollars, and I married the daughter of the paper-maker, who took me into partnership with him. I was but little accustomed to the business, I confess, but I was young and active; I knew how to work and to undergo privation.

"Now, I own two good houses in the city, and have turned my paper-mill over to my son, whom I easily taught to labor

and to endure hardship without murmuring. Now, do as I have done, my friend, and you will become as well off as I am."

Saying this, the old gentleman rode on, leaving Anthony so absorbed in thought that two ladies passed without hearing his old falsetto supplication: "Give a poor man a little something, if you please, to-day!"

Twenty years afterwards I had occasion to enter a bookstore for some purchases. A large and well-dressed gentleman was walking through the store and giving orders to some half-a-dozen clerks. We looked at each other as people do who, without being acquainted, seem to have some faint impression that they have met before.

"Sir," said he to me at the further end of the store, "were you not in the habit twenty years ago of walking out to V—— on Saturday afternoon?"

"What! Anthony, is it you?" cried I.

"Sir," replied he, "you see Anthony; the old gentleman was right. He gave me TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR!"

### Origin of the Strawberry.

Once a white strawberry blossom crept secretly up to a mountain spring and peered, as in a mirror, at her round face reflected in its shining depth. But the spring saw the conceited little flower and shaking its finger, cried out, "Ah! ha! Strawberry blossom, are you proud of the little gold button on your forehead; and would you like to admire and wonder at your beauty here?" The frightened flower let its white petals fall in dismay and heartily drew back into her green border. but the laughing sunbeams sprang after her, and caught her under the wide leaves; and the poor blossom was ashamed when they found her out. As often as a sunbeam looked at her she blushed, deeper and deeper, till she stood at last clothed in crimson behind the leafy screen of green, and let her little bashful head hang to the ground.

And to this day she never has forgotten how publicly her vanity was then rebuked, and still she blushes even before the sunbeams, and hangs her lovely little head.

[From the German of M. Peterson.]

Wild animals generally live well, but Bruin makes a bare living.

### Mr. Collins's Croquet Set.

HOW HIS HOT BISCUIT FOR TEA WAS LOST FOR AN EVENING—A FAMILY JAR THAT WAS NOT UNLIKE VERY MANY OTHER FAMILY JARS.

Croquet, that eminently fascinating game, was introduced on the premises of the Collinses, Friday. In the afternoon Podge's boy brought up the set, and just before tea Mrs. Collins arranged the wickets. Collins had learned to play when visiting in Glovershire, last summer, and Mrs. Collins acquired an indifferent knowledge of the game from two elderly maiden sisters in Paxton street. And so on that delicious Friday afternoon they took out their mallets and balls and commenced the game.

"Now, Emmeline," playfully observed Mr. Collins, "don't you begin cheating at the start. If you do, the game will be prostituted to mere gambling, an' we'll injure our moral natures in trying to build up our physical."

"People who are so ready to charge against others may need close watching themselves, young man," said she, in the same spirit; "and I mean to keep a sharp eye on you."

Then they both laughed.

"But it will be a good thing for you," he said with a tinge of tenderness in his voice; "you are kept cooped up in the house so that you hardly get a breath of fresh air. This will give you exercise, and keep you out doors, too."

"You are always thinking of me," said she, as her eyes grew moist. "You need the out-door air as much as I do, but you are too unselfish to think of yourself."

And thus exchanging sentiments, which did credit to both their hearts, the game progressed.

After passing through the center wicket, Mr. Collins used her balls to help himself through the other wicket to the upper stake. Then he left her near the first wicket and struck for the stake, which being about eight inches distant, made him confident. The ball missed by about an eighth of an inch.

"I declare," he exclaimed in great vexation.

Then she, having watched his rapid progress, now struck for him and hit him, and a minute later his ball was spinning through the grass to the other end of the

ground. She was now in position for her wicket, and passed through it and the others to the stake, but missed it. Then he came up by a well-directed blow to within two inches of the stake. But she went for him again, and when she got through she was three wickets beyond the stake, and his ball was at the other end of the ground again, and his brow was finely corrugated. He stepped nervously toward it. When his turn came again he drove back to the stake but struck a wicket, and rebounded so close to her that she easily hit him, and again introduced him through wickets he was not for, and then sent him flying again. Her success caused her to laugh and he heard it.

"You think you are pretty smart, but I'll get even with you," he said, without smiling.

"You'll have to play better than you have done," she pertinently suggested.

"I think I know as much about croquet as you do," he said, still with a straight face. "If you had any fairness about you you'd let me have that stroke over when I was up to the stake. You knew I slipped as well as I did," he said growing red in the face.

"No, I don't know anything about it," she replied, taking on a little color.

"I say you did."

"And I say I didn't." But if you are going to play this game, why don't you go ahead!"

"I'll play when I get ready," he answered, turning white about the mouth.

"If you ain't going to play, you'd better go into the house and shut up," she suggested, raising her voice.

"Don't you talk to me that way," he cried, "or I'll make you sorry for it, you brazen-faced hussy."

"Hussy! hussy!" she screamed. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, John Jacob Collins, to call your wife a hussy? Hussy, am I, you villian! Hussy, is it, you miserable brute! I'm to be called a hussy, am I, after working my knuckles off for you, and slaving for thirty years?" "There!" she cried, in a paroxysm, throwing the mallet on the ground, "take you're old croquet and shove it down you're throat, and choke yourself to death with it, if you want to. And don't you ever ask me to play with you again, or I'll tell you something you'll remember the longest day you live."

And then she bounced into the house, leaving him standing there and rubbing his head in a benumbed sort of a way. But almost immediately after she thrust her head out of the window, and snapped out:

"You needn't think you are going to get any hot biscuit for your tea in this house this night, young man, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it just as soon as you have a mind to."—[*Danbury News.*]

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### Holy Straw.

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In the Leisure Hour, Mrs. Howitt has an article of singular interest on the imprisonment of the Pope. The belief is current throughout the Papal States that his holiness is in chains and confined to a dismal cell. His bed is a wretched pallet of straw. At Antwerp, one Sunday, a preacher having painted in most vivid colors the maltreatment, the sufferings, the imprisonment of the head of the Church, cried out "How is it possible to deny all this, when here is the straw on which lies in chains the holy father." At these words the whole congregation burst into sobbing and weeping, and rushing forward to the priest, secured for themselves little bundles of straw, which he sold at half a franc a bundle. The parish priests are largely engaged in selling the holy straw. The supply will not be exhausted until the money fails. At the same time a photograph of the Pope is offered for sale. He is represented as looking out from between strong iron bars, in a small, dismal cell. These pictures are sold to the members of the Catholic association at half a franc each, and to other people at one franc and a half.—Thousands of copies are sold. One half the proceeds go into the treasury of St. Peter. The copy that Mrs. Howitt procured was numbered 45,343 of the ninth series. The representation is in striking contrast with the facts. The Pope is at liberty to go where he pleases. His dungeon is a luxurious palace with spacious gardens.

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That was real wit in the actor who, while playing Romeo to Mrs. Mowett's Juliet, whispered to her in the tomb scene that they were "putting up umbrellas in the pit to screen themselves from the tears of the gallery."



## Flight.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Through field and flood and fire I go—  
Wherefore and where I do not know.

Through field—my tangled path is crossed  
With thorns and stinging spears of frost.

Through field—the stones rise up and wound  
My fearful feet, that stain the ground.

Through field—sometimes one rose forlorn  
Gives me its flush, without its thorn.

Through flood—the wide rains beat my brow,  
The world is only water now.

Through flood—wave after wave there is:  
Wave after wave—what else but this?

Through flood—one sea another meets;  
See Arctic ice in tropic sweets.

Through flood—there is one ship in sight:  
If I might reach it—if I might!

Through fire—what flames and flames there be!  
The world is only fire—to me.

Through fire—how palace spire and wall  
Put shining garments on and fall!

Through fire—I here the last voice cry,  
"The world is ashes." But am I?

Calm on the awful element  
I turn and say: "I am content."

## Drunkenness Among Women.

We may not conceal the fact that drunkenness among women of all classes is greatly on the increase, and especially among the rich. There is not only wine upon the sideboard and brandy in the secret draw, but public places of resort where women go to drink—restaurants whose chief attraction is the wine list. Fine carriages and servants in livery may be seen in attendance at the door, while the rustle of silks keeps time with the clinking of glasses.

It is really shocking to see with what a toper-like air some young ladies handle their straws.

These places of resort are made as attractive as possible, and afford a delightful retreat for a social glass.

Women do not drink as men do. Men guzzle or turn down a glass in one gulp;

women sit by little tables, and sip and gossip by the half-hour; but the effect is ultimately the same.

There are thousands of women to-day among the higher classes who are more or less under the influence of liquor every afternoon, or who occasionally take a spree.

We have seen women elegantly dressed, who live in palatial residences, so drunk that they could not get out of a carriage without the aid of a footman. And we have very often seen women in street and railway cars so much under the influence of liquor that they could not give an intelligent answer to the simplest question; mothers with little children, who could not be trusted with them in their arms by the father or the servant in attendance. Jackson Purchase says: "I was once walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman walking along very drunk. She was carrying a child; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slipping further and further back. I ran and cried out; but before I could get up, the poor little thing, smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down like a stone, on its head, on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little soft, woful body, lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight! So much misery and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot, and goes about for ever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it."

This is a true tale—too true. Not so guilty was that mother as she who, tempting her child to drink, destroys both soul and body.

From physicians, who are frequently called in as advisers in the more desperate cases, we have ascertained many facts in regard to the prevalence of this evil among the higher classes. But it is not necessary to enter further into these wretched details. Is it not time that the women of the church would wake up to these alarming facts, and ask why this increase of drunkenness among women, and what they can do to stay the terrible tide?—[*Christian Woman, Philadelphia.*]

### A Lesson for Americans.

Mr. Joseph Medill, ex-mayor of Chicago, writing from Paris to the Tribune, of the former city, speaks of the economy of the French. He says:

But that in which the French more particularly excel is economy. Compared with these French people the Americans are wasteful, improvident, and extravagant. It seems to me they live on just about one-half what the Americans do. They have a knack, so to speak, of making a little go a great way, and of extracting subsistence or comfort from things Americans would throw away or never notice.

It may be instructive to point out a few of the matters to which reference is here made. In the first place, not an ounce of food is wasted in harvesting or preparing for market. In the next place, not an ounce more of vegetables, flesh, fish, or fowl, groceries or liquida, than is really needed, ever goes into the pot or kettle, or is placed on the table. The wife of every French family knows to a nicety what quantity of each kind of food is the least that will suffice to make a comfortable meal, and not a particle more than that is cooked or served. There are no slop-buckets full of broken victuals left on table after breakfast or dinner, to be thrown on the street or manure heap, or flung to the dogs or swine as in America. No pieces of bread or meat or vegetables are thrown away; such quantities are not bought as to become stale or spoiled in the cellar or pantry. Servants are never permitted to waste or steal food for poor relations, as in America. The lady of the house looks after the marketing, her kitchen, and her pantry, with sharp eyes and unflagging care.

The economy in the consumption of fuel for cooking and house-warming is immense as compared with that in our wasteful country. One reason, of course, is that wood and coal in France are scarce and dear. They cost at least double the price paid therefor in the United States; but the domestic consumption is not one quarter as much. Paris contains between four and five times the population of Chicago; but, I find that the fuel consumed in it is less than in Chicago. It is true that the climate is much warmer for six months of the year in Paris than in Chicago; but after making the due allowance for that it

still remains true that only one-third to two-fifths as much fuel is consumed *per capita* in Paris as in Chicago; and, as far as my observation and inquiries extend, the same proportion holds good throughout all France.

### A Home Question.

An old western farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his man-servant, "Jonathan, I did not think to say that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without it?" "Oh, I don't care much about it," replied Jonathan; "you may give me what you please." "Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep every autumn if you will do without." "Agreed," responded Jonathan. The eldest son said, "Father, will you give me a sheep too, if I will do without rum?" "Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without." The younger son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?" "Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also if you do without." Presently Chandler spoke again: "Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

### Selected Recipes.

**HOW TO MAKE APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—This is our plan, and they are delicious:—First procure good, sour apples, pare and core, leaving them in halves. Get all your ingredients, sugar soda, sour milk, lard, salt, flour and apples. Now make dough as for soda biscuits, only adding a little more lard to make it shorter. Take a bit of dough out of the kneading board, and after kneading, roll this as for pie-crust. Then cut in pieces long enough to cover an apple, allowing for lapping the edges. Put in two of your apple halves, sweeten according to taste, and cover apple and sugar with dough. Lay the dumplings in your bread pan, the smooth side up, first having your pan well buttered. Proceed in this manner until you get your pan well filled, (be sure it is a large sized pan, for they will go off like hot cakes), then place a small bit of butter on the top of each dumpling, sprinkle a handful of sugar over all, then place in a moderate oven and allow them to bake one hour. Serve not too

hot, with pudding sauce or with cream and sugar.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

**TOMATOES**—*A New Dish.*—Slice ripe tomatoes as thin as you can conveniently, dip them in flour, both sides, with pepper and salt; have some boiling lard ready in a pan and fry them a nice brown; then add a little butter if you like, and serve hot for breakfast. Some prefer the green ones done in the same way; both are a substitute for egg-plants.—*Germentown Telegraph.*

### Be Cheerful at the Table.

Harper's Bazaar, edited by a lady who probably knows whereof she affirms, has some very truthful remarks concerning a matter of interest to all the people, though perhaps designed more particularly for the eyes and ears of city folks. Listen:

Hasty eating is universally disapproved, and cheerful sociability recommended. Yet how often is the dinner hour the special time when the tired husband is treated to a detailed account of difficulties with servants and children, or the wife receives a depressing record of business troubles! The cook may have given warning. Willie may have ruined his best jacket, your pocket have been picked, or your day's work brought no gain; but these things will keep; talk them over at another time, but let the dinner hour be free from troublesome topics. Perhaps nothing is more prejudicial to the proper assimilation of food than disputation. The mind becomes irritated, and instantaneously the stomach sympathizes. A dinner-table is the worst possible place for an argument which may easily become heated and acrimonious. Nor should it be a place where children are constantly reprovved, or their bad conduct suffered to destroy the comfort of the meal.

Discipline in the household is highly necessary, but the wise mother will not make it a prominent feature at the table. Good news, happy thoughts, innocent mirth and cheerful evenings are the most efficacious refreshes, and should be used freely. An uncomfortable meal, whatever be the cause, is almost certain to produce indigestion. And though such small matters may be thought by many unimportant, they go very far toward the establishment of good health, and even the most robust cannot neglect them with impunity.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1875.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Rheumatism seems to be the prevailing disease there at present. Nearly all the new patients have it. One working woman recently come in, has it in her feet, so badly "that it seems," she says, "as if fire were going down her bones." But her case is light compared to that of some others; one in particular, whose limbs have been drawn dreadfully out of shape, although so much improved now that, except in her fingers, one would not be able to say what was her disease by simply looking at her. One patient, who was brought to the Hospital eight weeks ago with this disease, is now nearly, if not quite, well. A sick woman in the corner was lately stricken with paralysis, and her efforts to speak were painful to witness. We could not understand one word that she tried to say, and passed on. A cheerful looking dark-eyed girl was nearly well, although at times discouraged. Like we well people, she was not always free from "the blues;" "my dark days, I call them," she said. The patient in consumption still lingers in much pain and weakness; the cough is as racking as ever, and the feeble strength fast waning. Her feet are swelling. When she told us this a sad, patient smile passed over her wasted face. An old colored woman, also a new patient, lay sick in her bed, and, owing to the effect of her medicine, too quiet to talk. A patient who, last winter was well enough to sit up, we were surprised and sorry to find in bed. She said she "was lying there to get rested." She has been taking care of an insane patient, "Lizzie," and as Lizzie was sent to Utica, she could now rest. The poor insane girl has a sorrowful story. She had the care of two children whose pa-

rents were away, and her sister was taken very ill. She had a "divided duty" to take care of both, and still not neglect either. The consequence was her strength was overtaxed, and when her sister died she became insane. While in the Hospital she talked constantly of this sister. At times she was very destructive, breaking everything that she could lay her hands on; and as there is no place in the Hospital suitable for a person afflicted as she is, it was thought best to send her to Utica. Reports regarding her ultimate recovery are encouraging. Up stairs we saw a young German woman, with both feet and part of one leg gone. She thinks she was giddy in getting off the cars at Newark, for she remembers stepping out on the platform, and nothing more, until after the accident. She is a very patient patient, making no moan over her loss. We reached the Hospital just as one of the assistant doctors met with a sad accident. In trying to extinguish an alcohol lamp, in some way it exploded, causing the flames to rush up in his face. When we saw him his face was masked with cotton batting. The same order, cleanliness and quietness reigned there that we always find. We have long since given up all hope of finding things at sixes and sevens.

We were invited into the nursery, and there saw a mite of humanity that the nurse declared to be beautiful. We heard the mother's story—one that we have heard so many times. Left to take care of herself and child by a worthless husband, she found a refuge and care in the Hospital. The baby is a pretty little thing and very strong, for she twisted herself into a shape that the nurse could not straighten, and looked indeed like a magnified doughnut, meanwhile making a face at us, as though she knew we should "put her in the paper," and she meant as much as possible to express her profound contempt of the affair.

### Birthdays.

The "Hospital Review" has had eleven this fifteenth of August. Just eleven years ago this little paper was first sent to the friends of the Hospital, telling its wants, giving information concerning its patrons, and asking donations of—everything.

The blessing of Heaven has attended the Hospital thus far, and although many times it has received almost daily bread, with a very small supply for another day, still the friends of this charity have reason to hope much for its future. Beginning with a small building, poorly furnished—the centre building was at first all there was of the Hospital—it has, in the course of time, added to itself wings and wards; the latter now well furnished, owing to the continued generosity of its life-time friends.

The cleanliness, order, neatness and sweetness of this institution, we believe unsurpassed by any institution of a similar character in the State, or in the world. You can't go beyond perfection. The wards are clean, the beds are clean, and the patients are clean; the nurses are attentive, and the management is skillful.

The friends of the Hospital have reason to be proud of it; and when we think the almost exhaustless patience, the skill and good management that have distinguished those having charge of it, we do not wonder at its success.

This is the third month that we have dunned. We did hope that by commencing early we would be able in August, when the new year of the paper begins, to have all the money owing paid, but as usual we are disappointed. The sum is so small that it seems a waste of money to hire a horse and drive all over this city; and as subscribers know just what they owe, we do ask them to pay without any further dunning. In some cases it is necessary to call on subscribers three and four times; either they are not at home or

the money is not ready, or for some other reason; consequently a great deal of time is wasted for the lack of a little care.

We take this opportunity to thank the young Misses who gave to the Hospital Twenty-five Dollars, the result of a Garden Party given by them last month. It was very kind in them to remember the sick people, and very thoughtful to help them so efficiently. We trust that this garden party will be the precursor of many more.

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

**Donations.**

- Mrs. Loop—A quantity of Cherries.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—Quantity of Cherries.
- Mrs. E. Erickson—Quantity of Cherries.
- Mrs. Church, West Avenue—Quantity of Cherries
- Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Eight cans of Fruit.
- Mrs. W. W. Carr—2 barrels of Potatoes.
- Mrs. H. P. Brewster—One dozen of Glasses, for Flowers.
- Mrs. H. E. Hooker—White Currants.
- St. Paul's Brotherhood—Reading Matter.
- Mr. Stedman—Reading Matter.

**Subscriptions to Review.**

- Mrs. Peter V. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mrs. John Thompson, 62 cents; Mr. F. Gorton, 65 cents; Mrs. E. C. Russell, 62 cts.; Mrs. James Brackett, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Barnard, Livonia, 62 cents; Mrs. E. G. Billings, \$1.87; Mrs. McArthur, 63; Mrs. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Miss Manvel, \$1.25; Mrs. E. R. Conant, Fairport, 65 cents; Mrs. Wm. Sidey, 70 cents; Miss M. Peck, \$1.25; Miss Vance, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Hill, Middlebury, Conn., 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Spencer, New York, 63 cents; Mrs. Eugene Glen, \$1.25; Mrs. W. S. Mumford, Utica, 63 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 63 cents; Mrs. B. Y. Royce, 62 cents; J. Van Velsen, 67 cents; Mrs. A. G. Murray, Canandaigua, \$1.25; Mrs. S. R. Woodruff, 63 cents; Mrs. Smith, Clarkson, 50 cents; Mrs. C. Cotter, 62 cents.—By Mrs. Craig,.....\$20 01

**Superintendent's Reports.**

1875. June 30, No. Patients in Hospital,	52
Received during month, ..	18
Births, .....	3— 21
Discharged, .....	24
Died, .....	0—
Remaining, July 31st, 1875,	52

**Children's Department.**

**The Little Boy's Watch.**

Dear little Dick, curled up by the fire  
 Sat watching the shadows come and go,  
 As the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,  
 Flooding the room with a mellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,  
 And he turned for a moment a listening ear:  
 "Mother!" he cried, "I've got a watch!  
 I can feel it ticking right under here!"

"Yes, Dick; 'tis a watch that God has made,  
 To mark your hours as they fly away;  
 He holds the key in His mighty hand,  
 And keeps it in order night and day.

"Should He put aside the mystic key,  
 Or lay His hand on the tiny spring,  
 The wheels would stop and your watch run down,  
 And lie in your bosom a lifeless thing."

He crept to my side and whispered soft,  
 While his baby voice had an awe-struck sound  
 "I wish you would ask Him, mother dear,  
 To be sure and remember to keep it wound!"

—Apples of Gold.

**One of Lulie's Days.**

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

"My days are on the grass," sang Lulie, as she and the baby were playing together in the front yard.

It was certainly true, in one sense, for most of Lulie's days were spent out of doors. The pretty lawn in front of the house was none the smoother for her gambols thereon, but mamma would not have given her little daughter's plump, rosy cheeks for all the lawns in Belleville.

But one day, when the grass had just been cut, and Lulie was tossing it hither and thither, to her great glee and the intense dissatisfaction of Thomas, the gardener, she suddenly heard a voice calling her:

"Lulie, are you there?"

"Yes," she replied, half petulantly.

"Come in and be dressed. Papa wants to have your picture taken."

O, dear! This was what Lulie had been dreading for the last fortnight.

"Thomas," said she, anxiously, "did you ever have yourself taken?"

"Colored folks ain't so apt to have 'em," replied Thomas, gruffly.

"Does the man *cut* you?" asked Lulie, with a look of terror in her blue eyes.

"Cut yer! Lord bless yer, no," answered Thomas, recovering his good humor. "D' yer s'pose now, honey, that your father'd take you down there to be cut up?"

"He wouldn't *dare* to cut my father up, would he, Thomas?"

"Lulie!" called papa, impatiently.

"Little girls better mind their fathers," said Thomas, gravely, raking up the scattered grass.

"Does all the little colored girls mind their fathers?" asked Lulie, innocently.

"Always," answered Thomas, pointing furtively in the direction of his left shoulder.

Lulie ran into the house as fast as her little feet could carry her. Half an hour afterward she sat in the artist's chair, looking as if she certainly ought to make a picture well worth looking at.

But she didn't. After gazing "just there" for a second or two, and finding that the "pretty bird" did not make its appearance as she expected, she thought she must certainly cry. Then, taking her eyes from the point altogether, she fixed them upon papa, who was looking at her so strangely that she concluded to laugh, instead.

"That was *very* naughty, Lulie," said papa; "I think the baby could have done better than that."

Lulie's lip quivered.

"There, there, darling. *Don't* cry. Now we're going to try again. Be a good girl this time, and we'll see who buys a banana on the way home."

Lulie sat with lips closed tightly, and wide open eyes staring straight at the little mark.

"*Don't* look like that," cried poor papa. "You can wink, Lulie."

She winked once, twice, thrice.

"That will do. Keep still now, daughter."

Lulie kept still until it seemed as if she must open her little mouth and screech. When the negative was brought to papa, he laughed heartily.

"It looks as if one of the cardinal virtues might have sat for it," said he. "I should never know it."

Then he took up a picture book, and

held it before Lulie's wandering eyes. Gorgeous birds, sober looking cats, and bright little kittens made their appearance, one by one. The child sat, speechless with delight.

She saw the black cloth go on again, and, in a few minutes afterwards she heard the artist exclaim exultingly: "Capital! capital! It couldn't be better."

"Why, papa!" she cried, in dismay. "I didn't know I was being took."

"So much the better, birdie," said papa, well pleased. "This is something like,—bright and wide-awake."

Lulie leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. "I'd like a 'fast-asleep' now," said she; "can't I have a 'fast-asleep,' papa?"

"I think we'll wait until bed-time for that," laughed papa.

As they were walking home, hand in hand, papa listening with pleased attention to the gay little twitterings of his "birdie," they saw Miss Betsey Blodgett coming toward them.

Miss Blodgett's face was a study. Lulie studied it attentively.

"O, Mr. Colby!" said she solemnly. "Have you heard the dreadful news?"

"You mean Dickson's failure, I suppose," said the gentleman, uneasily. "Run on, Lulie."

But Lulie didn't *run on*.

"No, indeed. Dickson's failure isn't a circumstance. The most cold-blooded murder you ever heard of! Old Martin Osgood was murdered in cold blood in his bed last night,—throat!"

"Don't—*please* don't, Miss Blodgett," (glancing at his little daughter's earnest eyes.)

"Why, Lu! We forgot the banana. Run along to Mr. Steele's. I'll be there in a minute."

But Lulie didn't want the banana. She only clung more closely to his protecting hand.

"They've got the murderer, too," continued Miss Blodgett. "He's in jail, and I hope they'll hang him. Perilous times these, when a good Christian man like Martin Osgood has to be sent out of the world by them reprobates." And she walked away.

Papa took Lulie to "John Steele's," and bought her a dozen bananas and an orange. Nevertheless, when mamma said tenderly, as she took off the little blue-



hood. "It isn't so very dreadful to have a picture taken after all, is it, Lulie?" her answer was decidedly evasive, "What's a cold-blooded murder, mamma?"

Mamma had company that night, so Becky took Lulie up stairs. She said her prayer as usual, and crept into bed; but Becky noticed that her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks flushed.

"They kill good men sometimes, Becky," said she, earnestly.

"O, I reckon not," replied good-natured Becky.

"Yes they do. Miss Blodgett said so. The man is in jail, Becky," and Lulie began to cry.

Mamma heard the cry, and come up. "Now, Lulie," said she, "you must lie right down, and go to sleep."

"Could that man get out, mamma?"

"No. And if he did, he wouldn't hurt you. God will take care of you, darling?"

"I want you and God, too, mamma."

"But I can't stay to-night, dear. I have company, you know. Kiss me now and be a brave little girl."

Lulie give a very sober good-night kiss, and mamma went down stairs; but when the child closed her eyes, she seemed again to see Miss Blodgett's solemnly satisfied face, and to hear the dreadful words: "Murdered in cold-blood in his bed last night."

Lulie couldn't bear it. She screamed.

Papa came this time. Rushing up stairs two steps at a time, he found his little daughter sitting up in bed, and sobbing wildly.

"Papa," she cried excitedly, "they do kill good men. Didn't Miss Blodgett say so?"

Papa took his shivering child in his arms, wishing most devoutly that Miss Blodgett had never moved to Belleville.

"Can that man get out, papa?"

"No, my darling. I wouldn't talk about it any more."

Lulie laid her curly head upon her father's shoulder. "Will God take care of me?" she asked, plaintively.

"Yes, darling, always."

"Does he take care of all the good peoples?"

"Yes, Lulie."

She was silent for a moment; then, suddenly, she started up. "Why no, papa, He doesn't. He didn't take care of that other man. Miss Blodgett said he was a

good man. Why didn't God take care of him, papa! and Lulie was crying again.

Papa clasped his baby more tightly, and commenced a wonderful tale of the adventures of a very nice cat, and five lovely kittens; that finished, he sang her favorite melodies from her beloved "Mother Goose;" and, when, at last, he saw that the weary eyelids were about to close, he murmured a sweet little lullaby, the end of which she did not hear.

"'Twould puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to know what to say to these little chicks sometimes," said he to himself, as he laid his sleeping baby down.

What should you have said to her, had she been your little girl?

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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. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1875. No. 2.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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For the Hospital Review.

### On the Sea.

BY BERTHA S. POOL.

#### I.

On the land, or on the sea,  
Whether 'neath this early moon  
Drift they homeward, speedily,  
Back to our caressing soon;  
Or beneath some alien star  
Which our longing may not share,  
Slumber they in peace afar,  
Have them gently, in Thy care!

#### II.

Whether in the shade that falls  
Heavy over tired eyes;  
Whether in the grief that palls,  
Our beloveds' pathway lies;  
In the danger that attends,  
In the midnight black and bare,  
Thou whose tenderness defends,  
Have them safely, in Thy care!

#### III.

On the land, or on the sea,  
In the wave of silver light,  
Wheresoe'er the good ship be,  
Hold it in Thy palm aright.  
Still the tumult, calm the soul,  
Listen to the wanderer's prayer,  
Till we reach heav'n's utmost goal,  
Have us all, within Thy care!

### Costly Economies.

Among the practices of well intentioned men and women there are some which have never been rightly named or defined. Like cowards and malingers in an army, they are named according to the company in which they are found, and enjoy reputations which they only obtain by reflection from their betters. They are occasionally found out and banished, but most of them enjoy long life and popularity for no good purpose, unless it is to stimulate in the bosoms of such of their victims as find them out a more earnest longing for existence in that promised life where common things no more than spiritual ones need be seen through a glass, darkly.

Among these are certain methods and customs which are believed to be economical. To the eyes of their victims they resemble genuine economies as faithfully as to the hungry eyes of the predatory boy the nauseous citron resembles the luscious watermelon, but here the simile ceases, for experience does not instantly undeceive the mistaken economist. Who does not know house-keepers who, to avoid increasing by a dollar or two a month the wages of a competent servant, waste time in searching for new help, and in instructing the new queen of the kitchen; who sub-

mit to numberless inconveniences while the new venture is upon trial; who during such periods endure a season of communion with impatient husbands and cross children; who have their own habits and household gods disarranged in a manner which the money saved by the change can never make good? That women do not monopolize such foolishness every observing man knows when he thinks of his many acquaintances who have poor assistants because they will not pay the price necessary to obtain good ones, and who in supplementing and completing the work of these incompetents consume vast amounts of time which might be profitably used elsewhere, and in which might be earned many times over the amount of money they flatter themselves has been saved.

But it is not principally in the matter of compensation to employees that costly economies are indulged in. They are most frequently effected by people who flatter themselves they save money whenever they do for themselves work for which they would otherwise have had to pay money. The gentleman who gave his guests strawberries which cost him a dollar each, explaining his extravagance by saying that the time he had spent upon his strawberry bed was worth so much money, is a specimen of this sort of economist. The class embraces overtasked women who do their own housework, and whose husbands in the end pay the physician or the undertaker, or both, considerably more money than the cost of a servant would have amounted to; those thrifty men who furnish their houses with bungling home-made furniture, which costs them a far greater outlay of toil than would have provided the money to purchase furniture more cheap and sightly; the people who cling to an old tool or household utensil, paying for repairs in the aggregate several times the price of a new one; those well-to-do mothers who steal from their own sleeping-time opportunities to mend worn-out clothes; the people who buy the cheaper qualities or scant quantities of provisions, week after week, although the difference is unconsciously taken out of other contents of the table by the purchasers themselves in common with the other hungry souls thereat; people who take long walks to avoid paying a stage fare or car fare, and exhaust more

vitality (and, perhaps, shoe-leather) than the money saved can ever replace; the professional men and others who waste valuable time in doing the drudgeries incident to their callings;—these are but a few instances showing our meaning; the reader can doubtless add indefinitely to the number, after reviewing the habits of his neighbors.

The only real value of these false economies is the incentive they give to merriment in the minds of persons who see others staggering under these self-inflicted burdens, but even the most generous philanthropist can hardly be blamed for objecting to keep other people in humor at such cost to himself. The principal effect of such management is an enormous waste of well-meant endeavor, and of physical and mental energy. The subject is full of complications, and is too great for thorough treatment, even in an article many times longer than our space will allow. But a mere hasty mention of it should do good, by causing people to look more carefully to the relations of outlays and results.

#### The Suppressed Member Again.

Not long since we noticed some of the manual evils resulting from the customary repression of the left hand, and advocated, on physical grounds, its culture equally with that of the right hand. It seems that there are not less cogent mental reasons for developing the two sides of the body impartially.

It is coming to be well known that mental development is the result of properly directed physical training: that the brain grows in size and power by the varied exercise of the senses and the will in mechanical employments quite as rapidly as by purely intellectual efforts in study or otherwise. It is equally well known to physiologists that most men are one-sided in their heads as in their bodies. The two halves of the brain are rarely developed symmetrically, as may be readily seen in the "conforms" or head measures accumulated by hat makers supplying individual customers. To some extent, the difference in the contour of the two sides of the head may be due to unequal pressure on the nurse's arm, or to the habit of lying chiefly on one side while sleeping, thus causing a permanent displacement of the walls of the skull; but the main rea-

son appears to be our one-sided habit in education.

In his fourth lecture before the Lowell Institute, Boston, Dr. Brown Sequard observes that the study of the facts relating to the brain has led him to believe that "each half of the brain—paradoxical as it may seem—is a whole brain," each lobe being normally competent to perform all the functions of both, not so vigorously, of course, as the two acting together, yet with apparent completeness. Unfortunately, however, the most of us are single brained as we are single handed, and for the same reason. We fail to do what is really needed to give us two working brains. "There is no question, concludes this skillful observer, "that it is our habit of making use of only one side of the body that consigns to one half of the brain—the right side—the faculty of expressing ideas by speech. If we developed both sides of our body equally, not only would there be the benefit that we could write or work with the left hand as well as with the right, but we should have two brains instead of one, and would not be deprived of the power of speech through disease of one side of the brain."

Fashionable Milliner: "You'll have the flower on the *left* side of the bonnet, of course, Madam?"

Fashionable Lady: "Well—er—no! The fact is, there's a pillar on the left side of my pew in church, so that only the *right* side of my head is seen by the congregation. Of course, I could change my pew."

Fashionable Lady's Husband: "Ya—as. Or even the church, you know, if necessary."

Fashionable Milliner considers the point

Arthur Helps says:—I met with a cab accident the other day. The axle broke, the wheels came in on both sides of the cab, and we were a pitiable wreck. Thereupon twenty or thirty boys, appearing to rise out of the ground, surrounded us. It is my firm belief that misfortune breeds boys without any superfluous assistance from parents.

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

## Cargamon.

BY HENRY A. BEERS.

His steed was old, his armor worn,  
 And he was old and worn and gray;  
 The light that lit his patient eyes  
 It shone from very far away.

Through gay Provence he journeyed on,  
 To one high quest his life was true,  
 And so they called him *Cargamon*—  
 The knight who seeketh the world through.

A pansy blossomed on his shield;  
 "A token 'tis" the people say,  
 "That still across the world's wide field  
 He seeks *la dame de ses pensées*."

For somewhere on a painted wall,  
 Or in the city's shifting crowd,  
 Or looking from a casement tall,  
 Or shaped of dream or evening cloud—

Forgotten when, forgotten where—  
 Her face had filled his careless eye  
 A moment ere he turned and passed,  
 Nor knew it was his destiny.

But ever in his dreams it came  
 Divine and passionless and strong,  
 A smile upon the imperial lips  
 No lover's kiss had dared to wrong.

He took his armor from the wall—  
 Ah! gone since then was many a day—  
 He led his steed from out the stall  
 And sought *la dame de ses pensées*.

The ladies of the Troubadours,  
 Came riding through the chestnut grove:  
 "Sir Minstrel, string that lute of yours  
 And sing us a gay song of love."

"O ladies of the Troubadours,  
 My lute has but a single string;  
 Sirventes fit for paramours,  
 My heart is not in tune to sing.

"The flower that blooms upon my shield:  
 It has another soil and spring  
 Than that wherein the gaudy rose  
 Of light Provence is blossoming.

"The lady of my dreams doth hold  
 Such royal state within my mind,  
 No thought that comes unclad in gold  
 To that high court may entrance find."

So through the chestnut groves he passed,  
 And through the land and far away :  
 Nor know I whether in the world  
 He found *la dame de ses pensées*.

Only I knew that in the South  
 Long to the harp his tale was told ;  
 Sweet as new wine within the mouth  
 The small, choice words and music old.

To scorn the promise of the Real ;  
 To seek and seek and not to find ;  
 Yet cherish still the fair Ideal—  
 It is *thy* fate, O restless Mind !

The New York *Evening Post* describes a sun-dial which strikes the hours. It was invented by the Abbe Allegret, and is simply a modification of what is termed the solar counter for registering the times at which the sun shines or is obscured. To effect this there are two balls, one black and the other yellow, fixed at opposite ends of a lever, sustained by a central pivot. When the sun shines the black ball absorbs more heat than the yellow one, and the vapor of a liquid contained in the former is elevated to a higher temperature than in the latter. As a result, the vapor leaves the one ball, and being condensed in the other, this becomes the heavier, overbalances the equilibrium, and in doing so sets free a weight, giving motion to the requisite clock-work. In the sun-dial referred to, a pair of these balls is fixed at every hour-mark. When the shadow of the gnomon reaches any particular hour-mark one of the balls is shaded, a preponderance of liquid enters the ball, the lever tilts, the mechanism is set going, and a gong sounded as many times as the number of the hour to be indicated. Of course the sun must shine at the time of the hour-marks being passed by the shadow, or the time will not be struck.

Many people suppose that the photographs which professedly represent moonlight scenes are taken by the light of the moon. But this opinion is shown to be erroneous by Dr. Schrauss, in a paper published in the *Photographic News*. According to his description of the method of preparing these pictures, the landscape which is to appear illuminated by moonlight is photographed in bright sunshine, with a very short exposure, so that strong contrasts are obtained, and very

deep shadows. The sky of the negative is covered or rendered opaque, and then a vigorous print is taken upon greenish-tinted, albumized paper. The green paper is of the same kind precisely as other tinted, albumized paper, which is largely used for portraiture. Or, if this tinted, albumized paper cannot be obtained then the print is secured on ordinary white paper, and the picture afterward rendered of a greenish hue by means of a water-color or a dye. When an impression of the landscape has been obtained, this is protected by a mask, and then into the sky portion is printed a cloud negative, showing the orb of the luminary. A suitable mask is contrived by cutting out the outline of a print from the same negative, and placing this as a shield over the landscape impression. As in many moonlight pictures the outline of the luminary is to be seen, it stands to reason that the disc has also been secured by artificial means.

#### What Liquor Does.

Some people seem inclined to put all the blame upon the liquor seller, and little upon those who drink, but we see no reason to excuse either. The awful calamities and woe that result from intemperance are wholly beyond estimate. Some months since more than 300 souls were lost by the wreck of the Schiller in the English Channel. Judge Nathan Crosby of Lowell, who lost a daughter and granddaughter by this disaster, in a letter to the *Globe*, writes thus :

The judgment of the Court is "that the entire neglect of the precautions laid down for navigators when approaching Scilly was the sole cause of this terrible calamity." "Entire neglect"—"sole cause"—awful words! terrible judgment! It was well for the captain that he shared the fate of his innocent, helpless passengers.

Now, why did not the captain cast his lead and ascertain, as he might have done by sounding and by his chart, his exact position after the fog set in, and under his expectation that he was very near Scilly! What had made him oblivious? What had weakened his care or made him foolhardy? How were he and his officers deprived of the nautical culture of their lives? The awful and disgraceful truth is, *there had been a social spree upon that ill-*

fated ship that afternoon and evening, which is sufficient to account for all the neglect, confusion, the suffering and loss of life of that dreadful hour. Mr. Stern of New York, a saved passenger, said to the *Herald* correspondent: "Many of the crew and passengers were intoxicated, one of the officers having celebrated his birthday that evening." One of the Schiller's officers informed the correspondent of the *London Standard* that "many persons on board of the steamer were drunk when she struck, and that several firemen and many steerage passengers lay helpless until they were swept away by the waves." A gentleman lately in Paris says, "the birthday celebration is spoken of there freely as accounting for the accident."

Mr. Stern says, "there was a fearful state of excitement and confusion on board," of course. The noise and violence of a few drunken men under the alarm would paralyze the efforts of the sober and judicious men who might be trying to aid such plans of escape as the captain had ordered, or under officers had conceived available. It is said an officer was assigned to each boat, and why then was only one of the eight successfully launched, and why was that one allowed to leave the ship with only three sailors in it?—There were eight boats, capable of carrying more than 500 persons, and yet only three of them reached land with fifteen persons only in them. Of the forty-three persons saved, only fifteen passengers are named, while eight officers and twenty of the crew were saved! Alas! alas! what practical security does the traveling public gain by improved mechanism—by the safeguards of science, by sailing charts, by rules and regulations—if the great demoralizer, social drinking, is allowed to come in and make all valueless?

I have written in irrepressible grief. I speak for the dead to the living, that this great lesson of human infirmity and disaster, may produce increased diligence in the selection of officers for steamers, and greater caution on the part of travelers in choice of vessels.

Hammocks are getting to be a fashionable Boston notion. Two or three years since very few were sold; but this year the sales will reach about 20,000. They are mainly imported from Mexico and South America.

### If I should Die To-night.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting-place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress.  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be put aside.  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me  
Recalling other days remorsefully.  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And soften, in the old, familiar way;  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?  
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.  
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

[B. S., in the *Christian Union*.

"What is the matter?" is the startling cry which comes up to the *Independent* from seashore and mountain. The young women are there, in lonely groups upon the hotel piazzas, but the young men—oh, where are they? For an answer we are pointed to a mysterious island:

"There is an island, whose name we will not betray, where at this moment are summering twenty of the best young men of a city whose name also we will keep secret. They are fishing, swimming, lounging. They wear blue flannel shirts all day, and their trowsers tucked into their boots. It was for the liberty of doing these things that they went away alone; for the liberty of liberty; for the escape from conventionality of clothes and behavior. They were sorry to go away

alone. They would far rather have had nice bright girls on that island, to fish and to swim and to lounge with them. But if the girls had gone with them, or if they had gone to any place where girls were, freedom would have been impossible. The blue flannel shirts would have been admissible only at certain hours and under certain conditions; the trowsers in the boots never. All life would have been changed, made vapid and tiresome. The girls would have expected to be amused, to have what are called by the odious name 'attentions.' Dress and the accompaniments of dress, formalities more or less, show and rivalry more or less, gossip and scandal-mongering more or less, would have resulted."

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1875.

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### Notice to Subscribers.

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It is not pleasant, month after month, to describe the state of the finances of this paper. But it is a lamentable fact that out of the hundreds of dollars owing it, not enough is paid to keep it out of debt. When the expenses of a paper are sixty-six dollars a month and its receipts are only fifteen or twenty, a person with only a limited knowledge of mathematics can in a little time "cipher out" its liability to hopeless bankruptcy. Surely it is no earthly pleasure to the Editor to continually harp upon this one subject; there are many pleasanter themes; but it really seems as if we were obliged to make this the one topic. Unfortunately, our Printer, certainly the most patient man about waiting for his just dues, cannot live on promises alone, and the time must come when he will wait no longer. The debt that three months ago was not one hundred dollars has increased to such dimensions that it is enough to frighten one not in the habit of being in debt. We have again this month put on the margins of

the papers the sum due from each subscriber, as the account stands in the Treasurer's book. We hope, or rather wish, that each subscriber would send the pay for their paper as soon as possible.

The Treasurer having resigned, the Editor will act as such until another is appointed, the notice of which will appear in the "Review." Until then, all money will be sent to the Editor of Hospital Review, 123 Plymouth Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

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### Visit to the Hospital.

It is not all gloom there. We came to this conclusion as we entered the Hospital grounds; for under "the apple tree," we saw a group of patients listening to our friend Mr.—, who, with many gestures, was "holding forth" in a highly oratorical manner. A hearty laugh from the listeners at the close of his remarks, or for aught that we know, his speech, showed that sick as many of them were, out in the sunshine that warm summer morning, life had some pleasure for them. The geranium beds under the ward windows looked very gay, with their scarlet blossoms; but inside we found the sickness and pain that always greet our eyes. The patient, sick with rheumatism, who a few weeks ago had such bright hopes, now is quite discouraged. She finds that sitting up for a little time tires her, and now she cannot move even in her chair. She keeps a folded handkerchief in her right hand for fear that it will hopelessly close, as her fingers contract more and more. A new patient lay in her bed quite immovable, with heavy eyes that would not meet ours. She is insane, and was tied in bed, as her desire is to run away. She is quiet, except at times, if she can, she will strike or throw anything within her reach. The young German woman who had both of her feet taken off by the wheels of the cars, sat by her bed, so much better that can be up.



One poor creature lay in her bed, looking as if death had claimed her, and but for the slight movement of her chest there were no signs of her living. She is slowly dying, and her only alleviation from terrible distress, is in the use of opiates. Two or three new patients we saw suffering from chronic ailments, brought on by overwork. The patient, dying from consumption, we hope will soon be beyond her dreadful suffering. The kindest wish one could have for her is, as she said, "that her Heavenly Father would take her." She showed us her poor lips, white with the soreness that is one of the last agonies of her disease, while the kind nurse that stood by her bedside said her whole mouth and throat were in the same condition. Tears came in the poor sick woman's eyes, and ran down her emaciated face, as she said, "Oh, I have tried so hard to be patient, and I can't." Who could? She has been carried into an upper ward where there is only one other patient, also very sick. These two are the charge of the kindest nurse, who herself was a long time a patient. As we looked around the large airy room, that hot summer morning, and saw the immaculate cleanliness of the room, the beds and the clothing of the patients, we thought of the many homes where the sick were not nearly so well cared for. A physician told us not long ago, that among the hard things he had to encounter in his practice, some of the homes of his patients were not the least. There are a great many people crowded into small tenements who add to their miseries by indolence and dirt. Intemperance, indolence, and an utter want of forthought increase sickness and wretchedness wonderfully, and until people are educated to believe in the blessedness of air, water and suitable food, we shall always need Hospitals.

There are some few immortal names,—and "men who were not born to die." Oge is in the Hospital. How he will get

out of this world, unless he goes in a balloon, is a mystery. Some time ago he wished to go aboard a freight train, and to save a second's time he crossed the track; the locomotive knocked him down and broke his leg. He was brought to the Hospital and speedily recovered; in fact, was just as good as new. The other day he started for the sixth story, and when the elevator had reached the fourth story he stepped out to shy an apple-core at a boy, and forgetting that the elevator's motto was the same as the youth's, "who bore mid snow and ice, a banner with this strange device, 'Excelsior,'" stepped back and down four stories, meeting a stone wall quite suddenly. Such is the elasticity of our hero, that he bounded after his fall nearly into a blacksmith's shop. Of course, the bystanders thought him killed: but, except some severe bruises on his head, some on his arms and fracturing his thigh bone so that it protruded a few inches through the flesh, he was unhurt, and is now getting along finely. "What next the hero of our tale befell, how long he lived, how wise, how well," will appear in another number, for we are as sure as we can be of anything in this changing world that again he will be a patient in the Hospital. As we stood on the steps, before going home, we thought, that hot and dusty morning, how delightful a fountain would look in the center of the grass-plot on the Troup street side of the Hospital. "Everything comes to those who wait." The Hospital has a Flower Mission. Will it not have in time two fountains playing merrily on each front of the Hospital?

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.

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.

**Flower Mission.**

The young ladies of St. Luke's Church have formed a "Flower Mission," by which the Hospital is greatly benefited. Instead of occasionally giving flowers to the patients—for which giving they were very grateful—they now have a regular supply. The young ladies go Thursdays to the Hospital for all the bouquet baskets, and Fridays carry an abundance of flowers to the Hospital. Readers of the Harper will remember the account of the beginning of the "Flower Mission" in Boston; how it enlarged its work, and now how extensive it is. The young ladies of St. Luke's, have begun a Mission as graceful, for which they have the earnest thanks, not only of the patients, but of all who care for the Hospital and its suffering people. To gladden the eyes of the sick, who are unable to see the beauty of this glorious summer, except as they catch glimpses of it from the windows of the wards, and to comfort them in their loneliness, and often in their homesickness, by showing them that they are not forgotten, is surely a kind work. These flowers, tiny and beautiful as they are, are also "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," because of their refreshing to the weary and bowed down spirits of the sick.

With earnest thanks to the young ladies for this kindness to the sick, we bid them God-speed in their beautiful Mission.

**Tea.**

Yesterday, while chatting with the Matron about the Hospital, she told us that one day, coming home from the gay dissipation of riding down town in the street cars to do some shopping—we have been told that in the first ten years of her charge in the Hospital she was not absent ten days—she found on one of the sofas in the Hall a large package. Packages were tied up to be opened; so she opened this one and found ten pounds of tea. What surprised her so much was the quality.

"Why," said she, "it was beautiful; we sometimes have tea given us, but never tea of such exquisite flavor as this." "Now," she continued, "I wish you would mention this." And we are very glad to do so, for we do not remember that we ever had the opportunity to speak of ten dollars worth of tea being given to the Hospital. Mrs. Heath, the lady who made this generous donation, has the hearty thanks of every patient who was benefited by her gift.

It is quite the fashion, in these days, to record the sayings of children, that is, if they sound "cunning." We know a little fellow, two years and a half old, who, although brought up in a pious family, has not a great deal of reverence in his composition. A few days ago, being uncommonly hungry and dreading his grandfather's somewhat prolonged blessing, bowed his head over his plate at the dinner table and astonished the family by saying "Our Fadder, Go to Heaven: Amen. Now we'll eat."

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 31st, 1875, Mrs. Bergle, formerly of Germany, aged 40 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 19th, 1875, August Rudolph, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 15th, 1875, John Baldwin, aged 84 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 17th, 1875, N. P. Lanxon, aged 61 years.

**Treasurer's Report.**

Mrs. Cutler, .....	\$1 25
Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, ..	75
Mrs. Frank Hunn, .....	63
By Miss Munger, .....	\$3 63

**Superintendent's Reports.**

1875. June 30, No. Patients in Hospital, 44	
Received during month, ..	21
Births, .....	1— 66
Discharged, .....	21
Died, .....	4—
Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1875,	52

**CASH DONATION.**

Curran & Golar, .....	\$5 00
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## Children's Department.

### Out of the Dark.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"I do wish father'd come!" said little Mrs. Knowles, laying down the sock she was mending and crossing over to the window that commanded a view of the street up which her husband could not reasonably be expected for a good two hours.

"Night's setting in early, and pitch dark, too; not a sign of any moon; and I shouldn't wonder if it stormed. The air's felt like it all day." She held the curtain aside with one hand, and shaded with the other her anxious blue eyes that were strained out into the growing dark. "I hope Henry won't get wet. Poor fellow!"

She let the curtain fall, then; drew a chair, over which hung a merino dressing-gown, closer to the fire, which she stirred vigorously, pulled the tea-kettle over to the front lid of the Stuart, waited a minute to stroke the side of a Maltese cat—a huge, handsome fellow whose right to the chintz-covered lounge nobody ever thought of disputing—then she went back to her mending.

"You're a good wife, Mary," said Grandmother Keese, Mrs. Knowles's mother, who had seemed too occupied in taking up the stitches of a heel just bound off to hear what her daughter said or to notice what she did, but whose keen eyes and ears saw and heard everything. "A good wife. There'd be fewer bad men in the world if there were more women like you."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"I know so," grandma answered, holding her half-sock up to the light and trying to find the stitches. "And I didn't use to think you'd ever amount to much as 'helpmeet' to a man. You were such a giddy girl, you know."

"But I love Harry, mother," the blue eyes brightening in the lamplight; "and it seems to me that any girl with good common sense to start with, and who loves the man she marries, will do what she can to help as well as to make him happy. At least—Why, here, mother, let me take up those stitches.

"Well, I reckon you may, child. My sight ain't so good as 't once was. Hark! ain't the wind blowing uncommon hard?"

As if for answer, a stormful gust shook the windows at that moment and beat upon the door till it flew wide open, letting in the snow and putting out the lights.

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed the old lady, and "dear! dear!" echoed the young one, shutting and bolting the door and then re-lighting the lamps.

"Oh, I do wish Harry would come!" Mrs. Knowles added anxiously. Then, after a pause, in the which her blue eyes had been slowly filling with tears, "Do you remember, mother, that it was on just such a night as this the children went away?" she asked.

"Yes, child, I remember it well. How the wind came tearing out 'o the beech woods, with the blinding, beating snow a burying up the fences."

"And, mother"—Mrs. Knowles's voice was very low and full of sorrow—"do you know it seemed the hardest thing of all to me that the little white souls should have to start out to the unknown from the heart of so terrible a night? So lonesome for them, so—Oh, mother, I don't know, I don't know, but it seems to me I could have borne it better in the daytime, with the sun a shining and the blue sky full in sight!"

"God was in the dark and the storm, my girl. Would he let the babies go alone, do you think?"

"No, mother, no. I know that he carried, and carries them; in his bosom; but *mine* is empty—but for the pain; and it aches so hard, so hard, mother."

"I know, I know, dear." Grandmother was smoothing the brown hair rippling over her knee, and her eyes had a far-away look in them, as if their faded lids were touched by the fingers of some mournful memory.

And the old arms went round the young neck, and the old eyes and the young wept together in the silence—the silence broken only by the hiss of the kettle on the stove, the tick of the clock on the mantel, and the feet of the storm beating their wild way everywhere without.

"Toot's so tired, sister, can't we sit down just a tiny minute now?"

They were half way up the high hill beyond which, a quarter of a mile, stood the warm, lit home of Harry Knowles.

Such little delicate waifs they were, boy and girl, apparently six and eight years old, and their pale, pinched features told a pitiful story.

"And Toot's so sleepy," the boy continued. "If you'll lie down with me and hold me up close, as mamma used to, just five minutes, I'll go—oh—ever so far!"

The girl hesitated. She was tired and sleepy, too, and the storm seemed to have taken all her strength. Her feet were like sticks that would scarcely obey her will, and she had nearly fainted twice in the last half-mile's walk.

"Isn't this '*way in the country?*'" the boy went on. "Here are trees and fences, and I 'spects lots of birds, and bushes with red, ripe berries on—only it snows so we can't see 'em. And you know mamma said, 'Don't stop till you get '*way in the country.*' Ain't this the country, Helen?"

"Yes, darling the girl replied, "and we'll stop at the very next house."

"But I can't go till I rest and sleep. Oh, I'm so sleepy!" And the boy sunk down in a little heap by the roadside, pulling his sister after him. She had little wish to resist and less power.

"Sister?" the boy was nestled up to the girl's warm heart, and the snow was spreading over them its soft deathful covers.

"Yes, 'Toot."

"Do you s'pose God'd let anything hurt—anything hurt us—if we'd say our prayers *twice?*"

"I hadn't thought of that," answered the girl. "We might try."

"But I'm so sleepy I can't think how it begins."

"Well, say it after me, Toot. 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'"

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,'—Don't let my head slip, Helen."

"No. 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

"'I pray the Lord my soul to keep,'" slowly repeated the boy, clinging closer to the bosom that was his only home.

"If I should die before I wake."

"If I should die"—Oh, I'm so cold! And, Helen, just feel the icicles in my eyes."

The girl put her numb, fingers on the sleepy, shut lids.

"They're tears, pet," she said, tenderly. "You've been crying and I didn't know it.—Don't cry, Toot."

"But you're crying," persisted the boy.

"Only a little, dear, I was thinking of mamma."

"Do you s'pose her eyes shine, up in heaven, just as they used to when she put her arms around me and said, 'Dear Toot?'"

"I guess so," Helen whispered, trying to choke down the sobs.

"And do you s'pose she sees us down here in the snow?"

"Yes, Toot; 'cause you know she said she should always be seeing and loving us."

"Then—then—I don't believe she's singing with the angels. She never sung when we were cold and hungry."

"Maybe she's asking God to take us out of the dark and the snow. Shall we finish the prayers now?"

"O yes. I'd mos' forgot. Where was we?"

"Let's begin again and go straight through twice, without stopping," said Helen.

The snow had covered them closely ere the prayers were said—the prayers that had been finished with a low "Dear God, don't let anything hurt us, for mamma's sake. Amen!" And a minute later both children were fast asleep upon their cold, wet couches on the hill-side.

The storm increased. The winds grew keener and angrier. Young Harry Knowles, wending his way from the city, where he went to market every day, had vacated his high spring seat, and was crouching on the floor of his wagon, wrapped in blankets and talking cheerily to his iron greys, while they trotted briskly against the storm.

"Never mind, my beauties," he was saying, "only another mile, and the shelter and the food!" Then, after a pause, "these for *them*; but oh, so much more for me! And there's many a poor fellow going home in this awful storm that had about as lief stay out as go in, I think. But *my* home is a home."

And the man half forgot the cold without, his heart grew so warm within him.

His horses shied presently, threw up their heads, snorted, and stood stone still.

"Why, Bess! Why, Beauty! What's up now?" their master said, springing to

his feet and tightening the reins. "Not a thing in sight but the snow. Go 'long! Do you hear?" And he gave Bess a sharp cut across her flank, which made her rear and plunge; but go forward she would not.

Cæsar, Mr. Knowles's big dog, who accompanied his master everywhere, had been standing all this time with his fore feet on the side board, snuffing the air, and looking around, as dogs that are lost do, quickly, eagerly. Suddenly he bounded from the wagon, scenting and barking his way to a little white heap in the roadside.

"Well, this beats me!" Mr. Knowles said, obeying something that bade him follow the brute.

And there they found them—the little waifs half way up the hill, asleep in each other's arms.

The wife went out when the horses stopped in the back yard, close by the porch door—went out wrapped in a water-proof and carrying a lighted lantern.

"Aren't you most frozen, dear?" she asked.

"Not a bit of it," her husband answered, cheerily, jumping from the wagon and kissing the bright face lifted to his own.

"Mary," he added, "I think God has meant to be very kind to you and me. See here."

He lifted the lantern which he had taken from his wife's hand, and held it so that its light fell full upon the two faces looking from the blankets and guarded by Cæsar, who had stretched himself half over the small limbs that might, and might not, have life in them.

"O Harry! are they *dead*?" the little woman cried.

"I hope not. I think not. Let us see."

And so by human hands two little lives were borne into the home out of which, by divine hands two little lives had been taken on just such a night three years before; for the children lived, and live.

"I guess our own mamma heard us praying down there in the snow," Toot said next day, with his arms around his new mamma's neck, while Helen sat on grand-ma's knee.

### About Quarreling.

Though written for the benefit of grown people, we think all boys *who expect to become men* should read and remember this sensible paragraph.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peacefully we get on the better for our neighbors.

In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company, and if he slanders you, take care to live so no one will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go 'way from the stove. The weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent demurely, replied: "I ain't heatin' the weather. I'm warmin' my hands."

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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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1875.

No. 3.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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For the Hospital Review.

### The Concert.

September 30th.

They gathered in the church at eventide,  
To wait the entrance of a youthful form,  
Tall and erect, but slight, upon whose brow  
The genius and high thought have set their seal:  
As his skillful fingers stirred the keys  
Of the great organ, every breath was hushed,  
Each ear attentive, while the pulse beat quick  
With strong emotion, vivid sympathy,  
Responsive to the master soul that laid  
His hand upon the heart-strings, when it touched  
The throbbing instrument.

The organ ceased  
Its gentle rhythmic cadence, like the tide  
Fading in whispers on the sheltered shore,  
When the great deep lies quiet 'neath the moon,  
And the song from the singer's lips, and all was calm.

The song was o'er: the organ breathed again  
As at Batiste's "First Communion," where the soul,

In the soft ecstasy of joy and love  
Of its betrothal hour, finds perfect peace,  
Happy in loving and in being loved;  
The human will at one with the divine.  
What though, in tone subdued, deep solemn peals  
From the eternities the conscience thrill,  
They cannot mar the harmony of heaven,  
Filling the heart to overflow of bliss.

But how portray the wonder-working power  
Of genius, through the nimble hand and foot,  
Bidding the organ speak its varied mood!  
Now the rapt hearer one brief moment stands  
With John in prison, by the Ægæan sea,  
On rocky Patmos; to his startled ear  
The thunders utter forth their voice again:  
Anon the sky has cleared: a far-off choir  
Of angel-voices melts in liquid strain,  
Which scarcely ceases, when a homesick bird  
With fluttering anguish beats its prison bars,  
And breaks its heart-strings in one last sweet  
song.

As, from a neighb'ring hill, we bend to trace  
The willful wand'rings of a summer brook,  
Now smiling in the open light of day,  
Now coyly hiding 'neath o'erhanging boughs,  
Yet peeping forth once more by pebbly shore,  
Or mossy bank, where, gracefully, the fern  
Keeps watch and ward, more welcome for its loss,  
And fairer for its winsome coquetry;  
Lo the familiar air, now lost, now found,  
Held on its charmed way, and many a flower,  
Of tropic shape and hue, that grows beside,  
Made the glad stream itself more beautiful.

Yet foolish the essay to paint in words  
The soul's deep, struggling thought, that stirs  
and throbs

In music, and, most vain, by one who knows  
Not e'en its alphabet—but, blest the hour,  
When to the loaging hands a golden harp,

And skill to untaught fingers shall be given,  
While a new song shall fill the court of heaven,  
Sung only by the sinning and redeemed!

Prise God for genius! This our gift sent down  
To breath within a human, fellow soul!  
Praise too that we its sacred joy may share!  
God keep it bright and pure, as virgin flame,  
Burning upon His altar, rising still,  
And pointing upward to its source divine!

CAROLINE L. SMITH.

### "Piety" and Common Sense.

The minister was fagged out and wanted to go to Europe. If he had remained, he would have preached weak sermons and been flabby the year through; the people were wearied and would have packed off to the country, whether or no; and if they had staid to be homilized they would have gone to sleep on the cushions. Nevertheless, the annual pious plaint against the closing of the church goes up, and the most melancholy pictures are drawn of the alarming condition of the city, now that the "shepherds have deserted their flocks." The views presented are indeed dreadful. The defences against Sin are without their garrisons. Temptation rushes around like a roaring lion, and the "tamer" is out of town. Iniquity stalks through the streets with none to expose his wiles nor proclaim his falseness, the devil has the field to himself, and even the weather is on his side to prepare the way by the insidious enervation of the unsuspecting victims. It is awful! And the logical mind might carry these thoughts still further. The schools are all closed, the lyceum walls are silent, and even the reading-rooms are slimly attended. It must be, therefore, that the community have lapsed into barbaric ignorance! Instructed no more in philosophy and morals, they must, during July, August and the former part of September, be in the blackness of darkness respecting everything which pertains to order, decency and civilization. This is terrible! We should not be surprised any day to find that our bankers had committed burglary upon each other's vaults, nor that our medical men had formed themselves into a gang of brigands! Or suppose our merchants should get up a riot! It is frightful to think of what may happen. We seem to be just hanging by the eyelids on the brink of the pit of per-

dition. Our natural guardians have gone away and left us like babes in the wood, for we don't know enough even to be good. We can't have the small consolation of knowing that the robins will hide our poor little bodies with leaves after we have wrought our own destruction—as there is really every chance of our doing—in some shocking act of heathenish savagery.

Now is it not about time that all this sort of nonsense—for it figures down precisely to this—should cease? The preacher is not the keeper of the public morals—not at least in the Protestant conception of his function. The Roman Catholic idea of the priestly office may make lines of thought in this direction consistent; and, indeed, they act up to their belief by continuing public worship the year round, and retaining always a Father on the ground. But for Protestants, with their views of individual capacity, liberty and responsibility, this kind of talk seems rather a libel on religion than a testimony of piety.

The minister in their view is a teacher—both to instruct and inspire. Nor does he address babes and sucklings, but men and women capable of having ideas and principles of their own. His office is to make special study of the high themes of religion and present the results in such condensed form that his people may readily grasp them. During ten months of teaching has he taught nothing? Even supposing his congregation to have been in darkness last Fall, do they know nothing now? Can they not be trusted alone for six weeks? Does Truth go to the Adirondacks with the minister? Does Piety also take the White Star line, when the pastor starts abroad? We wonder if the people and papers who reiterate this curious cry every year ever thought what a confession they were making. If it is indeed true that on the closing of the church doors, virtue, sobriety and common sense hurry away from the borders of the city, then the Protestant religion is the most surprising sham that ever was imposed on the credulity of man.—[*N. Y. Evening Mail.*]

A student of human nature says: "Every man who mails a package subject to the new postage rates drops it into the hole with the wish that Senator Hamlin had to sit for two hours on a hot shovel."



## Curious Shepherd Dogs.

BY REV. S. J. DOUGLASS.

In South America, near the Rio de la Plata, there are great level plains, like the prairies of the West, covered with grass and pasturing vast herds of cattle, droves of horses, and flocks of sheep. The scattered farmhouses, *estancias*, as they are called there, are rude affairs; and the people who live in them are quite as rude, being generally ignorant and caring only for their cattle and flocks. But they are very ingenious in training dogs to protect their sheep while feeding far from home.

A traveler there, riding over one of the great *pampas*, or plains, would come across a flock numbering several hundred, many miles from any dwelling, and not a shepherd anywhere near, only guarded by one or two dogs. Now, there are many wild dogs roaming about, fierce and hungry, besides other ferocious animals, all ready to fall on the timid sheep and tear and devour them. But one or two well-trained shepherd dogs will take care of their charge day after day, and bring them up at night at a given hour without losing one. Is not that remarkable? And it seems the more so because there are so many wild dogs, their cousins, we may call them, roaming about; and we should think they would leave the sheep after a time and make common cause with their savage relations. But they never do it. They are always faithful to their trust, and attack any intruders, however large and strong, with such pluck and vigor and such terrific barking that they are sure to send them off.

Would you like to know how they are trained for this—how they become such bold and faithful guardians? I will tell you. When a puppy is very young he is taken from his mother and made to live with the sheep. He never sees his own mother after that, and very soon forgets her. When he is hungry a ewe is brought, and he takes his dinner from her with little or no loss of appetite. A snug bed of soft wool is made for him and put in one corner of the sheep-pen. Can he play with the children of the house, and romp with them and have all manner of games in true puppy style of liberty? Not at all. He is not allowed to make their intimate acquaintance, or feel on friendly terms with them. Not a dog on the premises is

allowed to gambol with him either, but is taught to growl at him and regard him as a stranger and intruder.

In fact every means is taken to cut him off from the companionship of man and of his own kind. So the poor little fellow has nothing to do but to make friends with his woolly comrades. And why not! He lives on their milk, he sleeps on a bed pulled from their thick coats. They are with him night and day, and they alone never threaten or harm him.

Indeed, he grows up not suspecting that he has a friend in the world, except the members of the flock he is stationed with. So he never thinks of harming them, they are so kind to him. On the other hand, he plays and frisks about with them, especially when young; and until he is taught better, is apt to tire them out with his roguish sports.

After a time he is large enough to take charge of them on the plains, and then you may be sure there could not be a more watchful or careful keeper. Once a day he goes to the farmhouse for meat, but it is a visit of necessity not pleasure; for as soon as his food is given him he sneaks away, followed by the barking and growlings of all the house-guardians. But once with his charge, he is bold as a lion. Even the other farm dogs dare not come near him then. He is king over his dominion, and he rules over willing and trusting subjects. It is said that if a wild beast prowls around and threatens them, the flock instinctively ranges itself in order behind its protector, and he maintains his ground as if supported by the strength of a host, and he is never known to flinch.

There is something very remarkable in this feeling of increased dignity and power acquired from a position of responsibility. It is often seen in the lower animals, but perhaps, never, except in case of parents watching their young, in a more wonderful degree than in the case described. We know what parental instinct does in filling the breast of bird or beast with courage to protect its offspring. The new relation begets a surprising degree of boldness and energy that can be destroyed only with the destruction of life.

A similar feeling seems to be created in the heart of the shepherd dog of the *pampas* by constant intercourse with his charge, by entire identification with them, and by cutting him off from all ordinary inter-

course either with his master or with his natural companions. He accepts his position, and his life is devoted to a most useful work.

Do Not Stand Idle.

1. If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet;  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boats away.
2. If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high;  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along,  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.
3. If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
May the careless reapers leave.  
Go and glean among the vines  
Growing rank against the wale  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
4. If you cannot be the watchman  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;  
With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron  
Holding up the prophet's hands.
5. Do not then stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do;  
Time moves on with rapid motion  
Life and death are both in view;  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
If you want a field of labor  
You can find it any where.

August 18, 1875.

Customer: "I want a mourning suit."  
Shopman: "What is the bereavement, may I ask?" Customer: "My mother-in-law." Shopman: "Mr Brown, show the gentleman to the light affliction department."

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS. — Somebody has been showing that the expense of a first-class funeral in New York is something over two thousand dollars, monument and all. Of this the cost of flowers is set down at a hundred dollars. Now a hundred dollars spent in flowers may be a piece of extravagance or economy, as as people choose to regard it.

But we venture to say that twenty-five dollars judiciously expended will make, we will not say a better display, but in all respects a more beautiful and appropriate token of esteem and affection. Immense stacks of flowers are bad enough in churches, but at a funeral they are extremely out of taste. What is wanted is some proper token of affection on the one side, and on the other some suggestive symbol of an unfolding and beautiful hereafter. But how stands the case when all taste and simplicity, and especially when all true suggestiveness, are sacrificed to an immense show? Think of those hideous crowns done up with violets and pinks, which it is safe to say no saint would wear, to say nothing of mortals. And think of flowers being packed together like so many sardines; beautiful pinks and lilies enough to occupy half the room, being gathered up in the compass of a square foot. It is as if a milliner, in order to make a big display on opening day, should gather up in some huge bee-hive two or three hundred hats and feathers, all crushed and crowded, in order to suit her fancy. How would the ladies like that as a specimen of taste? But there would be as much more taste in it than there is to much of this musing and crushing up flowers, by as much as a hat is a less delicate and beautiful object. If milliners could be paid for such an abomination as we have spoken of, they would probably be guilty of it. And this is just the trouble with the florists; it is a question of sticking in as many flowers as possible at so much a-piece. And the result is so much ugliness, and a hundred dollars to pay for it.—[*Church and State.*]

One of the speakers at the Boston Centennial Tea-party made a good point when he said that "tea made with salt-water is a rare experiment, but once, at least, it was successful, and produced more wholesome effects than the whole crop of the Celestial Empire from that day to this."

## The Measure of Scorn.

BY H. H.

"Oh Scorn, tell me thy name!  
 What measure fills  
 Thy measure up? The words men speak,  
 Mistaking for a lordly scorn  
 A small contempt, sound puny, tame;  
 The feeble speech but chills,  
 When it should seek  
 To slay, the soul, if it were truly scorn,  
 No paltry vengeance sufficient weak  
 The will of grand completed scorn!"

"Eternal silence brands  
 My name on those  
 I touch. My measure Love doth keep,  
 Love only. Love alone can scorn  
 With utter scorn the thing it chose  
 To love, and whose base hands  
 Compelled its faith to reap  
 The bitter harvest of a lie. This scorn  
 Is bitterer than death, and will not sleep  
 In death itself, but live, Eternal Scorn."

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1875.

### Visit to the Hospital.

"Are we all dead, Floy?" We don't make Paul Dombey's inquiry, but we wonder "are we all sick?" While we walk through the wards it seems as if no one is well. Yesterday was a hard time even to one accustomed to visiting there. We were grateful to hear that Mrs. Kendall had gone to rest. She was glad to go; and all the time that she was so sick in the Hospital, she felt homeless and nearly friendless. A day or two before she died, three ladies were visiting the Hospital—one from Massachusetts; while talking with Mrs. Kendall, it was discovered that her home in her younger days was in the place where this lady resided. She spoke of the pond in which she was baptised, and many other scenes of her early days, so at the last she almost had a glimpse of her earthly home. Now, we trust, she is in

that better home, even a heavenly one. Mrs. Belgrade, the other patient, sick with the same disease, consumption, died among her friends in Canada. She came to the Hospital at nearly the same time that Mrs. Kendall did, and it was a sorrowful sight to see these two fading away; one in her youth, and the other in middle life. They both had the faith and love that enabled them patiently to bear their cruel pain, and were prepared for their change. Another death that we have to record, is that of a poor woman, whom we saw for the first time nearly three years ago. Then she was sick with dropsy, but grew very much better, and for some time was able to creep out, if the sun shone. While shut in by unfavorable weather, she could employ herself with her needle, always patient, always trying to be cheerful. If we found her in bed and said, "I am sorry to see you sick," she would put out her feeble hand, and with a gentle smile, say, "I don't feel very well, but I guess I'll be better soon." Only once did we hear her even wish that she was well. We found her on one occasion so sick, and we so helpless to aid her. All we could say was, "I wish I could make you well this minute." "Oh, I wish you could," she said. We never thought of her as one near death; but after a few days of pain, she too passed into the better land. We found one patient too wretched to reply to us. Her head was bandaged and she was shading her eye, for she had only one, from the light. The day before we saw her, Dr. Rider had taken out one of her eyes. For fourteen years it has caused her much suffering. Another patient, sick in bed with a hopeless disease, lay quietly back among her pillows, patient and uncomplaining. Her large sad eyes told of bitter pain, while her gentle smile and still gentler tones won our heart. We have seen a great many sick people in the Hospital, and have yet to see the first one who, by word or look, has indicated impatience or

ill temper. Do sick people in their own homes show such patience? The rheumatic patient is no better but rather worse; her feet are dreadfully swollen and she can hardly move. The young German woman who had both feet taken off by the car wheels passing over her, was sick in bed; her crutches standing at the head of her bed. Looking across the ward we saw a bright-faced little girl sitting on the lap of a patient. As there were marks of tears on the little one's face, we crossed the room to find out her troubles. Poor little one; she had come to her mother for comfort. And that mother needed much more to be comforted. A widow, with five little children to support, and nothing but her hands. The children are staying with relations, who find them a burden, and this little child had run to her sick mother in the Hospital, to ask her "if she would not go home and take them all." "Oh," said the mother, "it makes me wild to think of it. I can't get rest here and know that my children are so scattered." She is worn out with hard work, and the Doctor sent her to the Hospital for rest; but she is too unhappy to be benefited.

When we were in the Hospital, it seemed as if all the world were sick and dying. So much sickness, so much poverty and homelessness, as one sees, makes life seem worthless to those who suffer from these causes; but life is just as dear to them as to us, and a day's respite from pain, or something to cheer them, makes the world bright again.

There is no name in the books Jane Rose, but we have received fifty cents pinned in a slip of paper with that name attached. The money was left with a lady boarding in the house with the former Treasurer, Mrs. Craig. Will the lady who left it send her name and address to Editor of "*Hospital Review*," 123 Plymouth Avenue, so that she may be credited with having paid?

### Bins.

The point to which we wish to call your attention this cheerless Autumn day, is that the bins are all empty and cleaned, ready to be filled for the Winter. We failed to tell our readers this fact last month; but fortunately you are in time to bring on your potatoes, and onions, and cabbages, and squashes, and turnips, and corned beef—in barrels; beef is not put into bins—and pickles, and apples. This sounds exactly as if people were sure to give us all this. Yes; and they will, and more too, probably. You see, the Matron met us in the street, or to be concise, we must say on the crossing, there at the four corners; and instead of shaking hands and saying something so novel as "it is a lovely day," she shook hands and said, Oh, our bins are all empty and waiting to be filled; I hope you will speak of it. We promised, but she evidently thinks we are a "faithless creature," for yesterday, the very first thing she said was, "Oh, our bins are all empty, and I do hope that you will ask for vegetables." We promised. But will corned beef come under the head of vegetables? We are afraid not; still, if it were not for vegetables, we could not have corned beef. Grass is a vegetable, isn't it? or, is it a grain? Perhaps a cereal? O dear, this is growing very confusing. At any rate, we have seen turnips fed to cows and that settles the question. Corned beef, then, is a vegetable; and we want some at the Hospital, and all those other things. Remember, the bins are empty.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." When we voluntarily assumed the Treasurership, we supposed that, wrapped in the robes of office like a Roman senator in his toga, our pathway would be strewn with roses, instead of toiling a steep and thorny road with bare and bleeding feet. But alas! how futile

are our dreams of earthly grandeur. Not that we really go barefoot. No treasurer in this wide world does that; and it is foolish to pretend that we do. But, to drop metaphor and come down to the plain realities of life, nobody but our own self knows how much "scolding" we receive by mail. Now, we do not embezzle or cheat. Once, we did make a mistake, and the lady came and paid again. When we sat down to give her credit for the money, we saw that she did not owe it, and immediately sent it back—seventy-five cents. What other treasurer in the land can truthfully say the same? When subscribers come to us and we show them the book, they are satisfied of our integrity. The trouble is not with the subscribers, or with the book, or with the treasurer, but, Oh dear, that miserable old fellow with an hour glass. It is he that causes all the vexation. He hurries around so that before we know it our debts are due and the treasurer can't help it, any more than she can help paying the last of all debts. When the postman first began the disagreeable business of bringing these severe letters, our heart rose in our throats, and our fingers trembled; but now we fear we are growing case-hardened. We don't want to be case-hardened, but susceptible to scoldings; still, if we receive another one of these letters we shall grow like Sam. Weller's creditor, "a malicious, bad-disposed, worldly-minded, spiteful, vindictive creature, with a hard heart as there ain't no soft'nin'."

### Hospital Notices.

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. E. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

### The Western New York State Fair.

Never did anyone see anything like it. Such a fine display of everything, from a thousand dollar shawl to a fair potato. The shining sun, the blue lake, the trees still green, the smiling people nearly all refreshing themselves with peanuts, the trotting horses, the gentle-eyed Alderneys, and Devons, and Ayrshires, and the fowls. Oh, what a noise they made, with their crowing and clucking. And the carriages, and machines, and stoves, and domestic cooking, and, best of all, "The Floral Hall."—These all combined to form a magnificent scene which, quoting the words of a brilliant (?) lawyer, "has seldom been witnessed in the lifetime of man, and sometimes never." Wasn't it beautiful? Hot, to be sure, and dreadfully crowded, still, by standing tiptoe and pushing, one could see the whole world; and that lovely lamb, standing so bravely, just beyond the arch. You know lambs are usually sheepish and run away. And then all those flowers. Such unanimity of opinion. We all thought that every flower was the most beautiful. All were fresh. How do they keep them so? We read in the paper a few days ago, that Mr. Frank Vick had gone to Keokuk to take charge of a floral display. Is that possible? Are flowers to be carried from Rochester to Keokuk and keep their freshness, so that they shall honor their owner and charm the Iowians? Perhaps so. This is an age of wonders. We never saw anywhere so fine a display of cooking; and if we had been Judge, every lady should have received a "Ransom Range." Any choice from such perfection must be invidious. How pleasant, after having exhausted all the pleasures of such a place, it is to climb into the first vacant buggy. We did; and the horse was blind in one eye, and every few minutes he would turn his head towards us, and roll that sightless ball at us, as if to say, "that, though blind physic-

ally, mentally, my vision is clear, and that we had better not tamper with the luncheon basket under the seat." Ah well, it was very pleasant to sit there, ready the moment the owner appeared, to apologize and jump down—to see all the rest of the people, tired and dusty, wandering around, waiting for the rest of the party to be willing to go home, and wishing that they owned a buggy, to sit in. But it was dreadful at the street cars. However, a heavenly-minded youth gave us his seat, for which we insist upon proclaiming to all the world that we thanked him, and then he opened the window for us. Western New York State Fairs have an ameliorating influence. We came home in a state of intense delight, pleased with everything.

#### St. Nicholas,

The beloved magazine, came for October and we enjoyed every word in it; all the more, perhaps, because the September number was not received. However, we have not been an Editor all this time and not learned to be patient; so we quietly submitted to fate, thinking it better to buy a number than to write to the editor, "giving her a piece of our mind," which seems to be a great relief to some people whose letters it is our blessed privilege to receive if anything goes wrong with the "Hospital Review." We trust that the "Peterkins" will live as long as the St. Nicholas does, and we hope that will be forever; for they certainly are the most amusing people we ever met. "How it Went," we should say, was the best story in the number, were there not others so excellent; still, it is very delightful. "The Eight Cousins," is finished—but we hope that Miss Alcott will keep them in sight for the delectation of Rose's admirers. "The Young Surveyor," is also finished, but Mr. Trowbridge's readers, who have enjoyed his books, from "Neighbor Jackwood," until now, would not be willing to lose his charming stories; so we all expect

another. And the pictures. Did somebody see little "May" on her busy Saturday, or "She Puts it in its Little Bed?" Of all the children's magazines we have ever read, this is surely the very best.

#### Vick's Floral Guide.

We received this lovely book in time to notice in our last number, but it was mislaid and was not found until too late for September. But it is just as well, for if we had noticed it then we could not now. We don't know that it was any better than the former numbers, for the simple reason that it could not be; and we often wonder how there can be so much variety in those "Guides," for, of course, flowers don't change their natures; but that is Mr. Vick's business; not ours. It is enough for us that he sends out four times a year such delightful reading matter and such charming illustrations, and we are very much obliged.

We are in receipt of the "Sanataria," a very sensible book, or rather magazine, concerning the laws of health, drainage, sewerage, ventilation and kindred topics. The first article, "On excessive death rates among Children under five years of age, and on measures of prevention," by Stephen Smith, M. D., of New York, might be read with grave attention by people in this city. It is heart-breaking to read the deaths of little children, as we find them in our daily papers. The articles are all of interest and importance, and we commend the book to our readers.

#### 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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Mrs Barry, 63 cents; Mrs. Elwanger, 63 cents; Mrs. Sprout, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Southworth, 63 cents; Mrs. McGraw, 62 cents.—By Miss Watson,..... \$3 13

Children's Department.

The Story of Three Lives.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

Jack, Amy, and Hal were cousins. Jack's home was in Pennsylvania, Hal's in Kansas, while Amy was a Boston girl who had never been twenty miles from home in all her little life. But though their homes were so far apart the cousins were very well acquainted, for every summer they met upon the sea-shore, and the few pleasant weeks they spent together there were the very happiest weeks of the whole year.

So they thought, and surely they ought to know best. It happened, however, that

once upon a time for three days in succession the rain fell remorselessly. Oh, those dreary, dreary days, when they could have done so many things—had their mothers only thought so!

"Can't we go bathing, mother?" asked Jack. "We should get all wet any way, so what's the difference?"

But there was a difference. Mamma said, "No."

"I'd just as lief row in the rain as not, if Mr. Blake will go with me," remarked Amy.

"Fish bite *harder* when it rains," suggested Hal.

But the mothers were not to be persuaded.

"I'd rather be back in Kansas catching grasshoppers," said Hal, pettishly.

"And I'd rather be in Chester on my pony; I'd ride out to the toll-gate. There's the funniest kind of an old man there, and a little girl with the queerest hair—three colors in it. He's her grandfather."

"Three colors!" exclaimed Amy. "What colors were they?"

"Oh, darkish yellows or lightish browns," replied Jack, doubtfully; "I can't tell exactly."

"Tell us about her, Jack."

"There isn't much to *tell*. She's only a *girl*."

"There's as much to tell about girls as there is about boys," answered Amy, tartly. "I could tell ever so many things if I chose."

"Why don't you tell them, then?" asked Jack, sarcastically.

"Cause I don't want to."

"I could tell things enough," remarked Hal, proudly. "About grasshoppers—and—*everything*."

"Tell us about them, *please*," begged Amy.

"No."

"I never saw such disobliging boys in all my life."

That was a long word for Amy, but Jack came out with a still longer one.

"You're disobliging-er," said he, crossly. You said you could tell lots of things, but you wouldn't."

Just then Aunt Lizzie's pleasant face appeared in the doorway. "Having a good time, children?" she inquired.

"No!" shouted the angry little voices.

"Why not?"

"Jack's cross."

"Hal's so mean."

"Amy won't tell a thing."

"Won't tell a thing about what?"

"Oh, 'bout *everything*."

"But I don't understand," said Aunt Lizzie.

The children explained as well as they could, and at length succeeded in enlightening their puzzled auntie.

She was silent for a moment, looking compassionately down upon the scowling little faces.

"I'll tell you what to do," said she, at length. "You can all write?"

"I can," answered Amy, quickly.

"So can I," said Jack; "but Hal can't make F's very well."

"I can too," growled Hal.

"You can't either. That letter you wrote me was *awful funny*. The F's looked just like B's."

"I sha'n't write you any more letters—*never*," cried Hal, with flashing eyes.

"Stop, stop, boys!" said Aunt Lizzie, placing her white hand tightly over Jack's opening mouth. "I want you all to do something for me. Will you?"

"I will," said Jack, recovering his good humor for a moment.

"So will I," said Amy.

Hal was silent.

"I will bring you each a sheet of paper and a lead-pencil," continued the lady. "You shall have this room all to yourselves, and I want you to write me a story of your lives. Tell me everything that you can think of that ever happened to you."

"Nothing ever happened to me," said Jack, dolefully.

"Why, Jack Otis!" cried Amy, reproachfully. "You just told us some *very* strange things. About that girl with the funny hair, and—"

"*She never happened* to me, did she?" asked Jack, crossly.

"But you happened to ride by her house. That would do to put in, wouldn't it, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Yes, indeed. Tell me where you've been, and what you've seen. I've never seen your new house, you know. Tell me about that."

"It's only a house—with a front door—something like old Mr. Peterson's," began Jack.

"Don't say another word," laughed Aunt Lizzie. "Write it down;" and she ran away for paper and pencils.

"Now," said she, as she reappeared, promise me that you will not speak to each other until you have finished."

They promised. Soon three little heads bent thoughtfully over their task. It was no easy one, especially to poor Hal, who hated to write even when he knew just what to say.

"I can't do it," he exclaimed, at length. "There! I didn't mean to speak. I'm talking to myself, anyway. Nobody needn't hear if they don't want to."

"If I'd seen as many grasshoppers as *you* have, Hal Gregory, I'm *sure* I should have something to write," said Amy, decidedly.

"Who spoke *then*, I should like to know?" inquired Jack, severely.

"You did," shouted Hal and Amy in the same breath, at which Master Jack colored a little, but couldn't help joining in the laugh.

"We must tell Aunt Lizzie we have broken our promise," said Amy. "Let's begin again now. Sh—sh—sh!"

Again the scratching of pencils was heard. Even Hal seemed to have thought of something to say.

Amy was the first to finish. Folding her paper very carefully she left the room on tiptoe, in search of Aunt Lizzie.

Jack, who couldn't bare to be outdone by a girl, brought his story to a sudden close and followed her. Little Hal plodded on, taking extra pains with the troublesome "Fs," and when fifteen minutes afterward, he walked slowly into the sitting-room, he found not only Aunt Lizzie and the children, but the three mothers and his grandmother there.

"What an age you've been!" exclaimed Amy. "We're all waiting for you. Aunt Lizzie wouldn't let us read ours until you came. Come and stand over here by us."

Hal went.

"Now," said Aunt Lizzie, "as Amy happens to be the only girl, I think she had better read first."

And the little maiden, nothing daunted, unfolded her paper with a flourish, and commenced:

"I am seven years old. I go to school, and know a great many things. The measles took place when I was four years old. I didn't have the mumps. Alice did,

Her face was dreadful. She's got over them now. It was last year. Jimmie Ricker found me once. I was lost right back of our house. I shouldn't have been lost if I'd known I was there, but I came from Jimmie's other door, and I couldn't tell. I was a little girl. Jimmie ran out and found me. When he showed me our house I knew the way well enough. I—"

Here Amy stopped and looked reproachfully at Jack, whose mouth was "puckered up" in the most suspicious manner.

"I won't read another word until Jack behaves," said she, stoutly.

"I am behaving," replied Jack, drawing down his face to an expression of becoming solemnity.

Amy went on: "I bought me a dress once—from a pattern. I went all alone—to Chandler's. Jimmie Riker's mother went to the door. My mother was sick. Mrs. Riker sat down on a stool, because I didn't want her to help me. The man said I was a young *shopist*. I had four teeth pulled out. My father did it. I earned four cents with them. New teeth came. Once I cut my hair off. I couldn't have it curled any more. There wasn't enough. That's all."

"That's very nice indeed, I'm sure," said grandma approvingly, while Jack and Hal clapped vigorously in token of their appreciation.

"Now, Jack," said Aunt Lizzie, when quiet was restored,

"Let Hal read his next."

"No, no!" cried Hal. "I'm the little-est."

Jack was altogether too much of a man to insist, so he unfolded his paper valiantly though his face crimsoned, and his hand trembled a little.

"I'm a boy named Jack Otis. I'm from Pennsylvania. We have *some* grasshoppers too. I was sick with the fever once. The people talk different where I live. Grandpa Otis says: 'How does thee do, Jack?' He's a Friend. Friends all talk so. My Aunt Jane was married once—she and uncle Ben. I went to the meeting house. Ever so many people talked. Aunt Jane and Uncle Ben, they just got up and took hold of hands. He said he wanted her for his wife, and she said she wanted him for her husband; and Mary Kearney took off her bonnet, and preached at everybody. Mr. Josiah Sampson read a good deal about them from a long sheet

of paper. The girl at the toll house has three different colored hairs, and bare feet. I saw a prairie dog at Mr. Smith's store, in a cage. It didn't look like a dog. A lady came to our house once. She laughed because Mr. Smith sells mince meat. He keeps it in a stone pot, with a tin dipper. Amy's done, so goodbye. I go to school, and learn very fast. Oh! our house is just like Mr. Peterson's, almost.

Jack sat down amid a shower of applause. It was now Hal's turn. Poor little fellow, how he dreaded it!

"I was in Kansas most all the time. Grasshoppers can eat corn. Sammy Lawson had the chills, but not me. I didn't have the chills. Grasshoppers can eat peas and strawberries. We scraped them into a hole, and put kerosene into them. Sammy Lawson's medicine is bitter. He gave me some. Dr. Ramsey gives the best. It's sugar pills—little teentys. I got my dipper full all the time—of grasshoppers. Grasshoppers can eat wheat and potatoes. I had some of the baby's pills. I didn't have any sickness. The baby's teeth don't come yet. She cries with 'em. I came here in the steam cars. I came before. Grasshoppers can eat hoe-handles and shirts. They jump all the time. Mr. Kretzman is very poor with the grasshoppers. Miss Lawson is my teacher. She likes me. Good bye."

Hal looked at Aunt Lizzie as he finished, and somehow, he didn't quite know how, in half a minute he found himself in her arms.

"You've done very well, all of you," said she pleasantly. "And now—why, what is that on the floor, just under grandma's rocker?"

"It's a line of sunshine! It's a line of sunshine!" cried Hal, gleefully. "Now we can do some better things, can't we?"

Aunt Lizzie nodded, and the happy children were off.

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### Hospital Notices.

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.

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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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S. B. ROBY. mar. '73. H. W. CARY

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 JNO. H. ROCHESTER, ..... Sec'y & Treas.  
 F. A. WHITTLESEY, ..... Attorney,  
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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.

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 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

**LANE & PAINE.**

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Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

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Jan '67

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nov '67 ly 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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1875.

No. 4.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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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.

### " Miserere Domine."

BY THE REV. E. S. W. PENTREATH.

*Miserere Domine.*

Stealing faintly through my brain,  
Comes the old and sad refrain,  
Chanted low by souls in pain,  
Since that day on Calvary.

Jesu, Lord, I cry to Thee!  
I, too, have a prize to win,  
I, too, am beset by sin,  
Foes without, and foes within,

*Miserere Domine.*

*Miserere Domine.*

Weeping sore Thy friends draw nigh,  
Racked with grief to see Thee die  
Cross-crowned Mount! So, too, will I,  
Gaze with faith, my God, on Thee.

*Miserere Domine.*

Thou for me did'st suffer blame,  
I on Thee brought cruel shame,  
Pains of death upon Thee came,  
Dead and bitter agony.

*Miserere Domine.*

Round Thy Cross my arms I fling,  
Faint and spent to Thee I cling,  
Strength and peace thy voice doth bring,  
"Tired child, have faith in Me."

*Miserere Domine.*

Lord, I murmur through my tears,  
Fled are all my griefs and fears,  
Brooding darkness disappears,  
Light shines in from Calvary.

### How to Quarrel.

BY REV. A. PARKE BURGESS, NEWARK, N. Y.

Many people cross each other's track.  
This is a quarrelsome world. There are so many wills and so many ways, and they are so diversified; besides, the average human being is not over and above forbearing, or flexible, or forgiving. And, moreover, that unsaintly thing, which we call temper, in human nature, lies so near the surface, and is roused to action on such slight occasion, it can scarcely be expected that always discretion will retain her scepter, and keep down the rising storm. It were better if she could. But as offences will, in all probability, come, I propose to suggest a few rules for the management of a quarrel:

The first is this: *Never raise the pitch of the voice.* It is raising the voice that brings passion to a white heat. Keep the pitch low and soft, and an explosion can

scarcely occur. Most of the scolding is done, we have noticed, on the squealing pitch. A large part of the quarreling that is in the world, is, in fact, aggravated by simply raising the tone. Therefore, to render an altercation harmless and pleasant, speak low and soft.

The second rule is this: *Never have the last word.* He who in dispute speaks last, is defeated, humiliated. True, this last word is just what every person in dispute desires to have, and regards necessary to the success of his side of the fuss; but it is a mistake.

If you wish to feel a sort of delicious triumph, and see your opponent writhe in agony—and this is just what persons in a quarrel do desire to see—it is really a saintly desire, "over the left"—the way to accomplish this felicitous end is to let your antagonist go on spitting out rage, while you are as silent as a statue, and as meek as Moses. Doing this, the victory is yours. It is a fact, as often said, that it is hard to kick against nothing. This a person will find out by trying to dispute with a silent opponent. He will keep up the blaze for a time, with an increased snap and frenzy, but it will not last. The fuel being gone, the fire cannot continue. And when the person stops thus for the lack of provocation, he is whipped; he is humiliated; he is used up; and the next time he will try, if possible, to win the battle by using the same tactics. If all who fall to disputing would be as eager to quit first as they generally are to get the last word, there would be less wrangling, and the pleasure of strife would not be half as great as it usually is.

In dry and combustible times the Western people are often compelled to fight fire; and they do it wisely; they scrape back all inflammable materials, and plow a section of earth, and perhaps, if water is at hand, dampen a space between them and the approaching flames. Thus a boundary is set for the fiend, that he cannot pass. Fire will not run far over a wet, cool, surface. And a dispute cannot flame up much, nor burn freely, if one of the parties throw a liberal amount of cold water upon it and dampen down the surface of feeling, all around, with plenty of prudence, good humor, and wise reserve. Prevention is here, as elsewhere, better than cure. It is easier to destroy a match, than it is afterward, when the match has been ignited, to extin-

guish the burning building that it has set on fire. A provoking word may have within it all the inflammable power of the little lucifer, that seemed so harmless before friction drew forth its destructive flash. After that word, follows anger, as blood follows the lance. A spark goes forth, and a city is laid in ashes. A word is spoken, and values greater than that of a city, are rudely destroyed; friendships are laid waste; the peace of the family, the neighborhood, the church, the nation, is destroyed. Fair and beautiful things, that cannot, like a wasted city, be restored, are laid in ruins.

A spark—and Chicago is in ashes; a spark—and Boston smokes and flames from the "Old South" to the wharf; a spark—and the noble Portage Bridge is a charred heap of chaos! It would have been easy to fight that one spark, but it was quite another thing to combat square miles of solid, seething flame. It may be easy to keep back an angry word; but it will be a graver task to control a Niagara of tumultuous passion.

A quarrel is too expensive a luxury, at best. One hope of the nations is that war will become so costly and so destructive to both sides that no nation will dare, or can afford, to engage in deadly combat. So, strife is a costly and losing luxury for both sides; and *what* a luxury at that; the luxury of malice—of revenge—of pleasure at the expense of another's pain. Rightly enough does Providence send retributions back into the guilty bosom of him who indulges in such a selfish pleasure! Wisely has God ordained that he who quarrels with a fellow mortal shall have a darker quarrel with himself!

The wildest ills that darken life,  
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;  
The tempest in its wildest form,  
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;  
The ocean, lash'd to fury loud,  
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,  
Is peaceful, sweet serenity,  
To anger's dark and stormy sea

An Irish housemaid, boasting of her industrial habits, said, quite innocently, that she rose at four in the morning, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds "before a single soul was up in the house."

### The Woods of the Sierra.

Nothing can be more charming than the woods of the Sierra summit in June, July, and August, especially in the level glades margining the open summit valleys, at an elevation of 6,000 to 7,000 feet. The pines and firs, prevailing over spruces and cedars, attain a height ranging from 100 to 200 feet, and even more. Their trunks are perfectly straight, limbless for fifty to a hundred feet, painted above the snow-mark with yellow mosses, and ranged in open, park-like groups, affording far vistas. The soil may be thin, but it is soft and springy to the tread, covered with needles of the pine, greened with tender grasses and vines, and thickly sprinkled with blossoms. Huge boulders of granite relieve the vernal coloring with their picturesque masses of gray, starred with lichens. These rocks are often nearly hid in vines, or in dwarf oaks and manzanitas, which, under the pressure of deep snow, assume a vine-like growth, winding all about a boulder with their clinging and sinuous small branches. Thickets of wild-rose and other flowering shrubs occur at intervals, giving an almost artistic variety to the woodland scene. The crimson snow-plant lifts its slender shaft of curious beauty. Large patches of helianthus, some species with very broad leaves, spread their sun-flowers to the air. Sparkling springs, fresh from snowy fountains, silver-streak these forest meadows, where birds come to bathe and drink, and tracks of the returning deer are printed. Once more the quail is heard piping to its mates, the heavy whirling flight of the grouse startles the meditative rambler, and the pines give forth again their surf-like roar to the passing breeze, waving their plumed tops in slow and graceful curves across a sky wonderfully clear and blue.—[*Overland Monthly*.

### The King and the Maiden.

The king was visiting the village school, and when the examination was over he spoke to a bright little girl named Christinchen:

"Little maiden, you said your poem so well that I am sure you go to a very good school, and have an excellent teacher; so I must examine you a little: To which kingdom does this orange belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," said the little maid, without a moment's delay, while Herr Schunke could scarcely keep on his feet from anxiety and excitement, "And this?" taking a bright gold piece from his purse.

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Right—right, my little maid. And now tell me this: To which kingdom do I belong?"

He? to which kingdom did he belong? Little Christinchen looked at him with wide-open, solemn eyes, up and down. She had had object-lessons on the camel and the elephant, the crow and the magpie; and had even been allowed to hold the stuffed forms of the last two for a moment in her little hands; but a king! She had never had such a subject for an object lesson; but she remembered that she always said his name every day in her prayers. So she raised her blue eyes confidently to his, and said, modestly, but very clearly:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

And the king caught the little maiden up in his arms and kissed her, remembering who had said to what kingdom she and such as she belonged, and wishing he might grow each day more like to them, and so have the promised right to belong there too. As he set her gently down, and dropped the gold piece and the orange in her apron, all the mothers that stood around with clasped hands sobbed, under their breath, "God bless him!" and even the bugomaster blew his nose.—*St. Nicholas*.

### Not a Revivalist.

Mr. Moody does not like to be called a "revivalist." He says that neither he nor any other man has a right to be called such. In a bible reading on the Holy Spirit he said: "How I hate that word revivalist! The world never has had or needed but one revivalist, and that is the Holy Spirit. You sometimes hear a man say that he is going to hold a revival meeting in such a place. What business has he to say that? How does he know it will be a revival meeting? He may go and preach the gospel, and then, if the Holy Spirit blesses the word, and touches the people's hearts, there will be a revival meeting sure enough; but it will be the Holy Spirit's, not the preacher's. And now, I hope none of you young converts

will ever call yourselves, or let yourselves be called, this or that man's converts. Give *Him* all the praise."—[*Chicago Alliance.*]

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1875

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### Donation Festival.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, extend to all citizens and others interested in the institution, a cordial invitation to their Annual Festival, to be held in Corinthian Hall, on Thursday, during the day and evening, December 9th, 1875.

Our wants do not vary from year to year, but for the information of those who may be newcomers 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 everything which can comfort and refresh the invalid in our own homes, will be acceptable for the sick in the Hospital.

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

MRS. M. STRONG,	MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,	MRS. W. W. CARR,
MRS. N. T. ROCHESTER,	MRS. G. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. E. T. SMITH,	MRS. E. M. SMITH,
MRS. W. B. WILLIAMS,	MRS. G. F. DANFORTH,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,	MRS. H. H. MORSE,
MRS. G. GILDERSLEEVE,	MRS. H. L. FISH,
MRS. D. B. BEACH,	MRS. A. D. SMITH.

### The Evening Entertainment.

It is impossible, at this early date to say with any degree of certainty, what will be the character of the entertainment the evening of Donation Day, but it is well understood by everybody that it will be of a charming and delightful kind. More than a full house is expected, and it is hoped that stools and standing room will be taken.

### Donation Day.

This time honored institution, which is, like Thanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of July, will have its anniversary the ninth of December. All people, in and out of Rochester, from Maine to California, will know of the festive occasion, and all are most cordially invited to come to both donation and dinner; the latter will be superb and the former generous.

These days have from yearly observance during times past, become so familiar, that it would be but vain repetition to describe them. We are all familiar with the fine large well-lighted Hall, the crowds of well-dressed, smiling pleasant people, the elegant ladies who manage, the lovely young ladies who take care of the tables, and of the tables so tastefully, in more senses than one, that attract the visitors. We congratulate all housekeepers on the dawn of this delightful day, because, for this day the vexed question of "what shall we have for dinner?" is settled. Have nothing. "Take the goods the gods provide you," and buy your dinner at Corinthian Hall.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Sebree will so arrange the arrows and barometers and anemometer, and whatever other confusing furniture he has in his office, with an eye to fine weather, on that day. If he will only insure us clear skies, he will be earnestly thanked, and the present forbidding weather will be forgotten. In the Hall, whatever the outside world may be, the sun will shine, and the abundance of flowers and fruits will persuade us that we are in the heart of the tropics. People who have never been to this donation, have lost a delight out of their lives, and are earnestly begged, for their own sakes, to retrieve their error; those who have been, will surely go again; so that the Hall will be filled, much will be given, the Managers encouraged, and the poor sick will be taken care of during the coming cold winter.



### Fancy Tables.

The Lady Managers hope that these tables will be well supplied with all the elegant and useful articles which find so ready a sale. All who have taste and skill for such work, will find that they are not only employing their time usefully but are doing good by sending an abundant supply. All articles for these tables find generous buyers, and thus indirectly do good to the Hospital patients.

### A Wagon-Load!

And we don't even know his name! If we only did, he would find that, having "done good by stealth, he should blush to find it fame," for we would print his name in the capitalest of capital letters, and send him a marked copy, too. *He* took his wagon, and went around among *his* neighbors and begged for turnips, potatoes, apples, onions—never mind if you *have* read this list of vegetables before; they are here, and must be read again—squashes, pumpkins and cabbages. *He* not only begged them, but *he* got them and brought them to the Hospital, with some money that was given *him*. Italicising the pronoun is the nearest approach to designating the man. If only once a week some other kind Christian would "go and do likewise," another begging article would never appear in this "Review"—nothing but columns of thanks and expressions of heartfelt gratitude. Won't some others get a wagon and beg a load for the Hospital? You know, "here a little and there a little," &c.

### Hospital Notices.

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.

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.

### The Visit of Three.

Neuralgia having once gained its object, is a lesson to people who have little strength of will or firmness of purpose. Having fastened its sharp claws in the neck of the person whose duty and pleasure it is to visit the Hospital and report the visit for this paper, it held with such firmness of grip that the person's plans were brought to naught; so, knowing from experience that her firmness of purpose and strength of will did not equal that of her enemy, she yielded, and remained at home. However, there were three people who went—two from choice, and one who *had* to go. We are always rejoiced when this one is compelled to buckle on the armour of duty—that is, rubbers and blanket shawl—and go forth into the world.

There are too many self-seekers and pleasure-seekers among us; too many who hesitate to look upon suffering because it hurts them; too many, to whom a book, warm fires and pleasant companionship, are dearer than humanity,—so, when we saw the familiar blanket shawl disappear in the distance, *we* took a book by the fire and chuckled to think that neuralgia was cheated, and our Sybarite sent out to encounter the chilling blasts and cheerless skies. Ahem! We dimly suspect if she reads this paper she will never go again. We are so accustomed to hearing glowing accounts of the cleanliness and good order at the Hospital, that we were not at all surprised at the enthusiasm of our friends, but were a little annoyed with one criticism. One said, with a sigh of admiration, "Oh, it was awful clean." They saw the blue room, so elegant; all the rooms in the mansard, furnished by the different churches; the office, with its bright fire; the parlor, the wards, the morgue, and, for aught we know, the kitchen and laundry. Were their explorations and re-searches ended, we have not yet learned. In their admiration of the Hospital, they evidently

orgot its inmates, only three of them having made the least impression—two were babies and the other the patient who had so dreadful a fall. To-day the surgeons are to remove the pieces of dead bone in the broken leg, and then it is expected that he will soon be well.

When the account of the "visit" was finished, we ventured to ask after the sick, and the consternation that appeared on their faces was delightful to behold. At last the one who *had* to go, said, "There wasn't any one very sick; besides, they are all getting better," which reminded us of one of three rules we once read, in order to succeed in life: "If you want a thing properly done, do it yourself."

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

LADIES:—Recent discussions in the State Board of Charities and elsewhere, have made prominent two ideas which may seem to be opposed in forming and working proper plans for the relief of the indigent. While the duty devolves on all as good citizens, to discourage and prevent pauperism, the paramount obligation is binding on all who, as Christians, would walk in the footsteps of their blessed Master, to remember the poor, "who shall never cease out of the land."

It is the peculiar merit of this Society that it makes those who work through it, to practically reconcile these apparently conflicting claims, inasmuch as the relief dispensed by it is intended chiefly for the *sick* poor who cannot help themselves, while impostors and professional paupers are excluded from its benefits by the thorough organization and administration, under its efficient corps of ninety visitors, whose duty it is to report monthly all cases to the Board of Managers, for its decision.

It is with gratitude to a kind Providence

that we meet to-day to review what has been accomplished during a year more than usually full of ministrations to the sick and suffering.

Only two of our Board have been removed by death. One of our Trustees, Gen. John Williams, and Mrs. E. D. Smith, an honorary Directress, both long identified with the Society. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The Monthly Meetings have been uniformly well attended, and the Board of Managers, by interchange of views and the experience of Visitors, have endeavored, without partiality, to devise the best means of helping those in real need, and have aimed to avoid fostering a habit of dependence, often resulting from help given during sickness.

Visitors, in faithfully responding to the numerous calls upon them, have sought to exercise discrimination, that no aid be given the undeserving, and they have found that in many cases worthy of assistance, relief consists largely in proper food and nursing, which, though the best medicinal agents are often beyond the reach of the feeble and sick, who have succumbed to the hardships and fatigue of their life.

In many instances these suffering ones are patient women, deserted wives, or those appealing perhaps more strongly to our sympathy, widows with children dependent upon them, who have become exhausted by their almost superhuman efforts, by sewing or other means, to earn a bare pittance to support their families. We have a small bequest for those claimants upon our bounty, called the "Paucost Fund," but it is inadequate to our needs. Will not some friend of the poor, blessed with wealth, and with a heart to feel for those who are well nigh crushed with the burdens of life, make an endowment to this Society for the benefit of these afflicted ones?

During the year, about 250 persons and families have been assisted. More than the usual number of beneficiaries, helped for many years, have died, with repeated expressions of gratitude for the few comforts provided for them.

Depending as we do almost entirely, upon voluntary contributions for necessary funds, we often find our treasury exhausted, and are obliged to make special appeals to the public for help. The coming winter portends more than usual privation for the poor. While thankful for generous gifts in the past, we would embrace this opportunity to ask for further benefactions, that we may continue this work of Christian charity which has been so long a blessing to those who are unable and reluctant to plead for themselves.

We would tender our thanks to all individuals and churches who have in any way aided us, to the Ladies of the Second Ward Aid Society for garments made, and to the Daily Press of the city for their courtesy and liberality, and to Mr. E. R. Andrews for printing.

Respectfully submitted.

H. M. CRAIG, Sec.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 4, 1875, Mr. Thomas, aged 50 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 10, 1875, Mr. Heaky, aged 19 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 11, 1875, Henry Milsome, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 13, 1875, James Dyer, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 18, 1875, Eliza Hennessy, aged 27 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 19, 1875, Mr. Sneider, aged 35 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 21, 1875, Mrs. Whitbeck, aged 57 years.

### Donations.

Mr. George Cooper—All kinds of Vegetables.

Mr. Parsons—Tomatoes, Reading Matter.

Mrs. Osgood—Fruit.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Fruit.

Dr. Dean—Fruit.

Mr. Whitbeck—Load of Wood.

Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Clothing.

### Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, November 1st, 1875.

By rec'd, Cash in hand, Nov. 1st, 1874,	\$ 900 02
Individual Donations, . . . . .	1,216 00
Donation from City Treasury, . . . . .	75 00
"    "    3d Ward Aid Society, . . . . .	19 00
"    "    Cathedral Aid Society, . . . . .	6 00
Interest on Investments, . . . . .	345 80
Interest on bequest of E. Pancost, . . . . .	121 80
Members' p Fees, . . . . .	614 36
Church Donations:	
1st Presbyterian, . . . . .	114 52
1st Baptist, . . . . .	40 83
Central, . . . . .	82 51
St. Peter's, . . . . .	47 22
St. Paul's, . . . . .	31 20
St. Luke's, . . . . .	61 09
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>\$3,575 35</b>
To paid Directresses' Orders, . . . . .	2,810 81
Bill for Dry Goods, . . . . .	126 13
Bill for Collectors' Books, Blank	
Book, Stencil plate, & Stationery, . . . . .	4 25
Refunded Donation, missent, . . . . .	10 00
Expenses of Annual Appeal, . . . . .	10 50
Cartage, . . . . .	85
	\$2,962 54
Balance in hand, Nov. 1st, 1875, . . . . .	612 81
	\$3,575 35
	R. B. LONG, Treas.

### 12th Annual Report of the Hospital Committee to Female Charitable Society—1874-5.

The picture presents itself so vividly to our memory, as we look back to the commencement of our Hospital, that we scarcely realize that so many years, with their record of work done and work left undone, have passed since its doors were thrown open for the relief of sickness and suffering.

The total number of 4,139, have been recipients of its benefits.

From Nov. 1, 1874, to Nov. 1st, 1875, have been admitted, . . . . .	320
No. in Hospital, Nov. 1st, 1875, . . . . .	58
<b>Total for the year, . . . . .</b>	<b>378</b>
Of these there were discharged	
as well, . . . . .	165
Improved, . . . . .	66
Unimproved, . . . . .	50
Died, . . . . .	35
Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1875, . . . . .	62
	378

Of the number admitted, there were from the United States, . . .	230
England, . . . . .	33
Ireland, . . . . .	25
Scotland, . . . . .	2
Other countries, . . . . .	8
	378

The low state of the finances rendered it advisable to dispense with the office of Superintendent, and the 1st of Jan'y, 1875, the Trustees transferred the oversight and control to the Ladies.

Upon them have devolved increased duties—the purchases now made by them, requiring much time and thought—while upon Miss Hibbard rests a greater responsibility, which was shared by the Superintendent.

The Ladies began the year with the money raised at the Donation Festival, in December; and when exhausted, their efforts did not cease, but, at the suggestion of Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, who, with her characteristic energy, assisted by the other ladies of the Committee, held their Lady Washington Tea Party—and, through the exertion of Mr. F. B. Mitchell and others, two concerts were given, to aid in raising funds to carry on the Hospital, free from debt. These entertainments received the highest praise, and to all engaged in them, the thanks of the Ladies were due.

But, as Hospitals cannot be supported without much money, on Thursday, the 9th of December next, the Annual Donation Festival will be held in Corinthian Hall, to which we cordially invite all to aid us, by their presence, their donations and their work.

Articles are particularly desired for the Fancy and Refreshment Tables, as also delicacies for the sick.

These Festivals are attended with much work, and while we strive to render them very pleasant to all who attend, we would invite others to share in this work and its pleasures.

The "Hospital Review," the faithful reminder of duty at the Hospital, we cannot give up. We welcome its monthly appearance. The energy and efforts of its Editress, speak to the hearts of many with great effect.

We tender our thanks to those never-failing friends, the Trustees, who sustain the Ladies—to the Physicians, who give their services—to the Editors of the various papers, who, by the free use of their columns, make known our work and wants—and to those who supply our Sunday services.

We can not more efficiently do the work of Christ, than by following His example, and going about, doing good.

"While the day lingers, do thy best;  
Full soon the night will bring its rest;  
And, duty done, that rest shall be  
Full of beatitudes to thee."

C. E. MATHEWS,  
Cor. Secretary.

Subscriptions to Review.

Miss Abbie M. Willard, Auburn, \$2,00; Mrs. Charles Wicks, 65 cents; Anonymous, 50 cents; Miss Bryan, Philadelphia, \$1,00; Miss S. Moody, New Jersey \$1,00; Mrs. J. B. Adams, 62 cts.; Miss Moses, 65 cents; Mrs. Jane Ward, \$1,00; Mrs. S. L. Jones, 50 cents; Mrs. S. Prentise, Norwich, \$1,25; Mrs. Bond, 10 cents; Mrs. Newton, 63 cents; Mrs. Frost, \$1,24; Mrs. Fabrig, \$1,25; Mr. Mundy, \$1,50; Mr. Root, \$1,00; Mr. Sackett, Avon, \$1,24; Mrs. Danforth, 75 cents; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, \$1,25; Miss F. Hooker, 1,25; Mrs. Collins, \$1,25; Miss Gibson, North Aurora, 62 cents; Miss M. Simmons, LeRoy, 62 cents; Miss Kittie VanEverie, 62 cents; Mr. Wm. Hubbell, \$1,25; Mr. Fox, \$5,00; Mr Thomas, \$5,00; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, \$5,00; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, \$1,25; Miss Eastman, \$1,25; Mrs. Thomas Knowles, 63 cents; Mr. W. Simons, 62 cents—By Miss F. Munger, Treasurer, . . \$37 49

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 ELA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "

## Children's Department.

### How Belle and Letty Spent a Night.

BY C. A. G.

"So I really find the care of two little girls easier than that of one," said grandma to Mr. Fisher, a few days after Letty's arrival at Lakeside.

"Is it so, indeed, ma'am? Children are certainly peculiar," said that kind and perplexed gentleman.

"I think that grown-up children are the *peculiarrest*," said Belle, who overheard the remarks. "Just fancy being surprised that two are nicer than one!"

"Mr. Fisher isn't very experienced. I presume he does not understand some things *we* know quite well," said Letty, with dignity.

"Yes," said Belle, admiring her friend's elegant language. "But Mrs. Pigeon says we may go up the mountain with Artemas in the spring cart if grandma is willing, and she is."

So Belle and Letty drove merrily away beside Artemas, each holding to a flap of his coat. The road was all up hill; as they wound around the mountain-side, looking back, they saw Mrs. Pigeon's like a doll's house, far below, and the lake gleaming beside it. Artemas was very obliging; he let the children get down to gather scarlet bunch-berries and plummy ferns, and stripped off for them pieces of the shining birch bark; he did not talk much, but the children's chatter made up for his silence.

When they reached the clearing far up the mountain, where Artemas was to bargain for Mrs. Pigeon's winter supply of wood, Belle and Lettie were glad to sit down on the dry moss and eat the luncheon Joanna had given them, while Artemas talked with Mr. Bemis.

"What a fierce looking man that is!" whispered Letty. "I don't believe he has any wife, or else she's afraid of him."

Belle noticed the heavy black whiskers and frowning brow, the dark skin and brown knotty hands, and decided at once there was something dreadful about Mr. Bemis, who talked with Artemas, looking sometimes at the children, and never dreaming they were filling their heads with foolish fancies about him as they lunched in the shade.

"Hem! Pelatiah Bemis is powerful curus," said Artemas, half to himself, as he finally came back to the girls, and accepted a turnover from Letty.

She gave Belle's arm a sly pressure at this, and the two exchanged significant glances.

"Don't you want to stay and play in these woods a spell?" asked Artemas, surprised at the eagerness with which they climbed into the cart.

"No; oh, no," said both together, and Letty whispered to Belle:

"He looks like a real ogre."

So down the hill they bumped and jolted. Red Rover went faster than on his up-hill way, and the children clung tighter to the driver's coat. Bump! bumpety-bump! No one knew just how it was, but suddenly the cart and a big rock came together, one wheel was in pieces, and the three passengers were in a heap on the road. Nobody was hurt; that was a mercy. When all three were on their feet and sure of that, Belle even laughed; but laughter turned to dismay when Artemas said ruefully:

"That's a smash that can't be mended. I can lead the horse home, but what can you do?"

"Walk, too?" suggested Belle.

"It's five miles; no, we shall have to go back to Pelatiah Bemis's. If he has a wagon he'll lend it. Otherwise he'll keep you till I get back with one."

"No, no! no, indeed!" cried both the children, as they followed Artemas who led Red Rover back over the half mile they had just passed. "We can't stay *there!*"

"Oh, that isn't his house; that's his wood-camp; he lives a piece from there," said Artemas, misunderstanding the cause of their dismay.

The "piece" beyond the camp was a long one; little feet were weary and little hearts heavy when the small procession reached the Bemis house, where the master had just arrived.

He expressed sympathy for the accident, but could not help, for his only wagon was lent to go down the mountain already.

"Then I was thinking you must keep the children while I ride the horse down, and tell the folks how it is."

"I will," said Mr. Bemis.

But Belle and Letty cast themselves

frantically upon Artemas, and begged not to be left behind.

"Come, now, don't. Now come, I wouldn't!" he coaxed awkwardly, while Belle clasped his leg, and Letty embraced his arm, both in tears and terror.

"There's no other way," said Mr. Bemis. "Samanthy, come out here."

A pale, feeble woman appeared, and took the children's hands, while Artemas tore himself away, saying:

"She'll take good care, and you'll have a tip-top time. Come, now, don't!"

There was no help for it, so Belle and Letty submitted to be led into the kitchen, where a fire was blazing on an open hearth. The room was cheery, though poor and plain, but the foolish children would not make the best of their situation, and clung together sobbing. Mr. Bemis gruffly bade his wife give them some supper, and went out banging the door with an emphasis that made the children quake anew. They would not each much, nor reply to the coaxing of kind Mrs. Bemis, who felt quite despairing over her unwilling guests. She was glad when they consented to go to bed, and led them to an attic chamber where the roof sloped down at one side so the children could quite reach it with their hands. Here they crept hastily into a clean bed, and when Mrs. Bemis had gone down stairs began to talk with each other in timid whispers.

"Isn't it dreadful?"

"I think that *man* is dreadful; she is pretty kind," said Belle.

"Ah, but she is afraid of him, I am sure," said Letty. "Don't you believe he beats her? See how pale she looks."

"Are you very frightened; I don't think I shall ever go to sleep," quavered Belle.

"Let's hide," said Letty, suddenly, "under the bed clear at the foot!"

So they scrambled up and cuddled down together under the bed, sure they were to have a night of distress and peril, and there, with arms around each other, they went soundly asleep.

How, after that, they should find themselves the next morning snugly tucked into the bed they had abandoned, was a mystery. Letty lay thinking about it a few moments, and then suddenly pinched her companion:

"Belle, it's morning. And, Belle, we're *alive!*"

"What? We always are!" said Belle, sleepily.

"Yes; but don't you know? We hid, and now we are here. Belle, do you suppose that man came?"

"I suppose we've been—mistaken. Let's get up."

Belle and Letty were soon dressed, and going shyly down the steep stairs were met by Mrs. Bemis with kind smiles.

"You feel better, don't you, dears? It's a nice morning, and Artemas will be along soon. Did you know you fell out of bed last night! I found you rolled clear under the bed, and you never waked up when I put you back."

Shame glowed red on the children's cheeks, and Mrs. Bemis mistook the cause.

"Never mind. I've seen lots of children do that when they were older than you. My Sophia used to."

"Your little girl?" asked Belle, shyly.

"Yes, dear; she died two years ago;" said the pale woman, wiping her eyes. "My husband sets a store by children since we lost her, and he felt so bad to have you cry last night. He pitied you so for being home-sick, he popped that corn for you, and whittled out those doll's chairs and things, for he said it might rain to-day, and you'd feel dismal. He used to whittle such for our Sophia, and she liked them."

Such blushes as crimsoned Belle's and Letty's cheeks anew at this speech, as they saw the dish heaped high with snowy kernels, and looked upon the doll's furniture set out on the table around it. Belle sprang forward:

"We didn't—we thought—we behaved awfully last night, and I do think your husband is just as kind as Santa Claus! I'm sorry, and I—I would kiss him if he was here."

"Well now, dear," said the pleased wife, he'll be glad to see you so much happier. He said he'd come back from the wood-camp with Artemas to say good-by when you went, and you can tell him. Now eat some breakfast; you must be hungry."

Not a word of suspicion as to the real state of mind in which Belle and Letty had rejected her hospitality the evening before did the good woman give. It was bad enough to recall how foolish they had been, but to have their sulkiness pitied as homesickness was even worse. Letty gave



Belle's hand a squeeze as they drew up to the table.

"I'm just as mortified—seems as if I should choke!"

But she didn't. She ate a hearty breakfast, as did her little friend; and when a bout eleven o'clock Artemas appeared with Mr. Bemis, and a stout wagon behind Red Rover, both men thought there was a great change for the better in the two little girls who were contentedly playing with the wooden furniture and nibbling pop-corn, with the happiest of faces.

"You've been so kind!" cried Belle, skipping to meet the black-browed man from whom she had hidden the night before. "We think you're splendid, you and Mrs. Bemis, too. If you should ask us to visit you another time, I think grandma would be willing and we'd like to come."

"Please excuse us for being so fretful last night, and we're sorry about your little daughter; only God will let you see her again, you know," chimed in Letty.

Mr. Bemis shook the little hands, and stroked the flaxen and chestnut heads tenderly.

"I thought you'd chirp up," said Artemas, surveying them blandly. "I wish I'd had to stay at Pelatiah Bemis's and eat his brown bread and milk."

The children bade good-by to their host and hostess; Belle even gave the promised kiss, but Letty only gave her hand again. The ride down the mountain had no mishap this time, and it was not long before the children were once more at Mrs. Pigeon's.

When grandma had satisfied herself that Belle had not taken cold, she said:

"And did you sleep well in a new place and strange bed, my dears?"

Belle looked at Letty and Letty looked at Belle. Then, in meek voices, they replied together:

"Yes'm." [Christian Union.]

"My son," said a father to his little boy, at the breakfast table, "if you had the choice to be burned at the stake, like John Rogers, or to have your head chopped off, like King Charles the First, which would you choose?"

"John Rogers," said the boy.

"And why?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I should prefer a hot steak to a cold chop."

### Typical Trees.

- For gonty people—the ache corn.
- For antiquarians—the date.
- For school-boys—the birch.
- For Irishmen—the och.
- For conjurers—the palm.
- For negroes—See dah.
- For young ladies—the man go.
- For farmers—the plant'in.
- For fashionable women—a set of firs.
- For dandies—the spruce.
- For actors—the pop'lar.
- For physicians—syc'a more.
- For your wife—her will, O.
- For lovers—the sigh press.
- For disconsolate—the pine.
- For engaged people—the pear.
- For sewing-machine people—the hem lock.
- For boarding-house keepers—'ash.
- Always on hand—the pawpaw.
- Who this is written for—yew.

A pet cat in a Danbury family, which is afflicted with a severe cough, and which has experienced no relief from the many remedies given her was on Friday, shipped to Colorado, where, it is the hope of her friends, the pure air will work a complete cure.

At what hour did the Devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden? Some say in the night. He certainly came after Eve.

Mrs. Nye, of Iowa, can get supper, split kindlings, wash the dishes, milk two cows, and feed the hogs while her five boys and two girls are playing a game of croquet.

A child, being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly, and not unnaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

### 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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FRANCIS GORTON, ESQ., Pres't Flour City Bank, W. H. DEAN, M. D.

H. F. MONTGOMERY, M. D., and others of the Medical Staff of the Rochester City Hospital. Sep. '75. Address, 26 Clifton St.

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1846.

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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.

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Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmou, 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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Jan '67

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Shirts made to Order.

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## Watches and Jewelry,

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## And Fancy Articles,

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Jobbers in

## Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

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nov '67 1y 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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1875.

No. 5.

## 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.

### For the Hospital Review. Grief.

BY BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

#### I.

How the early air is ringing  
To the sound of birds a-singing,  
As I waken to the chorus when the early dew is wet,  
And the fresh new breeze is blowing,  
With a hint of fields in mowing,  
And the very breath is burdened with a sense of mignonette.

#### II.

Ah! the grief that comes with waking,  
Till the heart is sore to breaking;  
Ah! "to waken and remember" all the pain of years to be!  
For the world is full of anguish,  
And how many watchers languish,  
In the palid grey of morning, over empty hearts like me?

#### III.

Mother bosoms miss the pressing  
Of a downy head's caressing,  
And they turn them on their pillows, with a weariness of tears;  
And the one face of all others,  
Be it husband, wife, or mother's,  
Haunts us in the early gloaming, with the sweet sad loss of years.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1875.

### Donation Day.

It seems hardly necessary to give any account of the appearance of Corinthian Hall, the ninth of December, for everybody was there—everybody in this region of country, at least; but as the "Hospital Review" goes to California, to Mississippi, and to Canada, we give a short account of that delightful day for the benefit of those remote readers.

To begin with, the Hall was decorated beautifully, as it always is on these occasions, with flowers and ladies; or rather ladies and flowers. The fancy tables were loaded with all sorts of lovely trifles, that served to charm the eye and also to deplete the purse; bouquets, for a mere trifle, and other articles of more lasting quality.

As for the tables, spread for the dinner,

no one but a hungry person could give a fair description of them; and unfortunately we are not at this present moment hungry; but our recollection of those tables, and of the fair ladies who waited on them, is very agreeable. Indeed, the whole day seems to be a haze of fruits, flowers, epergnes, turkeys, pies, salads, coffee urns, white aprons, pink bows, blue bows, beaux in black, handsome ladies, polite gentlemen—all curiously conglomerated—yet standing out with the distinctness of the gorgeous colors that mark a summer sun-set. "And must I leave thee, Paradise!"

At six o'clock the inexorable decree went forth that we must all go home, so that the Hall could be "swept and garnished" for the Evening Entertainment. If we did not go home, that at least we must go somewhere, and although the words were gentle, the command was stern—a kind of "hand of iron and velvet glove." Somewhere we have read that the best proof that the world must end is, that in the remote past it began. So the best proof that Donation Day must end, was that it began; and it did end, having brought, we trust, to all the friends of, and workers for, the Hospital, abundant encouragement for the future.

To the sick, for whom this work was done, and to whom the generous gifts were brought, this day is one to be marked with a white stone. That in their sickness, and in many cases, their poverty and desolation, they are remembered by so many kind hearts, is an exceeding comfort; and the recollection of the charity of this day will serve to brighten many hours that but for this kindness would be dark indeed.

The Hospital is greatly indebted to the Ladies of Perry, who donated so generously a quantity of fruit, not only the amount being so much but the quality being so fine. This gift will be highly prized by the patients who only have these delicacies as kind friends remember them.

### The Evening Entertainment.

We think it was that self-sacrificing, self-denying sister of Wordsworth who said she could bless the man who would invent a new kind of meat. Poor Dorothy. We think her name was Dorothy. At any rate, it began with a D. Thinking of that dinner, we do not wish that another kind of meat could be invented. Far from it! But we do wish that some one would send us a list of adjectives, never before heard of, and we would use them in describing the evening of the ninth. Not that it was beyond the Evening Entertainments usually given by the Lady Managers, for they are always so delightful, that a description of this would seem to be running a risk of repetition.

First, then, there was the singing of the Mannerchor, which was simply wonderful. How so many voices could be so in accord, is beyond the imagination of a non-musical person. The sentiment of the words we know not, for, alas, the German is, to many of us, a sealed book; but we could appreciate the music. After three or four songs given by them, and after they had so generously responded to the encores, the dancing began. The pleasure of watching graceful forms and little feet, flitting and tripping over the floor, was enhanced by listening to the strains of beautiful music, as given by Shaick's Band.

Then, the crowds of well-dressed, smiling, chatting, cheerful people, the bright lights, inviting supper tables, and the fragrant flowers, all united to make the affair more than enjoyable; and from the lateness of the hour when the Promenade Concert closed, it is fair to suppose that it proved as great a success as other Entertainments which have been given by the Lady Managers on former occasions.

Great care has been taken to avoid mistakes in giving proper credit to our generous donors; still, errors may have occurred. These will be cheerfully corrected on notification.

The Lady Managers wish to thank, especially, Messrs. Trotter & Stone, for their kindness in seeing to the putting up of the two stoves; also for taking them to and from Corinthian Hall, free of charge; also to Mr. Trotter, for "lending a helping hand" during the day. They likewise wish to thank Messrs. Jacobs & Hughes, for a large quantity of toys, which they gave. These toys proved a source of profit, in the hands of Masters Wilder and Holloway, as they formed the contents of a "Grab Bag."

Mr. James Field, as is his custom, lent a flag, which served to decorate the Hall beautifully. The ladies are very grateful to him for this kindness, which was not unexpected. Mr. Shedd sent a large amount of groceries, and lent his horse and wagon for the use of "Donation Day," which politeness the ladies appreciate. The ladies are also very much indebted to Alling & Cory, and to George L. Stratton & Co., for a quantity of manila paper. Sibley, Lindsey & Curr, kindly lent a roll of black calico which helped to show the fine faces and figures of the handsome people of Rochester. None others were in the picture gallery. Hunn, Spencer & Co., as usual, lent the tables. For the thoughtful kindness of all these gentlemen, the ladies wish to express their hearty thanks.

We wish to make especial mention of the scales sent to the Hall for the use of "heavy weights" and light ones, also. Many thanks for the use of the scales.

#### The Silhouette Gallery.

How do they take them? We don't know. Those portraits, back of the platform, we mean, that looked so life-like on "Donation Day." Not only did they add to the beauty of the Hall, but they brought a nice sum of money to the Hospital. The ladies wish to thank the young ladies and gentlemen who were so kind as to take charge of this "branch of industry."

#### The Mite Boxes.

Visitors at the Hall, Donation Day, doubtless saw piles of small paper boxes. These boxes were mite boxes, for the benefit of the Hospital. Everyone is invited to take one of these boxes and put into it all the money he or she can spare. In one family it is the rule that if any one is blue or moody, or uncommonly happy, they shall express their feelings by putting a little money in this box. We think it would be a wise plan for everyone to keep one of these boxes on the mantel, and when the parents are too severe, for them to put a little money in; and if children are a bit naughty, put a little in for them; then when one has reason to be uncommonly grateful, put in more; so that by next year we will have a good round sum. We don't know until we have tried it, how pleasant the rattle of pennies and the rustle of paper sounds in these boxes.

#### Miss Bessie Clarke.

The reason we head this short article with a young lady's name, is that she is very young to appear in print, as heading a Fair. Turning the sentence, we can say that it is a fair heading. This young lady while at the Mountains, found work to do—which she did for the Hospital. Was not that thoughtful on her part? This Fair and this fair one, brought to the Hospital, Donation Day, Five Dollars.

#### Visit to the Hospital.

There must be several About Ben Adhems in this city, for the ashes sprinkled on the walks showed that many there were who loved their fellow men. And when the pavements are covered with ice, a visitor to the Hospital has constantly before her visions of sprains and broken bones, the result of seeing so many patients suffering from falls. The season for these accidents has hardly begun, and let us hope that, owing to the prevalence of ashes and sawdust, slips and falls will be less frequent than in other winters.

We found the patients who are sick with chronic complaints, as usual, some quite cheerful, sitting up in their beds or chairs, visiting; others in bed feeling dreadfully. Those sick with lung complaints and rheumatism, find living a hard struggle. We heard one poor sick girl saying in a querulous tone, "I don't want it; I won't take it; the Doctor won't make me." As we stopped at her bedside, she told us that she had been sick three years with the consumption, and she is very young. We asked her what her medicine was and learned that it was milk and whiskey and that she thought it contemptible. However, with a little coaxing and petting, she was induced to take it. A new patient we found sick with heart disease and pleurisy. She has recently come into the Hospital, and thinks that she is improving. One patient, a young girl, rejoiced our ears by saying that she was nearly well. Two or three years ago there was a gentle, motherly-looking, black-eyed woman, who stayed in the Hospital nearly all winter. She has come back, sick with pains through her chest and shoulders. "Indeed," she said, "it would be hard to tell where I don't ache." With her little shawl pinned over her breast, her ruffled cap on her head, and her knitting work in her hand, she made a pretty picture as she went from one bed to another. She is always busy and looks so neat that it is a pleasure to see her. Some of the patients were too sick or too sleepy to be spoken to. One poor woman who has suffered horrors enough to drive her to her grave, only complained of tooth ache.

Donations.

- Ladies of Perry, Wyoming Co.—Six dozen cans Fruit.
- Mrs. Roberts—Four lbs. Crackers, 1 jar Pickles, 3 cans Fruit, 1 Turkey, and Jelly.
- Mr. Steadman—Quantity of Papers.
- Wm. Allen—Fruit.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Four Turkeys.
- Dr. Maltby Strong—One barrel Apples.

Died.

November 7th, 1875, in the Rochester City Hospital, where he had remained for 688 days, O. Skillman, of debility, aged 80 years.

Superintendent's Reports.

1875. Nov. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 53	
Received during month, . . . . .	25
Births, . . . . .	3— 81
Discharged, . . . . .	17
Died, . . . . .	1—
Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1875,	65

DONATION FESTIVAL,

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, DECEMBER 9, 1875.

Mrs. Barron Williams and Mrs. Hoy's General Table.

- J. Mogridge—Sugar.
- Mrs. S. J. Nichols—Oranges.
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Two gallons Oysters.
- Mrs. Hayward—Biscuit, Turkey.
- Louis Seelye—Turkey.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Turkey.
- Mrs. D. Dicky—Biscuit.
- Mrs. P. Nessel—Cresses.
- Mrs. Satterlee—Cake, Scalloped Oysters and Brown Bread.
- Mrs. S. D. Porter—Lemon and Mince Pies, Chicken Salad.
- Mrs. E. M. Smith—Biscuit, Pickles and gallon of Oysters.
- Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Cake and Saratoga Potatoes.
- Miss Frank Munger—Turkey.
- Mrs. Geo. McAllister—Cream.
- Mrs. Geo. Munger—Pork and Beans, Grapes and Pumpkin Pies.
- Mrs. Dr. Maltby Strong—Biscuit, Turkey and Potatoes.
- Mrs. A. V. Smith—One pair of Ducks.
- Mrs. Nelson—Milk, Cream, Turkey, Biscuit and Butter.
- Mrs. H. Babcock—Cream.
- Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Turkey, Wine Jelly and Chicken Pie.
- Mrs. S. B. Roby—Charlotte Russe and Scalloped Oysters.
- Mrs. Farrar—Turkey.
- Mrs. L. Ross—Scalloped Oysters.
- Mrs. J. H. Hill—Saratoga Potatoes, Pork and Beans.
- Mrs. S. G. Porter—Scalloped Oysters.
- Mrs. Hess—One pair of Ducks.
- Mrs. E. Hammett—One Turkey.
- Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Roast Beef, 4 gallons of Oysters and 50 heads of Celery.
- Mrs. N. Rochester—Celery.
- Mrs. G. Danforth—One Turkey.
- Mrs. Barron Williams—Two Turkeys.
- Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Bread and Pies.
- Mrs. H. McLean—Mince and Apple Pie.

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

- Mrs. A. A. Morgan—One loaf of Cake.  
 Mrs. Henry F. Smith—One loaf Coconut Cake and Biscuits.  
 Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball—Salad.  
 Mr. Backus—White Grapes.  
 Mrs. Charles Pond—Charlotte Russe and Rolls.  
 Mrs. Austin Brewster—One loaf Coconut Cake.  
 Mrs. Dr. Bennett—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Geo. Whitney—Bread, Salad and Dressing.  
 Mrs. House—Four Mince Pies and 1 gall. Cranberries.  
 Mrs. Charles Morse—Oranges.  
 Mrs. James Hart—Oranges and White Grapes.  
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Crumpets, Butter, Jelly and Pickles.  
 E. Frank Brewster—One box Cigars.  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Andrews—Mince Pie.  
 Mrs. John Brewster—Chicken Pie, Mince Pies, Walnut Cake, Biscuits, Pickles and Jelly.  
 Miss Hooker—Flowers.  
 Miss Butts—Flowers.

*Mrs. L. R. Satterlee, Mrs. N. Sage, Mrs. J. L. Sage, Mrs. A. G. Mudge, Mrs. S. A. Ellis, Mrs. C. F. Paine, Mrs. Converse, and Mrs. Bishop's Table.*

- Mrs. L. R. Satterlee—Brown Bread, Cake, and Scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. N. Sage—Biscuit and Flowers.  
 " A. G. Mudge—Pie and Chicken Salad.  
 " S. A. Ellis—Salad and Tapioca Puddings.  
 " A. H. Mixer—Biscuit.  
 " W. N. Sage—Turkey.  
 " E. O. Sage—Mince Pie and Salad.  
 " C. Paine—Salad and Cranberries.  
 " A. Pomroy—Turkey, Apples and Cream.  
 " E. R. Andrews—Jelly and Biscuit.  
 " E. Pancost—Oysters and Salad.  
 " J. L. Sage—Saratoga Potatoes and Pie.  
 " L. Sunderlin—Cranberry and Wine Jelly.  
 " Converse—Cake.  
 " Pray—Jelly.  
 " Seeley—Jelly.  
 " Hooker—Cream.  
 " Judson—Turkey.  
 " H. N. Peck—Saratoga Potatoes and Brown Bread.  
 Mrs. Woodbury—Pickled Oysters, Apples and Raisins.  
 Miss Mary A. Dean—Oranges and Grapes.  
 Mrs. DePuy—Five Dollars.  
 Mrs. Judson—Five Dollars.  
 Mrs. Oren Sage—Two Dollars.

*Mrs. Louis Chapin and Miss Shaw's Table.*

- Mrs. A. Bell—Turkey, Cabbage Salad, Biscuit, 2 Mince Pies  
 Mrs. A. Lindsay—Charlotte Russe  
 Mrs. H. Mackie—Chicken Salad  
 Mrs. P. B. Bradley—One Mince Pie, 50 Pickles, 2 tumblers Jam, can Pickled Plums, dish of Doughnuts  
 Bromley & Co., Osburn House—Charlotte Russe, Lobster Salad, Chicken Salad  
 Whitcomb House—Two Moulds of Butter

- Mrs. S. J. Arnold—Three Pies, 2 bowls Jelly  
 Mrs. L. A. Pratt—Six bunches Celery  
 Mrs. George Scofield—Loaf of Cake  
 Mrs. William Thompson—Pickled Oysters  
 Lewis Selye—Six lbs. Coffee, Chicken Salad and services of man  
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Two dishes Chicken Salad, Saratoga Potatoes  
 Mrs. J. B. Shaw—Two Cream Pies, 2 moulds of Cranberry  
 Mrs. McBride—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters  
 Mrs. Eddy—Can of Peaches, Pickled Pears and Cherries, 2 bowls of Jelly  
 Mrs. James Nelson—Cream, Turkey and Biscuit  
 Mrs. E. Webster—Pail of Mashed Potatoes  
 Mrs. G. Motley—Two Dollars  
 Mrs. P. Ford—Two Tongues  
 Mrs. J. W. Hatch—Scalloped Oysters, Pickles and Jelly.  
 Mrs. Martin Briggs—Scalloped Oysters  
 Mrs. George Storms—Turkey  
 Mrs. L. M. Angle—Fried Cakes  
 Mrs. D. Dickey—Biscuit  
 Mrs. H. S. Schaffer—Flowers, Fruit and Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—Two dishes of Charlotte Russe  
 Miss Hunter—Scalloped Oysters  
 Mrs. A. H. Cushman—Charlotte Russe  
 Mrs. A. Prentice—Two dishes Charlotte Russe  
 Mrs. D. Warner—Loaf of Cake  
 Mrs. Lampert—Celery  
 Mrs. H. Strong—Pickles, Chow Chow, Mustard  
 Mrs. D. Upton—Chicken Pie  
 Mrs. A. V. Smith—Two Ducks

*Mrs. Edward Gould, Mrs. Canfield and Mrs. J. T. Fox's Table.*

- Mrs. Farrar—Cake, Charlotte Russe and two Chicken Pies.  
 Mr. Wm. Witherspoon—Grapes.  
 Miss Lillie Nichols—Oranges and Grapes.  
 Mr. James Backus—Olives.  
 Mr. Henry Barber—Four cans of Lobsters and 1 dozen of Eggs.  
 Mr. George Percy—One jar of Honey.  
 Miss Hattie Parsons—Turkey, Cream, Butter and Jelly.  
 Mrs. Canfield—Cranberry Sauce, Saratoga Potatoes, Cake and Pickles.  
 Mrs. W. D. Shuart—Pressed Chicken.  
 Miss Bissell—Jelly.  
 Mrs. Henry Matthews—Cake.  
 Mrs. Furman—Turkey.  
 Miss Rossiter—Three Pies.  
 Miss Fanny King—Jelly.  
 Mrs. S. H. Gould—Pickles.  
 Mrs. Adsit—One Pie.  
 Miss Parsons—One Pie, Biscuits and Jelly.  
 Mr. James Pitkin—Two bottles Pickles and 3 boxes of Grapes.  
 Mrs. E. P. Gould—Parker house Rolls, Jelly, Wine Jelly, Doughnuts and Pickles.  
 Mrs. J. T. Fox—Pickles, Lobster Salad, Saratoga Potatoes, Chocolate Cake and 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. S. P. Gould—Two Pies.  
 Mrs. Geo. Jennings—Chicken Salad. [Celery.  
 Mrs. Charles Chapin—Two Oyster Pies and 1 doz  
 Mrs. RossLewin—Pickled Oysters.

**Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. Anstice, Mrs. Munger, Mrs. E. Williams' and Mrs. Geo. Williams' Table.**

- Mrs. E. Williams—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. Anstice—Soup and Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Miss F. Whittlesey—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Henry Montgomery—Two loaves of Bread and Pitcher of Cream.  
 Mrs. Fred. Alling—Baked Beans and Brown Bread.  
 Miss Frost—Flowers and Sponge Cakes.  
 Mrs. Geo. Williams—White Cake, Snow Pudding and Cranberry Jelly.  
 Whitney Williams—White Grapes.  
 Mrs. Gorton—Six Cream Pies and 4 dishes of Salad.  
 Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Ten pounds of Malaga Grapes.  
 Mrs. Munger—Pie, Cream and Beans.  
 Mrs. John Rochester—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Rowley—Squash Pies, Charlotte Russe and Pickled Oysters.  
 Mrs. McCallister—Raw Oysters.  
 Mrs. Charles Hart—Mince Pie and Pickles.  
 Mrs. Samuel Porter—Scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Chicken Pie.  
 Miss Mary Hart—Salad.  
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery—Salad.  
 Mrs. L. Rogers—Oranges.  
 Mrs. Mordoff—Celery.

**Mrs. George G. Wanzer, Mrs. J. H. Kent, Mrs. Hiram Hoyt and Mrs. W. S. Osgood's Table.**

- Miss Lizzie Darrow—Loaf Chocolate Cake.  
 Mrs. Keyes—Pickles, loaf Ice-cream Cake.  
 " Hiram Hoyt—Lobster Salad, and Pickled Peaches.  
 " C. E. Hoyt—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 " George Stratton—Large box Flowers.  
 " R. A. Sibley—Two roast Chickens.  
 " J. H. Kent—Wine and Orange Jelly, Jellied Tongue and Sweet Cider.  
 " S. Snow—Chicken Salad.  
 " W. S. Osgood—Turkey, mashed Potatoes, Tapioca Cream.  
 " D. C. Hyde—One doz. Oranges, box Grapes, Malaga Grapes.  
 " S. Hamilton—Two Squash Pies and Biscuit.  
 " Dr. Collins—Two Lemon Pies, 2 Cranberries, Currant Jelly.  
 " C. C. Holton—One gall. Cream.  
 " S. A. Newman—Celery, Biscuits, Jelly and Turkey.  
 " J. H. Thomas—One gall. Cream.  
 " W. N. Emerson—One can each Lobster and Salmon.  
 " J. Farley, Jr.—Hot Biscuit, large quantity of Celery.  
 " E. B. Booth—Charlotte Russe.  
 " Dr. Ely—Lobster Salad, hot Chicken Pie.  
 " P. S. Wilson—Mince Pies.  
 " S. D. Porter—Mince Pies and Chicken Salad.  
 " Henry Brewster—Champagne Ham, mashed Potatoes and Turnips.  
 " Dr. Shipman—Chicken Pie.  
 " Wm. R. Seward—Currant Jelly, hot Plum Pudding, with sauce.  
 " S. B. Roby—Charlotte Russe, Scalloped Oysters.  
 " L. P. Ross—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters.

- Mrs. N. A. Stone—Mince Pies and hot Rolls.  
 Miss F. Munger—Turkey.  
 Mrs. S. Porter—Scalloped Oysters.  
 " Hess—Pair Ducks.  
 " Dr. Strong—Turkey, mashed Potatoes, hot Gravy and Mince Pies.  
 " Geo. G. Wanzer—Flowers, Cellery, Jelly and Pickles.  
 " E. Lyon—Two Dollars "for the Table."

**Mrs. Cogswell and Miss Warren's Table.**

- Mrs. Storrs Hayward—Roast Turkey.  
 Mrs. Rew—Boiled Ham.  
 Mrs. Edward Harris—Chicken Salad.  
 Miss E. Hayward—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Gilbert—Lemon Jelly.  
 Mrs. Butts—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Frank Stewart—Cake.  
 Mrs. N. Pond—Grapes.  
 Miss Billings—Jelly.  
 Mrs. Warren—Rolls, Saratoga Potatoes, Pickles.  
 Mrs. Cogswell—Celery, Chicken Salad and Cranberry.

**Mrs. Curtis Clarke, Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. C. C. Merriman and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins' Table.**

- Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Two Cakes and Biscuit.  
 Mrs. D. W. Powers—Chicken Pie, 2 Mince Pies, Biscuit and Flowers.  
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—Two boxes Catawba Grapes, 4 Mince Pies and 1 Cake.  
 Mrs. J. H. McDonell—Four moulds of Wine Jelly  
 Mrs. S. M. Spencer—Tongue, Apples, Oranges and Grapes.  
 Mrs. J. E. Hayden—One Ham.  
 Mrs. T. Bell—Two Mince Pies, Turkey, Biscuit and dish of Salad.  
 Mrs. Geo. Lord—One pair of Ducks, Cream and Flowers.  
 Mrs. James Killig—Turkey.  
 Miss Warren—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Hotchkiss—Rice Pudding.  
 Mrs. Ja's Nichols—Pork and Beans, Mashed Potatoes.  
 Miss Dunlap—Lemon Pie and Jelly.  
 Davenport & Hale—Olives, 2 cans of Lobsters, 1 can of Jelly and a large can of Pickles.  
 Mrs. Curtiss Clarke—Ducks, Mashed Potatoes, Jelly and Pickles.  
 Osburn House—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. L. A. Ward—Chicken Pie and Grapes.  
 Mrs. Freeman Clark—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. H. B. Selden—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Theodore Bacon—Ham.  
 Mrs. Bradbury—Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. L. F. Ward—Scalloped Oysters and Rolls.  
 Mrs. Lowery—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Geo. Thompson—One pair of Ducks, Cake.  
 Mrs. A. S. Mann—Turkey, Cranberry Jelly and Coconut Pie.  
 Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball—Cake.  
 Mrs. Mark Woodbury—Parker House Rolls.  
 Mrs. Whitbeck—One pair of Ducks.  
 Mrs. Fleming—Ornamental Cake.  
 Mrs. Merriman—Two Cakes and Pickles.  
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Hervey W. Brown—Malaga Grape, Catawba Grapes and box of Raisins.  
 I. Teal—Charlotte Russe.



Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Lewis, the Misses Terry, Hamilton, Hall, G. Walbridge, H. Walbridge and Jessie Powers' Ice Cream Table.

Mr. James M. Backus: Malaga Grapes  
 " William Alling; Wrapping Paper  
 " Sweetland; 1 dozen of Oranges  
 " Teal; 1 dozen Eclaires  
 " Aldrich: Lemons and Figs  
 " King; Flowers  
 " Frost; Flowers  
 " Selye; 2 dishes Charlotte Russe  
 Mrs. Wm. Burke; Charlotte Russe and Cake  
 " M. W. Cooke: Cake  
 " Hamilton; Cake  
 " Wm. Alling; Cake  
 Miss Walbridge; Cake and Apples

*Mrs. George J. Whitney's Flower Table.*

Ellwanger & Barry—Cut Flowers.  
 Messrs. Frost, "  
 Dr. White, "  
 Miss Bessie Elwood, "  
 Miss Carrie Brewster, "  
 Miss Hooker, "  
 Miss Julia Whitney—Bouquets and Hanging Basket.  
 Mrs. David H. Little—Two Tippetts.  
 Miss Mumford—Infant's Socks and Sacque.  
 Mrs. W. H. Ward—Knitted Hood, Infant's Sacque and Doll's Cap.  
 Mrs. J. M. Whitney—Ladies' Sacque.  
 Miss Lillie Williams—Polish Boots and Knitted Sacques.  
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Traveling Cases.  
 Clara Wilder—Pair Mittens and 4 Dolls Caps.  
 Mr. F. Turpin—Two Pictures.  
 Mr. Charles Burns—Illuminated Text.  
 Mrs. E. M. Day—Knitted Hood.  
 Mrs. Cogswell—Six Pocket Pin Cushions.  
 Miss Louise E. Whitney—Painting, Sachet Bags and Shaving Paper Cases.  
 Miss Smith, Utica—Five pairs of Stockings.  
 Mrs. Geo. N. Strong—Collar and Cuff Box.  
 Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York—Embroidered Slippers.  
 Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, New York—  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Toilet Table, &c.  
 Clarence Williams—Two Autograph Albums.

*Mrs. L. F. Ward and Mrs. C. Angel's Fancy Tables.*

Mrs. J. E. Pierpont—Crochet Cloud.  
 Miss Mary Hart—Crochet Cloud.  
 Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin—Two Baby's Hoods.  
 A Friend—Toilet Bag and Tidy.  
 Mr. Alex. Hone—3 Fancy Baskets.  
 Mrs. Theo. Bacon—Two Morning Caps.  
 Miss Mary Waite—Two pairs Baby Shoes and Hairpin Cushion.  
 Mrs. C. F. Pond—Set Toilet Mats.  
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Crystal Head-dress.  
 Mrs. W. H. Angel, Geneseo—Doll's Cape.  
 Mrs. Curtis Clark—Crochet Cloud, 2 Match Holders and Embroidered Cornucopias.  
 Mrs. M. W. Cooke—Apron.  
 Mrs. Woodbury—Kuit Hood.  
 Mrs. James Hart—Pair of Mittens.  
 Mrs. Slocum—Pair of Mittens.  
 Miss Bacon—Pair of Mittens.  
 Mrs. L. A. Ward—Brioche.

Miss Pagie Ward—Tidy, Pin-cushion and Doll's Hood.  
 Mrs. J. Stettheimer—Fancy Basket.  
 John Wright and Henry Crabbe—Two carved Castles.  
 Mr. Chauncey Woodworth—Four and a half doz. Fancy Boxes.  
 Miss Louise Wilder—Fancy Basket.  
 Mrs. Collier—Three pairs of Mittens.  
 Miss Mary Ward—Tidy and Cap.  
 Mrs. E. M. Smith—Four Baby Caps.  
 Miss McDowel—Two Baskets.  
 Mrs. J. B. Ward—Easel, Music Sack and Embroidered Fancy Box.  
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Delight.  
 Miss Edna Smith—Dressed Baby Doll.  
 Young Ladies' Society, First Baptist Church—3 Caps, 3 Holders, 5 pair of Stockings, 2 Match Bags, 1 Burlapmat, 3 Picture Sacks, 4 Hairpin Cushions, 2 Baby Shirts, pair of Socks, Coat-plaster Case, Emery Scent Bag and Card Case.  
 "Willing Workers" of Brighton—2 Work Aprons, 2 Card Baskets, 2 Hair Receivers, 4 pair of Infant's Socks, 2 Fascinators, 2 Knitting Bags, Tidy, Dressed Doll, 2 pair of Mittens, Match Receiver, 2 Traveling Cases, 2 pair of Wristlets, Love Scales, Holder, 2 Doylies.  
 Miss Whittlesey—2 Match Bags.  
 Mrs. Canfield—Glove and Handkerchief Case.  
 Mrs. Hanna—Doll's Chair and Cornucopia.  
 Miss Florence Montgomery—Three Lace Ruffles.  
 Miss Montgomery—Work Bag  
 Miss Frank Munger—Burlap Mat.  
 Mrs. Dr. Hovey—Two Matches.  
 Miss Hamilton and Miss Terry—Toilet Set.  
 Mrs. Danforth—Child's Hood.  
 Miss Nelly D. Young—Four Doll's Hoods, Doll.  
 Mrs. Dr. Whitbeck—Fancy Basket.  
 Miss Hooker—Sofa Pillow  
 Mrs. P. Brewster—Child's Apron.  
 Miss Lulu Hooker—Two Doll's Toilet Sets.  
 Mrs. Moore—Child's Apron.  
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Wax Wreath, 4 Holders.  
 Miss Farrar—Two Painted Candles.  
 Mrs. Wheeler—Six Candy Bags.  
 Miss Catharine Mitchell—Six Doll's Hoods.  
 Miss Laura Mitchell—Doll's Chair, 2 Muffs and 4 Doll's Handkerchiefs.  
 Mrs. Fannie Clark, Albion—2 pairs Baby Socks.  
 The Misses Gurnsey—Two Books.  
 Miss Frank Alling—Pair Mittens.  
 Mrs. Eugene Glen—Turkish Rug.  
 Miss Dean—Toilet Cushion.  
 Miss Minnie Davis—Fancy Basket.  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Hood and Baby's Cap.  
 Miss Munger—Card and Fancy Basket.  
 Mrs. H. Morse—Spectacle Chamois & Scent-case.  
 Mrs. Martindale—Three Pairs Mittens.  
 Miss M. Storrs—Cloud.  
 Mrs. Ripson—Tidy.  
 Mrs. C. Dewey—Three Ladies' Hoods.  
 Mrs. Day—Hood.  
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—118 Gold and Silver Nuts, 2 Baby Shirts, and pair Linen Cuffs.  
 Miss Mary Perkins—Cloud.  
 Mrs. Maltby Strong—Book of Sea Moss, 2 Crosses  
 Miss Mandeville—Two pairs Mittens.  
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—One Hood, Under-waist, and 12 Mops.

Mrs. Cutler—Cloud.	
Miss Mattie Porter—Tidy.	
Mrs. Wm. S. Osgood—Fancy Basket.	
Mrs. John Brewster—Handkerchief Case, and Pen-wipers.	
Mrs. Gordon—Clothes for Doll's Bed.	
Mrs. C. J. Hayden—Doll's Bedstead.	
Mr. Goss—Doll's Mattress and Pillows.	
Miss Nellie Walbridge—Two Baby's Hoods.	
Miss Annie Warner—Rug.	
Miss Backus—Three Doll's Hats, 1 Cap and Ribbon.	
Mrs. Gardiner—Three Canton Flannel Rabbits and Paper Case.	
Mrs. Quimby—Two Caps.	
Miss Quimby—Apron.	
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Three Fancy Handkerchiefs, 7 Neck Ties and 6 Table Aprons.	
Mrs. Angel—Three Knit Sacques, Burnouse Hair-pin Cushion, 2 Hoods, 3 Doll's Shawls and Afghan.	
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Two Clouds, Sofa Pillow, 3 Fancy Screens and 2 Knit Sacques.	
Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Eight Doll's Hoods, 3 Pin Cushions and 50 Cents.	
Mr. E. B. Parsons—\$10.00.	
Mr. Lewis Seelye—\$5.00 and 10 Painted Candles, 6 Child's Aprons and 6 Ladies' Aprons.	

Cash Donations.

Mrs. Isaac Butts	\$ 10 00
Mrs. E. T. Smith	8 00
Mrs. D. K. Robinson	5 00
Mr. E. Brewster	2 00
Mr. James S. Andrews	25 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith	5 00
Mrs. Chester Dewey	20 00
Mr. C. F. Smith	25 00
Mr. S. M. Spencer	1 00
Mr. Seth Green	5 00
Mr. M. Greentree	10 00
Mr. D. A. Woodbury	20 00
Mrs. M. B. Anderson	5 00
Cash	1 00
Mr. F. Clarke	20 00
Mrs. S. Rosenblatt	5 00
Mr. Wm. N. Sage	10 00
Mr. F. L. Durand	5 00
Mr. A. S. Mann	25 00
Mrs. D. H. Little	10 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, by Mrs. H. Britenstool and Mrs. H. Lampert	10 00
Cash	2 00
Mr. Loop	10 00
Mrs. W. T. Mumford, Utica	20 00
Mrs. E. N. Allen	2 00
Mr. E. S. Ettenheimer	5 00
Mrs. E. Pancost	6 00
Mrs. F. B. Bishop	5 60
Mr. Edwin O. Sage	10 00
Mr. Arnold	3 00
Messrs. Erickson, Jennings & Mumford	100 00
Dr. H. W. Dean	10 00
Bessie Clarke	5 00
Mrs. M. Galusha	5 00
Dr. M. Strong	3 00
Mr. C. Pond	5 00
Mrs. W. S. Little	5 00

Mr. H. S. Potter	\$ 10 00
Miss M. Duolap	10 00
Mr. D. A. Watson	100 00
Mr. A. Moseley	10 00
Mrs. M. E. Solomon	2 00
Mrs. A. Mock	2 00
Mrs. Dr. M. M. Mathews	3 00
Mrs. Robert Mathews	2 00
Mrs. Joseph Bier	5 00
Mr. George Ellwanger	50 00
Mrs. Robert Johnson	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Abelard Reynolds	100 00
A Stranger	2 00
Mrs. Alfred Bell	10 00
Mrs. Lewis	5 00
Mrs. Dr. E. M. Moore	5 00
Mrs. James Nichols	2 00
Mrs. A. Brewster	5 00
Mr. L. H. Alling	5 00
Messrs. Howe & Rogers	20 00
Mr. S. Sloan	5 00
Alderman Weldon	2 00
Mr. D. W. Powers	50 00
A. Friend	8 00
Prof. Whittemore	2 00
Mr. J. D. Husbands	1 00
Dr. Walters	5 00
Mrs. Loop	10 00

\$859 00

A Generous Contribution of Flour.

To the Lady Managers of the City Hospital:

The following named Millers, doing business in the City of Rochester, do hereby present their compliments, as also the amount of Flour, respectively set opposite their names:

Rochester, Dec. 13, 1875.

Moseley & Motley	1 bbl.
Smith & Chester	1 "
Farley, Ferguson & Wilson	1 "
George F. Merz	1 "
J. A. Hinds	1 "
Ellwood, Davis & Co.	1 "
Chase & Richardson	1 "
Bristol, Viele & Co.	1 "
John R. Pentecost & Co.	1 "
C. J. Hill & Son	1 "
W. S. McMillan & Co.	1 "
Wilson & Poud	1 "
James Wilson & Co.	1 "
James Cornell	100 lbs.
Gerling Brothers, Buckwheat	100 "
James Campbell	1 bbl.

Collected by Mr. James M. Whitney.

Donated Bills.

Wm. S. Falls, Printing Tickets	\$ 2 75
Alling & Cory, Card Board for Tickets	1 38
I. Ashley, on bill	1 00
Anthony Brothers, on Crackers	1 68
Union & Advertiser Printing Co., half charge	26 60
Evening Express Printing Co.	42 60
Democrat & Chronicle Printing Co.	41 00

\$117 01

Donations.

Mr. George L. Stratton, quantity Manila Paper.  
 Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, a piece of Black Cambric,  
 for use in the Hall.  
 Mr. Arthur Hamilton, an Ice Needle.  
 Jacobs & Hughes, a number of Toys for the  
 "Grab Bag."

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

Mrs. George G. Wanzer.....	\$ 75 35
Mrs. John H. Brewster.....	103 50
Mrs. W. C. Rowley.....	86 06
Mrs. C. Clarke and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins	125 00
Mrs. W. F. Cogswell.....	52 00
Mrs. Louis Chapin.....	92 68
Mrs. L. R. Satterlee.....	58 01
Mrs. E. Gould.....	34 00
Miss Walbridge, Ice Cream.....	66 52
Evening Table.....	10 14
Scales, Miss Hamilton.....	8 05
Grab Bag, Masters Sam Wilder and W. Holloway.....	6 28
Silhouettes, Misses M. and F. Montgom- ery, assisted by Messrs. H. Hawks and G. Mitchell.....	25 42
	<hr/>
	\$743 01

ARTICLES FOR FANCY TABLES.

Mrs. George J. Whitney.....	\$ 233 75
Mrs. L. Ward, Mrs. Angel and Mrs. J. Ward.....	275 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,251 76

Tickets sold for the Evening Reception \$ 264 98

Treasurer's Report.

Mr. W. Simons, 70 cents; Miss Eastman,  
 \$1.25; Mrs. T. Knowles, 62 cts.; Mrs.  
 R. A. Sibley, \$5; Mrs. D. M. Dewey,  
 \$1.25; Mrs. Peart, 50 cents; Mrs. C.  
 Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. R. DeForrest,  
 \$1.25; Miss Green, 60 cents; Mrs. M.  
 Gregory, 65 cents; Mrs. Mylrea, \$1.25;  
 Mrs. T. Oliver, \$1.86; Mrs. Wing,  
 65 cents; Mrs. George F. Danforth,  
 75 cents; Mrs. E. Griffin, \$1.62; Mrs.  
 Farrar, \$1.25; Mrs. Greentree, \$1.00;  
 Mrs. Freeman Clark, \$1.25; Mrs. S.  
 Sloan, 65 cents; Mrs. E. C. Haywood,  
 \$1.25; Miss F. Montgomery, 75 cents;  
 Mrs. J. E. Edmundson, 62 cts.; Mrs. H.  
 B. Tracy, \$2.00; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin,  
 \$1.86; Mrs. A. Savage, \$1.86; Mrs. J.  
 Bissell, \$1.25; Mrs. H. Hoyt, 62 cents;  
 Mrs. W. Kidd, 75 cts.; Mrs. Martindale,  
 \$1.25; Mrs. Merriman, \$1.25; Mrs. C.  
 J. Howland, \$1.25; Mrs. Stone, \$1.00;  
 Mrs. E. Pancost, 70 cents; John Van-  
 Voorhis, \$1.25; Miss H. Oothout, 65c;  
 Mrs. Galusha, \$1.25; Gen'l Powers, 65c  
 Mrs. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mrs. Roch-  
 ester, 63 cents; Mrs. Dana, 62 cents;  
 Mr. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62  
 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents;

Mrs. Newman, \$1.25; Mrs. Meyer, 63  
 cents; Miss Mary McMaster, 1.25; Mrs.  
 Dr. Wanzer, \$1.25; Mrs. Gorton, 75c.;  
 Mrs. Garson, 62 cents; Mrs. E. N. Buell,  
 62 cts.; Mrs. E. D. Smith, \$1.25; John  
 Craighead, 65 cents; Mrs. Wm. Burke,  
 62 cents; Mrs. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs.  
 Dr. Anderson, 63 cts.; Mrs. C. C. Morse,  
 \$1.25; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cents;  
 Mrs. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward,  
 \$1.25; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs.  
 J. H. Brewster, \$1.25; Mrs. H. Smith,  
 \$1.25; Mrs. C. Chapin, 62 cts; W. Burk,  
 Canton, Miss., \$1.00; E. M. Day, 62  
 cents; Mrs. Altpetre, 62 cents; Mrs.  
 Nessel, 62 cents; Mrs. E. D. Arner,  
 \$1.63; Mr. Warren, 62 cents; Mr. J.  
 Arnold, 63 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson,  
 \$1.25; Mr. J. Simons, 62 cents; Mrs.  
 Hooker, 1.25 .....\$60 65

MISS F. MUNGER, Treas.

Children's Department.

Out of Grandmamma's Tea-Cup.

(A CENTENNIAL TEA STORY.)

BY ELIZA WOOD.

It was strange that we should all see an  
 Indian in grandmamma's tea-cup on the  
 night of December 16th, 18—, Emily and  
 George, and little Dan and I. I am Godfrey.

A lone Indian, with a bow in his hand,  
 shaped in the tea-leaves on one side of the  
 cup, and on the other side, some scrawling  
 writing.

"Now tell us a story about the old  
 house on the wharf, grandmamma," Emily  
 said, "and let me sit on the rug with my  
 back close to your knees, for I shiver so at  
 Indian stories."

We knew it was to be an Indian story,  
 because grandmamma always took her text  
 from some of the shapes that we children  
 saw in the tea-leaves, and on that night we  
 saw only the figure of an Indian and the  
 writing.

"Let me get into your lap," said little  
 Dan, "for my efelant is so tired."

Little Dan is only three years and a half;  
 but he owns a very large, lead-colored can-  
 ton flannel elephant. He sleeps with it,  
 generally lying on his stomach with the  
 beast under him, and keeps it on the nur-  
 sery-table near him when he eats his meals.

George popped it into the soup-tureen  
 one day at dinner, while Dan was gazing  
 at the pudding; in consequence, there was  
 a feud between George and Dan for two

days, and a coolness for a week, although George allowed Dan to kick him, and good-naturedly assisted in bathing the elephant's feet and legs, which were greasy with chicken-broth.

"I'll tell you the story that my mamma told me when I was a little girl and lived in the old house on the wharf," said grandmamma. "I have remembered the 16th of December ever since. I suppose you children don't know what happened on that night, Anno Domini 1773?"

"Efelants?" asked Dan, gravely.

He always entered into the conversation with solemnity, especially when about to fall asleep.

"It was n't Sir Francis Drake's return from his voyage round the world, was it?" George asked, recklessly.

"Sit on him for a gaby," Emily whispered.

Grandmamma merely looked at him until he begged her pardon, and laughed nervously.

It was not that she was so intolerant of ignorance, but George had such a talent for exposing himself.

Emily and I were afraid to guess. I had the repeal of the Stamp Act on the tip of my tongue, but I turned it into a cough, seeing George so discomfited.

"The old house," grandmamma began, "was like most other houses of its day. The second story overhanging the first, the rooms were built around a huge stone chimney in the middle, the garden was paled in, and my grandfather was permitted to wharf before his door, and to make a 'causey' ten feet square from his wharf to low-water mark, to be free of access. When our whaler returned from a voyage, she came into our own wharf; and next to it but one was Griffin's wharf.

"In the winter season the family lived down-stairs—grandmamma and grandpapa and Uncle Godfrey and my mamma, who was the only girl.

"On the night of my story—December 16th, 1773—my mamma had a bad cold and hoarseness, and her mother had to put her to bed quite early in the afternoon.

"I have slept in same the little truckle bed, when I was a child, in a small wainscoted room just off the sitting-room in which the family lived in winter. Lying in bed with the door open, one could see the huge fireplace, and the doors on either side, which opened into Uncle Godfrey's bed-chamber and grandmamma's. The sitting-room ex-

tended nearly all across the back of the house.

"Grandfather came into the sitting-room by the back door just as grandmamma was pouring some hot water into a little china tea-pot from the tea-kettle that always hung from the crane.

"Not making tea, I suppose, Maria?" he said, with a smile.

"Yes, I am, 'Oliver, for the child; she needs something hot for her cold, and I think it a shame to throw away real good tea," grandmamma replied,

"Do you not know," said grandfather, that the word *tea* ought not so much as to be once named by the friends of American liberty, and here you are openly using it before me, a Son of Liberty, and a selectman."

"He picked up the beautiful little china tea-pot and flung it behind the back-log, a cloud of steam and ashes arising; then he turned to grandmamma and said:

"I ask your pardon if I have been too hasty; but I am just from the assembly in the old South Meeting-house, and we are waiting there for Rotch's answer from the Governor. His time is up, and he must sail with the tea to-night."

Grandmamma did not answer. She was, with the poker, carefully lifting the tea-pot by the handle out of the ashes.

There was a small piece nicked out of the spout, which seemed to pain her.

Grandfather went out of the house and shut the front door with a heavy slam.

Dear mamma closed her eyes then, to make her mother think she had been asleep during this little domestic scene.

Grandmamma came and listened to her breathing, and tucked the bed-clothes in about her.

"God bless you, my child," she said, "and help us all." Then she took down her gray cloak and hurried out of the house.

"Poor mamma sat up in bed and wondered what it all meant.

"She knew a little about Rotch and the ship Dartmouth; that Mr. Rotch was the owner of the Dartmouth, which ship had come in to Griffin's wharf one Sunday Morning, laden with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea: that, Sunday as it was, the selectmen had held a meeting, and that it was decided that the tea should not be landed.

"The school-children had come down to grand-father's wharf on Saturday morn-

ing to see the Dartmouth lying at Griffin's wharf, with two other tea-ships that were anchored there under guard, and mamma had joined in all their ceremonies that meant independence and liberty, except spitting upon a stamp which one of the boys had; that mamma declined to do, because she said it was a nasty trick. She had sacrificed her only doll when an effigy of George Grenville was needed for hanging upon a miniature Liberty Tree, and had joined in a feast under this tree (a barberry-bush in Coffin's field near the school-house) to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act.

"She had contributed liberally toward a testimonial of sassafras candy which was presented to the son of Edward Proctor, captain of the guard of the tea-ships; and yet the whole thing was a sad puzzle to her little brain, and it made her very unhappy to think that the end of it all was that her father had nearly broken the pretty china tea-pot, and her mother had left her alone in the house.

"Well, mamma, from her little bed, watched the bright flames of the wood fire in the sitting-room until it burned low and the tea-kettle stopped singing. It was quite dark outside and very still.

"Mamma crept out of bed and stole into the sitting-room with a blanket wrapped around her, and sat down on her little stool on the hearth. She wished herself back in bed as soon as she was seated upon the hearth; for the flickering fire-light made strange shadows on the wall, and the darkness in the corners of the room was so dense that it seemed to her miles deep, and she did not dare to turn her back to it, or return to her bedroom, for it was creeping toward her slowly. All the familiar objects in the room were shrouded in darkness except the strings of dried apples hanging from the center beam, and grinning like monster teeth, and the fitches of bacon that stretched and humped into wicked shapes to her terrified eyes. Then the darkness seemed to be infolding her, and the stillness hummed drearily in her head, and she tried to scream for her mother, but her voice would not come."

"Oh, don't let the Indian come now; I can't bear it," said Emily.

"He must come when he did come," said George; "must n't he, grandma?"

"Yes," answered grandmamma, "and he did come just as mamma was trying to

scream; the shed door opened, and the back door into the sitting-room opened, and a very tall Indian strode in up to the chimney-place and lighted his pipe with a coal from the fire. Mamma tried to say, 'Don't kill me!' but her voice failed; and then a ray of hope came to her, that the Indian would go away without seeing her, and then he spoke to her.

"'Why, child, you'll perish with cold,' he said. 'Go back to bed. Where's your mother?'"

"He stooped and picked her up and carried her to her bed, and was heaping some extra coverings upon her when a wild war-whoop resounded outside, and was echoed from various parts of the town.

"'That's the signal,' he said, and rushed out of the back door.

"After that mamma could only remember a whirlpool of noises, war-whoops, and splitting sounds. Then a dead silence and then her father and mother came in with the Indian, and threw on more logs and warmed themselves at the sitting-room fire.

"'I found the child sitting on the hearth when I came home to light my pipe,' said the Indian, with the voice of Uncle Godfrey. 'I must see if she is awake.'

"Poor little mamma's voice came back then; she put her arms around his neck as he stooped over her, and sobbed out 'Are you a friendly Indian?'

"He burst out laughing with Uncle Godfrey's laugh, and carried her into the sitting-room, where, in her mother's lap, she told her unhappy story as well as she could for laughing and crying and kissing them all.

"Uncle Godfrey took off his crown of feathers, and knelt to mamma to pass her fingers through his soft fair hair.

"'Whatever did you do it for, Uncle Godfrey?' she cried, and then her father tried to explain to her what had happened in Boston harbor that night."

"What had happened, George?" asked grandmamma.

"A party of men disguised as Indians, at a concerted signal, had gone on board the tea ships, and splitting open the chests of tea, had emptied their contents into the water. Three hundred and forty-two chests."

"Why had they done this, Godfrey?"

"Because it had been resolved in the colonies not to use any articles taxed by

the crown, and the consignees of the tea would not order the ships to sail back with their cargo, and a clearance was denied Mr. Rotch, and this was the only way to prove that we were in earnest."

"And we were in earnest," said grand-ma with kindling eyes. "Our Country's future might have been foretold that night, looking into those dark waters where the tea-leaves were unfolding.

"We now know the shapes they took: Lexington, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Bunker's Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Brandywine, Germantown, the war on the ocean, and Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword.

"Eight years after the battle of Lexington Washington issued a proclamation of peace."

"You look like a statue of Liberty when you said Washington, grandmamma," said George.

Grandmamma smiled, and little Dan cried out in his sleep, his nose was flattened against his elephant.

"I wish Dan would not make those startling noises," said Emily, whose back was still close to grandmamma's knees; "ring for his nurse, George."

"No I want to carry the little rascal myself," said George.

So we all bade good night and thanked grandmamma for her tea-cup story.

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halls; our executive offices are not bestowed necessarily on men who have only royal titles to recommend them; but from the highest to the lowest, every municipal, State and national honor, is at the disposal of him who can win it. True, it is a mooted question whether such a state of things is conducive to national prosperity, or not. The history of the past has many solemn lessons against universal franchise and universal office-holding; but whatever history may teach, the fact remains the same—in this country there is no limit to a man's ambition, until he has occupied the highest executive office of the Government. And the consequence of this is plain: if the fathers are eligible to every office, and can become candidates for every honor, then there must be a fearful responsibility resting upon the sons, because they will one day occupy their fathers' positions. Directly or indirectly, they will be the makers of the laws that govern them and us. Their wealth, their influence, their talents, and their votes will one day be used for measures which must seriously affect the welfare of their fellow men. In fact, the whole body politic, must be influenced for good or evil by the actions of those whom we call our young men. They may, like the ancient Romans, make liberty a lifeless statue to place in the national Capitol, or they may make it a principle to actuate every movement of national legislation. The safety, honor, and welfare of the people generally, depend on their actions in the future; and their actions in the future will be governed by their principles in the present; hence, the young men of every country must be the motive power of all legislative action.

Not now—perhaps not during the lives of their fathers—but a day will come when the places of the fathers will be vacant; they will have gone to their long homes, and the places that now know them will know them no more—and when that occurs, when our older men have passed into eternity, by whom are their places to be filled? Why, by those whom we now call "our young men." In the ceaseless whirl of time they will be thrown upon the surface—they will be dragged out from the obscurity of boyhood, and placed in the front ranks of the battle of life; and as one by one their seniors fall, they will be compelled to step to the front, and supply the

places of those who are gone. Necessarily then, there must be a fearful responsibility resting upon our young men. Our future prosperity and happiness is dependent upon their principles—the morals which are to govern our daily life, and the religion which is to support us in the hour of affliction and death, must be the product of those ideas, tastes and principles which they are now cultivating. Why, brethren, if the hearts of this people were as one man striving for the blessings of political liberty, could there be such a thing as tyranny, either petty or grand? Nay, it would vanish as the darkness vanishes, when the sun rises in his strength. If our moral faculties had been educated to detect fraud and corruption—if we fully appreciated the meaning of that law, "Thou shalt not steal"—could there be tolerated, nay, could there ever occur, such awful moral obliquity as that which now disgraces our age and nation? No! Being honest ourselves, we should demand honesty in others; and they being as honest as we, would need no demand to do their duty.

—[From a Sermon by Rev. J. J. Clemens.

#### Boys and their Mothers.

Some one has written beautifully to boys in the following manner. Here whole sermon in a few sentences:

"Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is a pure love and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to his mother plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of son to her. And I never yet knew a boy 'turn out' bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl, may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother, in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sere leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time."

An old lady in Washington was recently heard to observe, on taking up the morning paper, "I wonder if any body has been born that I know."



### The Centennial Exhibition.

Undoubtedly the instinctive feeling of most people outside of Philadelphia was in the outset wholly unfavorable toward the huge Industrial Exhibition which the pertinacious Quakers forced upon the nation as the proper thing for our first centennial celebration. Even New England Yankees, characterized by no less a personage than George Washington, so long ago as the immortal '76, as "the most devoted to money of any people he had ever known," with the old Puritan blood still in their veins, rebelled against this un-ideal Supreme Rite of Patriotism. And New York, the mammon-worshipping, felt a little ashamed at such a commemoration of the spirit of '76, though blushing to be caught in the novel remonstrance, and so getting it out rather awkwardly; and held back not in mere jealousy, as the drab-coated industrial potentates would make out. Mr. Bigelow's elaborate scheme for the Centennial bespoke this feeling in the general mind. Yet here, as so often elsewhere, "they builded wiser than they knew." There are already no dim betokenments that the nation is doing the right thing. The taunt of Europe that we are materialistic, fails to reproach us. Our first work has been physical development. We are still amongst the material foundations of social and political life. The national life is developing its individuality. The boy nation is making and finding itself—the preparation for the manhood's work. Social and political economies are in this age corollaries of industrial problems. The right ordering of industrial life, whether by laws of nature self-operating, or by such laws guided by human wisdom, must be our chief concern for some good time to come. Despite the clamor of visionists and politicians, our real national problems are industrial—the finding of work that shall not only feed but educate labor. The Philadelphia school of economists have at least this much in their favor, that they discern this idea and profess to seek its evolution. Alike in prophecy of the future, whose clue is in industrial order, as in the memory of the past, Philadelphia is a fit place for the Centennial, and as our speechifyings will embalm the past, with warranty against oblivion, the Exhibition may set us a thinking as to the future. For we much mistake if the happy omen

Carl Schurz discerns in the temper of our Centennial speeches is not further to be read in the Exhibition, and the nation instead of the old Fourth of July spread-eagles to turn itself to sober self-questionings.

In 1851 England invited the world to place its wares along-side her own on British soil, and found herself far below continental countries in all workmanship involving taste and skill. She learned her hard lesson and by the next English Exhibition had lifted her work in artistic merit above her rivals. That which our importation of patterns and of skilled labor is not teaching us, we shall probably be forced to learn in the shame of the Exhibition of 1876. And we shall learn the secret of our shortcoming where England learned hers, in the failure to educate the working-classes up to capacity for artistic work, for thorough work of any kind. Our shame will be that we are beaten in the common education, our pet boast; that Republican America does not turn out as much manhood in its labor as does Monarchical Europe. We shall have to make our artisans artists as a business necessity. So the Gradgrind arguments of trade will work out no less ideal a conclusion than the education of manhood. Mammon shall minister to Christ. Economics are after all one of the driving wheels of the machinery of the Regeneration. A truer individuality, an ampler, nobler manhood, for each laborer—this is the vision rising through the long halls of the big building going up in Fairmount Park.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* argues that "when you are bent on doing any thing wrong, you should begin by convincing yourself that it is wrong; because, then, though you are guilty of the transgression, you retain your principles unimpaired."

Jack Cass, the young man who recently inquired for the Church of the Miraculous Deception, yesterday called at a well-known grocery store in this city and asked for some graduated sugar and a package of consecrated yeast.

A French physician recommends the use of bread mixed with sea-water, in disease arising from poverty of blood, for convalescents recovering from acute diseases, and for persons of delicate constitution.

### Teaching Children Courtesy.

Many mothers forbid their toddling children any intercourse with other little people, because they suppose it is not time for them to fully comprehend the courtesies of life. This is the very reason why they should be taught to be polite and considerate at the earliest possible moment. We have seen parents who seemed to suppose that the first lesson bestowed upon the child is exactness of statement, and that a falsehood is a cardinal sin. But to teach the child to tell the truth requires a process of incomprehensible reasoning, while an infliction of pain upon another child has its immediate results, and the child can both see and feel the consequences of its unkindness. It is very curious to observe little people when they first meet. They usually look at each other sharply, but speculatively, and, after proper deliberation, decide upon their line of action. It is either war or peace, but never entire indifference. Even the peace may be but temporary, provided one possesses that which the other covets. Doubtless this covetousness is not so much due to original sin as to that deep law of human existence—self-preservation. The child who sees an article in another's possession imagines, vaguely, perhaps, but positively, that it is a thing that is necessary to his own welfare and happiness, and instinct teaches him to seize it. Now this is not unfrequently set down as an unpardonable sin, and an omen of future wickedness. Nothing can be more unjust or unreasonable. It is a characteristic which, when properly guided, will lead to honorable worldly success. Mis-directed or uncurbed, without being taught a proper reverence for the golden rule, the young creature may fall into positive crime. Manliness in a boy corresponds with womanliness in a girl, and the nobility of unselfishness cannot be too early taught to children, nor can this quality be learned practically unless association with other children is not only encouraged but used as a constant habit of instruction. While teaching a child to be polite, above all things, avoid permitting him to become obsequious. An excess of politeness is real hypocrisy, and leads to dangerous deceits, or else a craven spirit enters the child, and this sort of evil sentiment is rarely, if ever, cast out when once in possession of a soul.

Teach the children genuineness in the expression of their likings, and forbearance in their dislikes—these great lessons of life that can be gained only by proper restraints over their intercourse with companions of equal age and circumstances.

[The Metropolitan.

### Dancing and Dishonesty.

The church has for a long time graded iniquities by an exceedingly perverse standard. As an instance of this I can recall the fact that there have been more sermons and tracts against dancing, card playing and theater going than against slander, falsehood and defaulting. We have strained at gnats and swallowed camels.

The young believer, full of life, has been soured by the acidulated criticisms of men who, utterly hard in business, ready to take the pound of flesh if the law will allow, are not only not rebuked for their meanness, but are held in reverence. Now there is no true Christian who ought not to deplore all excess in securing amusement, and it is not our intention to defend the lives of many pleasure-seeking professed Christians. The only point I would make is that these questions are not the great, the vital ones, and that there is need of a moral tonic from the pulpit to make men feel the meanness of lying, cheating and backbiting.

And I take courage in the thought that the churches are coming into more sound views in this direction; that men who have failed two or three times, paying only a few cents on the dollar and living in greater comfort than their creditors, are to be called scoundrels; that he who insists upon exorbitant profits or interests, because he is in a position to demand them, is an extortioner; that men or women who come to church with clothes unpaid for, or move in a circle beyond their means, or tell unfounded stories of their neighbors, are sneaking hypocrites, however many prayers they may offer, or catechisms they may repeat.—*Rev. J. G. Merrill.*

Scotchman (to English tourist)—“Toot awaa, ma man, toot awaa; dinna ye boast sae muckle aboot yer ain countrie; dinna ye ken that it was only caa'd Breetin till Scotland cam' t'ye, and then ye becam' Great Breetin? Aye, an' ye've remained great ever since. Ye'd be a puir lot left to yersels!”

Who'll Turn the Grindstone ?

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "Has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop."—"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he. Without waiting for a reply, "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung and I could not get away: my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground.

At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played the traunt; send to school or you'll rue it." Alas, thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a rascal was too much. It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas, methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Straight. "Scotch snuff!" answered old Hurricane, very sententiously—"Scotch snuff; bring a little of it ever so near their noses, they'll sneeze their lids off."

The Jackal's Prayer.

A Hotten'ot Fable.

BY JOEL BENTON.

A chicken, wandering far and wide,  
Soon saw a jackal at its side,—  
And though, for safety, help was sought,  
The silly saunterer was caught.

Then said the chicken to the beast :  
"Prayer always comes before a feast ;  
The white man doth some grace repeat  
Before each meal—or will not eat."

"I should not friend, object to pray  
If I knew how. Show me the way."  
The chicken said : "Now, understand—  
When you begin, fold hand with hand."  
The jackal followed out with care  
This brief advice, and offered prayer.  
Then spoke his guide : "Your words are right,  
But prayer's of faith, and not of sight ;  
We bow our heads unto the ground,  
Nor look above, nor gaze around,—  
And so, if you are good and wise,  
You'll pray once more and close your eyes."

So, doing as his prompter bade,  
The jackal shut his eyes and prayed ;  
But, long before he ceased to pray,  
Chicken and dinner flew away.

Chinese Proverbs.

TRANSLATED BY MISS BEULAH WOOLSTON.

"To look at Heaven and eat rice"—gain an honest living.

"To seize two eels with the hands"—to undertake two employments at once.

"Liver and bowels cut into inches"—greatly distressed.

"The tide rises slowly while one waits for it"—hard to wait, as for one's pay.

"Fire emptied into the palm"—urgent.

"Like drinking tea"—easily done.

"It's flesh on the back and it's flesh on the palm of the hand"—to treat impartially.

"Near the temple, slight the god"—familiarity breeds contempt.

"An iron cudgel may be ground into a needle"—perseverance effects wonders.

"To tear away the east wall to fill in the west partition"—to pay debts by borrowing.

"It's hard to clap with one hand"—to need others' help.

Foochow, China.

A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark, "He's not look ver good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him. A few days afterward he returned to the seller in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is de mattaire?" said the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee; "matter enough—the horse can't see! He is as blind as a bat!" "Ah," said the Frenchman, "vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look ver good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all!"

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## *The Hospital Review.*

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1875.

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### Visit to the Hospital.

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Well, this wonderful weather is enough to take one out of one's senses, and doubtless the weather was the reason that the crazy woman said to us in the street car, "This is wonderful weather for December"—really it was the third of January. Then putting out her hand to us, "Say, I say to you that this is wonderful weather for December." We agreed with her immediately, and pulled the check-string. According to our custom, we took a visitor with us; that is, we do when we find any one willing to go. On this day we secured the companionship of a lady noted for her exquisite housekeeping, and we were charmed with her approval of the Hospital and its appointments. Such clean halls—such bright oil cloths, such shining win-

dows, and such white beds! In the first one, we saw a poor woman sick with dropsy. Her labored breath and pallid countenance, betokened intense suffering. In answer to our inquiries, she raised her heavy eyes, and said, "Indeed I do suffer! I can't lie down, and I can't sit up, and I am so tired;" and, holding our hand in hers, she seemed almost as if appealing to us for relief. We had passed her bed once or twice in going around the ward, and found her bolstered up in bed, with her head thrown forward, trying to breathe. Last month we alluded to a sick girl dying of consumption. Then, we promised to send her the only thing she cared for—some currant jelly—but forgot it till to-day; and to-day we found her dying. Her mother had come to her from Oswego but a few moments before our arrival. We asked her if she remembered us, and were surprised that she did. As many times as we have visited the Hospital, this is the first patient we ever saw dying. Her mother said, that in the three years her child had been sick, she had the "conceit" that if she could only come to the "Rochester City Hospital," she would recover; but consumption could not be cured. Her sister was expected; however, there was little reason to hope that she would be living when she should arrive. Another sister, with a sick child, is staying in the Hospital; and we were somewhat surprised to find that she could stay away from the dying girl. In the bath-room the nurse was dressing a strange looking sore, and applying a flax-seed poultice. The patient was the most cheerful old lady; and while the bandages were going on, she said, "This all came from calomel; all of it; had it for years, and you wouldn't think that I can rub it." Our respect for calomel was not increased. A cheerful group were sitting around the register. One old lady, who has some trouble with her lungs, brightened up so much as we went near her, that we were very much

flattered; but on glancing behind us, we saw a little child carried in the arms of a young girl; and this little one was the cause of the bright and loving looks of the grandmamma. A young girl who sat sewing by this grandmamma, looked very happy as she told us that Saturday she was going to her place, as her health was entirely restored. By her sat a woman who, a month ago, was brought from St. Mary's Hospital to the City Hospital. Then, she was very sick with heart disease and rheumatism; now, she is so much better that she is able to be dressed, sit up and sew. Always, in one corner of the ward, we find two patients. They are always smiling, always chatty, quite ready to talk of anything but themselves; and, if asked questions about their aches and pains, respond as cheerfully as if they were telling good news. One of these patients is a young girl, with a hand useless from paralysis, caused by an attack from spotted fever. The other is sick from rheumatism, and has been for a long time. We have often alluded to her case. When she first came to the Hospital it was thought she might entirely recover; but now she thinks if she becomes no worse she will be thankful. That corner is the sunny one of the ward. The lady who was with us being an enthusiast about little people, we went into the ward where they were. On the bed nearest the door we found a seven months' old little girl, pretty enough to gladden the eyes of any mother. That child, at this early age, has evidently chosen the career of an editor, for she certainly—we say it without vanity—enjoyed our conversation, and approved of our language. She bowed, and faintly smiled on us, very faintly, and followed us with her eyes, as we walked around the ward. It is a long time since we have met a lady who found us so congenial as this little lady did. Her mother told us a sad story. Her husband is a carpenter, and has not been able for weeks to obtain work. He has been oblig-

ed to sell what he had, and now, with their other child, a little boy three years old, is homeless. She is sick and in the Hospital with her pretty baby, who has been sick from inflammation of the lungs. "Where we shall go when I am well and leave here, I don't know," she said. Mere words are such poor comfort that we had not the heart to say anything. To tell people that days will be brighter, that some place will be found, and that somebody will do something, may be a comfort for a little time; but when people are really homeless, something besides words are needed. The other child in that ward was a sick little seven-weeks-old. Her mother was taking care of her in that patient manner that only comes with motherhood. As we left the wards to go into the others across the hall, and saw the cheerful countenances of all those invalids, as they nodded their "good byes," we wondered as we have many times before, How many people, in their own homes, tenderly cared for by friends, would be as patient and uncomplaining as those sick people?

It is a long time since we have visited the wards where the sick men are, not from a lack of interest in them, but from a sheer want of knowledge of what to say to them. We don't know anything of politics, which is to them an interesting subject; nor of machinery, which as a general thing causes the accidents which bring them there; neither do we understand anything about the roads or the harvest. However, it is not necessary to enumerate the things we don't know. We will hasten back to where we started from, and say it is a long time since we have been in the male ward, and the lady who was with us wished to see it. So, opening the door we stepped in—and then stepped out, as some surgical operation was in progress; at least it seemed so to us. Three or four nurses were bending over a bed, with bandages in their hands, and they evidently thought we could well be spared. We

also thought so, and left, having no taste for amputations or other horrors.

As we left the Hospital, and walked down the broad gravel walk, we listened with delight to the praises not only of the Hospital and the beautiful order in which we found it, but of the liberality which designed, and the skill which executed, this monument of Christian charity. \*

Some of the subscribers who paid last month, did not see their names in the list. The fault was the Treasurer's. But they appear in the list of this month. So many subscribers have left their accounts unsettled that it is necessary to appoint a collector. Mr. Bostwick has the bills and will present them. It is earnestly hoped that these bills will be paid on the first presentation.

It is the misfortune of the *Hospital Review* that it is issued the middle of the month instead of the first. If it is the desire of the Editor to offer good wishes and congratulation about holiday season, it is either too late or too early, and all the good wishes are out of season. We can't, at this date, wish our readers "Merry Christmas" or "Happy New Year," but for once we will take Time by the forelock and wish them a joyous *Twenty-second of February*, 1876, which is a legal holiday. There! we flatter ourselves that no Editor in the country is before us this time.

### 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.

### Vick's Floral Guide.

We are again indebted to Mr. Vick for this delightful magazine. We quote from the first article therein, to show our readers the change made in the book:

"The first number of the Floral Guide for 1876 we present to our readers with a good deal of pleasure. We have made an important change, and one we think greatly for the good of our readers, and yet perhaps all will not agree with us. For many years the first number of the Guide has been almost entirely made up of descriptions of flowers and vegetables, with their prices. This was repeated every year, with such alterations from time to time as experience taught us to be necessary.—Such a course seemed unwise, as we felt quite sure we could occupy the space much more profitably with fresh matter, than by telling the same old story annually. In view of the change then determined upon, last year we made, at very great labor and expense, an entirely new arrangement of matter in the first number of the Guide, as all our readers must have observed.

"The priced list of seeds, etc., was separated from the descriptions, and the first hundred pages made in fact a book on *Flowers and Vegetables*, and we flatter ourselves as plain and instructive and interesting and truthful as any book to be procured, even at ten times its cost. Its teachings and descriptions will be good for years, so that all who have this number will not need a duplicate copy, and would not be benefited should we send them another, even with a new date. These numbers are preserved everywhere, as they should be. A list of prices for the present year, of all seeds, bulbs, etc., with brief descriptions, will be found at the end of this number, and called our Priced Catalogue."

The book is full of information and instruction to those interested in the cultivation of flowers and vegetables.

### 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 ELA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.  
Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.  
Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "  
Miss MARY WATSON, "



**HOW TO STOP A PAPER.**—Do not take your paper to the postmaster and tell him to send it back; in nine cases out of ten you will fail to stop it in this way. Do not attempt to return it yourself, and write on the wrapper to discontinue; this is against the law and lays you open to a fine. Before your subscription expires, send to the editor a postal card, saying your subscription expires on such a date; please discontinue at that time.—Sign your name, also the town and State where your paper is sent, in full. If the paper has been sent two weeks or more over the time for which it was paid, don't send a postal card; it will do no good; rather write a letter and inclose what is due for arrearages, always allowing that one number will be sent before the letter reaches the publisher and his list is corrected. By observing these simple rules, your requests will always be promptly attended to.—*Printer's Circular.*

**Died.**

In the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 3d, 1875, of pyloric cancer, Catharine Eugell, aged 40 years.  
 In the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 12, 1876, of enteric fever, David Lindsay, aged 35 years.  
 In the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 4th, 1875, of marasmus, Child of McKain, aged 7 weeks.

**Recapitulation**

OF THE RECEIPTS OF THE DONATION, DEC. 9, 1875.

Cash Donations. ....	\$ 859 00
“ from Tables. ....	676 49
“ from Fancy Articles. ....	518 75
“ from Ice Cream. ....	66 52
“ from Tickets for Evening. ....	264 98
	<hr/>
	\$2,385 74
Expenses. ....	256 17
	<hr/>
	\$2,129 57
Am't Donated Bills. ....	\$128 64
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

**Superintendent's Report.**

1875. Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 62	
Received during month, ..	20 —82
Discharged, .....	26
Died, .....	3— 29
	<hr/>
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1876,	53

**Subscriptions to Review.**

Mr. Arnold, 63 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.25; Mrs. Sara L. Howes, 62 cts; Miss Sara Bradford, \$1.00; Miss M. Dunlap, 65 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 65 cents; Walter & Line, \$4.00; Mr. Farnham, \$1.00; Mrs. G. S. Gilbert, 62 cents; Mrs. Dann, East Avon, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Taylor, 75 cents; Miss Anna Baker, 62 cents. ....	\$12 16
MISS FRANK MUNGER, Treas. H. R.	

**Omissions.**

The following donations on accounts, and donations of articles, we regret, were omitted in the last No. of the *Review* :

Mr. H. C. Wisner, donated bill. ....	\$11 63
Messrs. Taylor Bros. “ “ .....	10 00
Mr. E. K. Warren “ “ .....	2 50
Mrs. N. T. Rochester—One roast Turkey and one pair of roast Ducks.	
Messrs. Alling & Cory—A quantity of Manila Paper.	

**Hospital Notices.**

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.

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.

**Children's Department.**

**Dempsey's Dream.**

BY H. H. D.

Wellsburg, one of the loveliest maritime villages of New England, is also one of the many quaint, old-fashioned places that line the sea-coast of the Old Bay State. Pleasantly situated on the west side of a beautiful bay, a few miles above the point where it empties into the Atlantic, Wellsburg has become, of late years, a Summer resort for the tourist whose tastes and habits incline to quietude rather than the ostentation and glitter of a fashionable watering-place.

Here the world is, as it were, shut out; and one seems separated from its cares and its distinctions, its dissensions and its vices.

The people are hospitable and friendly; and though there are but few evidences of extreme wealth, one does not, on the other hand, behold the blighting touch of poverty and degradation.

Like most of the seaport villages in Massachusetts, Wellsburg consists principally of one long street—a pleasant, shady avenue; and there is scarcely a private dwelling located on this extended thoroughfare which lacks the impress of thrift and prosperity.

The houses are mostly frame structures of two and three stories, shingled on the

sides instead of being clapboarded, and they are kept well painted and in good repair by their careful owners. The yards and grassy lawns about many of the residences are laid out with care and neatness, exhibiting good taste and refinement in the arrangement of trees and shrubbery.

As a goodly portion of the inhabitants "toil not, neither do they spin," one might marvel how a place, where the busy hum of industry is almost unheard, can keep itself alive; yet the question is not a difficult one to answer. Wellsburg, in the past, has been the abiding-place of many sea-captains, who amassed considerable wealth in whale-fishing; and who, after battling with the winds and waves for the best portion of their lives, at last chose this peaceful haven in which to spend the remnant of their days. Now, many of their descendants are content to still linger around the old familiar hearthstones, supported by the riches secured by inheritance. As it has been decreed that "the poor shall not fall out of the land," so, even in Wellsburg, there is a certain class in the community which is compelled to sustain itself by its own exertions; and to most of this rank, Old Neptune furnishes a livelihood.

At the upper end of the long street of which I have spoken, on the brow of a gentle eminence, stands the old mansion-house of the Dennisons, the oldest and wealthiest family in Wellsburg. The house is a well-built, spacious, wooden structure, with massive pillars and a long piazza in front, and with a closely-shaven, grassy lawn sloping down to the road. The bluff, honest sailor, Rufus Dennison, to whom the residents of Wellsburg paid respectful homage for many years, has passed away, and his mantle has fallen upon his only son, Gerard, a young man of thirty years, who is as much revered and respected by the present generation as his father was by a past. Truly, the lines of Gerard Dennison have "fallen in pleasant places," yet—unlike too many rich men's sons—prosperity has not redounded to his injury. A humble follower of Christ, and a devout believer in the teachings of His Church, benevolent without ostentation, he finds genuine pleasure in ministering to the necessities of others less fortunate than himself.

To this quiet, sequestered nook there came, in the Summer of 1863, an African refugee from North Carolina named Dempsey, accompanied by his wife and child.

Dempsey was a tall, broad-shouldered negro, in the prime of life, of amazing strength and endurance. By dint of long practice on the bays and rivers of the "Old North State," Dempsey had become an accomplished boatman. On his arrival at Wellsburg, a stranger in a strange land, he naturally looked about him to see how he could better his fortunes and improve his condition. Preferring nautical employment to work ashore, he wended his way to the wharves; but no one on board the few vessels lying in the harbor cared to employ him. Weary, dejected, and almost tired of life, he sauntered along the beach until he came to the boat-house of Gerard Dennison. The trim, little row-boats, and the two beautiful yachts with their snow white sails, excited Dempsey's admiration, and accosting an old sailor, who was at work on one of the vessels, he said:

"How'dy, massa. Who owns dese yere boats?"

"Gerard Dennison," replied the sailor.

"Who's he. I'se a stranger, and I don't know nobody."

The old sailor looked at the negro with an expression of disgust depicted on his countenance.

"You ain't a Northern darkey?" he said, finally.

"No; I'se from the Carolinas."

"Thought you wasn't from these parts, or you'd heard of Gerard Dennison. What do you want?"

"Sumfin to do."

"What can you do?"

"I is good on a boat. Neber sailed in dese yere waters, but I can sail any boat that ever was made."

"Whew!" ejaculated the sailor. "I wonder if you can," he added, sarcastically. After a moment's pause, he said:

"Well, you pretend to know so much, tell me a little of what you do know."

There was nothing that Dempsey liked better than to display his nautical knowledge; and in compliance with the request, he proceeded to define the different parts of a vessel and explain their respective uses, and how to sail and manage a boat in all winds and weathers. His auditor became deeply interested in the recital, and when Dempsey had finished, he said:

"I see, Cuffey, you know your business, in theory at least, and I guess you could do something aboard a boat. I tell you what it is, I'm going to give up this job, and go

to Boston and live with my son. I'm getting too old to take care of boats for a living."

"Can I get the place," asked Dempsey.

"Don't know; perhaps so. It won't do any harm to try. You'll find Gerard at the bank up here in town. It's now two o'clock in the afternoon, the bank closes at three, so you'll have to flax round if you want to see him."

Dempsey hastened back to the village, and had a long interview with Gerard Dennison, the result of which was that Dempsey became his *protege* from that time forward, and assumed the charge of his little fleet. Dempsey took up his abode in a little cottage near the boat-house, and as his duties were light and his cares few, he thought himself the happiest negro that ever lived.

One night Dempsey had a curious dream, which he related to his kind patron the next morning. He said that he dreamed he arose in the morning at sunrise, as usual, dressed himself, and went down to the beach to the spot where his yawl-boat was hauled up on the sand. Looking seaward, he saw a beautiful white yacht anchored a short distance from the shore, in a direct line from his cottage, and he thought that that vessel was his own personal property. Quickly launching his little boat, he pulled away in the direction of the beautiful yacht; and when he had almost reached it, he looked over his shoulder, and lo! there was no vessel to be seen. "Then," said Dempsey, smiling rather dismally as he concluded his story, "I awoke, and found that it was all a dream."

Gerard Dennison did not forget Dempsey's dream, and a month later, while on a visit to New York, he ordered a yacht built, to conform to the description given by Dempsey as far as possible. When completed, the vessel was brought up the bay to Wellsburg in the night, and anchored on the place referred to by Dempsey in his dream. The next morning at daybreak the negro arose, dressed himself, and went down to the beach as usual. Looking out to sea he saw the beautiful white yacht of his dream tossing on the blue waves of the bay. "Is I dreaming?" he asked himself. For a long time he watched the vessel, momentarily expecting to see it sink beneath the surface; but the blue waves still continued to kiss its prow, and it showed no indication of passing from sight. "I'll

see what it is, anyhow," said Dempsey; "It looks like a live sail-boat." He launched his little boat, and rowed toward the yacht, saying to himself, "There! I know 'twill go out of sight now." When within a few yards of the yacht, he stopped and looked over his shoulder. The vessel had not disappeared. The negro rested on his oars and meditated. "Ah! you won't fool me again!" he exclaimed. "But," he muttered to himself, "that must be a real boat. Dempsey, I believe you's a fool." Then he began rowing around the yacht in circles, each circle growing smaller and smaller, until finally he brought up under the stern of the boat. There, in raised, golden letters on a white surface, in the form of a semi-circle, he read the words, "Dempsey's Dream." How his heart leaped for joy! This was indeed his boat, and his dream had become a reality. He climbed aboard the beautiful vessel, and he saw that everything was there and in its place, and that she was built especially for fast sailing. The heart of Dempsey swelled with gratitude to God for all His blessings, and to his kind benefactor. Sinking on his knees in the cabin of "Dempsey's Dream," he raised his hands toward heaven and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and when he had said "Amen," he continued: "And O Lord, bless and keep Gerard Dennison and his'n forever, for Christ's sake, Amen." The Angel of the Morning, brooding over the bowed, bronzed figure in humble supplication, bore on its pinions the sincere and heartfelt prayer of Dempsey away to the Eternal Throne.

During the Summer of 1875, I visited Wellsburg for the first time. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with Gerard Dennison, and also to enjoy a delightful sail down the bay on the "Dempsey's Dream," commanded by Captain Dempsey. He makes considerable money in the Summer season by carrying excursion parties and looking after Gerard Dennison's boats. It is his modest boast that no boat that was ever built can outsail the "Dempsey's Dream."

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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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1876.

No. 7.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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### MARY

Mary! it is a gentle name,  
And they alone should bear it,  
Whose gentle thoughts and kindly deeds  
Proclaim them meet to wear it;  
Mary! the first of whom we read,  
Is in the sacred word:  
The Blessed Virgin undefiled,  
The mother of our Lord.  
Twas Mary to the Saviour knelt  
And washed His feet with tears;  
A true repentance then she felt  
For sins of former years.  
With pity touched, the Saviour said:  
" Thy sins be all forgiven."  
And she who knelt a sinner, rose—  
Mary, a child of heaven.

Martha, we learn, remained at home,  
" Troubled with many things ;"  
While Mary ran in haste to meet  
Her Lord, the King of kings,

And He who truly reads each heart,  
Jesus, of her did say,  
" Mary has chosen that good part  
Which shall not pass away."

And when the Lord of heaven became  
The lowly crucified,  
Three Marys stood around the Cross  
And wept when Jesus died.  
Twas Mary sought at early dawn  
The tomb from whence He brake,  
And hers, the first recorded name,  
The risen Saviour spake.

Then, Mary, let it be your aim  
To keep these still in view,  
And as you bear this gentle name  
Possess their graces too.  
Be meek and lowly, pure in heart,  
Be every sin abhorred,  
Like Mary, " chose the better part,"  
And early seek the Lord.

L. I. C.

### Pulmonary Consumption in Cities.

A tenth of the people of the cities die of consumption. For its prevention, hygienic treatment is the most successful. By drainage the mortality is greatly reduced. An elastic, dry atmosphere is best. Few of the large cities have a mild and equable climate favorable to the respiratory organs, the want of which develops pulmonary complaints. Of the rich, sixty in a thousand are afflicted with the disease, and two hundred and twenty-three to the thousand of the poor. Among the children of the aged and diseased it is more frequently found. When darkness and dampness prevent growth and health, consumption is produced.

The quantity of oxygen is always di-

minished in cities, even in the streets. Persons predisposed to consumption ought not to be allowed to live in cities. The absence of sunlight is a fruitful cause of the prevalence of the disease. It is not permitted in our houses, and when it does pretend to intrude, our housewives exclude it with heavy curtains. The streets are so narrow and the houses so high that sunlight seldom reaches the sitting-rooms. The school-houses are so situated that children can scarcely ever see the sun.

The sun is the source of all light, life and beauty, and is as necessary to give color and health and life to animals as to plants. It corrects musty smells, so prolific of disease. There is no surer way of promoting consumption than by the exclusion of sunlight. Sedentary life and inactivity, impure air, and the absence of sunlight in cities produce a fearful mortality from consumption. No exciting cause is so general as in-door occupations.

Excessive dryness, especially in the houses of the rich, is bad for health. Many other influences of city life contribute to its prevalence. Proper food is next in importance to pure-air in preventing a development of the disease. To the neglect of supplying to all an abundance of milk and butter is largely attributable to the increase and prevalence of the disease. The poor, especially, get but little hydrocarbonaceous food, and with the rich it is not the favorite it ought to be. Close confinement to business, overwork, and whatever contributes to impair the vigor of the body tends to develop consumption. The hygienic treatment of all diseases is the great medical fact of the times.—[PROFESSOR FRANK DONALDSON'S *Address before American Public Health Association, Baltimore.*

Our life is a state of exile and captivity, our end unknown, our fate wrapped up in clouds of a dark futurity. We lie at the mercy of winds and waves, and cast many a weary and longing look to the land of our hope and rest. But Oh, thou Stay of our souls, our refuge and strength, whose light, like the sailor's star, shines through the thick clouds that hang over our heads, steer, we beseech Thee, this floating vessel with the helm of Thy Cross, lest the deep swallow us up.

### Small-Pox on the Tramp.

*The Churchman* of January 8th, under "The Folly of Mistaken Kindness," gives an account of a tramp arrested in a large town, no matter where, a short time ago because he had small-pox, with which he had passed through the most crowded streets of the place before he was taken in charge; and follows up the account with some suggestive remarks in regard to the habits and dangers of tramps generally and the undeserved pity sometimes bestowed upon them. We are inclined to think that the tramp in question was badly treated.

His wandering about the streets with a visible, but preventable disease upon him, was probably a needed admonition to the civil authorities, if not, indeed, to the majority of the population of the large town in which he was arrested, that they were living in a state of habitual criminal neglect of known means for the protection of health and life. Such tramps might also be made useful as special messengers for the distribution of mortality statistics to the members of the municipal governments of several of our large cities about this time. It would be well for New York especially, to have a half dozen or so posted as sentinels for the protection of the Board of Apportionment in their deliberations on the value of human health, lest they finally conclude it is of no consequence whatever, that people can get along just as well without it. The effect on the members of the Board, however, would probably be the same as that witnessed in one of the crowded city cars of Brooklyn recently.—A gentleman with an acute sense of smell made his way to the door, and observed, as he made his way, "somebody in this car has small-pox." The effect was, the conductor soon found himself with but one passenger left; a poor woman with a bundle. He inquired of her why she did not leave too, and received for reply: "I haven't got it much yet; it only began to break out yesterday, and the doctor who called to see me told me I'd have to go to the hospital, and I am on my way there now." In the event of a like result on the Board of Apportionment, the Health Department of New York might be left to care for the health of the city, as the conductor was for his car.

## The Hospital Review.

## Legend of the Tailor in Heaven.

God, having one day gone out with the saints and the apostles for a walk, left Peter at the door of heaven, with strict orders to admit no one. Soon after a tailor came and pleaded to be let in. But Peter said that God had forbidden any one to be admitted; besides, the tailor was a bad character, and "cabbaged" the cloth he used. The tailor said the pieces he had taken were small, and had fallen into his basket; and he was willing to make himself useful—he would carry the babies, and wash or mend the clothes. Peter at last let him in, but made him sit down in a corner, behind the door. Taking advantage of Peter's going outside for a minute or two, the tailor left his set and looked about him. He soon came to a place where there were many stools, and a chair of massive gold and a golden foot-stool, which were God's. Climbing up on the chair, he could see all that was happening on the earth; and he saw an old woman, who was washing clothes in a stream, making away with some of the linen. In his anger, he took up the foot-stool and threw it at her. As he could not get it back, he thought it best to return to his place behind the door, where he sat down, putting on an air of innocence. God now re-entered, without observing the tailor. Finding his foot-stool gone, he asked Peter what had become of it—had he let any one in? The Apostle at first evaded the question, but confessed that he had let in one—only, however, a poor limping tailor. The tailor was then called, and asked what he had done with the foot-stool. When he had told, God said to him: "Oh, you knave, if I judged like you, how long do you think you would have escaped? For long ago I should not have had a chair or even a poker left in the place, but should have hurled everything at the sinners."—

[Grimm's Folk-Lore.]

One of the most ingenious advertisements issued at San Francisco during the summer was the following:

"Ice, ice, ice—

If you want it pure and n  
And at a reasonable pr  
Follow no new dev  
But send to me in a tr

} ice

at my off-ice, for I have the largest and best stock ever put up in this city."

## A Faithful Sentry.

A soldier of the First Empire, named Jacques Roussel, has just died at Montpellier, France, at the age of ninety-two. In 1807 the French took possession of Rugen, a small island in the Baltic, separated from the coast by a narrow channel. It was occupied by a detachment when the order came to evacuate it immediately. The embarkation was so hasty that a sentinel was forgotten—no other than Roussel. Ignorant of what had passed, he continued to pace up and down, and no relief having come after three hours, he lost patience, and returned to the guard-house, which of course he found deserted. Making inquiries, he learned with despair the departure of the detachment. An artisan of the place gave him shelter, and, after a certain period, gave his only daughter to him as a wife. They were all living happily together, when, at the end of five years, a vessel was sighted and the people flocked to hail it, the uniform of the French army being recognized. "They have come for me," exclaimed the frightened sentinel; but a sudden thought restored his courage. He ran to his dwelling, donned the uniform, which he had preserved, seized his musket, and, returning to the shore, mounted sentry at the moment when the French landed. "Qui vive?" he called out, in a stentorian voice. "Qui vive-meme?" replied those from the vessel. "A sentinel." "How long have you been on duty?" "For five years!" Davoust laughed heartily at the adventure, and ordered that a release in due form should be given to the deserter.

## The Peril of Massing Population in Cities.

Great cities are to-day the destroyers of the race. If it were not for accessions from the country they would become depopulated. The growth of cities is an interesting study. London grew in the reign of Elizabeth, notwithstanding new buildings were prohibited within ten miles of the city, and new houses had been ordered to be pulled down within its limits. Sanitary science suggests the formation of small villages outside of the cities, as in England, erected by sanitary architects. The best security for civilization is the dwelling. To improve the houses of the poor is the work of the sanitarian. Let the courts

and alleys and streets that show the greatest mortality be pulled down. Houses that produce death are not property. They are no more so than diseased meat. The time must come when the population will be reduced to so many to the acre. The poor must be educated in the art of healthy living. The sanitary missionary can do more than the health officer.

Homestead proprietors must closely scan the tax rates, and investigate the qualifications of the candidate for office. New York, a Babylon in construction and a Nineveh in corruption, overthrew the most powerful political organization in the world in a day, though nine-tenths of the citizens were landless. Homesteads for the poor is the condition that most conduces to the happiness of the people.—PROFESSOR STEPHEN SMITH: *Address before American Public Health Association, Baltimore.*

From the Independent.

### Jack Frost's Victory.

BY MARY LOUISE BATES.

Did the little ones hear the tremulous call  
Of the centennial crickets, telling to all  
The flight of Summer, the coming of Fall?

Did they know by the sumac over the way  
That while they all slept there had been an affray?  
Great drops of red on the green leaves lay.

It was easy to guess by the quivering air,  
Jack Frost and his elves lay ambushed there,  
The sting of their lances was everywhere.

Like many gallants of whom we are told,  
Jack Frost loved beauty, Jack Frost loved gold,  
And Summer, alas! was poor and old.

So he summoned his elves that starlight night,  
Determined on putting poor Summer to flight.  
The battle lasted till broad daylight.

But fancy our warrior's great surprise,  
When, under the Autumn's gorgeous dyes,  
He found Summer trying to hide from his eyes!

Her fast-failing strength revived at the sight  
Of the Sun's flaming steeds and his armor of light.  
She knew for her sake he was armed for fight.

Soon his golden arrows fell swift and keen,  
While hither and thither the silver sheen  
Of Jack's white lance in the battle was seen.

But alas! for Summer, the day grew late,  
And the steeds of the Sun—they flew like fate—  
Bore his glittering car through the wide western  
gate.

Departing, he sped back such ardent rays  
That the Frost King fled, and—should it amaze?—  
Summer veiled her bright blushes in mist and  
haze.

Then, as night came apace and the earth was still,  
Save the call of the cricket, fierce and shrill,  
Jack Frost returned and worked his own will.

Of a sudden the forest seemed all astir,  
The nuts leaped out from each silk-lined burr,  
And the milkweed put on her ermine fur.

The purple thistle, whose royal head  
Rose proudly out of its guarded bed,  
Spread her gossamer wings and upward sped.

The oak tree groaned, but its acorns threw  
Where the scarlet maple lay drenched in dew.  
To Summer the pine alone stood true.

Madly the leaves through the starlight air,  
Went waltzing like witches, pair and pair,  
And the startled squirrel looked out from his lair.

Next morning the Sun returned to the fray;  
But his darling Summer, in garments gray,  
Was buried from his fond sight away.

Bereaved and angry, he quick withdrew;  
But the children welcomed Jack Frost anew,  
For the sparkling visions he brought to view.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

A clergyman relates a story of a frightened youth who, in reply to the question in the Episcopal marriage service, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" replied with an answer to one of the questions in the order of baptism: "I renounce them all, and, by God's help, will endeavor not to follow or be led by them."

A Down-Easter, while traveling through the West, happened on one of its representative tavern-keepers, of whom he asked what could be furnished for dinner. "Anything, from a snipe to an elephant," was the reply. "I will take a piece of elephant," said Down-Easter. "You will have to take a whole one," was the rejoinder. "We never cut them."



## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1875.

### Our Guests.

It is with pleasure we give the readers of the "Review" an account of a very charming visit we had during the past month from ladies and gentlemen engaged in hospital work.

If we could convey in words half the pleasure it gave us, we should be satisfied, but as that is no easy task, we will simply tell them that the fame of our Hospital, as a model of its kind, has so gone abroad, that a delegation of the trustees and lady managers, with the matron, from the Cleveland City Hospital, came to inspect it.

Mr. Hurlburt, Pres't of the C. C. C. & I. railroad, provided a car, furnished with all the comforts for a pleasure trip, and a party of seventeen, three gentlemen and fourteen ladies, left Cleveland on the morning of 25th of Jan., arriving in our city about 4 P. M., taking rooms at the Osburn House. Several of our trustees and ladies called upon them, and Mr. D. W. Powers, with his usual politeness, invited the guests, with the medical staff, and other friends, including the Hospital Board, to visit his Art Gallery in the evening.

At 8 P. M., the inviting rooms, so beautifully adorned with works of art, were comfortably filled with a delighted party, notwithstanding the inclement storm that raged without. The charming array in the gallery was supplemented by delightful music from Schenck's band. Mr. Powers, not content with gratifying the æsthetic tastes of his guests, appealed to their more material appetites by a tempting display of delicacies, in the shape of delicious salad, coffee, cream and cake, which few, if any, can resist. Thus two or more hours glided swiftly by, and with many thanks to Mr. Powers, for a delight-

ful evening, the company separated to meet the next morning at the Hospital.

At the specified time on Wednesday, the ladies and gentlemen visited the Hospital, and after going through the apartments, from attic to cellar, visiting the various wards and private rooms, inspecting the kitchen and laundry, they were invited to partake of a lunch, furnished by the Lady Managers.

They all expressed themselves highly gratified with the Hospital and its management, and after several hours of social converse we parted, again to meet at a reception given by one of our most efficient Lady Managers, Mrs. A. D. Smith, to whom we are indebted for a most enjoyable evening.

It was a source of much pleasure to meet these earnest workers in our Master's vineyard, enlisted in one cause, and seeking to know, each from the other, the best and most expedient plan for the relief of our fellow creatures.

An occasional reunion and interchange of thoughts and plans would be not only a gratification, but a permanent benefit.

A few months since, a Lady Washington Tea-party was given in an adjoining village. Of course in getting it up there was much discussion as to who should be who; and much to the annoyance of the managers, General Washington was hard to find. In the course of conversation one of the ladies turned to a little four year old in the parlor and said, playfully, "Why, Willie, you might be George Washington." "Oh, no," said Willie, solemnly, "I couldn't be George Washington, I tell too many lies."

### Notices.

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.

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

### Not a Visit to the Hospital.

"Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants? There is no straw given unto thy servant; and they say to me, 'make brick,' and behold thy servant is beaten, but the fault is in thine own people." It is not necessary that a quotation should exactly parallel one's idea; only that it should better express it than would a sentence formed in one's mind. When, owing to climatic influences, we find it quite impossible to sing,

"My Mary Anne is like the sun  
When at the dawn it flings  
Its golden smiles of light upon  
Earth's green and lovely things;"

but sing this charming song in this way:

By Bary Addo is like the sud  
Whed at the dawd it fidge  
Its golded sbiles of light upod  
Earth's greed a'd lovely thi'gs;

And also when from the results of this same climatic influence, we are afflicted with a red nose and a blanket shawl, and compelled to sit by the fire, it becomes necessary to send a deputy to the Hospital to learn the condition of the patients, and report the same, we venture to affirm that the labor of writing an account of this visit becomes somewhat difficult.

The visitor returned, with this somewhat meager account, which she recited rapidly, as if fearful of forgetting her lesson. "There is an old colored woman, who cannot get well, and her friends are around her bed praying. She is resigned to die. Another woman has been brought in, sick with consumption; and another woman is sick with——, with something, I have forgotten what." "Is she to die?" "I don't know whether they said she was to get well or not, and then—— well, that is all." "Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?" &c. It was a short account. We remembered the many beds filled with sick, wan, patient women,

who always, in spite of pain and weariness, had a cheerful smile and pleasant welcome for us; and we wondered if they had all flitted away, so we asked the visitor, "Did you go through the wards?" "No ma'm," with emphasis. "That young man will recover, owing to the patient skill of Dr.——, he—the young man—has had poisoned blood—pyæmia—I think that is the way to spell it—the young man who fell down the well of the elevator, in Mr. Cunningham's carriage factory, you know." Is it strange that our thoughts still revert to that verse in Exodus? After the lapse of three or four hours, we were told that some one was brought in suffering from an accident which happened to his eyes. At first it was supposed that the sight was destroyed, but fortunately, in one the sight is returning.

To a person who is in the habit of visiting the Hospital regularly, the fact will be recognized that different seasons bring certain classes of diseases and accidents, just as surely as they bring fashions. This is really what might be termed the "accidental season." We remember in winters past, of seeing in one ward, at one time, six people, all with broken bones and dislocated joints, fastened in their beds, with weights and pulleys hanging at the foot. Thus far we have seen nothing of the kind, owing to the wonderfully mild winter.

We remember one poor old woman, who maintained herself by day's work, washing and house cleaning. One cold morning, after a fall of light snow, she left her home before it was fairly light, and stepping on the pavement, slipped on the ice underneath the snow, and broke her leg, besides dislocating her hip. For three days her case was neglected, when, at the expiration of that time, a good Samaritan found her and sent her to the Hospital. For sixteen weeks, she lay in one position in bed, always cheerful, and we often wondered if she was not glad to rest. After her recovery, owing to the shock to her

system and to her years, she was unable to work any more, and was obliged to go to the Poor House, we visited her there, and, although with the reticence that distinguishes a certain class of unfortunates, she would not complain, we thought that, after a life of honest toil, it was a cruel fate that brought her to such a home, and the helplessness of her lot made words useless; a little fruit and a basket of food, more delicate food than that she was accustomed to, made her face brighten.

Of course, we resolved on the spot to be faithful to the poor woman and visit her often; but we never went again. Good resolutions are so easy to make. Perhaps that is one reason why people are so ready to make them—writing out a long string and hanging them up so that they can be read every day, like the texts we so often see in rooms, and from sheer familiarity, growing to be no more than the blank wall on which they are hung. We all of us know people who resolve that they never, never, will speak against anyone—and keep their resolutions as far as words are concerned, but when a person's name is mentioned, whom they particularly dislike, look unutterable things. Are we moralizing? Forbid the thought.

It is hard to bear that visitor's account. Having written thus far we looked to her with a faint hope of obtaining some little item of interest she might have forgotten; and so we said to her, "Is there nothing more?" she began once more: "A colored woman there is not to get well, and her friends were praying around her bed and she is resigned to die."

Except exceeding trial had made us patient, we should tell our "visitor" the many-times-told story of a sermon the minister preached from the same text, three times in one day, in three different churches: "And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever." However, we were very glad to hear the conclusion of the visit. It was in this wise: "nobody is

very sick, except two or three, and they are all just about as usual." If people are not growing better it is comforting to hear that they are growing no worse.

The subscribers who have paid their dues to Mr. Bostwick will not see an acknowledgment of the payments until the March number, or possibly the April one, as we are trying to collect all the sums owing the paper, and to start May with all debts paid; and, we hope, with money deposited in the Bank.

Last month we gave a notice to the Printer concerning some dishes and epergnes left in Corinthian Hall, the day of Donation. We gave the notice so that the owners could have them by calling on the man who has charge of the Hall. Unfortunately, the notice was overlooked by the Printer. We again mention it. The dishes have been taken to the Hospital where they will remain until called for by the owners.

### 12th Annual Report of the City Hospital.

#### LADIES:

With renewed thanksgiving, we offer to-day the 12th annual report of the "Rochester City Hospital."

A successful financial year has crowned the labors of the Lady Managers, under whose more immediate charge the Hospital was placed by the trustees, in Dec., 1874. Compelled, for want of funds, to dispense with our Superintendent, the Ladies and Matron assumed the duties devolving upon him, making the purchases, paying the bills, and otherwise providing for the general oversight of all things pertaining to the welfare of the Hospital. Commencing the year 1875, with the funds raised at the festival in December previous, it has been only by the closest economy and retrenchment in expenses, and by assiduous efforts in raising funds, that we have been enabled to carry on the

work of the year, free from the embarrassment of debt.

At the expiration of three months, further effort for the replenishing of the treasury was found, not only expedient, but necessary, and a Costume Concert and Lady Washington Tea Party were proposed. The former was given by amateurs under the direction and instruction of Mr. F. B. Mitchell; and those who had the pleasure of attending have not forgotten the sweetness of the music or the quaint attire of the ladies and gentlemen.

The Lady Washington Tea Party was given at the suggestion of Mrs. George J. Whitney, to whose perseverance and energy we were greatly indebted, as well as to Mr. Mitchell, for much of the success of these entertainments.

From these benefits the sum of \$2,259,69 was realized, after deducting expenses.

Our annual Festival was held December 10, 1875. The receipts, less the expenses, were \$2,129,57. Not as large a sum as on previous occasions, but all that could have been expected, after the various appeals which had been made for the different benevolent institutions in the city. The Treasurer's report shows the receipts of the year, from all sources, to have been... .. \$17,121 33 and the expenses, ..... 15,483 88

The hearty and generous response of our citizens to all the appeals made for the Hospital, strengthen and encourage the ladies in their work, and they are stimulated to economise as closely as possible, with justice to the sick. Therefore, they introduced the past year, kerosene in place of gas, thus saving \$663,45, after deducting the cost of lamps, oil, &c.

The making of bread, instead of buying it, reduced the expenses \$1,071,36.

Reduction by salary of wages \$1,416,80.

There have been admitted during the year 1875, 306 patients; of whom 33 have died; 15 births.

Paying patients, . . . . .	176
City " . . . . .	98
County " . . . . .	11
Charity " . . . . .	26

These represented the United States, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Prussia.

The whole number who have received the benefits of the Hospital from its opening, February, 1864, to February 1876, 4,187; number of deaths, 342; births, 209.

Within the year, three of our former trustees have gone to their reward—Gen'l John Williams, Mr. Wm. Brewster and Mr. D. R. Barton.

The medical staff remain the same.

Our Matron, Miss Hibbard, has proven herself invaluable for the past twelve years. She acquiesces in all plans for the success of the Hospital. Her cares and responsibility are increased, but her devotion to her work is untiring.

Services are held in the chapel on Sundays.

And now we offer our thanks to all who have aided us, in any of the various ways which present themselves, in such an institution. To our Physicians, who give their time and services for the benefit of the sick; to the Editors of our city papers who, by many kindly notices, further the interests of the Hospital; to the Ladies of the "Flower Mission," and many others, who donate flowers, fruits and delicacies, cheering and comforting the sick by their presence; and to those who bestow the more substantial gifts; but above all, we render to God, most hearty thanks, from whom we receive the desire and ability to do His work.

C. E. MATHEWS, *Cor. Sec'y.*

February, 1876.

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, Thursday, Jan 6, 1876, of phthisis pulmonalis, Mrs. Lizzie Sweeney, aged 20 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 23d 1876, of abscess, William Cunningham, of Chili, aged 60 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 29th, 1876, Mrs. Martha VanVorst, aged 82 years.

**Cash Donations.**

Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Brockport.....	\$ 5 00
Mrs. Dr. Arner, San Rafael, California—by	
Mrs. Dr. Mathews.....	5 00
From Hospital Box .....	22 21
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**Superintendent's Report.**

1876. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 53	
Received during month, ..	35 —88
Discharged, .....	23
Died, .....	3— 26
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1876,	62

**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.

**Children's Department.**

**Nora and Her Baby.**

BOSTON, Nov. 1st, 1875.

Dear Mr. Editor :

I've had a great deal of trouble lately, and I want to tell you 'bout it. It began in my Kindergarten. One morning Susie Lee came to school, looking just as if she despised us every one, and wouldn't stay one minute longer if she could help it. We all wondered what had happened to make her act so, but we soon found out, for she let us know that she had got a new baby at her house, and she said Kindergartens were meant for babies, and so she shouldn't come much longer, but let her little sister have her seat! and then how she tossed her head. Well, I didn't care anything 'bout Susie Lee, she's so 'stuck up, nose and all, but I did feel bad 'bout that baby. You see, for more than a year I've been asking God every night to send a baby to our house. Of course I wanted it a girl, but a boy would be better than no baby—and I don't believe Susie Lee ever prayed one word for either kind, but God had sent her a baby sister, and she lives next door to us, too, so somehow I thought she had been treated better than I had. I thought to myself I would never say any thing more 'bout any kind of a baby, but going home Susie *did* put on such airs, I changed my mind, and just as soon as I saw mamma I asked her where we could get a baby, one that would kick and holler. She only laughed, and so did all the rest, but I kept at her till she said perhaps we could find one at "The Little Wanderers' Home," and promised she would take me there some day to see about it if I would promise to take care of the baby nights. Of course I said I would, for I thought it would be such fun to have it sleep with me, and I s'posed babies slept nights just like other folks, but I know better now. I guess you'd have laughed to have seen how I got ready for that baby. I coaxed mamma to let me have the key to "the baby drawer," and I got out all the little slips and things I used to wear. They were dreadful yellow, but I hired Bridget to wash and iron them for me. I had to give her my best neck-tie for doing it, but she lets me keep it for her and wear it when I want to. I call that a

*bargain*, don't you? Then I got up a subscription paper to buy a bottle for it to nurse. All my friends put down one penny, and some of them five, to get rid of me. I got lots of mouey, enough to buy a splendid bottle, and had enough left to get a pound of taffy, and it made me sick, so then I wished I hadn't so many friends, or that the bottle cost more. I told our milkman that pretty soon we should want a gallon of milk every day, for we were going to have a baby just as soon as mamma could get time to see about it. He laughed, and said if it needed all that milk he guessed it must be a *calf*. The very day we were going for baby one of my auntsies was sick and sent for mamma to go and stay with her. I did feel dreadfully disappointed 'bout the baby, but the very night before we expected mamma back our bell rang, and when Bridget opened the door there wasn't any body there only a big market-basket stood on the step. She brought it into the hall, and we found a card on the handle which had my name on it, so then I knew it was something for *me*. What do you think was in the basket? Why, a baby, a truly one, and a girl, too. You can't think how glad I was. Well, we took her out, and she was just as pretty and cunning as could be, and not one bit afraid of any one. I held her in my arms while Rob and Will knelt down to kiss her, and when I thought how the baby was really ours, to keep always—for didn't God send her right to our door?—and I knew mamma would be glad, too, when she came home, and then—well, I cried a little, I was so happy, and the boys said it was silly and just like a girl to make a fuss, but I don't care. Rob blew his nose awful hard and Will whistled and looked at the clock, and I know what made their noses get so red all of a sudden, if they wouldn't own it—they *cried*, too. But what a time we did have feeding the baby. I don't think she ever saw a bottle before, for the very sight of it seemed to make her mad. Will said it was 'cause she was a teetotaler. Any way, every time we brought it near her, she would double up her fists and give it a poke. Well, when we found the bottle was no good, Bridget fixed up a nice cup of warm milk and crackers, and I took the teaspoon to feed her, but she didn't like it any better than she did the bottle, and her dear little fist struck the cup out of my

hand and spilled the milk all over my new dress, and some of it went into her eyes; then how she did kick and holler. I'd wanted a baby that would do both, and I'd got one sure enough this time. Will and Rob stuck their fingers into their ears and ran out into the hall, but poor Bridget and I had to stay and we said, "Poor baby, hush now, do," but she didn't one bit, but kept on harder than ever. After a while, when she couldn't cry any more, 'cause it was all gone out of her, like the squeak in one of my dolls, she went to sleep, and I put her in my bed and told Bridget she might go to bed, for I could take care of her the rest of the night, but Bridget wouldn't, she just lay down on the lounge. I couldn't get asleep for a long time; one thing, the gas was burning, and another I liked to lie and look at the dear little baby, she was so pretty, even if her nose did look just like a dab of dough stuck onto her face; but it was my baby's nose, and of course it was lovely.

That night was longer than any I ever knew about before, but perhaps you know something how much sleep I could get with a hungry baby in the room. I was so glad to see the daylight, and I guess Bridget was, too, for she said, "All the saints deliver us from another such a night, and send us the mistress, sure, to-day." Well, the day *was* some better than the night, for baby was so hungry she was glad to get something to eat in any way we chose to give it to her. In the afternoon, when she was asleep, Bridget wanted to go out a few minutes, and I told her I could get along nicely, so she went. She hadn't been gone more than a minute when a telegram came from mamma saying, "Auntie was worse, and we must not expect her for some days yet." Oh dear, what can we do with baby, said I. Then like a flash came the thought of "The Little Wanderer's Home," and I made up my mind in one minute that I would take baby there and ask them to take care of her until mamma came home, so I tucked her into the basket, all asleep, and got out of the house without any one seeing me. I had to wait a long time at the corner for a car, and everybody looked at me and laughed 'cause I was so little and my basket so big, but at last the car came and a gentleman helped me on and asked me "If I did the washing for a hotel?" and I didn't like him one bit. The conductor said I must leave my



basket on the platform, but when I told him what was in it he laughed and carried it in for me. Well, nothing happened until I got off the car, then baby waked up and began to cry. I didn't quite know the way to "The Home," so thought I would wait until I saw a fat, jolly-looking policeman and inquire; but baby cried so hard I had to take her out of the basket and lots of folks come around us, so in no time there was a big crowd. Then a policeman, that didn't have any fat on his bones, and who looked hungry and cross, came up and asked "what was the matter," and nobody knew, only they all pointed to me, and I had to tell him about baby, and where I was going with her. What do you think he said? *Why, that I had stolen the baby,* and that I must go with him to the station; yes, he did say just that, and though I cried most as loud as baby, and offered him five cents, all the money I had, and six peanuts to let me off, he wouldn't do it, but said I should go with him, and I had to; but a dear, kind gentleman went with me and carried baby, and told me not to cry, and he wrote down my name and number of the street and all. When we got to the station he went away, but told me to be brave and he would not be gone long. Pretty soon he *did* come back and with him a dear little woman most as nice as my mamma, and she kissed me and gave me a cookie, then asked me if I would lend her my baby until mamma came back, and she would take good care of her and love her dearly. Of course I said yes. The kind gentleman told the officer in charge of the station that he had found out all about my folks and that my story was true, and so he let me go. When I kissed baby good-bye a great lump came in my throat, but I made it go away again, and the gentleman went home with me, for it was getting dark. When he left me he gave me a package of molasses candy. Then I loved him harder than I did before. Well, I found a great hubbub when I got home. Rob and Will were most distracted about me. Bridget had her apron to her eyes, crying like everything, and another woman sat on a chair, rocking back and forth, and howling "Wish-a-wana, wish-a-wana—me poor babby, me poor babby—God forgive yer poor mother for giving ye into a nest of hiriticks." When Bridget saw me without the baby I thought she was crazy, she gave me such a shaking

all the time asking me where I'd left that blessed baby. I told her if she would let me alone I would tell her. So I did, and showed her the card with the address of the kind gentleman on it. Then the strange woman broke out laughing and blessing me, and told me the baby was *hers*, and that she was first cousin to Bridget and a lone widder, and how they planned to have us take her baby instead of going to "The Little Wanderers" for one, "but Bridget come to-day," she said, "and told me how it was wid ye, and the mistress away, and so we fixed up a story (God forgive me) how I was to come and make Bridget a visit and so help ye wid the care of the baby till the mistress came home, but me sin did find me out, and faith I'll niver do the likes again." "But where is the sin," broke in Bridget, "when Miss Nora was crazy for a baby, and the mistress willing, and going out to hunt one for her? I'm sure it was a tempting of Providence, as they say, to put your poor baby in the way of a full stomach and plenty of fine clothes to her back," and I think Bridget was right. I had my supper and went to bed, and slept, oh so good! Mamma hasn't come yet. When she does, and we have *our* baby home, I shall tell Susie Lee I'm just as good as she is 'cause I've got a baby at my house, too; and I guess *that* will take her down some, don't you? Good-bye—from

LITTLE NORA.

A Swiss boatman recently pulled a would-be-suicide out of Lake Geneva. An hour or two after, the boatman discovered the same man hanging by the neck to a tree, but did not interfere this time. The magistrate summoned him to answer why he did not prevent the suicide, and he replied that he supposed the gentleman had only hung himself up to dry.

A bank must be a poor place to impart a secret, as there is a cash ear and a teller there constantly.

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And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee."  
 The while my heart beat audibly.  
 Only one more, our eldest lad,  
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad—  
 So like his father. "No, John, no—  
 I cannot, will not, let him go."  
 And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
 We could not drive one child away;  
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,  
 Happy in truth that not one face  
 Was missed from its accustomed place;  
 Thankful to work for all the seven,  
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

#### The Great Strasburg Clock beaten by an Ingenious German.

A German, of Cincinnati, has invented a clock which, though much smaller than the celebrated one at Strasburg, is, from its description, much more complicated. We see, in a glass case, a three-story, steeple-shaped clock, four feet wide at the first story and nine feet high. The movement is placed in the first story, on four delicate columns, within which swings the pendulum. The second story consists of two tower-like pieces, on the doors of which there are two pictures that represent boyhood and early manhood. A tower crowns as third story, the ingenious structure. A cock, a symbol of watchfulness, stands on the top, directly over the portal. When the clock marks the first quarter the door of the left piece of the second story opens, and a child issues from the background, comes forward to a little bell, gives it a blow, and then disappears. At the second quarter, a youth appears, strikes the bell twice, and disappears; at the third, there comes a man in his prime; at the fourth, we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes of itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and Death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth hour that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the day of judgment. Then, when Death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on the top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings and crows in a shrill tone; and after Death hath marked the twelfth hour with his hammer he crows again twice.

Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpets with their right hands (in the left they hold swords) and blow a blast toward each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens and the resurrected children of earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight. Then, suddenly, Christ descends, surrounded by angels. On his left there is an angel who holds the scales of justice; on his right another carries the book of life, which opens to show the alpha and omega—the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from among the wicked, the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The archangel Michael salutes the good, while on the other side stands the devil, radiant with fiendish delight—he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but, in obedience to the command of the central figure, he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises its hand again, with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by his angels, until he disappears, and the portal closes. A complete drama is here represented without the aid of a human hand. The movements are steady, calm and noiseless, with the exception of the threatening gestures of the figure of Christ and movements of Lucifer, who darts across the scene with lightning rapidity. Of course, the peculiar action of these figures is intentional on the part of the artist, and adds greatly to the effect.

A country paper says fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose somebody invent one wherein the young lady dances around the house and looks after things.

One morning Pat was taking down shutters, when a brother Irishman was passing by. "Why are ye taking down the shutters, Pat?" said he. "To let out the dark to be sure," was the reply.

"Was the crowd tumultuous?" inquired one man of another who had just come from a mass meeting. "Too multuous?" replied the other. "Oh, no! Just about multuous enough to comfortably fill the hall."

## Old Prob's Winter Residence on Mount Washington.

BY E. A. HAND.

Ice and sleet and hail and frost, wind "blowing great guns," blinding gusts of snow, mercury anywhere below zero, arctic weather nipping ears and noses, "cold snaps" turning hands and feet into lumps of ice—what a climate to pick out for a winter residence! And yet "Old Probabilities" has such a freakish disposition as to fish out the top of Mount Washington as one place whereon to be comfortable this icy weather. This genial residence is the building farthest toward the southwest on the mountain's rocky top. In summer it is like any ordinary one-story wooden building, with a broad platform rimming its base. To-day, covered with frost-work, it must look like a big polar bear that, with thick, shaggy coat of white, has climbed the mountain, has there posted himself to stay until some warm spring rain shall turn him into a snowy torrent and send him growling and tumbling down again.

One notices the four heavy joists at the four corners, shoring up the building. Everything here must be made to grip the rocks firmly, as the winds have an immense amount of *push* to them at this altitude. The day of our visit, we found admission to the building by a door in an easterly corner. We first passed into an office for reception and business. An anemometer, with its curious machinery for gauging the wind's velocity, was lying on the table. The wind walks over these mountains at a fearful rate when it has its one-hundred mile boots on. One of the office windows has double sashes, which suggested ominously in August what might be needed in December. Outside the other window a protection had been built to shield the thermometer suspended there.

From the office we stepped into a combination of work-room, dining-room and sitting-room, all in one. At one side was the telegraph waiting to click its news from the clouds to all dwellers below; perhaps hurry off to Washington the announcement of the first flap of the wings of the coming storm. In the center of the room were two stoves of a generous size and looking equal to the hottest kind of service. It was really a domestic feature—the little Maltese kitten back of th

stove, and that sound of old mother-cat mewing for her. On the wall pictures were hung.

Out from this main apartment opened two little bed-rooms, and in the rear was a room for odds and ends. Such we found the famous Signal Service on Mount Washington to be, one August morning, now Old Prob's winter residence. There the old gentleman secludes himself from the world these bitter cold days. There he keeps constantly busy his two representatives detailed from head-quarters at Washington. They watch the clouds. Red in the face from bending over the hot stove, they become ruddier still when they rush out to make some weather observation, only to be tumbled over by the wind, even as the writer was unceremoniously huddled into a corner by an August blast. They chill their finger-tips handling their thermometer, sit up late and watch the play of the Northern Lights scampering over the heavens in their chariots of fire, and with their delicate instruments test the electric currents playing round the earth. It must be a lonely life, and yet with its excitements. Old Prob spreads himself over a great deal of surface, occupying many points, and one of the wildest is Mount Washington. In the main room of the signal station we noticed a motto worked in worsted, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and sent up from the world below, where "green pastures" and "still waters" could be found. It is a blessed thought that over the wild, wintry mountain station, and about the sailor in the "valleys of the sea," hovers the care of the Good Shepherd.

### The Average Safety of Railroad Travel.

What is the average length of the railroad journey resulting in death by accident to a prudent traveler? What is the average length of one resulting in some personal injury to him? These are two questions which interest every one. Few persons, probably, start upon any considerable journey, implying days and nights on the rail, without almost unconsciously taking into some consideration the risks of accident. Visions of collision, derailment, plunging through bridges, will rise unbidden. Even the old traveler who has enjoyed a long immunity is apt at times, with some little apprehension, to call to mind the musty

adage of the pitcher and the well, and to ask himself how much longer it will be safe for him to reply on his good luck. A hundred thousand miles, perhaps, and no accident yet! Surely, on every doctrine of chances, he now owes to fate an arm or a leg; perhaps even a life. The statistics of a long series of years enable us, however, to approximate with a tolerable degree of precision to an answer to these questions, and the answer is simply astounding; so astounding, in fact, that before undertaking to give it, the question itself ought to be stated with all possible precision. It is this; Taking all persons who as passengers travel by rail—and this includes all who dwell in civilized countries—what number of journies of the average length are safely accomplished, to each one which results in the death or injury of a passenger from some cause over which he had no control? The cases of death or injury must be confined to passengers, and to those of them only who expose themselves to no unnecessary risk.

Taking the very worst of years—the year of the Revere disaster, which stands unparalleled in the annals of Massachusetts—it will yet be found that the answer to the question as to the length of the average railroad journey resulting in death or injury will be expressed, not in thousands nor in hundreds of thousands, but in millions. During that year some 26,000,000 of passenger journeys were made within the limits of the state, and each journey averaged a distance of about thirteen miles. It would seem, therefore, that even in that year the average journey resulting in death was 11,000,000 miles, while that resulting either in death or in personal injury was not less than 3,300,000.—[Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in *Atlantic Monthly* for February.]

#### New Method of Heating.

As a nation, we are suffering from a chronic evil; we have too much warmth, not enough air and light. During the winter season, when we are forced to replace the heat of the sun by artificial means, the air in our houses is over-heated, dry and impregnated with coal gas and sulphuretted hydrogen. Stoves, especially iron ones, are frequently poisonous. Carbonic gas emanates continually from their red-hot surfaces; the results are chronic effections

of the bronchia and lungs, palpitation of the heart, poverty of blood and a complication of nervous troubles. Heaters of all kinds produce similar results, modified by their respective merits as to combustion and draught. As a rule, fresh air is carefully excluded from our rooms, and most people seem to regard air as a dangerous element. In the construction of our dwellings we get a minimum as to result from the largest possible outlay. Our kitchen ranges, heaters, stoves, etc., consume a large quantity of wood and coal; the expense for repairs, cleaning, etc., is everlasting. It has been proposed to utilize the waste heat of a range boiler; but this source is too changeable and unreliable for any practical application. The introduction of a low pressure-boiler for supplying each block of houses on each street with heat, warm water and ventilation, would form a new era in our domestic economy. The money and the labor saved during one season in each house, the total absence of dust and ashes, the reduced expense for medical bills, the saving on insurance, on carpets, oilcloth, furniture, etc., would pay amply for such an establishment and its attendants. The purity of the atmosphere, the genial and pleasant temperature in all parts of the house without any drawback, would soon introduce this system all over the country, and lead us another step in the vanguard of progress and civilization: [L. B., in *The Sanitarium* for January.]

#### The Pin and the Needle.

Lem Smith, the philosophical editor of the *Madison Record*, tells the following witty fable, which is as good as anything we have sent out of Æsop:

A pin and a needle, says this American Fontaine, being neighbors in a work basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle.

"How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings until they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we do."

### Receipts.

GRAHAM BREAD.

Three pints of Graham flour, one pint of wheat flour, one cup of yeast, half cup molasses, and a teaspoonful salt. Mix with lukewarm water as stiff as you can stir with a spoon. Let it rise over night and bake in a moderately hot oven.

CREAM CAKES.

*For the Outside.*—Put half-pint water and one cup of butter into a farina kettle, with boiling water in the under kettle to keep the contents from burning. When the flour is all added, stir five minutes; set it aside till almost cold, then beat into it five eggs, one at a time; add soda the size of a pea dissolved in cold water the last thing. Butter the pan you are to bake them in, and have it hot. Drop this mixture onto the hot pan a spoonful at a time, leaving room for them to rise without touching each other. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a quick oven. Don't

move them while baking, but be careful and not scorch them. When baked, make an opening on one side carefully, with a knife, and put in as much cream as you like. Three or four teaspoonfuls is about right.

*For the Inside, or Cream.*—Boil one quart of milk; beat four eggs very light; add one cup of sugar, one cup of flour or corn starch beaten together and stir into the boiling milk very carefully. Remove from the fire as soon as it begins to thicken or it will separate. Flavor to suit your taste with lemon or vanilla, and fill into the crust with a spoon when cold. Be careful and cook everything of this kind in a farina kettle to avoid scorching, which ruins the whole.

### Crime.

It has been estimated by Mr. G. T. Angell, of Massachusetts, that the annual cost of crime in this country is \$200,000,000. It has more than doubled during the past ten years. Crime in Massachusetts is thirty-three per cent. greater than in Ireland; and the great question now for all good citizens is, how are we going to stop this increase of crime? The education of the intellect will not do it. The churches cannot stop it, for not half the people of the United States ever go to church. The Sunday Schools cannot stop it.—There are only two remedies: One is to multiply jails, police, courts, judges, penitentiaries, constabulary, etc., and the other, in the words of Dr. Holland: "If you want to stop rascals, you must stop raising them." The columns of the newspapers will not cease to be filled with the records of crime and misery while thousands of children are allowed to grow up without moral, religious or mental education, and the only way to reach these children is through the public schools. For the safety of republican institutions we need in our public school education the teaching of the higher truths of religion. One of the best ways to reach the hearts of children and ennoble them, is to teach them kindness to animals. Every step taken in this direction promotes an education which elevates human souls and prepares the way for Him who came preaching "Peace on earth, good will to men." I believe we should begin to talk in our schools about God and humanity, and then the teachers' profession will be the noblest in the land.

### German Beauty Unadorned.

We like to believe of beauty, that it would be as beautiful in the desert, for the sun and the sand and the sky, as it is in the ball-room, where by one consent it is crowned "belle." A German lady understands nothing of such wild theories; she does not even appreciate the "sweet civility" that lies in the fact of a woman's coming to her husband's or father's breakfast-table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary, she issues from her bed-room in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what in your haste you call a nightcap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *morgenhaube*, and in the sense that the nightcap proper has been taken off and replaced by a tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretension to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed, and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin topnot, in the most uncompromising of *deshabilles*, the lady presides over the scene of sloppy slovenliness. If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognize the fairy vision of your dreams. The elaborate frisure, where great masses of hair lay piled, Juno-like, above the brow, or rippled in sunny curls lovingly over the uncovered shoulders; the sweeping silks, the charming coqueteries, have all disappeared, *vice* a singularly unattractive and ungraceful style of apparel promoted. At first you will imagine you have stumbled upon the house-keeper, who, suffering from dolorous tic, has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties and donned this surreptitious costume; but (fortunately for German women) hospitality, as we understand it—the hospitality of spare rooms, that is—is a thing unknown.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Tea and Coffee, strange to say, represent in an absolute way the standard of prosperity of a country. It may be interesting then to ascertain what is our position as consumers of tea and coffee. There is a statistician who has compiled exactly such truths for us, showing the proportions of the consumption of tea and coffee per head of population in Europe. The table is an uncommonly eloquent one. Belgium consumes the most—16½ pounds per head, and Russia, 1.32 pounds. Great

Britain uses 6½ pounds per head; France 4½, Italy 1½, and Spain but one-quarter of a pound for each individual. This shows almost at a glance, that those countries where industry is the most thriving consume the most tea and coffee.

By our own estimates of consumption, taking our population to be 44,000,000, we use 4½ pounds of coffee, and 1½ pounds of tea, as a yearly allowance for every man, woman and child in the United States. We are about on a par with the Netherlands as tea consumers.

Looking, then, at the immense advantages to be derived from these mild stimulants (and some kind of a stimulant is a necessity of human life), may we not dread any financial measure which may force our people to seek other substances, and supplant with alcohol our tea and coffee?

Such questions are grave ones, and are worthy of the attention not only of our manufacturers, but of the workmen themselves. Better defer those happy times of specie payment (and there are no stronger advocates of the hard dollar to be found than ourselves), than force upon a people the alternative of either abandoning their tea and coffee, or taking to those deleterious stimulants which are the bane and ruin of our country.—[*Manufacturers' Trade Journal*.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1875.

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### Visit to the Hospital.

Nothing like "taking time by the forelock." The first day of Spring, owing, we suppose, to the sweet influences that arise from the singing of birds, the springing of the green verdure under our feet, the buds that are now swelling on the trees, and the circumambient air being so full of the glories of a promise of the warmth so near—owing, we suppose, to all these beneficent influences, house-cleaning at the Hospital has begun. The untidiness and general shiftlessness that pervades our being, lead us to believe that March is the

month when we can take our ease and not enter into a combat with dust, ashes, and spotted windows. It is too late for cleaning, or too early, we don't care which; so, as a general thing, we read, sew, talk and discuss the weather, everybody prefacing the discussion with the remark, "that this is the most unusual——," and so forth.

Not so at the Hospital, if eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, as we decendants of the self-evident truth that it is the inalienable right of every human being to pursue—we are trying to quote from memory something from the declaration of Independence—so eternal cleaning and painting, and coloring, are the price of the spotlessness of the Hospital. The beguiling lady who led us through the ward, where all this cleaning was in progress, and who also assured us that we would not get paint on our dress, which assurance was, to put it mildly, deceitful, for we did, clasped her hands with enthusiastic devotion, and said, "by the first of April we shall be lovely." There are people in this world who are never so happy as when "cleaning" is going on. We are all made of dirt, and why, in the name of peace, comfort, and quiet, can't we stay so? It does seem to the reflecting mind as if in these days there is too much talk about bathing, fresh air, drainage and pure water. For fear that some literal mind may take this seriously, we will quote from Artemas Ward, and say, "this is wrote sarcastical." We put the following question not as a conundrum but in the spirit of mournful inquiry. Is there ever a moment during the year, except when people are asleep, that some place in the Hospital is not being washed? We have sprung many a trap, in the way of going there at unseasonable times, and, with one exception, have always seen the inevitable woman, pail of water and soap. The memorable exception was on the occasion of a visit after the "reports," which visit was made at 8 o'clock in the evening; then everything was apparently quiet; ap-

parently, we say, but doubtless in some far-away corner, where an ordinary woman would never think of going, at that hour, Miss——discovered a speck of dust, and sent the pail of hot water after it. Oh for repose.

The male ward, where the beautifying powers was in full glory, we found full of patients, most of them in a convalescing state. Three very cheerful looking ones we found seated on one side, visiting. One, had a badly broken ankle; another, a badly broken jaw; and the other was suffering with varicose veins; all getting well as fast as they could. Beyond them, sat a plump boy, looking around with the cheerful patronising smile for everybody within the radius of the smile that only a boy can have. When we asked what the matter was with him, and where told that in playing "shinny," one eye had been knocked out of his head, we looked at him with the pitying smile that comes so readily, but in this case quite uncalled for. He responded with such a cheerful smile, we began to think it was our eye that was gone; besides, he was vigorously chewing gum, and you know you can't pity any one engaged in so jolly an occupation. He chewed and rocked his chair, keeping excellent time, and really seemed to feel that by losing his eye he had distinguished himself. Opposite him lay another boy, older than he, sick of hip disease. An old man sat by him, chatting away, while the boy listened and laughed. The ward did not seem particularly gloomy. At the far end of it, sat Mr. ——, in his wheeled chair, mending his dressing-gown. For years he has been helpless from spinal paralysis, and will probably always be a prisoner to his chair.

In the Female Ward almost the first person we saw was a poor woman, the mother of five children, suffering from bronchitis. She had until the first of December of last year taken care of them all, by working out in families at day's work. Then she



was taken ill, and as she said, "the ladies found me and sent me here." We said, as we saw her lip and chin quiver, "And you feel faint-hearted and would like to cry a little bit, would you?" "Oh," said she, "I don't feel as anxious as I did; three of my children are in the Orphan Asylum, and two are in the Industrial School. I don't worry as I did." Charity may begin at home, but real charity branches out and takes in everybody. It reaches forth its hands and creates "Industrial Schools," "Asylums," "Hospitals" and "Homes." We have often thought of it, while visiting the Hospital, if one poor work-worn, broken mother was there, some charitable institution would take in her homeless little ones, and she, knowing that they were so well cared for, could take the time to get well, and could have the rest of mind which is so much more than mere rest of body. Starting a good work is like dropping a pebble in a still pool—the circle widens and widens, until it reaches everywhere.

How often we hear the expression, "The ladies found me and sent me here." Rather a mysterious expression, but really referring to women who, amidst the cares of homes, and social living, while enjoying all the sweet amenities of life, still find time to look out the suffering in alleys and poor and crowded buildings, comforting the sick and broken hearted, relieving their physical wants, giving them food and clothing, doing it often for the "evil and unthankful," year after year, with a zeal that is unflagging, and a patience that is unwearied.

We found the rheumatic patient just as "chatty" as ever, and no better, worse if in any way changed. A consumptive patient, recently brought into the Hospital, and wasted to a shadow, said she had "a little cough, not enough to amount to anything," and that she "suffered no pain." Poor creature; she has no idea how sick she is. A group of cheerful girls, all near-

ly well, were talking, knitting, and sewing together, while just beyond them, in a heavy sleep, lay a sick woman, whose husband is hopelessly sick in the ward the other side of the house. This was one of the visits when, in the Female Ward, everybody, except the group of young girls, was oh! so sick. Everybody was in pain, everybody was comfortless, everybody felt life a burden. Well, it is hard to be sick, never to know freedom from pain. It seems almost heartless to be well while so many are suffering from all the ills, pains and aches that poor humanity is heir to.

### Begging

Again. In view of all the wants and needs of so many sick people, it is full time that the proud reticence and shy reserve that have for so long time distinguished the columns of this Paper, should be put aside, and once more the voice of pleading for old cotton be raised, that the cry for canned fruits should be heard in the land, and that the generosity of the people should never be doubted. Indeed, an apology is required because we have so long refrained from making the wants at the Hospital known. We do apologise for our remissness, and now assure our readers that all the old cotton—don't be beguiled into selling it to the tinman—old linen, old clothes, canned fruits, and fresh ones, everything that can be thought of—except Hemlock Lake Water, that is in the Hospital—is needed. No one need be shy about sending appetizing things there. We didn't speak of pickles. What carelessness! But now we say, pickles, emphatically.

The readers of the H. R. will find in the more recent numbers articles concerning health. All of these we take from "The Sanitarian," and we are seriously thinking some day of making a whole Paper out of this magazine. We could not offer anything more thoroughly enjoyable and instructive, besides we do not any of

us know as much concerning health and how to preserve it, as contributors to this magazine do. So we can learn, little by little, as we republish in the H. R., and if our daring enterprise should be carried out, of making a whole Paper out the "Sanatarian," we could learn much.

**An Advertisement.**

Advertising is to this paper a source of income, otherwise why should we advertise; and, as we have asked for a number of advertisements, and received them, we have concluded not to ask any more until we have given the following to the H. R. We advertise "A Thief!" Yes, painful as it is, that is just what we do advertise. This "creature" steals our *St. Nicholas*. Nothing is truer than "he who steals my purse steals trash," but the *St. Nicholas* is another thing. At first, we lost only one number about once in six months, then in three, now every other one is taken. So we write to the proprietors of this unparalleled magazine, and they assure us that it is always sent to us. Now, we are not at all shy about acknowledging that we have a childish intellect; we like the *St. Nicholas* as well, if not better, than any magazine that we receive, and we can't bear to have it stolen. Therefore, if the "creature" who has deprived us of our property, besides robbing the U. S. mails, can be caught and punished, we will cheerfully pay for this advertisement, but he must be made to give us our *St. Nicholas*.

**Notices.**

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.

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.

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 3d, 1876, Henry Speingler, of pulmonary tuberculosis, aged 25 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 8, 1876, Joseph Kyle, of pneumonia, aged 35 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 27, 1876, Adam Linge, of phthisis pulmonalis, aged 40 y'rs.

**Donations.**

- Mrs. Booth—Quantity Reading Matter.
- Dr. Dean—Barrel Apples and barrel Potatoes.
- F. Goetzman—Fifty lbs. Tub Butter.
- Mrs. C. C. Davidson—One roll Cloth.
- Mrs. Haywood—Quantity of Butter.
- Miss Lotte Jones—Jellies, &c.
- Mrs. Wing, Brighton—Cotton and Jelly.
- A Friend—Second-hand Clothing.
- Ninth Ward Aid Society—Three Quilts.

**Subscriptions to Review.**

- Mrs. Finkle, \$1.00; Mrs. Stover Howe, \$1.00; Mrs. George Cummings, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. Woodworth, \$1.25; Mrs. J. O. Hall, \$1.25, ..... \$5 12
- MISS F. MUNGER, Treas. H. R.

**Superintendent's Report.**

1876. Feb. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 59	
Received during month, .. 27	
Born, .....	2 — 88
Discharged, .....	16
Died, .....	3 — 19
Remaining, Mar. 1st, 1876,	69

**Agents.**

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

- MISS ELVA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- MISS MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester
- MISS FLORIE MONTGOMERY, " "
- MISS MARY WATSON, " "

**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.

## A Small Girl's Wishes.

I wants a piece of calico,  
To make my doll a dress ;  
I doesn't want a big piece,  
A yard'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd fred my needle,  
And find my fumble, too—  
I has such heaps a sowin',  
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron  
A tum'lin down the stair,  
And Cæsar's lost his pantaloons  
And needs anozzler pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet,  
She hasn't none at all,  
And Fred must have a jacket,  
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,  
You promised me I might ;  
I know she'll like to see me—  
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes,  
And see in grandpa's watch—  
Wish I'd free, four pennies  
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens—  
I wish you'd knit me some,  
'Cause most my finger freezes,  
They leak so in the fun.

I wore'd 'em out last Summer,  
A pullin' George's sled ;  
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—  
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie—  
I'm hungry's I can be ;  
If you hasn't pretty large ones  
You'd better bring me free.

## Pinkie's Tea-Party.

BY JANET RAMSEY.

"There'll be Jennie, she's one, and Mammie and Lulu, they're two—no, four. Oh, mamma, it mortifies me that I can't count three. And Kitty and Flo and Grace. Mamma, are you in real truly earnest?"

"Yes, dear; you can take your choice between birthday presents and a tea-party."

"Oh, I've chose the party the moment you mentioned 'bout it. But am I to do

all my own 'viting? All my own self?"

The family were gathered in the room for worship, and mamma had only time to nod "Yes" before the books were given out and the reading was begun. Pinkie sat still as a mouse, thinking who to invite to her party, until papa, in whose lap she sat, read in his turn.

"Then said He also to him that bade them; When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee: but when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

Pinkie was very attentive all the rest of the time. As they rose from their knees she whispered eagerly to her father:

"Who is *He*? The one that said who to invite to your party?" and when he answered, "The Lord Jesus, darling," she said musingly, "Is 'posed it must have been. Nobody else would a thought of it, would they?" and, without waiting for an answer, off she ran.

The girls were all very loving in school that day. Jennie Davis, in the strictest confidence—"Promise you'll *never* tell; so long's you live, *NEVER*"—had told half the girls, and they told the other half. Pinkie May was going to have a tea party to-morrow, and her mother said she could invite just whom she pleased. Human nature in small girls is strikingly like the same thing in big people. Pinkie was overwhelmed with offers of jujube paste, licorice-root, pop-corn, and, from a few choice spirits, chewing-gum; to say nothing of the slate-pencils that were showered on her when she couldn't find her own. But she bore her popularity with a good deal of dignity.

"A girl nine years old to-morrow mustn't act like a pack of children any more," she told Jennie Davis, who admired and agreed.

To-morrow came, bringing with it many kisses and good wishes for Miss Nine Year Old, from big sister Maggie down to brother Jack.

"What time does the party begin?" asked papa, at the breakfast table.

"Five o'clock," said mamma.

"Who have you invited, Pinkie?"

"Mamma, please don't ask till you see 'em come in. You know you promised. And I haven't 'vited 'em yet;" and she hurried off to escape from that provoking

Jack, who marched slowly after her, singing, "Oh! Pink and blue, I'm coming too!" which Pinkie said was *not* poetry.

"'Cause *blue* and *too* don't end with the same letter."

Three o'clock came, and no Pinkie. Half past three! Four! Half past four! Mamma looked grave, and Cornelia put on her hat and went round to the Davis's to see if the child hadn't forgotten the time, talking over the party with Jennie. Back she came in great excitement.

"She hasn't been there at all, mother. Jennie says she hasn't invited her nor any of the girls. Where *do* you suppose she is?"

Mamma was very anxious, and sister Maggie, who had just come in, with a bundle that looked like books, was offering to go out and make a more thorough search, when the door-bell rang. A piercing shriek was heard from Katy as she opened the door; and then Pinkie's voice rang out, loud and clear: "Come in! Come right in the parlor! It's just *azactly* five o'clock. I guess the party's *most* ready. Come right straight in!" And in they came, Pinkie at their head, serenely triumphant. Maggie echoed Katy's shriek. The parlor was full of them. Not a pair of shoes among them, though some of them made an attempt to clean faces. Irish and German, black and white—two little Italians who had been singing in the street. All the children from Dodd's Alley to Green Court. Their clothes in tatters, their poor little faces wan and thin. There were two little lame boys; and, clinging close to Pinkie's hand, a pale, half-frightened blind child.

"Goodness!" screamed Janie. "Whose are they? Where *did* they come from?"

"Most every where!" said Pinkie. "They don't b'long to hardly any one, 'cept God. And I've brought 'em to *my* party!"

Mamma laid her hand on Maggie's lips, and frowned silence at Cornelia and John. "Why didn't you ask me, dear?" she said gently.

"You *said*, just who I chosed," said Pinkie, somewhat aggrieved. "And the Lord Jesus told me to, out of the Bible. *Yes He did*, Cornelia! And, mamma, I've been all around and 'round, and *isn't* the party ready?"

"She's too good to live," said Katy.

"Yis, darlint, it's ready, just so soon as I lock up the silver spoons."

By this time mamma and the others had recovered their presence of mind, and Pinkie's guests were made most welcome. The very dirtiest had their faces and hands washed, and then they were all marched into the dining-room and sat down to one of mamma's unrivaled teas. After tea John showed them some pictures, Pinkie told some Bible stories, and Maggie won all their hearts by playing on the piano and singing. Mamma's full eyes brimmed over when little Ellen, the blind child, after listening breathlessly to "The Master has come over Jordan," whispered eagerly "Is it far, lady? Could I get there? Maybe he'd make me so's I could see!"

"And after all, they didn't behave a bit worse than other children!" said Janie when they had all gone away, well fed warm, and very happy; and Pinkie was deep-buried in Maggie's gift, dear, delightful old Grimm.

Here's de spoons, mum; and not one missing, praised be Providence?" said Katy.

"I'll never speak to you again, never one word so long's I live, Pinkie May," said Jennie Davis the next morning. "To think you'd go and have a party, and never ask your own confidential friend, and fill your house chock-up with beggar children!"

"They weren't beggars either," said Pinkie the valiant: "they never begged of me. True's you live, I had to coax some of 'em real hard to come."

"Coax street children!" sneered Jennie.

"They're God's children, anyhow," said Pinkie, waxing warlike. "And one morning, at worship, my father he just read *out of the Bible*, Jennie Davis, 'bout if you're going to have a party, to ask poor people, and lame ones, and blind ones—and so I did—and *not* your rich friends who'd ask you back—and that's you, Jennie."

"You needn't be afraid of that *now*, Miss Pink May."

"No, Miss Jane Davis, I *ain't*, cause—I'm sorry to mention it, Jennie—but last week, when I was at your house and your mother gave you two chocolate sticks you ate the whole of one and most all the other, 'cept one small bite you *measured off* for me. And I was *company*, Jennie."

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Manufacturers and Dealers in LOOKING GLASSES, WINDOW CORNICES and FRAMES of every description. mar. '73

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

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DEALERS IN  
**Hardware & Cutlery,**

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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

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**WISNER & PALMER**, ESTABLISHED, 1840. 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

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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. ROBY, mar. '73. H. W. CARY.

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OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, ..... President,  
 SAMUEL WILDER, ..... } Vice Presidents,  
 H. D. SCANTOM, ..... }  
 I. N. H. ROCHESTER, ..... Sec'y & Treas.  
 F. A. WHITTLESEY, ..... Attorney,  
 EDWARD E. BLYTH, ..... Teller,  
 ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, ..... Book-keeper.

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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.

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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.

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CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.  
 [Established in 1824.] Jan. '66

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## FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

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

Jan '67

## Wayte's Market.

## Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,  
 SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

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Manufacturers of

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## And Fancy Articles,

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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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1876.

No. 9.

## 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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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

**Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,**

9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

We publish below the Circular which has already appeared in our daily papers. If more convenient to our out-of-town friends, contributions may be sent to any of the Ladies of the Rochester Finance Committee, who will forward the same to Mrs. Townsend, of Albany:

## WOMEN AT THE CENTENNIAL.

*Proposed Presentation of a Banner from the Women of New York as a Memento of the Centennial.*

### A POPULAR SUBSCRIPTION.

*To the Woman of the State of N. Y.:*

It is with pleasure that the intelligence has been received that the ladies of the city of New York are taking an earnest and practical interest in the celebration of our Centennial. But it is felt that the

State of New York cannot be properly represented on so august an occasion, even by its own metropolis. A number of ladies residing in different parts of the State, but have a Central Committee at Albany, having resolved to invite their sisters of the whole State to unite with them in manifesting, by some appropriate action, their interest in the great celebration, and also in giving to the ladies of Philadelphia an assurance of their appreciation of the noble and successful efforts which they have made to bring together the works of women throughout the world.

To this end it is proposed to present to our sisters of Philadelphia, a banner inscribed with the arms and motto of our State, to be placed in the Woman's Hall, and at the close of the exhibition to be transferred to Memorial Hall, to be preserved as a permanent memento of the great Centennial.

The considerable sum which it is hoped will remain after the purchase of the banner it is proposed to devote to an object which needs only to be named to commend itself to the mind and heart of every citizen of this Republic. Mount Vernon, so justly dear to us all, will soon be among the things that were, unless means be provided to arrest its decay and secure its preservation. What, then, can we do more appropriate to this interesting period of our national life, or more worthy of the patriotism to which we can justly lay claim, than to take measures to preserve, for those who are to come after us, this precious relic of our early history?

Influenced by these considerations, let us unite for the accomplishment of this grand object, as becomes the women of the State of New York, and raise, without

delay, the amount of money required to secure forever the preservation and good keeping of the home and grave of our immortal Washington.

In order that all may take part in this movement, the smallest sums will be received.

All sums collected in your towns, villages, neighborhoods or schools should be sent to Mrs. Howard Townsend, No. 21 Elk Street, Albany, President of the Central Committee.

Albany, February, 1876.

ALBANY CENTRAL COMMITTEE.—Mrs. Howard Townsend, Mrs. Harmon Pumpelly, Mrs. Amasa J. Parker, Mrs. John Taylor Cooper, Mrs. Edward C. Delavan, Mrs. Benjamin Tibbits, Mrs. Bleecker Saunders, Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, Mrs. J. Erastus Corning, Mrs. Maurice E. Viele, Mrs. J. C. Yates Paige, Mrs. Joseph Russell, Mrs. Samuel H. Clapp, Mrs. George W. Pratt, Mrs. P. Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Lyman Tremain, Mrs. Wm. Crosswell Doane, Mrs. S. B. Lawrence, Mrs. John Sill, Mrs. Leonard Kip, Miss Cassidy, Mrs. Frederick Townsend, Mrs. Abraham Lansing, Mrs. Isaac Vanderpoel, Mrs. J. Howard King, Mrs. John F. Rathbone, Mrs. Bayard Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Daniel D. Barnard, Mrs. Pelton, Mrs. J. R. Reed, Mrs. R. P. Pruyn, Mrs. Clarence Rathbone, Mrs. Lieut.-Gov. Dorsheimer, Miss DeWitt, Mrs. S. Visscher Talcott, Mrs. Philip Ten Eyck, Mrs. Volckert Douw, Mrs. Wm. F. Allen, Mrs. J. Wesley Smith, Mrs. Peter Cagger.

NAMES FROM THE STATE.—Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. Robert E. Livingstone, Mrs. Philip Hamilton, Mrs. Wm. Verplank, Mrs. John A. Washington, Mrs. Eliphalet Nott, Mrs. Isaac W. Jackson, Mrs. Eliphalet Nott Potter, Mrs. C. G. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. John C. Schuyler, Mrs. Robert Townsend, Mrs. Eugene Van Rensselaer, Mrs. George Clinton, Mrs. Pierre Van Cortland, Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Mrs. E. T. Throop Martin, Mrs. Rutger B. Miller, Mrs. Bishop Huntington, Mrs. Horatio Seymour, Mrs. Wm. Starr Miller, Mrs. John T. Hoffman, Mrs. Bradford R. Wood, Mrs. D. C. Constable, Mrs. Horace White, Mrs. General Sumner, Mrs. Henry E. Pierrepont, Mrs. A. A. Lowe, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. George Mortimer Tibbits, Mrs. Jacob Lane, Mrs. Robert Bayard, Mrs. Sol. Townsend, Mrs. Sanford E. Church, Mrs. K. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Alex. S. Johnson, Mrs. T. Stratfield Clarkson, Jr. Mrs. John R. Stuyvesant, Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant.

The following extracts from our city papers indicate what Rochester is doing in response to the call of the Central Committee:

CENTENNIAL BANNER AND MT. VERNON FUND.

THE ROCHESTER MEETING.

The ladies of the city have called a meeting to consider and take action upon

the matter proposed. The call is as follows:

In pursuance of the above Circular, the Women of Rochester are invited to meet at the Common Council Chamber, on Monday, March 13th, at 3 P. M., to take action in this matter.

MRS. FREEMAN CLARKE,  
 " A. D. SMITH,  
 " G. F. DANFORTH,  
 " WILLIAM H. PERKINS,  
 " GEORGE J. WHITNEY,  
 " HIRAM SIBLEY,  
 " L. A. WARD,  
 " W. F. COGSWELL,  
 " J. H. MARTINDALE,  
 " MALTBY STRONG,  
 " S. G. ANDREWS,  
 .  
 Committee.

The movement proposed is one that the ladies are much interested in, and of course will be eminently successful. The ladies comprising the Rochester Committee are very anxious that all should feel personally interested in the matter and co-operate heartily with the proposition. Lady principals of schools are requested to join with others in the matter and lay the subject before the children. Especially ladies living out of town are invited to attend the meeting on Monday next and participate with the ladies of the city in adding a generous donation to the sum which it is desired to raise for the Centennial Banner.

At a meeting of the Women of Rochester, held at the Common Council Chamber, on Monday afternoon, March 13th, committees were appointed to confer with the principals of the public schools with regard to making collections in the same, amount not to exceed ten cents for each pupil, and collectors to solicit generally for this object. As it will be impossible to call upon everyone, persons desiring to contribute can send any sums however small, to the Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Perkins.

Mrs. GEO. F. DANFORTH,  
 Chairman Committee.

Intelligence has been received from the Central Committee at Albany that committees are being formed very generally in the cities of the State—i. e., Buffalo, Auburn, Geneva, Syracuse, Utica, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Schenectady, Troy, Brook-

lyn, &c. A number of smaller places are already at work.

The banner is being made at Tiffany's, New York. It is of white silk, double. The arms of the State are embroidered on both sides. The figures are six feet high.

The presentation words are, "*From the Daughters of New York to their Sisters of the Union.*"

The State motto is, "*Excelsior.*"

The sentiment embroidered on the banner, (as well as the foregoing inscriptions) is, "*The Lord God be with us as He was with our Fathers of old.*"

The banner will be edged with yellow silk fringe, and the mounting very elegant. It will hang in Memorial Hall as a memento of this period.

After paying for the banner it is hoped that a sum sufficient will be raised for a Mount Vernon endowment fund, the interest of which will secure forever the preservation and good keeping of the home and grave of our immortal Washington.

In order that all may take part in this movement, the smallest sums will be received.

Collectors are already soliciting subscriptions in Rochester. As it is impossible to call on everyone, persons desiring to contribute can send their money to any of the Finance Committee:

Mrs. FREEMAN CLARKE, 110 Alexander St.

" A. D. SMITH, 3 Gibbs St.

" S. G. ANDREWS, 33 N. St. Paul St.

" A. B. HONE, 27 S. Clinton St.

" W. H. PERKINS, 48 Spring St.

" J. H. MARTINDALE, West Avenue.

" G. J. WHITNEY, Lake Avenue.

" W. B. WILLIAMS, 43 Allen St.

" O. GAFFNEY, 37 Spring St.

### Hygiene for Smokers.

The following are Dr. Berthland's precepts and advice to smokers: Never smoke more than three or four pipes or cigars a day, and, if it is possible, limit yourself to two. It is unwholesome to smoke on an empty stomach or immediately before or after a meal. Whatever be the mode of smoking, direct contact of the tobacco with the mucus buccalis (mucous lining of the cheeks) and the teeth must be avoided. Cigars should be smoked in an amber, ivory, or porcelain mouthpiece.

To smoke, by relighting them, portions of cigars that have been extinguished, to-

gether with the system of blackened and juicy pipes, constitutes the surest way of being affected by nicotine. Every smoker would do well, if he could, to rinse his mouth after smoking. A fortiori is the same precaution applicable to chewers. For the same reason it would be well to subject pipes and bowls in which tobacco has been burned to frequent washings, either with ether or with water mixed with alcohol or vinegar.

It is difficult to choose between the different ways of smoking. I give preference to the cigarette, by reason of its slight quantitative importance and the paper, which interferes with the contact of its contents with the buccal mucous membrane. But to realize all the desiderata, it would be necessary to have the papiloma made of flax thread, and to abstain from the practice which has become the ne plus ultra of its kind, retaining the aspiration as back of the mouth, so as to pour it out of the nostrils afterward.

The premature habit of smoking is certainly hurtful to childhood, and during the adolescent period of organic evolution. The economy cannot but suffer at this period from the narcotic influence, be it never so slight, and from the salivation which is inseparable from this act. All persons cannot smoke with impunity. There are pathological counter indications or idiosyncrasies to their habit that it would be imprudent and culpable to infringe. Diseases of the lungs, of the heart, chronic affections of the mouth, nose, eyes, throat, and stomach, are the results of the present incompatibilities. The airing of apartments where smoking has taken place should be well attended to. To sleep in rooms where tobacco-smoke exists slowly constitutes a grave infraction on the elementary laws of hygiene.

### Over Ornamentation.

One trick of our time I should like to have a word with, and that is, the habit of over-ornamenting everything. It is not merely that we over-ornament; where ornament is advisable at all this is a natural enough fault to fall into, but we ornament a thousand things that ought not to be ornamented. It is hard to find an article of merchandise to-day that has not ornament (so-called) of some kind stuck or fastened upon it. That terrible word "bare" seems



to have frightened us all, and driven us to cover the nakedness of things with whatever comes to hand. We cover our note paper with clumsy water-marks, we put "monograms" (though "many grams" would express better the multitudinousness and intricacy of these illegible devices) on our clothing, on our bed-linen, on our table-linen, on our books and title-pages, on our carriages and silver—our silver! Oh, was there ever silver like unto ours for knobs and welts, and wrinkles and spikes, and everything that silver shouldn't have? If the reader will look about him as he reads this, he will certainly find in his own surroundings, for we can none of us wholly escape, the justification for this criticism. The architects cannot design a house or a church, but they must carve every stone, cover the walls with cold, discordant tiles, break up every straight line with cuts and chamfers, plow every edge into moldings, crest every roof-ridge and dormer-window with painted and gilded iron, and refuse to give us a square foot of wall on which to rest the tired eye. Within, the furniture follows in the same rampant lawlessness. The beauty of simplicity in form; the pleasure to be had from lines well thought out; the agreeableness of unbroken surfaces where there is no gain in breaking them; harmony in color, and, on the whole, the ministering to the satisfaction we all have in not seeing the whole of everything at once,—these considerations the makers of our furniture, "fashionable" and "Canal street" alike, have utterly ignored, and the strife has long been, who shall make the loudest chairs and sofas, and give us the most glare and glitter for our money.—*Scribner for February.*

The smuggling of lace is a very important and interesting feature in its history. From 1700 downward we are told that in England the prohibition of lace went for nothing. Ladies would have foreign lace, and if they could not smuggle it themselves the smuggler brought it to them. "Books, bottles, babies, boxes, and umbrellas daily poured out their treasures." Everybody smuggled. At one period much lace was smuggled into France from Belgium by means of Dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home, fed on the fat of the land, then, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half starved and ill-

treated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, and the intervening space filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge. These journeys were repeated till the French custom-house, getting scent, by degrees put an end to the traffic. Between 1820 and 1836, 40,287 dogs were destroyed, a reward of three francs being given for each.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1876.

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### Visit to the Hospital.

According to promise, they were "lovely," at the Hospital by the first of April. The east wards have been painted, the walls nicely colored, and the floors freshly oiled. The beds all have linen covers alike, and the wards are just as clean as clean can be. We were there after the Sunday services had closed, and all the patients, sick as they are, had a little of Sunday freshness and rest.

For many months past, we have always found in one corner from two to six very comfortable people. Borrowing "apt aliteration's artful aid," we should designate that as the cheerful cronies' corner. Usually there is in bed, but sitting up, the rheumatic patient, always bright and smiling, now decidedly better; then there is the patient with the paralyzed hand, caused by an attack of spotted fever. Her hand has so much improved that she can raise it to her head; then, the patient with inflammation of the eyes, is also better; then, the little lame girl, now well, and soon going out; occasionally, others are there in the sunny corner. These patients never complain. But beyond them lies the poor sick woman, the mother of five children, no better, and with little if any hope of recovery.

In the corner lies a sick girl. "I never

was well in my life; and for five years I have been sick all the time," she said. She is a new patient and likes the Hospital very much; if she was to be "sick a long time, she would like to stay there, for she had such good care." At the opposite window sat a lonely girl looking out on the dreary prospect of dirty snow and mud. As we sat down near her, we asked, "What are you thinking of?" She slowly turned her head and gravely replied, "Work." "Are you well enough to work?" we asked. "No," she said, "but I do so need to work. I have been sick one year and have nothing but what I have earned, and now I have nothing. I do so need to work." Our order of mind being very much like Sam. Lawson's, we advised her not to worry, but to stay quiet where she was, and trust, for in some way or other people always are taken care of. It really is only ambitious people who find life a struggle; and "by ambition Lucifer fell." We found an aged Scotch woman, recently brought, suffering with a sprained or broken hip, we could not learn which. She spoke the broadest Scotch we ever heard. In telling us about the accident she said, "I cam frae ma ain gate to goo an' see a seek leddy, an' ma feet juist skeighted richt frae unner me, an' I fell; an' I'm noo juist strappit i' the bed." So she was, poor woman. She could not keep the tears from coming as she told the story. She was too old to bear such a shock well. In our paper of last month we mentioned a sick girlish person. We asked her if she were very sick; she looked death like. She said, "Oh, no; nothing but a hard cold and a little cough; she would soon be better." Yesterday we were told that she had died. A few days before her death her baby died; and in a week her little boy died. Now, the father is left desolate and broken hearted, a "stranger in a strange land." The German woman who told us the sad story, said, "you would have thoughted

he would almost die—he did call her and call her, by her name, and did ask her to only answer him, and he did look so pale, almost as if he would die himself." Oh this cruel Death!

We were very happy to see so many lovely flowers decorating the tables in the different wards. Such thoughtfulness speaks well for those who have taken upon themselves this duty. In this last visit, which it is our privilege to chronicle, we would like to urge upon our readers the duty of visiting the sick. In your own pleasant homes, surrounded by all the appliances which go to make life so happy, you can have but little idea how much good a habit of visiting the sick in the Hospital will do the patients there. A few cheerful words, a kindly pressure of the hand, and a real interest in the lives of those shut in by sickness, serve to lighten the heavy load of sickness, pain and oftentimes of poverty. Besides out life, the life of the city, the life we have daily taken there interests and cheers them greatly.

Above all, a cheerful face in visiting sick people is refreshing; they grow so tired of their aches and pains, that a healthy, happy face rests them. "Miss G——," said, a sick boy, once after the departure of a solemn-faced visitor, "don't let her come again—she looks like coffins." It is not necessary to look as if we lived in a dying world, because some are near the river. We have not the conceit to undertake the task of directing people how to visit the sick; if they will only grow into the habit of so doing, the way of doing it will come of itself.

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#### Agents.

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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:

MISS ELIA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.

MISS MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.

MISS FLORIE MONTGOMERY, " "

MISS MARY WATSON, " "

**“Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!”**

A habit, in itself pleasant, becomes a thousandfold pleasanter by long continuance; and, as Time has brought to us during the past three years many changes, still the recurring duty of sending out this Paper has become so pleasant, that now in bidding it good-bye, we feel as if this pleasant habit were a thing forever in the past—that past in which we have all buried hopes, memories, friendships and cares—and, in looking back, we can all remember “that the thing we feared did not come upon us,” and so fears have been buried.

As we are bidding this Paper good-bye, which has been a sweetheart on whom we have spent much loving and anxious care, a retrospective mood comes over us, and we think of so many sick whom we have often visited: some so crushed by sickness and sorrow, that for them there was no earthly hope or home—unreconciled, unhappy; others, resigned, grateful, happy in the promises of the home not made with hands; while others, made joyful by returning health and hopes, eager once more to go out into the world to battle with it and enjoy all its good.

We can almost see all those faces—so many now covered by the snow—faces, some of them drawn with pain, but patient, often smiling a welcome. Alas, so many we saw there three years ago, and only one of all the number left!

And so, in bidding good-bye to the “*Hospital Review*,” and the duties it brought us, we bid good-bye to the readers, with whom we feel a sort of acquaintance. One cannot talk with people for three years and not have a kind of friendliness, especially, as in this case, they have not talked back. And, whenever we have written an account of the Hospital visit, it has always been with the hope that some one would feel an increased interest for those poor sick people; and whensoever we have failed, we have felt the failure

more keenly than any one else. For this Paper we wish it a greater measure of success than it has ever had; and while we have enjoyed the duty of editing it, and for a part of the time attending to its pecuniary success, a duty greatly beyond this is before us, and so we write, “Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!”

FRANCES J. MUNGER.

**Officers of Rochester City Hospital for 1876.**

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the “*Rochester City Hospital*,” held at the Mayor’s Office, on the 21st day of March, 1876, the following Officers were elected:

*Officers.*

AARON ERICKSON, President,  
L. A. WARD, Vice President,  
E. S. ETTENHEIMER, Treasurer,  
JAMES L. ANGLE, Secretary.

*Executive Committee.*

SAMUEL WILDER, C. C. MORSE,  
JAMES BRACKETT.

*Committee on Auditing Treasurer’s Accounts.*

JOHN H. BREWSTER, JAMES VICK,  
E. S. ETTENHEIMER.

*Committee on Grounds.*

JAMES VICK, D. W. POWERS,  
JOHN H. BREWSTER.

*Committee on Membership.*

J. A. WARD, S. D. PORTER,  
JAMES L. ANGLE.

*Medical Staff.—Surgeons.*

DR. H. F. MONTGOMERY, DR. J. F. WHITEBECK.  
DR. H. H. LANGWORTHY.

*Physicians.*

DR. DAVID LITTLE, DR. WM. S. ELY,  
DR. E. V. STODDARD,

*Consulting Physician.*

DR. W. W. ELY.

*Gynaecologist.*

DR. HENRY W. DEAN.

*Ophthalmic and Aurai Surgeon.*

DR. CHARLES E. RIDER.

*Resident Assistant.*

DR. CHARLES CARY, Senior Asst.

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Mar. 10, 1876, Mrs. Mott, of chronic Bright's disease, aged 61 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Mar. 24, 1876, Kate Ebel, of phthisis pulmonalis, aged 26 years.

**Cash Donations.**

Samuel Sloan, Esq., ..... \$15 00  
Hospital Box, ..... 2 31

**DONATIONS ON BILLS.**

Sherlock & Sloan, ..... 1 57  
E. K. Warren, ..... 1 50

MRS. PERKINS, Treas.

**Receipts for the Review.**

Mrs. George Arnold, \$1,24; Mrs. W. J. Ashley, \$1,86; Mrs. H. F. Atkinson, \$1,24; Mrs. Amsden, \$1,24; Miss H. H. Backus, \$1,86; Jacob Bell, \$2,48; Mrs. A. Bronson, \$1,25; Mrs. Chas. S. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. J. F. Baker, 62 c.; Mrs. I. Butts, 62 cents; Miss Kate Bell, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry Brewster, \$1,24; Dr. D. Bly, \$1,25; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, \$1,24; Mrs. A. J. Brackett, 62 cents; Chas. E. Babbitt, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. Coots, \$2,48; Mrs. Louis Chapin, 62c.; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Canfield, \$1,24; Mrs. Campbell, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Curtis, \$2,48; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, \$1,25; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, \$1,24; Mrs. Geo. Darling, \$1,24; Mrs. W. F. Daggs, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Delano, 62 cents; Mrs. Dunshee, \$1,24; Mrs. Kason, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Emerson, \$1,24; Mrs. A. Erickson, \$1,25; Mrs. L. Ettenheimer, \$1,24; Mrs. George Force, \$1,25; Mrs. John Frick, \$1,86; Mrs. E. Glen, \$3,10; Mrs. Gorsline, 62 cents; Miss Gilman, \$1,25; Mrs. W. H. Galusha, \$1,25; Mrs. Hammatt, 62 cts.; Mrs. Hallowell, \$2,48; Mrs. E. T. Huntington, \$1,85; Mrs. W. F. Holmes, \$1,85; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, \$1,86; Mrs. J. Howe, \$1,24; Miss E. Hanford, 62 cents; Miss Weltha Hill, \$1,25; Mrs. E. F. Hyde, \$1,25; Mrs. R. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Hoyt, \$1,24; Mrs. E. P. Hall, \$1,25; Mrs. Howard, \$1,25; Miss E. A. Hayes, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. Langdale, \$1,25; Mrs. F. Lord, \$2,48; Mrs. Lattemore, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, \$2,00; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, \$1,25; Mrs. McDonald, \$2,48; Mrs. J. Nash, \$1,86; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, \$1,25; Mrs. D. Parmalee, \$1,25; A. V. Pells, \$1,86; Mrs. M. Phelan, \$1,86; Mrs. I. F. Quimby, \$1,25; Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, \$1,25; Mrs. George Raines, \$2,48; Mrs. Geo. Ripsom, \$2,48; Mrs. W. H. RossLewin, \$2,48; Mrs. J. Requa, \$1,25; Mrs. J. Rogers, \$1,86; Mrs. Edward Wray, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Rowley, \$1,25; Mrs.

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**Superintendent's Report.**

1876. Feb. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 65	
Received during month, .. 44	
Born, .....	3—112
Discharged, .....	38
Died, .....	2— 40
Remaining, April 1st, 1876,	72

**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.

**Notices.**

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.

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

## Children's Department.

### The Babes of Mud Creek Woods.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

It had been raining for a week. In fact everybody in Milford and vicinity remarked that there hadn't been such another spring pour-down since the town was laid out. Some anxiety was felt about the bridge which spanned a branch of Mud Creek at the eastern extremity of the town, but that long and shaky old structure stood bravely up, although the dam above it had disappeared, and the lower part of the mill was submerged, while the water bearing down against its crazy posts ran like a mill-race. Farmers still ventured on its tremulous arch with that Western hardihood which induces an Illinoisian to give even his wife and children as hostages to danger, sure of redeeming them every time. Morning and evening the boys gathered on the town side of the stream and dared one another to walk out to certain distances. Some of them grasped the light railing which guarded the edges of the old bridge, and jumped till the timbers swayed under them; but this exhibition of courage grew very trying to the nerves by the time the water was within three feet of the flooring; and these gallant fellows then contented themselves with shorter ventures and louder boasts of what they *could* do if they were a mind to.

The rain had slacked to a drizzle when the Milford school was dismissed at four o'clock, so the pupils began their various homeward journeys with some satisfaction. There were healthy farmers' children, who came daily two or three miles over prairie stretches and through belts of woodland, with the thrifty pioneer spirit animating their very boot-soles. There were the blue, aguish children of the malarial village itself. But there were only little Paris and Betsey Lane from the woods across Mud Creek, and nobody knew as the school dispersed how their flesh quaked at the thought of the way beyond them. The teacher did not know, because he hurried to his own mud-surrounded dwelling, with a chill coming on—the effect of these spring rains—half resolved that he would tarry no longer in this

wretched hamlet to teach clod-hoppers and wail his aspiration after better things on the plaintive flute; and after he had soaked his feet in hot water, and made his state of mind known to his wife, he went to bed, and left all thoughts of Milford school and its little members the other side of his raging fever.

Neither did the pupils know how Paris and Betsey quaked, for little attention was paid to these two; they belonged to some poor folks over the creek, and came to school through the very rigor of the winter, eating corn-bread and pork for their lunch all winter long, and that was about all that was known of them. Betsey had fair hair and blue eyes and a full, colorless face, and Paris was a somewhat larger copy of the same style. They wore rough clothes, cut off the same dun-colored web: Paris's were made exactly like an old man's, so that his naturally serious expression was rendered comical; and Betsey's dress pressed her little ribs in a straight, plain waist, and struck against her heels at every step in a long skirt. Her heels were protected by heavy leather shoes, but Paris was going barefoot—this wet weather, and he soon coated himself with artificial boots of rich black mud.

The boys all accompanied them to the bridge, shouting in one another's ears the dangers of its condition.

"My paw says it won't stand till night!" cried Willard Wagner, shuffling along excitedly with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, pshaw!" retorted Aaron Thomas, whose father was a miller, and who therefore wished to take a sanguine view of the freshet; "the water's been up before—the bridge never went!"

"If your father's mill fell," bellowed Jim Madison, "wouldn't it make a noise! O, boys, jus' look how high the water is over the dam! Last summer me an' Billy Pancake walked across that dam on the edge and never got our feet wet!"

"Sho! that's nothin'!" snuffed Adam Ball; "I done that lots o' times myself. O, boys! the water's nigher the bridge than it was this mornin'! Looks like it was raisin' right up to scrape the boards! Aw, I wouldn't like to go on that bridge now!"

"Ain't you glad you don't live on the other side, like Paris and Betsey Lane!" put in another boy. "They're agoin' to walk across it! O, boys, jus' looklee!"

"Look out there, Paris!" shouted Jim Madison, with the Western boy's love of giving every fair warning. "You better not try that, you and Betsey!"

"Come back!" shouted all the boys in chorus, beckoning with all their hands and wagging all their sage heads.

But the two timid yet daring children had already stepped some distance along the planks. In their eyes the venture before them was one of simple necessity. They must go home. Nobody detained them in the village, and it did not enter their heads that anybody ought so to look after them. Their coats were wet with the spring drizzle, and perhaps they pictured to themselves their cabin home, with glowing fireplace, and hot corn bread just being taken out of the skillet by mother, and the sweets which were to go with it on the spread table. But what they actually saw was the yellow, swift flood of Mud Creek Branch through the cracks between the bridge planks; it seemed rising swiftly up to the very soles of their feet. The bridge trembled like a leaf, and creaked at every step they took, and it was never so long before. At one moment they thought it was floating, and, clinching each other's hands tighter, they put all speed into their little legs and ran like spiders. Paris had the advantage of Betsey because her skirt straitened her. She fell down, and he dragged her some distance by the arm; but, recovering herself,—while the bridge trembled more than ever,—she rushed along with a clatter of bootheels which the roar of the flood could not drown.

"Look-a-ther!" cried Aaron Thomas and the other boys in chorus, running up to a group of men who were so busy watching the tall mill that the condemned and deserted bridge no longer occupied their attention,—“look, father! look, Mr. Parsons! Paris and Betsey Lane is goin' home across the bridge!”

"Stop, there!" shouted one of the men. "Well, they're nearly across now. But that oughtn't to have been allowed."

"We told them not to!" chorused the boys. "Didn't I, Jim?"—"Didn't I, Aaron?"—"Didn't I, Adam?"

The children reached the other side and the bridge still stood; but a delicate eye could detect a series of vibrations all along its length.

"Whose children are they?" inquir-

ed another of the men. "What are they doing over on Mud Creek Flat? They've no way of fordin' Mud Creek when they get to it, and what they goin' to do?"

"They're Lane's children," chorused the boys. "They live over in the woods a couple o' miles."

"I've a mind to follow over and bring 'em back," said the man, taking two or three uncertain steps.

But at once all attention was diverted from the children to the bridge. It bowed itself in the middle, the water carried away planks and posts, and a crashing roar like a long peal of thunder apprised all the villagers that the bridge was gone. The two great rafts which it first formed were shivered into bits as they whirled down the swollen current.

Paris and Betsey, who had not recovered their breath, stood, still holding hands; and they dimly realized what they had undertaken in leaving the village only when the village was cut off from their return.

"O Paris!" whimpered the little sister, "I wisht we hadn't come over. We might have got drowned."

"But we got over, and ain't drowned," said Paris, with a stouter heart; and now we must go on home."

"But maybe the footlog's gone over Mud Creek—'nd then what'll we do?" queried Betsey, trotting briskly beside him.

"I guess 'tain't gone," said Paris, clasping the handle of his lunch basket with determined arm. "It was there this mornin', and the water wasn't *near* as high as 'tis in the Branch."

They hurried along on the flat wooded island which separated Mud Creek proper from its branch. Perhaps in former times the stream here spread into a shallow lake, out of which the island slowly rose; or perhaps it had but one of the two courses into which it now split itself. There was no geologist in Milford to give an opinion concerning the matter. But the truth simply was that Mud Creek at the north point of this flat divided its muddy current, sending one arm around to turn the Milford mill and scooping out a great gorge which made a bridge necessary for passage over it, and sending the other arm around the opposite side of the flat in a stream usually shallow and of varying breadths; and, having clasped the island, it folded its arms together again in one turbid current below.



Paris and Betsey trotted along through the drizzle under the soaked trees, he with his trowsers rolled above his knees and she with her long dress making muddy marks on her ankles.

The flat was thickly wooded, and there was a great deal of dried brown tangle of grape-vine. They left the wagon-road—which seemed to be turning into a stream itself—and took their own little rill of a path leading by a short cut to the foot-log by which they always crossed Mud Creek. But as they approached, the trees could not hide from them the broad sheet Mud Creek had become. It was not swift like branch, but swollen and sluggish. No foot-log, or any other means of crossing this flood, was to be seen.

The children stood looking at it, and at each other.

"The water's comin' up higher," remarked Paris, with a stoical Western touch. "I reckon it'll cover the whole island before mornin'!"

"What'll we do, Paris?" inquired his little sister, with chattering teeth. "Oh, I wisht we was at home with mother and little Elihu and Hiram," she added, wiping some slow, patient tears from her cheeks.

"Well, that don't do any good," remarked Paris: "we can't get home until we find some way—and I wisht father would come after us," he broke out, sobbing heartily and rubbing his eyes with both fists.

"But he ain't got nothin' to git over the creek with—oh—hoo—oo!" wailed Betsey in great excitement and terror.

So, clinging fast to each other's hands, this little pair wandered up and down the desolate flat of Mud Creek woods. There were no robins to cover them with leaves if they laid them down and died; there were no berries to pick, no flowers to gather; there was nothing but water rising over the landscape, the gloom of woods, and approaching night. These Western babies had no idea of lying down to die, however. They came of hardy parents, who gave them great muscular endurance and power to overcome exposure. Their mother had helped their father in the clearing many a day, and they themselves had gone through rainstorms with naked little feet, helped burn stumps and carry fuel, and thought out many ways for their own actions.

Mud Creek, before it split its current on

the flat island, had torn through the "bottom" lands, and carried away old logs and brushwood and whole trees; and as its partial departure into its branch was very narrow and its continuation as a creek was wide, this drift was whirled by the narrowing eddies into the wider way, and now spread at intervals almost like a floor across the sluggish stream. Bits of rotten wood floated lightly, and only on that side where the current ran was there a continuous rift in them.

"Looks 'most like we could walk acrosst on the drift," chattered Betsey, surveying the flood through wet eyelashes; "don't it, Paris?"

"No," replied the more practical boy, "but I tell you what we *ken* do. If I c'n get a holt o' one o' them logs, and you c'n stick onto it, maybe we can paddle acrosst somehow."

"Well," assented Betsey, with the instant heroism which the West breeds in its very babes; and she helped Paris break sticks from the trees with which to pull in a log lying near the bank. It was quite large, but was also green, and sunk half under by its own weight. Mud Creek had ravaged it from some chopper's clearing. There were no branches on it, but its deep rough bark, cracked in great seams, might afford some sort of stirrups for the children's feet.

"It's oak," said Paris, after their long labor had rolled it over and over and brought it near enough for their venture. "And now I tell you what, Betsey, we'll tilt under if we don't be mighty careful."

Betsey stood on the flat bank while her brother essayed lightly to mount his uncertain steed. It dipped lengthwise, splashing him, above the waist; and his bare legs were entirely under water.

"Oo—oo!" said Paris.

"Oo—oo!" echoed Betsey.

"Can you get on?" he inquired anxiously. "Clinch the bark and slip along easy."

"But, Paris?" cried she, "I can't get on with the basket, too. Here, take the dinner basket!"

"Leave that," said Paris, holding to the log with precarious clutch. "We can't take that along."

"What, leave our dinner-basket that father paid twenty-five cents for in town! We'd never get it again, and what do you suppose mother would say if we lost our dinner-basket? Where'd we get another?"

"Well, throw it to me, then. But don't hit hard—you'll knock me off! I've got a piece o' string in my pocket, and I'll tie it to my waist with that. Now, Betsey, can you get on?"

Betsey took hold of the log; but again her skirt straitened her, and she nearly capsized it in her efforts. But being a quiet, brave little girl, she adapted herself to the craft, and finally reached Paris, and clasped him firmly around the waist.

The lunch basket hung from his side. They were all equipped and ready to start. But how cold and threatening the water was, and if they drew their legs up out of it they should lose their balance.

"Oh! a snake! a snake! a snake!" screamed Betsey; but it was only a twig which rubbed water slime against her ankle.

Paris paddled and Betsey paddled; but the log did nothing except dip and drench them for a long time. But while their teeth chattered and their flesh shrunk on their bones, the current finally caught them and they moved slowly down creek in the dusk.

"Hold on tight to me, Betsey, and I'll see if I can't ketch that stick, and they maybe we can turn her to shore. There, I've got it!"

"Oh, Paris, we're goin' to be drowned! We shan't never get out! Oh, Paris, this log's a rollin' over!"

"Set still, then, and don't make a fuss! You take this stick, and I'll get another one, and we'll both paddle with sticks."

"Paris, isn't that a man and a wagon there on the bank nigh the ford?"

"I don't know; it's so dim I can't see. He can't come, if it is. No, it's nothin' but willow bushes. My head's so dizzy I don't know what to do!"

"Hold on tight!" urged Betsey, whose feminine spirit played see-saw with her brother's, rising as his fell.

The current carried them slowly forward. Now the island swelled toward them, now it retreated; and they were skilled enough in knowledge of streams to see that their salvation depended on their reaching the home shore before Mud Creek was itself again at the place where its branch joined it, where the debris of the broken bridge would be whirled and the widened water become a river.

They splashed with their sticks and moved their numb little feet mechanically.

But the under current was growing stronger.

"My head's swimmin' so!" said Paris.

"Looky there!" cried Betsey. Let's run't against that other log, and that'll sort of prop us."

The other log helped them, they scarcely knew how; but it shot them out of the current. And in the chill twilight they drew slowly to shore.

Their log grounded in the mud, and they crept off, half torpid, and pattered with aching feet on the thick lying dead leaves of the woods.

"Did the dinner basket get much wet?" inquired Betsey—the water jetting from her shoes at every step.

"Not much," replied Paris in the same matter-of-fact tone. And he ran along on his little red legs, leading his sister past the familiar sassafras bushes which were just showing green buds, past the grape-vine tangles and alder jungles, until the brown bark of their own cabin appeared.

It was almost dark. Father was just home with his load; they could hear the rattle of the harness as he stabled the horses in the straw-thatched rail stable. Firelight shone through the cabin windows, and Safe came barking with all his might down the road to meet them.

The cabin door swung on its wooden hinges, and mother looked out of a frame of shine, to see if they were coming, and little Elihu peeped around her skirts.

"My goodness, children! how did you get so wet?"

"We had to cross the creek on a log," explained Paris: "the foot log was washed away, so we got on another one and paddled."

"And Milford Bridge is gone," added Betsey.

"I trust and hope you didn't paddle across the branch, too," said the mother, laughing, and drawing them into the house, while their father stood by with his driver's whip in his hand and his hat pushed back, listening to their adventures.

"So Milford Bridge is washed off, is it?" he inquired.

"Yes; it fell just after we got over. And then the water was comin' up over the Flat, so we had to git across't. And we got on an oak log and got across't."

"You might have been drowned!" said the settler, huskily.

The mother showed less emotion, but

she was very busy. She brought other rough coats from an old chest in the corner; and while Paris and Betsey comforted their flesh with dry garments, they had the felicity of watching the great corn "pone" brown in the skillet on the hearth and mother opening a jar of wild plum preserves and bringing an extra supply of maple syrup to table. A young rabbit was browning in another skillet; two of the best blue-edged plates were taken from the dresser for them, and their mugs of milk were covered with fresh foam! Little Elihu and Hiram stood by, looking at them with great, loving eyes. They were not commended for their daring, but a silent jubilee was being held over their safe return.

The two babes of Mud Creek Woods sat down to their supper and afterwards lay down to their slumbers with the rain beating the shingles over their heads, utterly unconscious that they were part of that rugged and determined material out of which God builds great States.

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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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1876.

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.

### The Spiritual Temple.

"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building."—1 Kings vi. 7. See also chap. v. 7-18.

And whither came these goodly stones 'twas Israel's pride to raise,

The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient days;

In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendor bright,

Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver smiles of night?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab was brought,

In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its mountains wrought;

There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the echoing rocks,

There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge, the rude, unshapen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete, each fitted to its place, [base,

For lofty coping, massive wall, or deep-imbbeded They bore them o'er the waves that rolled their billowy swell between

The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on, through days and months and years,

Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's frozen tears;

And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it rose,— [repose!

Fit dwelling for the God of Peace! a temple of

Brethren in Christ! to holier things the simple type apply:

Our God himself a temple builds, eternal and on high.

Of souls elect; their Zion there—that world of light and bliss;

Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous moulding—*this*.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim he hews

The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth him to choose;

Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined each to shine,

Moulded beneath his patient hand, in purity Divine.

Oh, glorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle, meek;

See floods of unaccustomed tears gush down the hardened cheek;

Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol fond:

Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious, tender bond!

strongly excited; and before sunrise, fifteen of our party rowed ashore in the boats and began to look around. Additon at once pointed out the track of turtles.

Further out towards the forest-line were found hundreds of dry shells, from the size of a milk-pan to that of a grindstone, half buried in sand.

As we wandered on, Halleck was heard calling at a distance, and on going out to him, he pointed to a great number of tracks, resembling those of a dog, around a freshly gnawed-out shell. Additon pronounced the tracks very much like the tracks of "dingoes," or wild dogs, which he had seen in Queensland. We suppose that from time immemorial these creatures have resorted here by night to attack the turtles.

As a change of diet from that of our salted meats, the captain advised us to improve the chance, and lay in the materials for turtle soup. To capture the turtles themselves it was necessary to wait for the night.

A few minutes after sunset a party of thirteen or fourteen of us, armed with clubs, axes, and boat hooks, was set ashore, and the boats were taken back to the vessel. As there was no probability of the turtles making their appearance before eleven o'clock, or midnight, we went back two or three cables' length from the beach, and established ourselves on a sand-bank to wait for them.

Several hours went by, when, on a sudden, we saw a rocket go up from the yacht. That meant turtles. But there was little need to signal us. The noise was distinctly audible.

Seizing our weapons, we ran for the beach. The turtles were rising to the surface. I never saw or heard anything like it before. It was absolutely frightful. The whole roadstead, which for hours had been quiet as a duck-pond, was boiling and foaming like a cataract. Great waves came rushing ashore.

The turtles were coming. Thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands came tumbling out upon the sand. The noise made by their shells grating together, as they scrambled over each other, was like a heavy tide rushing under an ice pack, as I have heard it off Labrador.

The sand, as far as we could see, up and down, was black with turtles. The moment they were fairly ashore they fell to digging in the sand with their flippers, to

make holes for their eggs. Certainly the noise made by the sand flying from so many of their flippers was as much like a hurricane sweeping through a forest as anything I can compare it with.

As nearly as we could judge, they dug trenches two or three feet deep. In these they deposited their eggs, then all fell to work to cover them up. In half an hour they had dug their trench, laid millions of eggs, and were ready to go back into the sea. And when they went, they all went together, just as they had come.

We had kept in the background till the turtles began to move off.

"Now's our time!" shouted Additon.

All hands rushed out, and falling on their rear, turned over as many of the hind ones as we could comfortably overtake. It did not do to get in front of them. A man would be run over and crushed in a trice.

Once on their backs, the turtles were as good as captured, as they cannot regain their legs after being overturned. We secured thirty or thirty-one. They were of the species known to *bon vivants* as the green turtle. Several of them would have weighed four hundred pounds, we thought.

Some of the savages of these seas have a horribly cruel method of keeping turtle meat fresh for a week or more.

When they catch a turtle they hang it up from the ground, and instead of killing the poor reptile, leave it alive and cut off a portion of its flesh as they want it for food.

A turtle will live till all the fleshy parts of its body are thus cut away, piecemeal, the operation lasting from seven to ten days.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Receipts.

GINGER JUMBLES.—One pint of molasses, one cup of water, four tablespoonfuls of butter or lard; two do. saleratus, one do. ginger, flour enough to make them drop like jumbles.

AVON CORN BREAD.—Four eggs, one cup sugar, one pint water, one pint sweet milk, two-thirds of a cup of melted butter, one quart corn meal, one pint flour, two heaping tablespoonfuls baking powder, sifted in last.

Better be upright with poverty than wicked with plenty.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1876.

### Burden Bearers.

"Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
 Thou no ray of light and joy can'st throw"—  
 "If no brother's sorrow thou can'st lighten  
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone."

It was a lowly, captive maiden who bore the burden of Naaman's leprosy, and whose loving heart prompted her to acts that resulted in the healing of the great captain and the saving of his soul.

We are all burden bearers, but if we would "fulfil the law of Christ," we must voluntarily assume "one another's burdens;" and happy shall we be if, while ministering to the present comfort of our afflicted friends, we, like the little Syrian captive, are made the vehicle through which God transmits enduring blessings.

Our City Hospital is full of burden bearers, all suffering from some bodily or mental ailment; for which they seek the aid of the learned physician, or skilful surgeon, and experienced nurse. Many of these have also peculiar trials; some are foreigners, strangers in our land, far away from kith and kin; some have memories of homes now desolate, but once brightened by the presence of loved ones who will never again minister to their wants; some have had pecuniary reverses that press most heavily when sickness comes upon them.

Each sufferer has his own secret chamber of grief, into which the stranger may not rudely intrude; but the loving touch, the sympathetic glance, the cheering word, are always welcome. Some trifling attention may prove as balm to an aching heart, and some slight service may brighten the pathway of a lonely pilgrim. The present of an appropriate magazine or book; the writing of a letter; the offering of a flower from the wildwood, the garden or conser-

vatory, or the gift of tempting fruit; the voice of song; the reading of a hymn or a psalm, or the repeating of the words of the Master may lighten a brother's sorrow, by touching a cord that will telegraph to his heart that there is one yearning to bear his burden.

Throughout the length and breadth of our city there are many noble men and women, who, by their cheerful presence, their sympathetic natures, and generous gifts, could bring joy and sunshine into many of these saddened lives; and while thus ministering to the physical wants of the sufferers, they might sometimes lead them to the Great Burden Bearer, who heals all our sicknesses.

A few days since, as we sat in the Female Ward of the Hospital, beside the couch of an inmate long deprived of the use of her limbs, her eye brightened and her face grew joyous, as she caught sight of one who came to lighten the burden of some of her fellow patients. "There goes a good man," said she; "he has come to give two of his Sabbath School scholars a ride, and he has been here before to do this." It was pleasant to watch the play of her features as she entered into the joys of others. We knew she was a burden bearer of the right stamp, and that she could "rejoice with them that do rejoice," as well as "weep with them that weep."

Our City Hospital, like our other benevolent institutions, is the outgrowth of Christianity, let it be also the theatre where in living power shall be exemplified the precept of the apostle: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

### Notices.

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

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.

**Our Sick Friends at the Hospital.**

As the bells from the Mission Chapels were gathering the children from far and near, for the Sabbath School services, we bent our steps toward the Hospital.

On our way thither, the bursting buds and red shoots of the maples; the light green, young leaves of the mountain-ash; the richer, darker hues of the horse-chestnut; the graceful, waving foliage of the split-leaved birch, half veiling its pure white trunk; the opening flowers of the tulip-tree; the delicate tint of the peach blows, and the white flowers of the cherry tree, all spoke to us of awakening nature. Here and there a bed of gay tulips and sweet-scented hyacinths tempted us to covet our neighbor's possessions, that we might therewith enrich our sick friends at the Hospital.

We chose as the time for our visit, the hour of the chapel service, and equipped with newspapers and hymn book we entered the Female Ward, to spend the afternoon with those too feeble to mingle in the public worship in the chapel.

The first couch was occupied by one whose pale face indicated that the sleep she was enjoying was better food, for her, than any we could offer.

Across the room, we found a young girl, a native, we think, of Erin, whose flushed cheek, brilliant eye, and incessant cough, indicated the nature of her disease. She was bright and cheerful, seemed to enjoy a hymn we read to her, and thanked us for a paper, saying she was very fond of reading. A small basket of flowers and two bouquets near her pleased her greatly.

On the next couch we found one suffering from rheumatism in the feet. She was from Germany, and as her German Bible lay before her, we thought David and John could speak better words of comfort, than any we could offer, and so we read to her a psalm and chapter.

Our next visit was at the couch of one

who seemed to be suffering acutely. She felt sad and lonely, longed for a sight of her little ones. Her husband is an inmate of the Male Ward of the Hospital. She spoke gratefully of her dinner that was so tempting, but said it had distressed her. We were glad to know she had learned the way to the Great Physician, and had found in Him a very present helper.

Near by was another German woman, long an inmate of the Hospital. Many years of suffering have been hers, and patience is having its perfect work in her.

We next seated ourselves beside one whose limbs are contracted and swollen with rheumatism, but whose cheerful spirit makes her very attractive. She always seems contented and disposed to make the most of her blessings, and to bear her trials submissively. A bunch of printed fuchsias that came on a piece of cloth, had been brought to her and pinned upon the wall beside her; there, too, were some wax flowers. She enjoys these imitations so well, we wish she could always be supplied with real flowers. We are sure she would appreciate them.

Across the room we found our aged Scotch friend, who, for six long weeks has been confined to her bed with a broken limb. The weight had just been removed from her foot, but she was still helpless, though doing as well as could be expected in one at her age.

In another department was a mother with a bright, pretty infant a few weeks old, whose strong cry indicated she was blessed with good lungs.

We lingered so long in the Female Ward that we had time only to distribute a few newspapers in the Male Ward, and visit one young man, whose peculiar condition particularly interested us.

He was brought to the Hospital early in March last, in a very critical state. His chest was filled with a fluid under the skin, and as he shook himself it could be heard moving about within him, indicating the

presence of air as well as fluid. He was operated upon with an instrument called an aspirator, and was greatly relieved when seven pints and four ounces of matter were drawn from him. This only afforded temporary relief, for the chest filled again so rapidly, that in about a week another operation became necessary. At this time, an incision was made in one side of his chest and a permanent tube inserted, through which the fluid as it formed could discharge itself. At this operation five pints and some ounces were drawn from the young man, his chest was thoroughly cleansed with carbolic acid and water, and since then, but little fluid has gathered, and what does gather passes through the tube into a basin of water placed at the side of the patient. When we saw him he looked quite comfortable, was dressed and sitting up in a chair. Surgical skill has thus as it were snatched him from the jaws of death, and the physicians hope to save his life. His disease is supposed to be tuberculosis, except that the tubercles have set outward, and the matter which in this disease is usually ejected by the throat, in this case has gathered in the chest. The removal of the large amount of fluid, which had displaced the lung, has enabled it to recover its proper position. The patient told us he had less pain in the right side where the tube is inserted than in the other. We left him in the hands of a faithful nurse who had just brought him his supper.

#### In Memoriam.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. George H. Mumford sent a thrill of sorrow to the hearts of her many friends and acquaintances.

Anticipating her return from California, where she had been during the latter part of winter, they had prepared to welcome her to her home and to the various circles, social, religious and benevolent, in which she had so long filled a prominent place.

But a loving Father ordered it otherwise. "He brought down her strength in her journey: He shortened her days."

Her death occurred at Salt Lake City, Sunday morning, May 7th, 1867.

While preparing for church she was seized with a severe and painful illness, ending in death, without a parting word to those of her family with her. Her worship, that Lord's day, was in a more glorious temple—"a temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

For many years Mrs. Mumford was a directress of the Female Charitable Society, and when the first efforts were made by that Society, to provide a "Home for the sick Poor," she was one of a committee to solicit funds for the erection of a Hospital. Later, when the object was accomplished, the Trustees gave to the Ladies the charge of the building to prepare it for the reception of patients, she was appointed one of the Executive Committee. She entered with her whole heart into the work. Mr. and Mrs. Mumford—for we cannot well separate two so united in their labors—were indefatigable in their efforts to establish this Institution, and ceased not until the Hospital was completed. We miss them, but "their works do follow them."

We tender our sympathy to their bereaved ones. May God comfort them and sanctify to them this great sorrow.

Almighty God, with whom do live the Spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect communion and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord—Amen.



**Tidings from an Old Friend.**

We had hoped this month to favor our readers with something from the facile pen of Mrs. Thomas C. Arner, who so long and so successfully labored to advance the interests of the City Hospital.

In response to our invitation her daughter writes :

“ SAN RAFAEL, May 2, 1876.

“ Mamma quite envies you your care of ‘The Hospital Review’ and if she were well enough would write for you with the greatest of pleasure, but she is too much of an invalid at present. She has been very ill all winter, and is still confined mostly to her room, although she now goes out to ride every pleasant day. San Rafael is perfectly lovely now, and we hope with the delightful climate here, that she will commence to improve. It has been a very trying winter for all invalids on account of the long and heavy rains, and especially so for mamma, because she depends so much on the sun and out-door air.”

**Benefit of the Hospital.**

The Edwin Adams Dramatic Society, an amateur company recently organized, propose giving a dramatic entertainment, at Corinthian Hall, on Friday evening, June 16th, for the benefit of the City Hospital.

The play selected is Lester Wallack’s drama, “The Veteran.”

We trust the amateurs will be liberally patronized, as the charity for which they appear is greatly in need of funds.

**A Pleasing Remembrance.**

On the second Sabbath of May, Plymouth church greeted its new pastor, the Rev. Myron Adams, with a beautiful floral welcome. The next day the flowers were all sent to the City Hospital. Among these were a large number of calla lilies. This remembrance was most gratifying to the patients, many of whom are particularly fond of flowers.

**An Ingenious Contrivance.**

Among our donations last month were two most ingenious and useful articles, designed to be fastened around a stove pipe, to keep plates or dishes of food warm. They are made of wire with copper wire frames. They are easily adjusted, strong and very convenient. They were donated by Close & Yost, and can be found at their Auction and Commission House, 2 Main Street.

**Hints.**

We would suggest to our housekeepers who are overstocked with last year’s canned fruit, that it will be very acceptable to our invalids. The cans can be returned when emptied and be ready to receive the new fruit which is fast ripening. Vegetables, fruit, berries and greens can be disposed of in any quantity, and they are very tempting to the capricious appetites of some of the inmates of the City Hospital.

**An Acceptable Gift.**

We have received from the Ninth Ward Aid Society, through Mrs. Lysander Farrar, five nice bed-quilts which were very acceptable, as they were the very articles needed at the Hospital. We used to receive large supplies of bed-quilts when we had wounded and sick soldiers in the Hospital, but our old stock is now wearing out; perhaps some of our Sewing Societies in neighboring villages can furnish us a fresh supply.

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 24, 1876, of consumption, Miss Kate McMann, aged 20 years.

**Superintendent’s Report.**

1876. May 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 66	
Received during month, . . .	24
Born, . . . . .	2— 92
Discharged, . . . . .	28
Died, . . . . .	1— 29
	—
Remaining, June 1st, 1876,	63

Donations.

Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons—Pie Plant and Pickles.  
 Mrs. Dr. Strong—Six cans Fruit.  
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Nineteen cans Fruit, 2  
 cans Pickles, 15 cans Jelly, and Flowers.  
 Mrs. Erickson—Pie Plant.  
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Pie Plant.  
 Mrs. Day—Canned Fruit, Jelly and old Cotton.  
 Mr. Edward Brewster—A set of Croquet.  
 Scrantom & Whetmore—A set of Croquet.  
 Ladies of the 9th Ward—A Quilt, the fifth from  
 the same source. Very acceptable.  
 Miss Allen—Flowers.

Receipts for the Review,

TO JUNE 1st, 1876.

Mrs. W. B. Moseley, 65 cents; Mrs. W. M.  
 Brown, 61 cents—By Mrs. Dr. Strong. \$ 1 26  
 Mrs. Dr. Dolley, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. S.  
 Little, 63 cents—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, 1 25  
 Mrs. R. Boyd, \$1.86; Mrs. G. C. Clark-  
 sos, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Lampert, 62 cts.  
 Mrs. H. Michaels, \$1.24; Mrs. J. Mar-  
 burger, 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osborn,  
 \$1.25—By Miss Minnie Montgomery ... 6 21  
 Mrs. W. Ailing, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Al-  
 ling, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster,  
 \$1.86; Mrs. G. B. Boardman, \$1.25; J.  
 Gardner, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Heath, 62c;  
 Mrs. A. McVean, \$2.48; Mrs. Sam'l D.  
 Porter, \$1.25; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62  
 cents—By Miss Mary Perkins ..... 9 97  
 C. H. Babcock, \$1.86; Mrs. H. W. Brown,  
 \$2.48; Mrs. A. D. Barber, 62 cts.; Mrs.  
 Curtiss Clark, 62 cents; Miss M. Coch-  
 rane, \$1.24; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents;  
 Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; W. H. Cum-  
 ings, \$3.10; Mrs. P. Epstein, \$1.86;  
 Mrs. E. P. Gould, \$1.24; Rev. W. C. Gay-  
 lord, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Harris, \$2.48; Miss  
 A. Jeffrey, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Jayne,  
 \$1.00; Mrs. D. Lowry, \$1.86; Mrs. C.  
 E. Mathews, \$1.24; W. B. Morse, \$1.25;  
 Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Mont-  
 gomery, \$1.25; Mrs. S. B. Roby, \$1.24;  
 Mrs. E. T. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. Jos.  
 Shatz, \$1.87; Mrs. J. Siddons, \$1.24;  
 Mrs. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Trzeci-  
 sck, \$1.24; R. D. Van De Carr, \$1.86;  
 F. Van Doorn, \$1.24; Miss M. A. Whit-  
 beck, \$2.50; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury,  
 \$1.24; Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, \$1.50; Mrs.  
 H. Walzer, \$2.00; Mrs. H. J. Brent, Pe-  
 terboro, \$2.00; Mrs. D. D. S. Brown,  
 Scottsville, \$1.50; Miss Alice Bell, Al-  
 bany, \$1.50; Mrs. J. Brown, Scottsville,  
 \$1.00; Miss H. Carlton, Salem, Mass.,  
 60 cents; Miss S. A. Endress, Dansville,  
 \$3.00; Mrs. J. Ganson, Buffalo, \$3.00;  
 Mrs. Judge Gould, Brighton, \$1.50;  
 Miss M. J. Kelly, Rhinebeck, \$5.00;  
 Mrs. Mowatt, Toronto, 50 cents; W. D.  
 Purdy, Chili Center, \$2.00; Mrs. I. L.  
 Pattee, Avon, \$2.50; Mrs. C. R. Pier-  
 son, Ramapo, \$1.25; Miss L. M. Phil-  
 lips, Warsaw, \$1.00; Miss I. S. Raplee,  
 Penn Yan, \$1.00; Mrs. N. H. Sears,

Milbury, Mass., \$1.50; Mrs. S. E. Smith,  
 Geneva, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Smith, Wheat-  
 land, \$2.00; Mrs. Charles Strowbridge,  
 Penn Yan, \$1.50—By Mrs. R. Mathews \$76 10

Children's Department.

Lifted Over.

BY HELEN FISKE HUNT.

As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,  
 When places come at which their tiny feet,  
 Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms  
 Of love and set them down beyond all harm,  
 So did our Father watch the precious boy  
 Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft  
 Myself, but strove to help my darling on.  
 He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw  
 Rough ways before us where my arms would fail,  
 So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,  
 Who smiled on leaving me, He put him down  
 Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade  
 Him wait for me. Shall I not then be glad  
 And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

The Old Lady's Party Dress.

An old lady once lived to be a hundred  
 years old. That was not so very old, after  
 all, for nearly all her brothers and sisters  
 were a great deal older; but her children  
 thought her very aged, and they invited  
 themselves and all their uncles, aunts and  
 cousins to come together and celebrate her  
 birthday. There was no room in the  
 house big enough to entertain so large a  
 company, but many great buildings were  
 erected which would contain hundreds of  
 people, and as the party was to last six  
 months, it was clear that there would be  
 room enough for all that wanted to come.

When the day arrived the old lady was  
 dressed in her party dress—a flowing robe,  
 all striped with red and white and spangled  
 with stars. She has worn this dress ever  
 since she was born, and, at first, there were,  
 only thirteen stripes. As she grew up  
 however, she outgrew her dress, like a  
 good many other girls that I know, and  
 the dressmaker had to keep putting in  
 stars, till there are now thirty-seven.

There was a time, some years ago, when  
 some of the old lady's children were naugh-  
 ty and, of course, unhappy, and they  
 caught hold of their mother's beautiful  
 dress and tore a great hole in it, not know-  
 ing what they did. It cost the old lady a

great deal of money to buy enough thread and needles to mend the tear, and the dressmakers a great deal of worry and trouble to do it. But it is all mended now, and the old lady looks so beautiful that all her children come to admire her. I hope every little boy and girl who can, will go sometime this summer to the party, and that all the rest of their lives that they will be careful to do nothing which shall either soil or tear their dear mother's dress.

What is the party called? Who is the old lady, and what is her party dress?

[N. Y. Observer.]

### The Queen and the Young Artist.

The following characteristic story of the good Queen of England is told and we have no reason to doubt its genuineness, as there are many similar anecdotes of Victoria :

A young Highland artist, a mere lad, saw, one day, the royal party, then staying at the castle of Balmoral, and made a sketch of the Queen riding on her pony, little knowing who his model was. The Queen saw him at work, and begged to look at his drawing.

"Why," she said, "it is my portrait, and very like, too."

"Thanks, madam," replied the blushing lad, "if you like it, will you accept it?"

"With pleasure," answered the Queen, "and since you give me one portrait of myself, I will give you one in exchange," and she took a sovereign from her pocket and handed it to the boy.

Then he knew, for the first time, with whom he had been speaking. To-day he wears the coin upon his watch chain, and, now a promising artist, tells how he sold his first picture to the Queen.

### Conundrum.

'Twas not in Alpine snow or ice,  
But wholly British ground.

"Excelsior" was their device,  
And sad the fate they found.

'Twas not for glory, or for fame,  
But solely duty's call;  
They were united in their aim,  
Divided in their fall.

Answer—JACK AND JILL.

Answer to Charade.—APE-BILL. April.

### A Mother's Ready Tact.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors and some old magazines, was just as busy cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet so," said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this; but she knew, too, that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well till the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"O yes, sometimes."

"I will; and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer, but the quick sympathy, ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed quietly, with no jar of nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I'm tired of cutting pieces, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horsewagon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you're going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load, till all the papers were picked up, without ever thinking he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Wade looked up in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," (the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "auntie" to people generally,) "and things were in a snarl and high-de-low all the time—starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I've sat here. I've had a good talk

with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was, 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' spill and scratch, and break and tumble, scold and slap, half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they're sick. She has a world of patience someways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them.— Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why;" and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact, springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!—*Young Folks' News.*

### How Washington became Engaged.

The story of Washington's first interview with the widow Custis, and his subsequent engagement to marry her, is briefly told in the following paragraphs:

It was in 1758 that Col. Washington, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, crossed the ferry called Williams', over the Pamunky, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the New Kent side, a gentleman invited him to partake of his hospitality. Col. Washington declined, as he had important communications for the Governor at Williamsburg. Mr. Chamberlayne, the gentleman on whose domains he had landed, would hear of no excuse. Col. Washington was a man and character so dear to all Virginians, that his passing by without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host was out of the question. But it was not until Chamberlayne intimated that he would introduce him to a charming young widow, then beneath his roof, that the soldier capitulated to dine—only to dine.

The Colonel was introduced to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased at their first interview; so much so that Washington's servant was ordered to put up the horses for the night.

The sun was high in the heavens when, on the following morning, the soldier spurred his charger, and speeded on his way to the seat of government. Having dispatched his business, he retraced his steps, and the engagement took place.

One of the greatest physiological crimes of our country is that its people do not get rest enough, do not sleep enough.

### "I'll Take What Father Takes."

Blessed is the son whose father's example is such that he may always follow it with the certainty that he will be led to a better life.

"What will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad, who, for the first time, accompanied his father to a public dinner.

Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied,—

"I will take what father takes."

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him.

"Waiter, I'll take water."

And from that day to this, strong drink has been banished from that man's home.

### 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. E. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. E. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column, . . . . .	\$10 00
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Six Months, . . . . .	3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, . . . . .	15 00
One Year, . . . . .	5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00	

A Column contains eight Squares.

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**DRUGGISTS,**

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Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

[*Prescriptions carefully compounded.*] [68



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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

**M. GARSON & Co.**  
ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE  
**CLOTHIERS,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Mens' and Boys' Clothing,  
14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.  
Nov. '75.

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.

**L. D. FLEMING.**  
PRACTICAL  
**CONFECTIONER,**  
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ELIAS HOWE, 1846. THE IMPROVED, 1874.

NEW IMPROVED FAMILY  
**ELIAS HOWE MACHINES.**

"These Machines have stood the test for years, and now with the late Improvements, Light Running and Ease of Motion, are Unequaled by any on the Market."

**THE HOWE MACHINE CO.**

C. S. TODD, 69 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER.  
Manager. July 75

**\$5 to \$20** per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Ma ne

**SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,**

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND  
**MILLINERY GOODS,**

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

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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.

**\$12** a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
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**DENTISTS,**

ROOMS 32 & 33.

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L. D. Walter, D. D. S.  
J. S. Walter, D. D. S. Apr. 76. 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.

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**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 either place will be promptly attended to.  
SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

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**GROCCER,**

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**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.

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Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

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AT

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

54 State st, sep.73 ROCHESTER N. Y.



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SHAW'S PATENT

**Britannia Metal Pipe.**

20 Per Cent. cheaper than Lead Pipe.

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

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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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Established, 1838.

**E. B. BOOTH & SON,**

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**Defy Competition in Beauty and Price.** sep '4.

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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. XII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1876.

No. 12.

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

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### To the Unsatisfied.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

Why this longing, why forever sighing  
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,  
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
Leaf and flower, and laden bee are preaching,  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy can'st throw—  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world, through weal and woe;

If no dear eye thy fond love can brighten,  
No fond voices answer to thine own:  
If no brother's sorrow thou can'st lighten  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applauses—  
Not by works that give thee world-renown—  
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,  
Can'st thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou can'st truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
When all nature hails the lord of light,  
And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,  
Robes yon fragrant field in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domain thou rovest,  
Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,  
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

For the Hospital Review.

### Artistic Decorations in the "Women's Pavilion."

In a quiet corner of the Women's Pavilion, at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, we found much to interest us, for we there saw that in a young city, in one of our Central States, art was budding and blossoming, and that woman's hand was decorating and beautifying the spot that should be dearest to her, the home of her loved ones.

We had read of schools of design, and had rejoiced to know that through them new spheres of self-support and usefulness were being opened to woman, but had never conceived of such results accomplished, as were exhibited by our sisters, the pupils of the "School of Design of the University of Cincinnati." We congratulate them on their success, and trust that many who visit the Women's Pavilion will be stimulated to walk in their footsteps.

Their original designs, their faithful copies of nature, their pleasing decorations on china and slate, and their artistic carvings are worthy of imitation, and reflect great credit on the teachers and pupils of this school, formed at Cincinnati only two years ago. In our limited space we can but allude to a few of the decorations that attracted our attention.

One of the most beautiful was a walnut bedstead, decorated with original designs by two sisters, seventeen and nineteen years of age. The head-board was ornamented with two sets of panels. The upper, circular ones were of slate tiles, on which were painted closed morning glories, symbolizing night. The lower ones were of carved walnut, representing the porch of the young ladies' home, where trumpet flowers and other vines were climbing luxuriantly over the lattice work. On the posts of the head-board a carved poppy and lily symbolized the sleep of innocence. The foot-board was decorated with carved morning glories, open, to catch the light of the morning. The price of this work of art is five hundred dollars, and the sisters Misses H. and M. Johnson, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio, design to support themselves as artistic decorators, and will be grateful for any orders for work.

The Estey parlor organ was decorated by Miss Fannie M. Banks. On the upper part of the case, intertwined with wild roses, was a scroll on which was inscribed,

"She sang of love as flowers would sing, if love could lend their leaves a tongue." Beneath this was a lyre surrounded with morning glories, and under these, in bold relief against a background of silk, were the leaves of the passion vine. The flowers and leaves of this vine were carved on the drop board; beneath the key board were carved morning glories.

Miss Agnes Pitman designed and executed the carvings for a rosewood piano, whose top was encircled by a wood band of surface carving. Two oval medallions also ornamented the top of the piano—the band and medallions were decorated with flowers and vines, illustrating in succession the different seasons of the year, symbolized by the flowers and leaves appropriate for each season. Passion flowers, spreading ferns and ivy ornamented the legs of the piano, and the lyre, for the working of the pedals, rested on a rich cluster of bay leaves. Miss Pitman also decorated a case of drawers and presented them to her mother as a birth day gift. The handles are of metal work of curious design, and on the front of each of the six drawers are carved the flowers appropriate to one of the blossoming months of the year. The upper drawer, April, is decorated with carved crocuses and snowdrops. On the second, the young ferns pushing themselves through the moss, and the full grown fronds represent May. June is symbolized by the honeysuckle. July, by morning glories. August, by the poppy and fuchsia, and September by the gladiolis.

We wish our space would allow us to describe an oak secretary cabinet, with original metal work and panels; a hanging walnut cabinet ornamented with tile panels painted on a blue ground; a carved mantel with slate panels, where cherries, a ripe harvest, grapes and a holly branch illustrated the enclosed motto, "Seed time and harvest shall not cease." We should love, also to speak of many smaller specimens of carved work, and of the beautiful painted

decorations on china, but we must forbear.

We were glad to see that the Old Bay State was determined not to be eclipsed in the art of Decoration by Ohio. Two young ladies from Lancaster, Mass., exhibited a very artistic butternut mantel, ornamented with painted tiles. On one side, dark butterflies were hovering round a mul-len stalk, and on the other, yellow butterflies were surrounding a purple thistle. An owl was gazing out from the center of the fire-board, and above this the flight of the swallows was beautifully represented on white tiles.

We hope our description will tempt some of the daughters of our city to visit the Women's Pavilion, and to emulate the women of Cincinnati in their artistic decorations. H. S. T.

### "Old Prob." Spiders.

Spiders have understood the secret of the weather long before our "Old Prob." uttered a prediction. A scientific writer in the Providence Journal says:

The spiders were wise prophets yesterday morning, for their wonderful instinct taught them that the day would be fine, and that the sun would shine on their gossamer houses. Therefore they spread their pretty lady mantles on the drenched grass, and patiently waited for the storm to pass away. The morning broke with a dreary outlook, but when we saw these fairy structures spread thickly over the lawn, and hanging with dainty grace upon the pendant branches of a fuchsia in full bloom, we felt sure that the little workmen knew what they were doing. Neither were our humble friends mistaken in their calculations, and snugly sheltered under their silvery tents, they doubtless enjoyed the sunshine quite as well as the superior race, whose perceptions in regard to the condition of the elements are far less delicate and reliable than the instinct possessed by these insignificant insects. We have watched the lady mantles for many years, and seldom have the spiders proved false prophets.

By taking revenge, a man is even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.—[*Lord Bacon.*]

### The Lowly Spirit.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated  
 As His abiding rest,  
 And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited,  
 When kings had no such guest.  
 The dew, that never wets the flinty mountain,  
 Falls in the valley free;  
 Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,  
 But barren sand the sea.

### Beethoven's Habits of Composition.

Beethoven, the eminent musical composer, was quite eccentric in his habits of composition. After he became deaf—for some of his greatest works were composed when he could not hear a note—he would wander for hours in solitary places, silent and abstracted. His appearance and habits were so well known, that people when they met him would exclaim, "There is Beethoven!" Once a troop of charcoal-burners meeting him in a country path, stood on one side, though laden with bushels of charcoal, to let him pass, for fear of disturbing the great composer's meditations.

On one occasion, when composing in his own room at home, he walked about in a reverie, pouring cold water over first one hand and then over the other, until the people below came running up stairs, to know why they were subjected to a small deluge.

While composing one of his magnificent sonatas, he took a long walk with a pupil. They walk for hours, but not a word did Beethoven speak, but kept humming. Reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and for some time played out his composition, regardless of the fact that he and his pupil had had nothing to eat for hours.

He was a man of great genius, and of a fiery temper, but he worked patiently at his compositions, going over them again and again, until they were perfected. His works are great, and are admirable illustrations of what hard work can do when aided by genius.

NOT SATISFIED.—"Punch" once told a droll story about a man who, being suddenly raised to riches, exclaimed, in the fullness of his satisfaction, "Oh, that I could stand in the road and see myself ride by in my carriage!"



### German Babies.

The Indian pappoose tied to his board is not unfamiliar to our readers, but it seems that some babies even of our great Saxon race so unlucky as not to be born in this land of freedom are subjected to the same treatment. A traveler writes to the *Baltimore American* :

The babies of Germany are not allowed as large liberty as those of America. They are for the better part of the first year of their earthly pilgrimage tightly wound up in swaddling clothes, with both arms and legs pinioned, and carried about on a pillow especially made for the purpose.

After they escape from their wrappings a bag of feathers is tied on their backs, so that when they tumble over they have something to fall upon. Those of the poorer classes are laid in a basket with a little bag of sugar in their mouths, and are expected to behave themselves without much further attention from mother or nurse. The nurses on the streets generally carry the babies in their arms on a pillow, and they are tied to it with pink ribbons, lying as still and motionless as if they were little mummies.

They cannot kick or use their arms, and evidently are not allowed to know during their pining days what their legs and arms are intended for. We don't think our babies would stand it, as we observe that German ladies when they come to America don't attempt to practice any such tyranny on their babies.

**THE BOY AT YOUR KNEE.**—Mother, the boy of your love will soon outgrow these tender embraces. The rough world will take him from you. Its tasks and burdens await these growing muscles. The eyes you now guard so carefully must look upon scenes that would appal you were you now to see them. These tender fingers, these sweet lips, that broad brow and silken hair—O, mother, the tug and tussle and tribulations of life will play havoc with the loveliness before you now. Prepare the boy for the struggle. Strengthen him by true training and holy faith for the temptations, sorrows, services, and perils of the years to come. Then in the eternal home you shall meet him again young and innocent—a saint of God.

### Wind as a Benefactor.

A witty writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, says that man has never yet learned to be grateful for winds, which are among the chief benefactors of our race. We think of hurricanes and cyclones, typhoons and tornadoes, March gales and summer squalls, with ill-concealed horror, but forget that the winds distribute the fertilizing snows, and spread the needful rains, and convey vapor from damp places to dry ones.

The wind serves, he says, innumerable useful purposes,—as a water-carrier, a seed and pollen spreader, a scavenger, a drying machine, an artist, &c. &c. But "it is probable that the greater part of us never entertain towards it any lively sentiment of gratitude, but think only of occasional benefits, as, when on the evening of a sultry day, a breeze springs up and brings us coolness; or when, at last, it conveys our ship into port after a weary voyage."

Without wind, all the other elements of weather would be as motionless and as torpid as a mushroom in a hollow tree.

### Rush-Bearing.

#### THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF FLORAL EMBLEMS.

It was formerly the custom, when there were not many carpets in England, to strew the floors with rushes, which, in the churches, were changed only once a year; and, in the north, this changing was done by the boys and girls, with great ceremony, till it grew into a festival called the "Rush-bearing," which is still kept up in Amble-side and one other parish, though the rush carpets have been long out of fashion.

On a bright Saturday morning in July the schoolboys cut quantities of rushes, which they tie up in bundles, while the girls gather wild flowers, besides begging all the tame ones that they can from their friends. Young ladies make these up into beautiful emblems, such as green harps, trimmed with water-lilies, stars of golden yellow blossoms, crowns of scarlet geraniums, and a multitude of others. These are fastened on to the rushes, and the children march in a procession, each bearing one, and preceded by a band of music, into the church, which is also decorated with flowers, and the minister preaches them a little sermon about considering the lilies and the loving kindness that dresses the world up in flowers. Then they leave

all the emblems in the church, and march to a great green field, where they have refreshments, and play every kind of game they can think of, till dark—the favorite one being that of rolling down hill. I don't know which looked the prettier, the children or the flowers.

**TRUE CHRISTIANITY.**—A lovely story of city neighborliness touched me the other day, and so I tell it to you. A young lady carried some gift to a small hospital, nearly opposite her own house. She was pitiful and sympathetic, and soon found that two of the invalid women took great comfort in looking into the lighted sitting room of her own home and seeing all the pleasant family life there, and they were sorry when the shade shut out the sight. After that, all winter long, the shades were left up until the hospital patients were in bed, and they grew very fond of that friendly group whom they knew in no other way, but who were so willing to do their part towards "setting the solitary in families."—[*Worcester Spy*.]

**HOME CHEERFULNESS.**—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1876.

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### A Centennial Offering.

The present number completes the 12th volume of "The Hospital Review," and as it enters upon its teens in this centennial year, we plead strongly for a *large increase in the number of its subscribers, as a centennial offering to our sick friends.*

It is the mission of this little monthly to report to its readers, the sufferings, the cures, the needs, and the grateful thanks of those who find a home beneath the wide spreading roof of the City Hospital; and it would now seek to enlarge its sphere of usefulness, by increasing the number of those who listen to its voice.

We feel sure that if every subscriber could spend one afternoon at the City Hospital, and witness what we do on each visit, that our appeal would not be in vain. If each subscriber will send in the name of one person our list will be doubled, and as there are some who may fail to do this, we hope some of our patrons will send in a long list of names.

Our new Treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, is working very efficiently to advance the interests of the "Hospital Review;" let us cheer her by a hearty response to this appeal.

### An Afternoon with the Invalids.

On a sultry, June day, we left our lakeside home, to spend a few hours with our invalid friends at the City Hospital.

As the steam-cars bore us thither, we feasted our eyes on the beauties of nature, so lavishly spread out around us. The forest trees, in their fresh, green foliage, swayed by the clover-laden breezes, seemed to be waving a thank-offering to Him who had awakened them from their wintry sleep and clothed them in living verdure. The fields were gaily decked with daisies and buttercups, and the roadside displayed its treasures of ferns, red clover and blue lupin.

In the city, the heat was oppressive. Everybody seemed prostrated, and we were glad to turn aside from the dusty highway to the refreshing greenness of the lately mown Hospital lawn; where, with a grassy carpet for couch and pillow, some of the patients were taking a nap; others were lounging on the settees, beneath the shade of the friendly locusts and maples. One group especially attracted our attention. The central figure was the young man of whom we spoke in our last paper, in the side of whose chest a rubber tube had been inserted. He was attended by his nurse and physician, and his languid air told, more plainly than words could do

of his feeble condition. It was a great comfort to see how tenderly his nurse ministered to his wants. He had sought by tempting food and choice fruit to induce his patient to take nourishment, but his appetite was gone.

We found many of the invalids in the Male Ward of the Hospital in quite a comfortable condition, and several of them spokoeff their cool quarters, while elsewhere the heat was so oppressive.

A colored patient, long an inmate of the Hospital, was suffering from rheumatism. He seemed very uncomplaining, though wakeful nights of pain and suffering were often his portion. He had survived a wife and three children, all of whom were sleeping at Mt Hope. His only son, once a soldier, had years ago gone from home, and no tidings came from him to cheer the heart of his lonely father. As we sat by his bedside, we awakened pleasant memories, and he told us of the faithful, tender care he had once received from his loving wife.

Near him was a man shattered in mind and body who had barely escaped the death of a suicide.

In another room we found a patient suffering from a severe blow, on the back of the head, dealt by an unknown hand. Two patients, one confined to his chair, were enjoying a game of dominoes.

We had a pleasant chat with our blind friend, Mr. S., who, in spite of his infirmity is very cheerful, and who, a true philosopher, finds great pleasure in making himself useful. He told us he had been at work in the laundry, turning the washing machine and using the pounder. A short time afterwards we thought he must have lost his bearings, as we saw him feeling his way through the Female Ward to the Nursery. We learned to our surprise, that he was on a benevolent mission, and was going to hold the baby. We followed him, but as the only infant in the Hospital

was quietly sleeping in its cradle, we could not hear a lullaby from our blind friend.

In the Female Ward, we found many changes. Some of the patients had returned to their own homes, and the bright, consumptive patient, who so interested us a month before, had found a home where sickness and pain can never enter.

Two German patients, who when last we visited them were on their couches, were up and dressed. The one glad to be moving about again by the aid of her crutch; the other, seeking to use her swollen, rheumatic fingers, to make a dress for her little one. The mother's instinct urged her to sew for her child, but the aching fingers had compelled her to lay aside her task, and the tearful eye and trembling lip told us how hard it was to relinquish her work.

Our Scotch friend who had broken her limb near the hip, and who, as she told us, for seven long weeks had lain flat on her back, was up, dressed and sitting in a rolling chair. Her face looked bright and happy, and she spoke in high terms of the good care she had received in the Hospital. "Mrs. W.," said she, alluding to her nurse, "has been a perfect mother to me, she is neat and kind, and it is almost a miracle that I am raised up from this sickness. I never could have had such care at home."

Nearly opposite her were two young patients, the one a sufferer from dyspepsia; they both spoke gratefully of the care they received at the Hospital.

We stood beside the couch of a paralytic who was suffering acutely from bedsores. Her lips could not tell of her anguish, but her distressed features bore the impress of great suffering. We felt she would soon be released from it.

We wish our citizens would more frequently visit the City Hospital. We feel sure as they stand beside the sufferers, and hear their pitiful moans, or listen to the words of gratitude that come from the lips

of its beneficiaries, their hearts and purses will be opened, and the treasury of this noble charity will be supplied with means to relieve the sick in the midst of us.

### In Memoriam.

It is only a short month since we published in our June issue, a note from the daughter of Mrs. Thomas C. Arner, of San Rafael, Cal., giving as a reason for non-compliance on the part of her mother, with our request for something from her pen, that the latter was too ill to write. In that note the daughter says, "San Rafael is perfectly lovely now, and we hope with the delightful climate here, that she will commence to improve." Now, alas, come the tidings that this mother has passed away!

Mrs. Arner was earliest known as Theodosia Cook, the daughter of Mr. Ira Cook, formerly of this city, but who went to California to reside with Mrs. Arner several years ago, other of Mr. Cook's children being already settled there. In her, as a girl, the future promise of a ripe, useful, cultivated womanhood was very marked. She came to this city from Bergen, Genesee Co., (where she was born,) with her father, when she was quite young. At that time Mrs. William Greenough had a young ladies' seminary here. She was the daughter of Judge Fay, of Cambridge, Mass., and had been educated under the choicest teachers and was herself a very successful, cultivated and popular instructor. To her charge Theodosia was committed, and a rapid development of talents of the highest order, under her accomplished teacher, soon brought her into the notice of her friends and associates, as one who would adorn any sphere in which her lot might be cast. She endeared herself while at Mrs. G's. to all the scholars by her talents and accomplishments—making friends of all. Leaving Mrs. G's school, she became an attendant at the "Roches-

ter Female Academy," then under the supervision of Miss A. Doolittle, and here she so won the esteem of her teacher and associate scholars, that she became an assistant in the school, and was beloved for her kindness of heart and respected for her intellectual attainments.

From teaching, she passed into the larger works and influences of social life, and here also she easily and quickly became endeared to all with whom she was brought into association. With a nature overflowing with kindness and sympathy, she soon was sought for, as an active member of several of our charities, and here again with facility she adapted herself to the work of benevolence.

But especially to this institution were her services of the highest value, entering at the start into the work of this Hospital, she was energetic, efficient, zealous in promoting its early and struggling interests, and to an untiring energy she added that essential element, love for the work, and hence, among the earliest friends of this charity of ours she has her best memorial.

Mrs. Arner, was for many years editress of this paper. Her writings were of the highest order; at home alike in prose and in poetry, she gave a life to the paper, which placed it among the acknowledged periodicals of this vicinity. Her selections were most judicious, adapted to the tastes of the most fastidious. It is easy to say of her work as an editress, that she imparted a dignity and value to the "*Hospital Review*," which commended it to the attention and perusal of our best scholars; indeed among the literary gentlemen of the city it was regarded as a fit place for their own productions.

But disease had fastened upon her while yet in her young womanhood. It became necessary for her to have a change of climate. Fraternal affection provided for her a home in California, and by the advice of her friends she moved thither a few years ago. There her waning strength

was sustained by salubrious air; but that only prolonged life for awhile, and amid the luxuries, and cultivated charms of her western home, she passed slowly away in the very spot of all others where such a spirit should take its heavenward flight.

It is among the pleasant, yet sad memories we personally have of her, that we can present to our readers what were probably the last words from her pen. Recently, she caused to be sent to a dear friend of her childhood, and one who has been intimate with her all through life, the daughter of her early and life-long pastor, some lines suggested by the near approach of her departure. These she requested should be handed to us for insertion in the "Review," after she should be gone.

The sad, yet sweet and comforting sentiments of her verses, are her fit requiem. The allusion is evidently to her only child, a daughter of fifteen years, now left an orphan.

#### PARTING THOUGHTS.

A happy maiden's face looks up to mine,  
In which the golden beams of morning shine,  
A merry, yet-at times, a softened face,  
Full of a noble, sweet, and tender grace;  
Guileless, as yet, and true, and pure, and fair,  
With no trace written there, of grief or care.

I love to watch the pretty dimples play,  
Like sparkles on a stream, a summer day,  
And watch the changeful color come and go,  
Flushing, with rosy light, her cheek and brow,  
And dream of what her future days may be,  
Although her riper bloom I may not see.

Her life is full of promise, fair and sweet,  
Bright gifts in fairy streams flow at her feet,  
And other lips than mine shall talk of love,  
And other hearts her lightest touch may move,  
But this I know too well, no love like mine  
Shall e'er be laid again upon her shrine.

Oh, it is hard to think I may not see  
The opening of this bud, so dear to me:  
That other hands shall weave the shining tress,  
And watch her sweet unfolding loveliness,  
While I, alas, am sleeping far away,  
Shut close and deep from all the pleasant day.

But oh, not so—my body laid to rest,  
My soul at home, I trust, among the blest—  
It may be granted me, perhaps, to come,  
And, lingering unseen around her home,  
Fold her sometimes within a soft caress,  
And all her earthly pathway watch and bless.

#### Dramatic Entertainment.

According to previous announcement, on the evening of Tuesday the sixteenth of June, the Edwin Adams' Dramatic Society gave an entertainment at Corinthian Hall, for the benefit of the City Hospital.

The time selected was rather unfortunate, as a large number of our city school children gave a concert in City Hall, and several other public entertainments came off, the same evening; otherwise a larger audience would have greeted this amateur club, who most creditably did their part towards rendering the entertainment a perfect success.

The play selected for the occasion was the military drama, "The Veteran," by J. Lester Wallack, who kindly permitted it to be used for the benefit of the City Hospital.

The entertainment gave such general satisfaction, that, at the request of some of our citizens, with even better effect, it was repeated the following Thursday evening, for the benefit in part of the Hospital, and we would gratefully return our thanks to our young friends, for the interest they have manifested in their endeavors to aid one of our most needy charities.

The most important characters were so well sustained that we cannot forbear a slight allusion to some of them.

The audience were greatly amused by the wiry French Colonel, who fearlessly faced death at the hands of the Algerines, but dared not encounter the imaginary arrows shot at him from Cupid's bow, in the hands of the fascinating widow. The suddenly acquired military zeal and obedient spirit of the Colonel's son were well ren-

dered; and the genuine Irish wit of the Judge was quite irresistible. The sweet Blanche delighted the audience with her song as well as her acting, and her first, rather cold, lover awoke to new life, under the magic spell of the charming Arab maiden, who sustained her part admirably, her clear and musical intonations and graceful, loving gestures, coming into bold relief beside her cold, haughty, dignified Emir brother, whose imposing, imprecating gestures made one fear him as a foe. The Sultan, surrounded by his courtiers and advisors, trying his guilty Sultana, who fearlessly confessed her guilt and awaited her doom, made quite an imposing representation of oriental grandeur, and added greatly to the effect of the spirited tableau that closed the fourth act of the drama.

The following bill indicates the names of our young friends and the characters they personated in the rendering of "The Veteran":

FRENCH.

Col. Delmar	.....	Mr. George T. Parsons
Leon (his son)	.....	Mr. Wm. F. Sandway
Eugene (his protege)	.....	Mr. Cassius C. Davy
Capt. Belmont	.....	Mr. John A. Adams
Lieut. Mortier	.....	Mr. Frank F. Andrews
Lieut. Loriello	.....	Mr. James N. Gregg
Sergt. Sampan	.....	Mr. James R. Goodman
Sergt. Beaucour	.....	Mr. Charles A. Machin
Louis	.....	Mr. Arthur E. Stilwell
Mrs. McShake	.....	Mrs. Chas. H. Stilwell
Blanche D'Irvy	.....	Mrs. S. B. Abel

ALGERINES.

Off-an-agan	.....	Mr. Will O. Parsons
Emir Mohammed	.....	Mr. Chas. J. Robinson
Sultan of Myra	.....	Mr. Jas. R. Goodman
Hassan Nouredin	.....	Mr. Louis E. Weed
Mustapha Moulrad	.....	Mr. Geo. E. Lester
Oglou	.....	Mr. Percy Maitland
Osman	.....	Mr. Frank E. McCall
Seyd	.....	Mr. Arthur E. Stilwell
Attendant	.....	Master Arnold
Gulnare	.....	Miss Carrie Torrance
Amineh	.....	Miss Libbie E. Whitney
Arabs, Zouaves, Courtiers, Attendants, Guards, etc. etc.		

Notice.

The Treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, requests that subscribers who have changed, or are soon to change their residences, would notify her by postal card or otherwise, giving their address in full.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 7, 1876, of fever, Etta Smith, aged 23 years.  
At the Rochester City Hospital, June 28, 1876, of consumption, John Mooney, aged 60 years.

Donations.

Mrs. E. T. Smith—Quantity of Pie Plant.  
Mrs. David Little—Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. H. L. Fish—One doz. Plants.  
Miss Miller—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Erickson—Pickles.  
Mrs. Gifford—Pickles.  
"Gentleman's Club"—Reading Matter, Papers and Periodicals—by J. H. Stedman.  
Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons—20 quarts Strawberries.  
Mrs. A. D. Smith—36 quarts Strawberries.  
Mrs. John Brewster—30 quarts Strawberries.  
Mrs. Isaac Butts—Half bushel Cherries.  
Mrs. J. W. Whitney—36 quarts Strawberries.  
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Crate of Strawberries.  
Ladies of Plymouth Church—2 galls. Ice Cream.  
Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Large basket Roses.  
Mrs. E. T. Smith—21 Bouquets.  
"Flower Mission"—Flowers.  
Mrs. Dr. Strong and others—Flowers.

Receipts for the Review,

To JULY 1st, 1876.

Mrs. John M. Davy—By Miss Fannie Bissell	.....	\$ 62
D. Leary, for Advertisement—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews	.....	10 00
Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 65 cents; Mrs. N. B. Northrop, 62 cents—By Mrs. Dr. Strong	.....	1 27
Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain, \$1.24; Mrs. John T. Fox, \$1.86; Mrs. H. S. Potter, \$1.24; Mrs. S. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, \$1.24; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 62 cents—By Miss Fannie Montgomery	.....	7 44
Miss E. Athearn, \$1.24; Mrs. W. F. Evans, \$1.25; Mrs. H. W. Griffith, \$1.00; Mrs. John Isbister, \$1.50; Mrs. Mumford, \$1.00; Mrs. A. H. Porter, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Porter, 25 cents; Miss Libbie Townsend, \$1.50; Mrs. M. W. Torrance, \$1.00; Mrs. Henry Ware, \$1.00; Mrs. Mark Wells, \$1.00; Mrs. A. A. Porter, \$1.00—all of Niagara Falls—By Miss Athearn	.....	12 74
Kenneth Alling, \$1.24; Dr. W. H. Briggs, \$1.25; J. W. Duel, \$1.24; Dr. French, \$1.25; Jas. S. Garlock, \$1.86; Thomas Hawks, \$1.24; Chas. B. Hoyt, \$1.86; Mrs. G. P. McLean, 62 cents; Thomas Raines, \$1.24; Mrs. W. Eastwood, \$1.86; B. W. Tone, \$1.24—By Belden Day	.....	14 90
E. B. Booth & Son, Cone & Kendall, E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., Kenyon & Hunt, Goss & Magrander, S. A. Newman, Pritchard & Likly, L. A. Pratt, K. P. Shedd, Sherlock & Sloan, Slatz, Lowenthal & Leiter, A. V. Smith & Co., Scrantom & Whetmore, H. C. Wisner, L.		



P. Ross, \$5.00 each, for Advertisements  
 —By Mrs. H. H. Morse..... 75 00  
 Mrs. W. W. Carr, \$1.25; Mrs. G. E. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 65 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Strong, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Bosley, Livonia, \$1.00; Mrs. O. M. Benedict, Albany, \$1.00; Col. W. H. Benjamin, Albany, \$1.00; J. T. Boyd, Canton, Miss, \$1.00; Mrs. E. R. Converse, Macedon Center, \$1.00; W. L. Hill, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.50; E. S. Jeffrey, Canton, Miss, \$1.00; Mrs. Lottie C. Short, Chili Center, \$3.00; Lansing Valentine, Victor, \$2.50; Chas. C. Wells, Stratford, Conn., \$1.00; E. H. Luitweller, Canton, Miss., \$1.00; F. B. Pratt, Canton, Miss., \$1.00  
 —By Mrs. Robert Mathews..... 20 14

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E. K. Warren, .....\$1 50  
 G. W. Aldridge..... 9 52  
 F. C. W.—Cash..... 1 50  
 Clague, Randall & Co., repairing Mowers.. 50  
 S. D. PERKINS, Tr.

Superintendent's Report.

1876. June 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 63  
 Received during month... 33— 96  
 Discharged, ..... 32  
 Died, ..... 2— 34  
 Remaining, July 1st, 1876, 62

Children's Department.

Honesty the Best Policy.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next day. Early in the morning as the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress, he saw the boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy not knowing the duke bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent, "Hie, mun, come here, an' gie 's a hand wi' this beast."

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, an' help us, an' as sure as anything I'll gie ye half I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling his butler he put a sovereign in his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's the half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d'ye not think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke: "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

They went back, the duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said he, "your money, your situation, and your character by your deceitfulness; learn for the future that *honesty is the best policy.*"

The boy now found out who it was that helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.—*Early Days.*

A NOBLE REPLY.—"My mother does not expect me to be out Sunday, riding," said a young clerk to a fellow boarder.

"Never mind if she don't, you can go."

"Yes, I can go; but if I go, I shall fall below her expectations, and I shall try never to do that."

### Lion Cubs in Central Park.

The chief interest just now seems to be centered in a pair of lions' cubs, born in the menagerie on the 15th of last November. Their weight now is 13 pounds each. When first born, they were about the size of Newfoundland or mastiff pups. One week after birth their eyes were opened, and in five weeks all their milk teeth had made their appearance.

The royal little beasts have been truly born in the purple, for every care is taken that no harm shall come to them, and every leonine luxury provided. In the first instance, it was doubtful whether the mother would have enough of milk, and whether, moreover, she might not trample them in her narrow den; so they were taken away and put to a small female terrier, which nursed them affectionately until they were so big that she had not milk enough. A bigger foster dam was now found, a mastiff of very gentle and kindly temper. At first she skulked with her new babies, who nosed and whimpered in vain; but a keeper was constantly on hand to prevent any outburst of anger, and at last, when her milk became troublesome, she permitted their attentions, and having been relieved, took kindly to them, and now accepts all their rough caresses, and plays with them, in turn nibbling and tousing them as she would have done to her own pups.

The brutes are full of sprightliness, and when they are let out of their den to run about the floor with their first fosterer, the little terrier, who comes often to see them and have a romp, they all three tumble around and kick over the wastepaper basket, scratching and purring like kittens. It is funny to see them toss a ball of paper around, or run for a stick or piece of twine. They are quite good-tempered; their teeth are about the size of a full-grown cat's, and when their claws are out they scratch pretty hard, though not intentionally. As yet they have had no meat, but over a bone they will growl and grumble as if foreshowing their future power. They are loose-jointed and ungainly, as mastiff pups would be; but the forelegs and paws give clear prognosis of the muscular development and size of bone. The forepaws, too, are flattened out almost as much as in a plantigrade, while the hind limbs are weak and unman-

ageable as yet. To see and handle a lion is not an every-day treat. Accordingly, Mr. Conklin, who has them in charge, has no end of visitors.—[*Rod and Gun, for February.*]

### The Thistle and the Rope-Walk.

"Such a mite as I can do no good," is the general impression of our boys and girls, when they are urged to do what they can for the good work. But smaller, humbler instruments than you God has made use of to do great works in this world.

A great army, many years ago, invaded Scotland. They crept on stealthily over the border, and prepared to make a night attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp, all silently sleeping in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance more noiseless, came forward barefooted. But as they neared the sleeping Scots, one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain was the consequence, which rang like a trumpet-blast through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon, and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem of Scotland.

By the harbor of New London there was once a long, old rope-walk, with a row of square window-holes fronting the water. In time of war, a British admiral was cruising off that coast, and had a very good chance to enter and destroy the town.—He was once asked afterward why he did not do it. He replied that he should have done so "if it hadn't been for that formidable long fort, whose guns entirely commanded the harbor." He had been scared off by the poor old rope-walk!

God has his uses for even the simplest and humblest of us. Our great business should be to find out what the Lord would have us to do, and then do it with all our might, mind and strength.—[*Good Words.*]

Some time-honored proverbial sayings need revision to suit the age. For instance, "Boys will be boys" is entirely wrong, for every body knows that they endeavor to appear like men as much and as soon as possible.

**Dr. Lord and the Eaton Boys.**

Those of our readers who have heard Dr. Lord, the eloquent lecturer on history, may be interested in an incident that occurred to him some thirty years ago, during a visit to England :

Dr. Lord, while sauntering in the neighborhood of Eton, in an attire denoting contentment of mind rather than the burden of riches, was espied by a band of rollicking boys, who "came down upon him" hand in hand, captured him, and decided that before he could proceed, he must, as a forfeit, either sing a song, tell a story, or make a speech. Entering into the spirit of the joke, he chose to make a speech. He selected as his topic, "The Antiquities of Rome," and from the head of a barrel spoke for forty-five minutes, to the astonishment and delight of his youthful hearers. On closing, he was conducted to school in state, where, discovering himself, he was induced to deliver a course of lectures.—[*N. Y. Post.*]

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words they generally use low language.

**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.

**Notices.**

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

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.

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First-class Laundry in same Building.  
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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.

**\$12 a day at home.** Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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**DENTISTS,**

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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.

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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.

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**ELIAS HOWE MACHINES.**

"These Machines have stood the test for years, and now with the late Improvements, Light Running and Ease of Motion, are Unequaled by any on the Market."

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Manager. Jul75

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Ma ne

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**FANCY AND MILLINERY GOODS,**

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

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**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

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**BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,**

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

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Feb 75

**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 RACE)**

**Rochester, N. Y.**

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 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, 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 Bipping, 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.

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Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.  
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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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Closed on Saturdays until Evening.  
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Wholesale Dealers in

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, PAPER and PAPER STOCK,

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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.  
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**ANTHRACITE COAL!**

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Rochester, June, 1872.

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21 & 23 WEST MAIN ST.,

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House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.  
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

**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

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**APOTHECARIES,**

66 West Main Street, Powers' Block,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**E. F. HYDE,**

DEALER IN

**FINE GROCERIES,**

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 64 Main St.

nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Established, 1838.

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

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S. B. ROBY. mar. '73. H. W. CARY.



**Mechanics' Saving Bank**

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

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 JNO. H. ROCHESTER, ..... Sec'y & Treas.  
 F. A. WHITTLESEY, ..... Attorney,  
 EDWARD E. BLYTH, ..... Teller,  
 ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, ..... Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	J. J. Bausch,
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Abram S. Mann,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,

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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 Wholesale and Retail  
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Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,  
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**CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,**  
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 State Street, (west side,) Rochester, N. Y.  
 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. 267

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 ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE  
**CLOTHIERS,**  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
 Mens' and Boys' Clothing,  
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**Druggists & Apothecaries**  
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 Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.  
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 WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

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 DRUGGISTS,**

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 Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in  
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**Fresh Meats, Poultry**  
 SMOKED MEATS,  
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 Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
*Shirts made to Order.*  
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**ALLING & CORY,**  
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**Printers' & Binders' Stock**  
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