

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. XIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1876.

No. 1.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " DR. MATHEWS.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, " 60 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 81 Powers' Building.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

[The following beautiful lines were written for Mrs. Dr. Hall, by Mrs. Arner, a short time previous to her death, and she has kindly permitted us to copy them for the readers of the "Review :"]

Oh, But to Know.

Oh, but to know, there is a place for me
Among those "many mansions" of the blest,
Where from all sin, and pain, and sorrow free
There waits indeed, for me, at last, sweet rest;
That when I lay this weary burden down
There waits for me, the Christian's harp, and crown.

Oh, but to know, I am indeed, His own,
And that He loves me, with His deathless love!
That round me are the Everlasting Arms,
From whose dear rest, no power can dare to move.
How easy then to bear the present pain,
To know that not one stroke shall be in vain!

Oh, but to know that when I come to stand,
As soon I must, on death's cold, stormy brink,
That I may feel his leading, guiding hand,
And need not startle back, nor fear, nor shrink,
But with His presence, closely by my side,
Calmly await the angry, swelling tide.

Oh, faithless heart! how can'st thou doubt Him
so ?

When 'twas for thee, and for thy sake, He died.
Yes! even thine, and all, who seek His love,
Shall not his presence ever be denied.
Not one soul, yearning for His precious face,
But shall find mercy, and His loving grace.

Oh, faithless heart! well may'st thou feel and
know!

Look up! and calm fore'er thy gloomy fears—
The Friend, whose hand hath led thee safely on,
So tenderly, through all thy troubled years,
Will surely not forsake thee at the last,
But bear thee safe, till death's dark stream be
passed!

For the Hospital Review.

Miramonte.

After a week's pilgrimage at the Centennial Shrine we find ourselves once more in a quiet haven, at Miramonte, on the banks of the Hudson, where Hospitality has unfurled her standard, and where guests from the crowded city are brought into close communion with nature.

Here are gathered a goodly company of friends and kindred who have been widely separated, but who now, united around one social board, entertain us with incidents of foreign life. Our hostess has spent ten

years in Peru; her right-hand neighbor has for two years called China, home; our naval friend tells us of life in Japan; she who wields the pencil of poet and artist comes from the City of the Golden Gate; and she who bears the name of one of our early Presidents, and in whose veins courses his blood, hails from Quincy, Mass.

Other guests are here, too, and among these friends of the olden time, Memory's chambers are echoing with voices that have long since reached the spirit land, but which, in by-gone days, were wont to mingle in sweet harmony and pleasant converse with those that now greet us.

The July sun, with unwonted power, is darting his fiery beams all around us, and we feel but little inclination to visit the neighboring cascade, or the stroll in the woods, ordinarily so attractive, but we seek rather the friendly shelter of the ample veranda, and gaze dreamily on the lovely summer landscape spread out before us, and long for the artist's power to photograph this charming picture, so that among the bustle of the crowded city, we may again gaze on this restful scene.

The squirrels and chipmunks have had their morning gambols, the wild birds have heralded the day with their matin songs, sunrise has flushed the mountaintops and then bathed them in sunshine, while on their broad sides, soft, fleecy clouds are nestling, and in the distance, the Catskill Mountain House looks like a white snow bank. At our feet, the splashing waters of the fountain sparkle in the sunlight, and beyond, framed by the broad spreading branches of the oak trees, we look down the valley, where, on the gently sloping hillside, the laborers with busy hands are heaping the hay cart, and the patient oxen are waiting to bear hence their fragrant burden. The white pines, the veterans of the forest, cast their long shadows on the lately mown slopes, they crown the hilltop and border the Hudson, where Cruger's island, dividing its waters,

gives to the western portion the semblance of a silvery lake, and reflects its wooded shore on the eastern. The curling smoke of the steam car forms a light background to the dark foliage of the white pines, that skirt the margin of the wood, through whose branches we catch glimpses of an arched culvert and the water beyond it.

Westward, over the tree tops, Glasco lifts her white spire and wooded hills, and above all this, Roundtop and the other mountains of the Catskill range, in ever-changing beauty, rear their lofty heads. Their varying moods are a source of unceasing pleasure, and add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Sometimes these mountains are cloud-capped, while dark shadows mantle their sides, again they are half veiled by the rain cloud that passes over them, or wholly hidden by the gathering storm. Sometimes they stand out glorified, in bold relief, while the sunset clouds rest behind them, and reflect in the river at their feet, their golden, pink, crimson, and amber hues.

When night has cast her sable mantle over the landscape, we enter the hospitable abode, and find ourselves surrounded by art treasures and relics from the old and the new world.

An antique tortoise-shell cabinet, inlaid with pearl, in which is inserted a painting of St. Francis, has perhaps for two hundred years found a home in Peru. Those quaint vessels of pottery, dug from Peruvian mounds, are made by a race of whom there is no tradition. In a corner of the room, carefully framed, rests a portion of the flag that floated over Fort McHenry during its bombardment, September 13th and 14th, 1814, and which suggested to Key, the "Star Spangled Banner." Near it, hangs the pen with which, on the 14th of March, 1859, Washington Irving wrote the last page of his life of Washington. In another frame, carefully guarded by its glass covering, and surrounded by imperial insignia, is a lock of hair cut from the

head of Napoleon, just before he reached St. Helena. Beneath this, on a Sevres' dish, we find the monogram of Louis Philippe; and the silver plate, on the heavy mahogany chair near us, tells us it once was a dining room chair at Mt. Vernon, when that was the home of Washington. Tapestries from Beauvais show us how beautifully the looms of the old world adorn its dwellings, and birds of every tint remind us of South American forests and rivers. The humming birds and flowers made from insects' wings come from Dom Pedro's home. Rare vases and porcelain are here from France, China and Japan, and as we gaze about us, we half fancy another Annex of the Centennial has opened to us its treasures, and reluctantly we say, good-by to a spot where so many pleasant hours have been passed, and round which cluster such charming memories.

H. S. T.

The following characteristic poem, by William Cullen Bryant, suggested one of the appropriate ornaments that adorn the Bryant vase.

This commemorative, silver vase, made in *repoussé* style, was designed by Mr. James H. Whitehouse, and is now to be seen in Tiffany's department, at the Centennial Exposition:

To A Waterfowl.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or when the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven,
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart;

He who from zone to zone, [flight,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

Died.

In San Rafael, California, Thursday, June 19th, 1876, of consumption, Mrs. Theodocia C. Arner, widow of the late Dr. Thos. C. Arner, and daughter of Ira Cook, Esq., formerly of this city.

The announcement of Mrs. Arner's death appeared in the *July Review*, but since then, we have been permitted to read a letter from her father, giving some particulars of her last hours, which we are confident will have sad interest for her many friends.

He writes that "She retained her mental faculties to the last moment. Her speech failed her a few moments before her death, but her sight and hearing were perfect. She has been a terrible sufferer for a long time, especially for the last three or four weeks, but no word of complaint has ever escaped her lips. Through the whole of her sickness, she has manifested the most entire submission to her Heavenly Father, in the full belief that He will lay no more upon her than will be for her good. She gave specific directions about the disposal of all her things, also her funeral and burial, which we shall endeavor to carry out as she desired.

"She made arrangements with a most excellent Christian lady friend to take the oversight and charge of Louisa, give her

such counsel and advice as a girl of her age so much needs when deprived of a mother's tender love and care. After this was done she said she was perfectly satisfied and was then ready to go, whenever the Master called. The funeral will be at the house—the body we shall place in the vault at San Francisco, with a view of taking it, after a time, to Mt. Hope, Rochester."

Mingled emotions of sorrow and joy fill our hearts at this simple recital. Deep sorrow for the living; for the aged father, who with almost a mother's tenderness watched and guarded her in sickness and in health; the loving brothers, and the youthful daughter, deprived of a mother's devoted care and a father's tender love. We sorrow for the loss of such a friend, whose mental endowments, christian culture and refinement, were of no ordinary cast.

In our connection with Mrs. Arner in the Home and Hospital work, we learned her worth. As editress, she gave to the "Journal of the Home," and "*Hospital Review*" ten years of the best work of her life. Her interest in them never faltered, but in hours of trial, suffering and affliction, she ever exerted herself to make them earnest pleaders for those charities, and the responses to her articles proved her pleadings not in vain. Much of the success of those papers was due to her devotion to them, for to use her own words, she "loved them as her children."

For her, we can only rejoice that she is released from the burden of this life, which, for many years was shrouded by sickness and adversity. Wave after wave of anguish came upon her, and well nigh overwhelmed her; but they served to purify and strengthen her character and better to prepare her for the bright future that was before her. The last years of her life, a brother's love and affection provided her with every comfort and luxury that wealth could procure or heart desire. He pur-

chased her a home in San Rafael, with beautiful surroundings, adorned it with works of art, and furnished as her refined taste dictated. In this home she lived with her father and daughter, until called to a more glorious home of rest—sweet rest in Heaven.

O. E. M.

Foreign Correspondence.

From a friend's letter we make the following extracts:

INCIDENTS ON SHIPBOARD.

Sabbath eve, the last one on the steamer, a gentleman offered to escort some of us to the forward part of the boat to see the phosphorescent lights. This could only be done after ten o'clock at night, when the steerage passengers had gone below.

The evening was thick with a heavy dropping mist, soaking our garments, but we were led through some narrow ways, and up and down slight elevations, in the dark. As I stepped over the anchor at the bow, an old salt cautioned me not to go overboard. With the high railing, I could not see any danger of it, but the caution gave me a moment's fear.

Hardly anything ever struck me as more desolate than that dark waste of waters before and around us, undisturbed as yet by the boat that would break the monotony, by its foam. As we turned back and gazed down the sides of the steamer, and then went to the stern and looked into the foamy wake, little stars, or fiery spangles, flashed up out of the water, the phosphoric animalculæ of the sea. As we gazed, our guide asked, "Are they flashing into life or in the agony of death?"

With wet feet and bedraggled skirts, we retreated from the almost rain, but instead of retiring, as we designed, the sweet voice of song, from the dining saloon, attracted us, and we entered just in time to hear fine, cultured voices sing, "Hold

the Fort." It was the first time I had listened to it. Then followed a succession of Moody and Sankey songs, and it was a fine ending of the Sabbath day.

I rose early the next morn and went up to the gangway, while the men were washing the decks. A large leather hose is carried round and the water gushes in a great stream over the deck, and then is brushed off, with fine, close brooms. A high wind swept through, and for almost the first time on the voyage, I was chilled. The wind died away, the mist lifted, and a bright, hot sun came out. Then a faint, blue outline showed the Skilligs, the first peep of land after the waste of waters.

Passengers began to gather; eye-glasses were brought out, soiled sea dresses laid off, and the neat traveling suits donned. The deck was very gay.

I was greatly surprised at the coasts of green (!) Erin. Bold, gray, rock-ribbed promontories, desolate, except with an occasional light-house; very, very rarely a peep at some little settlement in a deep bay; not one tree; very few patches of green. Beautiful sea gulls hovered about us, now reposing like white patches on the blue water, but mostly flying with their pure white breasts, and white wings tipped with black, glistening in the light. In flying, their feet are gathered up close to the body, but dropped as they rest upon their watery bed.

C. L. S.

John Quincy Adams.

In 1794, John Quincy Adams was appointed by President Washington Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Holland. How well he performed the duties of his office is attested by the remark of Washington, that "he was the most valuable public character we have abroad, and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps."

But Mr. Adams was not faithful to official duty alone. Shortly after his arrival at the Hague, he joined a society of learned men, who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams soon became a

great favorite; and his finely toned mind, his tenacious memory, and his delightful conversation, won him many friends.

On one occasion, this meeting of learned men was adjourned to a Sabbath evening. Mr. Adams was not present. It was adjourned to another Sabbath evening, and still to another; but Mr. Adams, as before, failed to attend it. His fellow members felt aggrieved, and were no less surprised that he, who was formerly so prompt and punctual, should thus so suddenly break off his association with them.

It may be, thought several of these members, that the press of business keeps him away, while others began to believe that he had taken offence at some trivial but ill-considered remark. A few were of the opinion that the time of meeting ought to be changed. It was changed, therefore, to be a week-day evening; and, surely enough, Mr. Adams was in his place again, as brilliant and delightful as ever.

The members welcomed him back, and with one voice expressed their sorrow that the onerous duties of his office should have so long deprived them of his company.

"My friends," said Mr. Adams, "it was not business engagements that hindered me. You met on the Lord's day, and that is a day devoted to religious uses by me. You know that I was brought up in a land where the Sabbath is strictly observed, and from all that I have felt and seen, I am convinced of the unsepeakable advantages arising from the faithful observance of it."

This reply of a truly great and honored man requires no eulogy. The words were fittingly spoken, and their meaning is as applicable to the present day as to the time when they were first uttered, and perhaps more so.—G. L. A., *Youth's Companion*.

When one that holds communion with the skies,
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,
 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

It is nothing short of cruelty and murder to allow school children to sit up late at night, or to hurry them from their beds in the morning.

There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like the sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

If a man is deprived of sunlight he fades away like a flower without water, and always comes to an untimely grave.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1876.

A Morning in the Hospital.

A midsummer sun was shining brightly around us, as we found ourselves within the grounds of the City Hospital.

Here and there we saw groups of invalids, who were glad to exchange their quarters in doors, for the more attractive shade and clovered carpet of the Hospital lawn.

Some of the patients were lounging restfully beneath the shade trees; others were taking naps on the settees; and one was entertaining friends, who seemed to enjoy the comfortable surroundings.

The greenness of the grounds was enlivened by a bed of scarlet geraniums, that were in full blossom, where the patients of the Female Ward could enjoy their brightness.

The Hospital itself was very attractive. Its refreshing coolness, its neat orderly apartments, the general air of quiet and repose that reigned within it, made it seem a peculiarly appropriate home for the in-

valids, whose overtaxed nerves need to be sheltered from the noise and bustle of the outside world.

We learned a lesson of resignation, at the bedside of a consumptive patient, who, instead of deploring the hopelessness of her condition, rejoiced in the thought that her children were so advanced in life, that when she was called to leave them, they could provide for themselves, and would not miss a mother's watchful care.

In the Female Ward a mother was tenderly nursing a sick child, a little girl of three summers. She was seeking to nourish it with beef tea. The restless, rolling eyes gave no token of recognition, and for days the little one had not known the mother who bent so tenderly over her. Cold applications had been made to the child's head, but the brain was so much diseased, that the physicians could give but little hope of recovery. The wails of the little one touched our heart, and we felt a peculiar pity for the anxious mother, who soon expected another claimant on her care.

The paralytic, whom we reported last month as so great a sufferer, had passed beyond the reach of human aid.

A convalescent patient was amusing herself with a book, and near her, a rheumatic patient, who has long been an inmate of the Hospital, told us her own improved condition had tempted her, the past month, to walk a little on the Hospital lawn, but the exertion had been too much, and she had paid dearly for her pleasure, by being confined for days to her bed. She was however better.

In the next room we missed the friendly greeting of our aged Scotch friend. She had recovered from her broken limb and returned to her home.

The couches in this room were all empty; the patients up and dressed. Seated in a comfortable rolling chair, our cheerful, rheumatic friend, Mrs. B., was listening to another invalid who was reading to her. We gathered six patients around us, and

they forgot their infirmities, as we read aloud to them, a true story, in rhyme, in which was related the history of Stella, a Digger Indian girl, who was tamed and Christianized by a lady in San Francisco from whose tender care she passed to the fold of the Good Shepherd. The story was a very touching one, the book contained very spirited illustrations, and was quite fascinating to our listeners. As we laid aside Stella, we took from our traveling bag some centennial relics, and entertained our sick friends with a description of some of the wonderful objects we had seen at Philadelphia, and by a sight of relics from Bethlehem and Jerusalem that we had brought with us.

How sweet it is, to find a weary sufferer refreshed and comforted by the cup of sympathy and consolation we offer in the name of the Master! Such was our pleasure when we strove to brighten the pathway of one of our listeners, afflicted with a disease beyond the control of human skill. The future looked dark before her, but she had learned to go for help to the Great Physician, and her sorrows seemed lightened as we told her she must not try to bear her future burdens all at once, that day by day, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, the strength would be given her to bear the present trial. We told her, too, of one whose life for more than twenty years was one of great physical suffering, but in the midst of the furnace she was joyous and triumphant, because the sunshine of her Saviour's presence ever surrounded her. We rehearsed to her the triumphs of faith, as illustrated in the life of another great sufferer, and recalled sweet words of comfort written in an album, by the late Dr. E. N. Kirk, of Boston, to strengthen this afflicted disciple. As nearly as we can remember, these were the comforting words:

"It is a great faculty, that of the bee, to find honey where some other insect could find only poison; but a greater faculty is

that possessed by the child of God, whereby he gets strength out of weakness, triumph out of defeat. Yes, here is something that baffles the boldest pretensions of magic ever set forth. A darkened chamber becomes more glorious than a king's palace. Thou hast a great friend somewhere who is not growing weary of thee, and whose visits are becoming more and more frequent! There are a few more things for thee to learn, without which thou would'st appear awkward among the nobles of Heaven. Study your lesson hard, dear sister. Ask Christ to help you, and you will get through the sooner."

As we ceased speaking, we knew these words had strengthened at least one of our listeners to meet bravely the future, and we were rejoiced at the warm pressure of her hand and the cordial invitation to come again and see her.

How prone we are to *hide* even the small talents given us, instead of *using* them in the Master's service. When, in our weakness, we seek to comfort His suffering ones there comes a twofold blessing.

Our visit in the Female Ward was so protracted that we had but a moment to spend with the little infant, only a day old, who was quietly sleeping beside its mother.

We passed through the Male Ward hastily, for we saw that food had just been brought to most of the patients, and we concluded a warm dinner would be more acceptable than our company.

Home School for Young Ladies.

We would call special attention to the advertisement found in our columns, of Rev. Dr. Dwight's School at Clinton, in this State. We would highly commend this school to our patrons. It is a thorough combination, in its type, of the best elements of home and school. Dr. and Mrs. Dwight have had large experience and

great success as educators, and we know of no boarding school where parents can place their daughters, in which the atmosphere will be more favorable to physical and religious, as well as intellectual development.

Amon Bronson.

It is with sadness we record the death of Mr. Bronson, which occurred at his residence, July 28th, 1876.

For nearly fifty years he has been a resident of Rochester, identified with all its interests, and a most successful and prominent business man.

Possessed of a kind and sympathizing nature, his heart was ever open to the appeals for all charitable and benevolent objects, as those connected with our public charities can bear abundant testimony; but with these his beneficence did not end.

Many are the poor, who, but for his generous and substantial aid, would have lacked the comfortable homes they now possess.

It may well be said of Mr. Bronson, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, for he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

The following beautiful hymn was sung at his funeral, which we publish by request:

C. E. M.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

When from me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere,
At life's inner portal?—
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving when the form departs
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know:
Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

Death of an Aged Patient.

The daily papers have chronicled the sad details of the death, at the City Hospital, on the 10th of August, of one of its oldest patients, a blind man, Mr. Thomas Smith, who for many years has been an inmate of the City Hospital, where he was a general favorite.

When but three months old, as he lay in his cradle, a friend suggested to his mother that her babe could not see. The thought was agonising to her, she frantically caught up her little one, pressed him to her heart, and rushed away as if to escape the dreaded evil. But full soon she learned the sad reality, and he who was then her helpless infant has through long, weary years borne his heavy burden, till the frosts of nearly fore-score winters have furrowed his cheek and silvered his locks.

During the few months we have visited the Hospital, we have become greatly interested in the blind old man. We thought he bore his trials bravely, and strove well to do his part in the work of life. Not long since, he told us he loved to be useful, that he had always striven to help in the housework, so that he should not be a burden to those about him; that he had just been aiding the laundress, using the pounder and turning the washing machine.

It was his wont many times a day to find his way to the nursery, where he would tend the little infants as carefully as

a mother, rocking them on his shoulder and singing to them lullabies.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Campbell, in the Hospital chapel, where the grief of the inmates of the Institution testified to the love borne the blind man. He was buried at Mt. Hope, beside his brother.

ST. NICHOLAS.—None of our exchanges are more acceptable than St. Nicholas, and as the "Midsummer Holiday Number" is unusually attractive, we hope all our little friends will have a peep at it. There is much interesting reading for the older members of the household, and the wee ones, who can't read, will enjoy the "Sea-side Sketches," and the new illustrated version of "The House that Jack Built," where chubby little darlings are 'A-shaking their corn-poppers over the fire.'

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 2, 1876, of peritonitis, Charles Cohn, aged 50 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 2d, 1876, from injuries received by rail road accident, John Waldele, aged 24 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 4, 1876, from injuries received by rail road accident, John Merriam, aged 61 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 10, 1876, of uraemic poison, T. Griswold.

At the Rochester City Hospital, of cancer, Jeremiah Reynor, aged 61 years.

Donations.

Taylor Brothers—Cash 2 50
 Dr. Dean—One bushel of Currants.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—One peck of Currants and 7 quarts of Raspberries.
 Mrs. Mitchell—Reading Matter.

Receipts for the Review,

To AUGUST 1st, 1876.

Mrs. William Whelehan, Mount Read,—By Mrs. S. H. Terry \$ 63
 Mrs. W. C. Crum, 62 cents; Mrs. A. La Croix, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. McLean, 63 cents—By Miss Mary J. Watson 1 87
 Mrs. W. S. Oliver, 62 cents; John H. Collins, Parma, \$1.50—By Mrs. Dr. Strong 2 12

Anthony Brothers, J. Fahy & Co., Osgood & Clark, S. B. Roby & Co., L. D. & J. I. Walters, \$5.00 each, for advertisements —By Mrs. Henry H. Morse 25 00
 Mrs. E. G. Billings, 65 cents; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 62 cents; Miss Julia M. Pitkin, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry Phelps, \$1.25; Mrs. John H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. S. O. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Mumford, Utica, \$2.00; Mrs. J. E. Hulbert, Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. George McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cts.; Miss Madge Rochester, Buffalo, \$1.00; Mrs. F. Roderrick, East Pembroke, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. S. Tuckerman, Jamestown, 50 cts.; Mr. Jeremiah Wicken, Somerset, \$2.00; Mrs. T. B. Yale, Brighton, \$1.00; E. H. Cooke & Co., for advertisement, \$7.00; sale of Papers, 25 cents—By Mrs. Robt. Mathews 20 38

Superintendent's Report.

1876. July 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 62
 Received during month, . . . 43
 Born, 4—109
 Discharged, 42
 Died, 5—47
 Remaining, Aug. 1st, 1876, 62

Children's Department.

Which Loved Best?

BY JOY ALLISON.

"I love you, mother," said little John :
 Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
 And he was off to the garden swing,
 And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
 "I love you better than tongue can tell."
 Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
 Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan ;
 "To-day I'll help you all I can.
 How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
 So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,
 And swept the floor and tidied the room ;
 Busy and happy all day was she,
 Happy and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
 Three little children going to bed.
 How do you think that mother guessed
 Which of them really loved her best ?

A Story for Little Folks.

BY MRS. O. A. MASON.

There was no help for it:—Daisy must be drowned—little, gentle two-months-old Daisy—that was always so good and quiet, and yet so full of life and frolic! Little Katie's heart was quite broken, thinking about it. But mamma, who knew best, had said so, and there was no help for it. Three cats took so much milk! And there were so many human mouths to feed! And milk ten cents a quart! Poor little Katie! She saw it was best, but it brought grief to her heart.

"If some one would only buy Daisy," she said, clinging to her mother's dress. "People don't buy kitties," said her mother, stooping to kiss the little, flushed, tearful face lifted to hers; "but I wish some one would take her as a gift. You wouldn't mind giving Daisy away, would you, Katie? That would be better than drowning her."

"Yes, indeed! a hundred times better!" answered the child, her face lighting up.

That night a little tear-wet face pressed Katie's pillow. The child was offering up her evening prayer. "Dear Father," she said, "please send some one 'long who wants a kittle. It is so awful to have Daisy drowned! and it hurts so! Please, dear Father, be good to Daisy, and don't let her be drowned!"—and here the little voice grew choked, and great tears fell on the white pillow-slip. Soon, however, she fell asleep; her prayer had quieted her.

* * * * *

"Good-bye, Daisy. Oh, I wish God had thought it best. But He didn't, and you must go;"—and Katie turned from her brother Reuben, who held Daisy in his strong arms.

"Don't cry, Katie," said the boy, pausing a moment; "I'll do it real quick: she won't suffer but a minute. I'll tie a big stone to the bag, and it 'll be all over in a jiffy."

Poor, blundering Reuben! He meant to comfort Katie, but his words only made her cry the harder.

Reuben walked along far from comfortable. There was the bag in his pocket and Daisy in his arms, looking up in his face as confidingly as though he were the best friend she had in the world. In a few minutes poor Daisy would be struggling

in the water, and he should have to go back and face Katie and tell her it was all over.

"I declare, I can't do it!" he exclaimed half aloud. "I'm going in here to Bill Watson's. Perhaps his folks would like a kitten. Any way, I'll see."

A little girl stood in the door-way.

"Hollo, Jenny! want a kitty? I've brought you a beauty—look!"

Jenny's pretty face flushed with delight. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, running back into the room, "may I have this kitty?" Reuben has brought it a purpose for me!"

Reuben had to tell his story,—how they had two other cats at home, how there wasn't milk enough for them all, and how Katie had cried when mother said Daisy must be drowned.

"Don't say another word," interrupted Mrs. Watson. "Leave puss here. I'm right glad of her."

So Reuben put Daisy into Jenny's arms, and with a heartfelt "thank you, ma'am, Katie will be so glad," he hurried home to tell his sister the good-news.

Oh, how happy Katie was that evening! "God did hear me, didn't he, ma'ma!"

"Dear little Daisy! I think God must love kitties almost as much as He does little girls,—don't you, ma'ma?"

"His tender mercies are over all His works," murmured Katie's mother to herself; then she turned to her little girl and said,

"God loves and cares for everything that He has made, dear child. I thank Him that my Katie has a tender, loving heart towards His creatures; and I am glad too, that Daisy has found so good a home."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Awkward Situations.

In the days of the empire, Marshal MacMahon, having become a father, went to the Mayoralty at the city of Nancy to have the infant's birth and name registered, as required by law. He was accompanied by a nurse, carrying the babe, and two relatives.

"You must wait," said the clerk on duty, who did not know the Marshal.

The latter took a seat and waited. A quarter of an hour elapsed. The clerk, meanwhile, did nothing. He deliberately arranged and re-arranged his pen and

paper; he then cut his nails with a pen knife, and ignored his visitors entirely.

The Marshal remained calm and imperturbable; his friends showed signs of indignation, but he signed for them to remain quiet.

At length, the clerk, taking up his pen, and opening the registry, said,

"Well, what is your name, sir? You are the father of the child, I suppose? What is his name?"

"Write," said the Marshal, coolly, "Emmanuel, son of Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal of France, here before you."

The pen dropped from the trembling clerk's hand. The Marshal did not report him. He considered the fright he had given the official punishment enough.

We remember reading a story of a somewhat similar kind, in which another distinguished soldier was an actor; it was in the early days of the English expedition to Portugal and Spain, to aid those countries against Napoleon.

In the chief clerk's office of the War Department at London, there was a lull one day in business, and all the employers had gone out for a while, leaving one young scion of aristocracy lolling at his desk, paring his nails, and otherwise illustrating his admiration of red tape and his contempt for the rest of the world. A sharp, decisive voice at his ear startled him, and caused him to turn round on his chair more rapidly than was his wont. At the railing by his elbow stood a spare, clean shaven man, of erect figure and cold, severe manner. His dress was that of a civilian.

"Fill out these papers at once, sir!" said the stranger sharply and peremptorily, handing the young man some blanks.

The clerk slowly put up his eye-glass and surveyed the visitor coolly and deliberately for some time.

"And who may you be, sir?" said the official at last, in a rather indignant, yet sneering manner.

The visitor cast one searching glance at, over and through the pert young man, and then said, in his peculiarly clear, sharp, cold, tone,

"My name is Wellesley. My rank general. I leave for Lisbon to-morrow morning. Fill out these papers at once."

The clerk was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay. He essayed to speak;

but Wellesley stopped his apologies short, turned on his heel, and left, saying as unmoved as ever,

"Fill out these papers at once. I shall return for them in fifteen minutes."

Nothing more was heard of it; but that clerk was notably polite after that to unknown civilians.

Working for an Education.

One of the most instructive parts of Dr. John Todd's biography is the account of his struggles to obtain a college education. He had nobody to encourage or to help him, but his own intense energy triumphed over the most formidable difficulties. He walked from Charlestown to New Haven, with his entire wardrobe under one arm, and his entire library under the other.

Reaching New Haven early in the afternoon, he was at once examined, and found wholly unprepared to enter, but was admitted, under the condition of making up his deficiencies by subsequent study. He then started for Guilford to see an uncle, having three cents in his pocket, but hungry as a hawk, having tasted nothing since breakfast. Two cents were paid for toll at a bridge. When night came on, he lay down to sleep under a cedar tree, and woke in the morning, stiff, sore, and almost frozen, but with energy and hope unshaken.

During his college course, he was obliged to support himself by teaching, and in various other ways; but in spite of imperfect preparation, and of incessant work to pay his way, he was one of the best scholars in his class, and graduated with high honor. His success proves that a resolute will can conquer all obstacles.

A PATIENT ELEPHANT.—"Tell my grandchildren," writes the bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eyes. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it oc-

casioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath (just like a man about to endure an operation,) gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!"

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A lady in Switzerland, addressing a peasant who was working in his garden very early in the season, said, "I fear the plants which have come forward so rapidly, will yet all be destroyed by frosts." "God has been our father a great while," was the reply.

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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AT THE
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"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1876. No. 2.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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Mrs. MALTYE STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
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TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 81 Powers' Building.

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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.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a tatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist-fingers, folding yours so tight:
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunbeam till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of mother-hood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She is more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.—[*The Aldine*

For the Hospital Review.

The Centennial Exposition.

JAPAN AND DENMARK.

Of all the beautiful works of art that please the eye and arrest the attention at the Centennial, few make a more lasting impression than an exquisitely finished bronze vase, in the Japanese department.

The visitor who enters the Main Building from Belmont Avenue, and strolls down the central aisle, is soon attracted by the artistic display on his right hand, where, around a diamond-shaped, elevated platform, Japan exhibits her choicest bronzes.

Prominent among these in size and finish, carefully protected from profane handling by a glass case, is a rare bronze vase, purchased at a cost of \$4,500, by Prof. T. C. Archer of England. This work of art is an embodiment of the sentiment, *The Strong Oppress the Weak*. On the top of it, an eagle, poised on one foot, seems selecting his prey from a flock of birds, which in their flight to escape capture, form the handles of the vase. On the body of the vase a cat with glaring eyes is ready to spring upon a mouse, and on the opposite side a fly has been caught in a spider's web. The base of this vase represents a wave-washed cave, through whose openings hideous dragons are seen, ready to prey upon their victims, and around them fishes are retreating from their pursuers.

Not far from this vase are huge, highly ornamented plates and two immense porcelain vases, ten feet high, of slender form, covered with quaint designs and valued at three thousand dollars. Smaller porcelain vases of every form and hue are scattered around, in great profusion; we particularly fancied some cream colored ones, ornamented with flowers and birds in alto-relievo. Tempting tea and dinner sets are effectively displayed in glass cases and can be bought at pretty high prices.

Embroidered, embossed, and inlaid screens are framed in elaborate carvings; lacquered work abounds in the shape of boxes, tables, backgammon boards and salvers.

Conspicuous among the Japanese furniture is a carved bedstead, of dark wood, where fishes are represented as swimming through water, and the waves of the sea are washing the sea weeds, among which tortoises are climbing. The sheets, pillow-covers and quilt of this bed are of silk or satin, some of which are elaborately embroidered.

Passing by the more brilliant exhibitions,

of Japan, at the extreme end of the space allotted to this country, we find ourselves within an enclosure known as "The Educational Department," where we can see the apparatus used in schools, to illustrate the natural sciences. Here we can learn how the young Japs are initiated into the mysteries of mathematics, and can read specimens of their composition.

We are disappointed to find so few Japanese in their national costume, but as we converse with them, we are impressed with their superiority to the Chinese, and leave their department with the feeling that it contains many rare works of art, if not so many useful articles as are found in some other parts of the exhibition.

Denmark is a neighbor of Japan at the Centennial, and though she occupies but a small space on the map of Europe, her exhibit at the family gathering is by no means insignificant. She shows us bronzes; carvings; pottery; artistic gilt and silver table ware; vases of black and cream-colored grounds, beautifully painted; terracotta from Copenhagen, painted by cultured women; a portrait of Hans Anderson, and an elaborate allegorical table ornament.

This ornament, representing Progress, is of silver and valued at \$4,290, without duty. It is designed as a central table ornament and is larger than those we are accustomed to see used at our parties for such a purpose. On the upper part of this work of art, a statue, representing Progress, stands with an oar in one hand and a wreath of flowers in the other, ready to crown four figures symbolizing the decorative arts, Painting, Sculpture, Decoration and Architecture. Beneath these, Neptune and the sea gods and goddesses typify commerce. Agriculture is also personified, and around the entire base of the ornament, on a band of plain silver, within raised shield-shaped devices are engraved emblems of industry and trade.

Foreign Correspondence.

GERMANY.

We make the following extracts from a private letter recently received by us :

SCHWARZWALD, Aug. 20, 1876.

It is Sunday, and we are in a little place where there is no public worship, although two tiny chapels are in sight. We have just returned from a walk in the mist and gentle rain, and while C—— is climbing Feldberg, the largest mount in the Black Forest, I have seated myself to write you.

I left you at Baden Baden, which resembles Saratoga a little. The hotels are not so grand, but the surroundings are fine, and the scenery beautiful. It lies on the edge of the Black Forest. This is a very extensive region, with high hills, or low mountains, covered with pine. The wood is much harder and darker than our pine, and the foliage much more beautiful. The hillside has the softness, without the evenness of rich, velvety turf.

We visited a Greek chapel at Baden, built of pinkish red and shaded drab stone; erected by the parents of a Russian prince, in memory of their son, who died at the age of twenty-seven. On entering it, one sees handsome, full-length portraits of the prince, his parents and sister, the latter called "the dear consolation of her parents." Inside is a marble image of the prince, who is represented as studying, while an angel is calling him away. Under a curtain which the guide lifts, are marble figures of the parents. All the inscriptions are in French, the court language in Russia. We were allowed to peep into the holy place, full of pictures. The chapel crowns a low hill, commanding a beautiful view of the city, with its pretty gardens and villas, an old ruined castle, and the dark, green mountains.

We returned by way of the elegant beer-garden, where the band gave forth sweet strains, and the fashionable ladies came in rich costumes. We then strolled

by the bazaars of jewelry and fancy articles.

On Friday, we left in an early train for Strasburg and took a droskey to the Cathedral. The outside of the Cathedral is very elaborate with hundreds of carved figures on the front. As at Cologne, one tower is still unfinished, one complete, and the interior is undergoing repairs. The crowd was gathering in the clock room, ready for the striking of the noontide hour. We saw a little cherub strike, and another figure reply with a blow on an anvil, I think another cherub turned his hour-glass, an old man crossed over, out of sight, to make way for the child, for the first quarter of the new hour. The central figure struck twelve, each stroke echoing through the great clock. Four disciples passed in front of the Saviour, each turning his head and bowing to Christ. The cock on one turret of the clock stretched his wings and crowed, four more disciples passed and he crowed again, and so a third time.

Strasburg is a strange looking city, with immense steep roofs, with three or four rows of Lutheran windows, one below another.

We went by rail into the heart of the Black Forest, through tunnels and over bridges or embankments where the villages were far below us. The valleys are very narrow, the streets very steep.

We found Triberg delightful all but the hotel. We walked through the woods to a beautiful waterfall, the Fallbach, called the finest in West Germany. The fall is five hundred and seven feet in all, but is broken into seven distinct leaps. The water was unusually low, still we enjoyed it exceedingly and clambered from rock to rock, and up and down steep banks, for a long time. Then we visited a store where little clocks and cuckoo clocks were for sale. Triberg is the chief depot: the manufacture in the forest is quite large,— and we saw other specimens of carving.

The store-keeper showed us a clock of his own invention, where instead of a cuckoo's notes two bugles play several tunes.

After dinner we took the cars for Freiberg, on the edge of the forest. In the morning visited the Cathedral. The *tout ensemble* seemed more graceful than that of Strasburg, but less elaborate on the outside. We saw some curious old Gobelin tapestry inside, but had to hurry through, as service was about to commence. I was nearly as much interested in the view outside. The peasant women had brought their goods to the market, an open court beside the cathedral. Their dress is a full, short, white, cotton sleeve, a tight, sleeveless waist, with only a band around the arm, and a curious shaped, large, chintz collar, bound or worked with a bright color, and tied with red braid under the arms; a short calico dress and apron, and odd hats and head gear. Some wear a huge bow of wide black ribbon, meeting at the parting of the hair, on the forehead, and flying off like two great wings; others wear a tight fitting black peaked bonnet; others, a piece of wrought steel or gilt, or embroidery, like a long bonnet crown, and then an old fashioned, close, small, bonnet front. The majority wear red 'kerchiefs on the head, and they draw their little carts themselves, or come in with their "men," or carry baskets on their heads. Young girls were holding ducks or chickens in their hands. Military men were moving in and out. A very ancient house with statues of knights formed part of the back ground.

We took a carriage and drove through the beautiful valley of the Dreisam, with the dark pine mountains gradually drawing closer around us, till the road became a mere defile. The roads here are all splendidly cared for by the government, at enormous expense, and piles of large stones are seen all along the roadside, and men and women under a rude shelter are breaking them. We saw channeled grooves of wood in which the tall trees are slid down

the mountain. We passed the ruined castle of two robber knights, and through the Himmelreich or kingdom of heaven, as this part of the route is called, to the wild ravine called Hölle, or Hell.

The road was constructed by the Austrian government in 1770, and was shortly after traversed by Marie Antoinette on her way to her *fiancé*. It witnessed the retreat of Moreau, October, 1796.

The mountains gradually rise grand and precipitous close beside you, covered with beautiful soft dark pine, and occasional mountain ash; grand rocks of curious form stand out boldly and defiantly in front, and high above, appearing almost unconnected with the hillside. Two very high, very peculiar rocks jut out, almost meeting. On one an image of a stag is standing, and the legend is, that a stag could leap from one to the other. The scenery is finer than almost anything we have seen. The hotel looks up through an opening among these mountains, and a little rapid, rocky stream hurries by. Two chapels, one villa and the hotel make the place.

C. L. S.

The Outside Passenger.

It was in the old days of stage coaches, and one of those hugh, lumbering vehicles was ploughing its way between Boston and Salem in a driving rain storm, filled inside and outside with a jolly jam of passengers.

Among the number of the more fortunate insiders was a respectable, bald-headed old gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped out his head regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above, "Well, how is she now?" And the answer came, "All right."

"Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man.

"No, not much," was the reply.

"Well, can't you put something 'rounder her? 'Twill never do to have her get wet you know."

"We've got everything around her we can get."

"Haven't you got an old coat or a rug?"

"No, not a rag more."

A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentlemen why they didn't have her ride inside and not out on the roof?

"Bless you, there ain't room!" exclaimed the old man.

"Not room! Why, I'll give her my place; it's too bad."

"Not at all, sir, not at all. We couldn't get her into this stage anyhow."

Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said, "Well, sir, if my coat would be of any service to you she may have it;" and, suiting the action to the word, he took that garment and handed it to the old gentlemen.

"It's almost a pity, sir, to get your overcoat wet, but——"

"Not at all, sir; by no means; pass it up to her."

The coat was accordingly passed up.

"How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tip-top! Just the ticket! All right now."

Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger till the stage arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and the gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that his nice coat had been wrapped around—not a fair lady of unusual proportions, but—a double bass viol.—[*Commercial Bulletin*.]

Anonymous Authorship.

Anonymous authorship is not without its advantages, among which may be stated the opportunities which it affords of bearing the unbiassed criticisms of friends. The poet Coleridge published anonymously his "Lyrical Ballads," among which was one of the best poems he ever wrote,—"The Ancient Mariner." The work made a great deal of noise, and the author had the pleasure of listening to a severe criticism of it. He tells the story:

A few days after they were published I dined at Mrs. Barbaud's, and sat beside "many-toned Pinkerton," as he was called, from the number and variety of his writings. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of

general information. When we retired to the drawing-room, he led me to a recess, having taken a copy of the "Lyrical Ballads," which lay on the table.

"Pray, sir," said he, "have you read this thing?"

"I have looked into it."

"Do you know the author?" asked he.

"Do you know the author?" echoed I, resolved not to be caught.

"No," said Pinkerton; "but I never read such utter trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity, called 'The Ancient Mariner.' Don't you think it insufferable?"

Coleridge—"Intolerable!"

Pinkerton—"Detestable!"

Coleridge—"Abominable!"

Pinkerton—"Sir, you delight me! It is really delightful to meet a man of sound taste in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth it is an abhorrence of these 'Lyrical Ballads,' of which everybody is talking, but most especially of this wretched 'Ancient Mariner.'"

Coleridge—"Hush! Not a word more! Here comes our hostess. I know she is acquainted with the author, and she might be hurt."

Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper)—"I'll tell you what, we musn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beef-steak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing; and if we don't give it such a slashing! such a tearing! such a——"

"If we don't! said Coleridge.

"Is it a bargain?"

"Most certainly!"

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
 With many a brilliant color;
 The world is brighter than before,
 Why should our hearts be duller?
 Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
 Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
 Ah me! this glory and this grief
 Agree not well together!

We are none of us too insignificant to cast a shadow or fling sunshine over those with whom we dwell.

Light in the Dark Hour.

"There never was such affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital. "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment; and then, in a still more impatient tone, resumed her complaint.

"Nobody knows what I pass through. Nobody ever suffered more pain."

"One," was again whispered from the same direction.

"I take it you mean yourself, poor soul? but—"

"Oh! not myself, not me," exclaimed the other. And her pale face flushed up to the very temples, as if some wrong had been offered, not to herself, but to another.

She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as if by pain. Yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear gray eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with Him who is "full of grace and truth."

"Oh! not myself, not me!" she repeated.

There was a short pause; and the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly broke the midnight silence of the place:

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. * * *

And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, they gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall. And they crucified him. * * * And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads. * * * And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night-nurse rose from her chair by the fire, and

mechanically handed a cup of barley-water; flavored with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

"Thank you, nurse," said the last speaker. "They gave him gall for his meat; and in his thirst they gave him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss less restlessly from side to side. "But," added she, "talking about his sufferings can't mend ours—at least not mine."

"But it lightens hers," said the nurse. "I wonder how."

"Hush!"

And the gentle voice again took up the strain:

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. * * * He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

The following day, as some ladies visiting the hospital passed by the cots, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers.

The gentle voice was again heard: "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

A few days passed slowly away, when, on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and, leaning over her, she heard these words: "Going home! I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more, and all was over; the soul had gone to dwell in that city where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

HE NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE.—An Irish girl, in giving evidence in a court of justice against a lad who had committed a theft, and was a constant source of uneasiness to his parents, said, "Arrah, sir, I'm sure he never made his mother smile!" What a sad testimony to be given against any boy is this!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1876

Our Suffering Friends.

On our last visit to the City Hospital we found the Male Surgical Ward unusually full of sufferers; most of these were new patients.

On the first couch lay a man, past meridian, who when driving out with his little grandchild had been thrown from a buggy and had broken his leg. He spoke of the good care he received at the Hospital, and appreciated the attentions of his daughter-in-law, who frequently visited him, bringing him delicacies that were very acceptable.

Stretched on the next couch was a young man, a stranger in our city, whose open, cheerful face and frank bearing greatly interested us. Thrown out of employment at Cleveland, he had found work on the rail road, and very soon afterwards had had his foot crushed by the cars. Three of his toes had been removed, but he rejoiced in the thought that it was his *foot* rather than his *hand* that had been mangled. He had good courage, and his appearance indicated great vitality. A bouquet of flowers at his bedside seemed to minister to his pleasure.

The next bed was occupied by our aged colored friend, Mr. P., who has long been an inmate of the Hospital, and a great sufferer from rheumatism. For many months he has been confined to his couch, and a bed-sore on his heel is now greatly increasing his sufferings. His testament and psalm book were beside him, and we comforted him with the words of Christ and David.

Beside Mr. P. sat a patient who removed the covering on his head, to show us a fearful wound, the result of being thrown from a buggy. He was taken up insens-

ble, had been greatly reduced by the loss of blood, but was quite confident of recovery.

On the next couch, in a half reclining position, was a middle aged man whose face bore the marks of past suffering. An abscess between the knee and ankle confined him much of the time to his bed.

A pair of colored glasses on the next patient indicated the seat of his disease. He told us, under Dr. Rider's treatment, he was recovering from inflammation of the eyes.

On the opposite side of the ward, looking very comfortable in his rolling chair, sat one who has long been deprived of the use of his limbs. We had a very pleasant chat with him about the Centennial, and found him well posted and interested in the topics of the day.

Near by, sat a man suffering from cancer; he was evidently discouraged by his condition and we thought not, without cause.

In the ward above—the Male Medical Ward—none of the patients gave evidence of acute suffering. Some were quietly sleeping; others cheerfully chatting with their friends.

The young man whose life was prolonged by inserting the tube in his side had returned to the West, much benefited by his treatment at the Hospital. Two German patients were using their needles very handily; the one, mending a shirt, and the other, darning and patching his stockings. An aged sufferer from rheumatism read us a touching poem that he had composed for his children, and also an acrostic, in which he had set forth the skill of one, who was formerly on the Hospital Medical Staff.

In the Female Ward we found a new patient, evidently pleased with her comfortable quarters. Her disease was induced by overwork, and her mother, who sat beside her, hoped that skillful treatment and a few weeks rest would greatly benefit

her daughter. The consumptive patient, of whom we spoke last month, was little changed. She seemed patient and cheerful, and her flushed cheek confirmed the report she gave us, that she was suffering from a fever turn. Four rheumatic patients were up and dressed; one of them as usual confined to her rolling chair, another had just returned from a stroll on the lawn, where, by the assistance of a kind friend and a strong crutch, she had been exercising a little. She showed us a geranium that had rooted and blossomed in her window, it had been brought her not long before in a basket of flowers from the lakeside, and she evidently took much pleasure in the result of her gardening. The third rheumatic patient was moving about though somewhat crippled; and the fourth was sad and dejected. A stranger, in a foreign land, a widow with a fatherless child dependant upon her, she longed for means to take her to Germany, where she and her little one would find a home among their kindred. Her feet and hands are swollen by rheumatism and she has known nothing but sickness since she has reached our shores.

Our last visit was at the bedside of the little child who last month was very low with inflammation of the brain. She had been removed to the upper female ward, where she would be more quiet, and would not disturb others by her cries, and contrary to the expectation of physicians and nurses, she was apparently recovering. One side was partially paralyzed and she was still cross-eyed, but it is hoped that with returning strength she will be entirely cured.

It was touching as we passed from patient to patient to hear so many lament the loss of our blind friend, Mr. Thomas Smith. His many kind attentions, his cheering songs, his tender care of the little ones and his readiness to do errands for the disabled, had enshrined him in the heart of many an inmate of the City Hospital.

Old Cotton.

Please send us some old cotton; our supply is nearly exhausted.

A Model Letter.

We gratefully acknowledge the gift of our unknown friend. We wish this good example might be extensively imitated:

ROCHESTER, Aug. 17, 1876.

MRS. MATHEWS:

Madam—Enclosed, please find Five Dollars, for the City Hospital, from

A FRIEND.

Fruit and fresh vegetables are very acceptable to our invalids.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 10, 1876, of diabetes, Michael Grap, aged 47 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 10, 1876, Thomas Smith, aged 79 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 12, 1876, Mrs. Kuin, of alcoholism.

Donations.

Dr. Dean—A barrel of Apples.

Mrs. Danforth—Basket of Apples.

Mrs. Parsons—Apples.

Receipts for the Review,

TO SEPTEMBER 1st, 1876.

| | | | |
|---|----|----|----|
| S. Dunn, advertisement—By Mrs. H. H. Morse | \$ | 5 | 00 |
| Mrs. E. Holmes, 62 cents; Miss Almira B. Porter, \$1.24; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cts.; Dr. C. E. Rider, \$1.24; Alex. Thompson, 63 cents—By Miss Fannie Montgomery | | 4 | 35 |
| Mrs. J. D. Husbands, 62 cents; Mrs. D. H. Little, 65 cents; Mrs. S. R. Seward, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, \$1.25; Miss Julia M. Hubbell, San Diego, Cal., 62cts.; Mrs. Samuel Miller, New Haven, Conn., \$1.00—By Mrs. S. H. Terry | | 4 | 76 |
| Mrs. James H. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. M. S. Tower, 62 cents; Prof. B. W. Dwight, advertisement, \$5—By Mrs. Dr. Strong Georgie Decker, \$1.00; Fred Palmer, 50 cents; Mrs. D. S. Morgan, 50 cts; Mrs. J. Harrison, \$1.00; Mrs. W. B. Mann, \$1.00; Mr. W. S. King, \$1.00; Mrs. J. R. Randolph, \$1.00; Fred S. Benedict, \$1.00; John Owens, \$1.00; Frank P. Latta, \$1.00; Mrs. Geo. H. Allen, \$1.00; Mrs. Ezra N. Hill, \$1.00—all of Brockport—By Mrs. J. D. Decker | | 11 | 00 |

Mrs. D. B. Beach, \$1.86; Mrs. George D. Hale, \$1.24; Mrs. W. Loughborough, \$1.26; Mrs. Wm. Wallace, \$2.50; Mrs. E. Adams, Livonia, 50 cents; Robert Camp, Middlebury, Conn., \$1.50; Miss Lilly Ely, Marquette, Mich., \$2.00; Mrs. Ludlow Frey, Palatine Bridge, \$1.00; Mrs. J. T. Hough, Knoxville, Tenn. \$1; Mrs. I. E. Sheldon, New York, \$1.00; Mrs. J. W. Swift, Geneva, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Sabin, Fulton, 50 cents; Mrs. J. T. Spencer, New York, 50 cents; Mrs. A. B. Wilder, Belleville, Kansas, \$1.00; Mrs. Ira B. Wheeler, Elizabeth, N. J., \$1.00; Sale of Papers, 10 cts.—By Mrs. Robt. Mathews..... 17 95

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|--|-------|
| 1876. Aug. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 62 | |
| Received during month, . . . | 33—95 |
| Discharged, | 33 |
| Died, | 3— 36 |
| | — |
| Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1876, | 59 |

Children's Department.

Little Golden-Hair.

Golden-hair climbed upon Grandpapa's knee;
 Dear little Golden-hair, tired was she,
 All the day long as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
 Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
 Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head:
 "What has my darling been doing?" he said,
 "Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
 "I cannot tell so much things I have done,—
 Played with my dolly and feeded my bun.

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope:
 And then I made, out of some water and soap,
 Bootiful worlds—mamma's castles of hope.

I afterward readed in my picture-book,
 And Bella and I, we went down to look
 For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

And then I comed home and eated my tea,
 And then I climbed up on Grandpapa's knee,
 And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
 Until it had dropped upon Grandpapa's breast;
 Dear little Golden-hair, sweet, be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
 Are as sports of the babe to the Infinite view,
 That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our
 way,

And we shall be called to account for our day,
 He shall find us as guiltless as Golden-hair's lay-

And, O, when a-weary, may we be so blest
 As to sink, like the innocent child, to our rest,
 And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast-

Pins in Pussey's Toes.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Little Fred is now in the third summer of his mortal life. Of course, he doesn't remember much that happened in the first or the second one, as his is a pretty short memory. So that Fred's observations on matters and things this summer have all the freshness of a first experience.

This summer, Fred's golden curls have been sheared—beautiful, enchanted blossoms of infancy, they have fallen into a box which mamma keeps privately to remind her of her vanishing baby. Then Fred has been moved into the country, and his round, blue eyes are growing rounder and bigger every hour with new and wonderful experiences.

Most striking among them, and most puzzling to Fred, is Pussy. Not a big cat, but a kitty, of those tender years corresponding to Fred's own. What a wonder she is, seen now for the first time, serenely walking on all fours! A Maltese kit, of pure blood and glossy mouse-color, with a little white breast-pin in her bosom! Evidently Puss belongs to the celebrated White Star Line.

Eagerly Freddy seizes her; he hugs her very tight, and Pussy squirms in vain; he examines the wonder; he pokes his fat, little fingers into Pussy's bright eyes; he opens her mouth and looks at her little pink tongue. He tends her a little while with her head up, and then, for variety's sake, he tends her with her heels up and her head hanging down. Then it occurs to him that Pussy's tail is a nice handle to carry her by, and he tries that experiment. At last Pussy's patience gives out, and out from her pretty velvet paws fly the ten little, sharp, pearly points that have been given her for her defence, and Fred feels a new sensation. He throws Pussy on the

floor and runs screaming to mamma. "Oh, mamma, mamma, Pussy got pins in her toes!"

Then mamma explains to Freddy why the pins were put in Pussy's velvet toes. "Poor, soft, furry, helpless little Pussy what could she do if she had not pins in her toes? Does Freddy like to have people poke their fingers in his eyes, or open his mouth, or feel of his tongue? No more does Pussy. Would Freddy like to be carried round, squeezed up under somebody's arm, with his head hanging down? No more does Pussy. But Pussy cannot speak. She cannot complain—all she can do is to use the pins in her toes.

"When Freddy holds Pussy right-end up, strokes her gently, and speaks lovingly to her, the little sharp pins in her paws go away—clear in, where nobody can see them, and Pussy begins to sing a low, little purring song, to show how happy she is! So, Freddy dear," says mamma, "there is a right way and a wrong way to handle everything. If you hold Pussy gently, stroke her softly, and treat her kindly, you never will be troubled by the ten little pins in her ten toes; but if you trouble and worry and tease Pussy, she will scratch."

Little Fred's lesson is a lesson also to us older ones.

These helpless little dumb ones, who form part of our family, have some rights that we are bound to see maintained.

We have sometimes wondered to see a helpless kitten or puppy given up to be tortured in a nursery, without even an attempt to explain to the children the pain they are inflicting, and the duties they owe to the helpless. Thus, what might form the most beautiful trait in the child's character is changed to a deformity. Instead of learning from the kitten a generous consideration for weakness and helplessness, the little one receives in the nursery the lesson of brutal tyranny.

No parent ought to allow a child the possession of any living creature with whose comfort and welfare they do not charge themselves. Children are not naturally cruel; they are only ignorant and inconsiderate. They have no conception of the pain they often inflict, even by their loving caresses. A boy, too, has in him a sort of wild, uncultured love of domination and sense of power, which are no sins, but may be made the foundations of great

virtue, if he be early taught that his strength and power of control are given him for the protection of weakness, and not for the oppression of it. A boy can use the same faculties in defending and helping poor animals that he can in oppressing them; and the pets of the nursery are valuable for teaching that very lesson.

"Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant."—[*Christian Union*].

Toy-Making in Paris.

In Paris there are about five thousand workmen employed in the exclusive trade of toy manufacture. The chief essential in this art is the procuring of the substances—the raw material—to be used, for unless these can be obtained for next to nothing, the finished work would have to be sold too dear to allow of its success. The barrels of sham guns, so dear to the warlike male offspring of the modern Gaul, are wrought up out of old sardine boxes. Dolls' boots are made of the coverings of discarded purses, and their dresses and trimmings of the old worn-out stage costumes of actresses, gathered from every theatre, great or small. As for the wheels which support the thousand movable creations in which the infantine heart delights, they would, of course, if constructed even by toy wheelwrights, be an important item of expense in the profession. As it is they are provided for by appropriating to this purpose the round pieces cut out from wood or metal when holes are bored in it to allow the insertion of some other article. Such are the cruet-stands in use in France, in which each glass bottle is encased in a layer of wood, while in this country probably medicine boxes would afford a more common example of the same thing. For the little pewter instruments used in dolls' houses, such as plates, knives, spoons, bottles and fire-irons, the toy-makers press into their service the metal belonging to old water-pipes, spouts, worn-out roofing and the filings collected in work-shops. But the most striking and horrible revelation remains yet unmade. Whence comes the lead of which those resolute German and English soldiers are made who stand so bravely on their thin ledge of ground to be picked off by peas and marbles? Let not any boys

with tender susceptibilities or a tendency to melancholy be made aware of the answer. They are forged out of the metal cut from ancient coffins dug out of the old cemeteries at Nuremberg.—[*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*]

The First American Coins.

Wampum—that is, strings of shells ground down so that each piece was about the size of a grain of corn—was used by the Indians for ornament and barter. The early colonists, through trading with the Indians, became accustomed to this article, and used it to some extent among themselves. But as it would not be taken by the merchants in Europe for goods, ordered from them, a metallic currency was soon demanded.

In 1652, therefore, the General Court of Massachusetts issued at Boston some silver pieces of the value of twelve and six English pennies each. These coins were merely round, flat pieces of silver, with "N. E." (New England) on the one side, and the value, XII. or VI., on the other. The frugal authorities wasted no money on engraving, not even announcing the year in which the coins were issued.

This coinage was, however, so distasteful, because of the absence of any design, that another series was at once issued, on some of which is a scraggy oak-tree, inclosed in a circle of dots, outside of which are the words "Masathvsets in," while round the edge on the reverse is the remainder of the legend, "New England, An: Dom." On this reverse is the date, 1652, in the center, with the numeral value, XII., VI., III. or II., below it. On others of this design is a pine-tree; and while of both these designs occasional issues took place during nearly thirty years, yet the date 1652 is the only one used.

Charles the Second, it is said, regarded this coinage of the colony as an encroachment on his prerogative. We believe, however, that his dislike was overcome by the statement that the design was a memorial of the famous oak-tree hiding-place of his father!—[From "*Our Colonial Coins,*" by G. D. Mathews, St. Nicholas for Sept.

Never get your knowledge through a keyhole.

Some Fish that Walk.

BY J. Z. S.

"When the fish come ashore what luck we'll have!" So the boys used to say when I was a boy and the fishes wouldn't bite. But then, we didn't live in India, where the fishes—one kind of them at least—do come ashore very often.

They are curious little fellows, those traveling fishes,—about six inches long when full grown, and shaped like a perch.

They have the fortune, or misfortune, to live in a country where the swamps and ponds frequently dry up in hot weather. Then the little fishes have to travel or die. So they travel.

Usually they do not wait till the last moment when the pool is dry, but take time by the forelock; and choosing a dewy evening or early morning, set out in search for better quarters, in a deeper pool or running stream. At such times the damp grass will be full of them, thousands of funny wanderers running the gauntlet of pelicans and other devouring foes, often seeking water in a thirsty land where no water is. Travelers have encountered them toiling along a dusty road, even in the broiling heat of a tropic noon!

"Impossible!" do you say? "Fishes breathe water and cannot live in air."

Hardly. Fishes breathe air *in* water, and will die in water without air as quickly as in air without water. Only keep their gills wet, and most fish will get on very well in air. If their gills are allowed to become dry the fishes smother, as the purifying air is unable to act upon their blood through gills not moistened.

Happily for these traveling fishes, they have snugly stowed away in each cheek a sort of sponge which holds water enough to keep their gills moist for several days; consequently they are able to live that long out of their natural element.

The Hindoo fishermen take advantage of this faculty, and send the fish—which are plentiful in the Ganges—as many as a hundred and fifty miles, to the Calcutta market, alive.

It is a common practice, too, for the boatmen to lay in a stock of fish for their voyage, packing them in earthen pots without water, using daily what they want for food, and finding them, five or six days after packing, as lively as when first caught.

But this is not the only peculiarity about these fish. They not only go ashore on occasions, but they,—I'm afraid you can hardly believe me,—they *climb trees!*

What they want to climb trees for I confess I can't imagine, unless it is to take a good look at the surrounding country, to note the bearings of the nearest sands against the time of drought. That they do climb trees, however, is attested by many observers of unquestioned truthfulness. In some parts of India the natives call them *Tranquebar*, which means *tree-climbers*; and their scientific name (*Anabas scandens*) tells the same story.—[*St. Nicholas*.

The Hearing of Bees.

The question whether bees have the power of hearing is a mooted point among naturalists. Sir John Lubbock has tried experiments with his bees in order to elucidate the matter. Thus he has played the violin close to his bees, he has tried a dog whistle, a shrill pipe, a tuning fork and shouting, but no noise seemed to disturb them in the least. Nevertheless a curious occurrence took place a few days since at Windsor.

Colonel Stewart, commanding officer Second Life Guards, reports that a few days since, when the regiment was returning down the Long Walk from a field day, a swarm of bees, attracted by the music, followed the regiment into barracks, flying about over the heads of the band. On arriving at the barrack yard the band formed up to play the regiment into barracks; the bees followed their example, forming up also and settling on a branch of a tree over the heads of the bandmen. They were at once taken prisoners by the corporal of the guard, and are now hived in the barrack yard.

The distance over which the bees followed the band was more than a mile. We have heard of spelling bees, but these are musical bees with a vengeance. It is a common practice in the country to collect bees by means of rattling a warming pan with a piece of iron, or shaking a stone in a tin kettle, and the idea that bees will follow sounds is as old as Virgil.

[*London Daily News*.

The steps of Faith
Eall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath.

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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. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1876. No. 3.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. MALBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, " " " " " " " " " " 50 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

October.

Fall silently, October rain,
Nor take that wailing undertone;
Nor beat so loudly on the pane,
The sad monotonous refrain,
Which tells me summer time has flown.

Be chrier of your golden days,
Oh! goldenest month of all the throng!
Oh! pour less lavishly your rays;
Hoard carefully your purple haze,
So haply it may last more long.

Spendthrift October! art thou wise,
Who wasteth in thy plenteous prime,
More beauty on the earth and skies,
More hue and glow than would suffice
To brighten all the winter time?

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;—
Nor dares the favorite angel pry,
Within the folded leaves. [Watts.]

For the Hospital Review.

The Centennial Exposition.

ITALY.

No centennial visitor who makes a pilgrimage to the Main Building fails to render due homage to the extreme northwestern corner, where "Italia" waves her national standard and exhibits the artistic work of her children.

If the mission of Italy is illustrated by the works here exhibited, we should say it is to beautify and adorn the persons and homes of the rich, rather than to invent and manufacture useful articles for the masses. The space in the Main Building allotted to Italy is small, but within it the art student finds much that is well worthy his attention and study.

Near the central aisle are some fine specimens of wood carving, from Turin and Florence; conspicuous among these are a dark wood bedstead, a bureau, a lecturn and the frame of a dressing mirror. On the top of the latter is represented an old castle in ruins, overgrown with vines so delicately carved that you almost expect to see them swayed by the passing breeze.

Genoa contributes a large case of frosted and filigree work in gilt and silver, among which are card baskets, combs, fans, Venetian gondolas and jewelry.

Naples shines through her cameos and pink and red carved corals. Two neck-

laces of pale pink coral are valued at \$2,800 and \$2,300.

Diamonds, pearls and precious stones in quaint and beautiful settings, are carefully guarded in glass cases. A diamond and ruby necklace is valued at \$20,000; and a large, dark colored, horse-chestnut-shaped pearl, set in a gold horse-chestnut burr, partially opened, designed for a breast pin, is valued at \$1,200.

A Roman jeweler exhibits a cameo, the result of nine months' labor; it is the head of Bacchus encircled with clusters of grapes; it is valued at \$600. We saw no cameo in the Italian department, more skilfully executed than one exhibited by Starr & Marcus of New York, representing St. Peter in prison, where, behind the dark prison bars, and cut by instruments introduced through them, was Peter.—Near him was the jailor, and behind, in the back ground, the liberating angel.—This work bears close inspection with a powerful glass, and must have required great care to execute it without injuring the prison bars.

Mosaic work in table tops, paper weights, and jewelry of every kind and description abound; the polished Roman, the unpolished Byzantine; the Venetian of glass, and the Florentine of stones, in their natural colors, are all exhibited. One of the finest Mosaic tables is inlaid with representations of vases filled with brilliant flowers, surrounding a picture illustrating the old fable of Romulus and Remus, suckled by a wolf.

In one case is shown the process of manufacturing a Florentine Mosaic. One sees a bouquet sketched in pencil, then painted in appropriate colors, then the ground work on which the Mosaic is to be placed, and the separate flowers, each flower by itself, and then the finished work—a copy in stone of the painted bouquet.

Signor Castellani of Rome, "the first goldsmith of his time," brother of Alessandro Castellani, exhibits a small case of

modern ornaments, some of which are counterparts of antiques exhibited by his brother, in the Castellani collection in Memorial Hall. Here, in the Italian department of the Main Building, are seen imitations of the old Etruscan gold ropework and granulated work, the art of making which was almost lost, but survived in some jewelers' families at St. Angelo in Vado. For political reasons Castellani was banished from Rome, and during his exile he taught at Naples, and trained some Neapolitan youths to excel in both granulated and rope work. The granulated work is made by skilfully soldering to gold surfaces, minute gold beads, so small they resemble sand. Some of these are exhibited in Castellani's case of jewelry, in small black saucers formed like individual butter plates. The rope work is made with four filaments of gold, finer than a hair, united in a cord and wrought into ornamental devices. Among the modern imitations of ancient art here exhibited, are eardrops, the originals of which were made three hundred years before the Christian era, and found at Volci in Etruria. They represent cocks in white enamel, sheltered in niches of drooping bead-work.

Leghorn and Tuscany reveal their industry and skill in specimens of straw work, hats, baskets and trimmings. Statues and busts of marble, bronze and terra cotta abound. In the terra cotta ware we noticed some pretty devices for fountains, among which was a group of two children sheltered by an umbrella. The water was intended to fall on the umbrella, and around but not on the children. It reminded us of a pretty picture we have seen, where the youthful Virginia throws the skirt of her dress over her own head and that of Paul, to protect them from the April shower.

In a Neapolitan vase, the famous pitcher plant of Java and Sumatra favors the visitors with a sight of four little pitchers and their well fitting lids.

We found the exhibitions of Italy very attractive and returned again and again to study the artistic work here displayed.— Many of the Italians spoke our language fluently, and were very ready to explain to us the peculiarities in the different styles of Mosaic work, and to illustrate their lesson by pointing out specimens of each style. It was the best and pleasantest object lesson in Mosaics we have ever received.

H. S. T.

Foreign Correspondence.

SWITZERLAND.

Interlachen, Sept. 5th, 1876.

We reached Lucerne in the pouring rain, and the rain visited us almost every day of our stay of a little more than a week. But we diligently improved "the shining hours," and some that were not shining.

It was cold also and we asked for a fire. The attendant pleasantly acquiesced, and we waited long for her to come back with fuel, and place it inside the door of the high, white porcelain stove in our sitting room, which seemed connected with a smaller one in the adjoining bed-room. We sat and shivered, then grew less cold, when she returned to ask if we were warm enough. We showed our astonishment at the question, when she said she had built the fire as we desired. I suppose we looked incredulous till she explained that the fuel, wood, was put into something like our old-fashioned ovens, inside the wall of the adjoining kitchen, and so the heat, very slowly and gradually, had permeated the hollow porcelain monumental ornament in the corner of our room.

We had noticed a smudge, but scarcely the heat, and, on examination, found that what we had supposed was the place for fuel was a little closet or oven, into which some former occupant of the room, in the security of summer weather, had placed a basket and waste odds and ends. These were rescued before they had suffered the

fate of the poor puss, that sought a night's rest in the oven of a cooking stove, and our room became quite comfortable. A laundress' fire on a subsequent day heated what seemed to be an extension of the stove in the bed room, so that one could sit on the cold china top and warm the feet below.

A modern writer upon Switzerland says, "These porcelain stoves, when heated well, retain their warmth for many hours; are economical besides. A basket full of turf or wood, burned early in the morning, will furnish heat sufficient for the longest day in winter. The pictures on its sides may tell the history of the land. A pair of little steps lead to the flat roof of the stove.— Sometimes, upon the colder days, the children scramble up and find pure comfort, sitting or lying on this strange old heater's top. A sort of dressing chamber, it becomes, at times. The farmer's wife and girls who descend shivering from the upper rooms with morning's light, mount to the old stove's top sometimes, and there make their toilet for the day."

With an umbrella, we ventured out to visit the ancient bridge covered with a roof, with a flight of steps at one end. It is adorned with 154 paintings, representing scenes from the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne, and from the history of Switzerland. An old water tower joins it in the middle of the river. We tried to decipher the odd verses in antiquated German appended to some of the pictures. I believe each had four lines. One of the first says that, before a city had arisen, a light long burned upon the water; then, when the city was built, that light gave to the city its name (Lucerna.) The lighthouse is identified by tradition with the old Water tower, where the archives of the town are now kept. The progress of the city seemed to be represented from its feeble beginnings, the towers of the city wall still remaining were often represented—there was a conflagration and a bombardment. I made out just enough to

pique curiosity, and awaken the wish for time and opportunity to study them all out. But the paintings and letters are quite faded, especially on one side of the roof supports, I suppose that from which the most frequent rain and snow storms had blown in against them. Another old bridge, with its roof and steps, had a series of paintings representing the "Dance of Death."

We located ourselves on the hill of Gibraltar, under which the rail road is tunnelled. Below us lay the town, situate at the end of the lake on both sides of the river Reuss. It seemed difficult to comprehend that a river should run out of a lake, but the fact was demonstrated as we watched its rapid course and heard the rushing sound of its waters. Entering the lake at the south east corner, and turning its many curves, and issuing from it at the north west extremity, it seems in impetuous haste to bound away from its mountain home to the Rhine, there to dash itself into foam at Neuhausen. And, as an anxious parent seeks to watch over the career of a wayward yet beloved child, so, at the Falls, the distant Alps once more from afar look down upon it, after its many meanderings, as it plunges down the abyss and still hurries on to the sea.

Like an amphitheatre Lucerne lies just at the parting of the lake from the river.—The new and the old are strangely commingled in its narrow streets and broad boulevard—its ancient towers, bridges and taverns, and its new bridges, one of iron, paved with stone; and its elegant and immense hotels, with their dependencies.—The National is the largest hotel in Switzerland.

In contrast with the dashing river is the placid "Lake of the Forest Cantons," as it is called in German. Belonging to Schwyz, Lucerne, Uri, and Unterwalden, it is laid down in local maps as the Vierwaldstaetter See, literally, the Four Forest Places lake or sea. No other Swiss lake of its mag-

nitude lies so high above the sea. Around it rise green cultivated hills and high rocks, from five hundred to two thousand feet high—behind them far higher mountains, and back of the snowy Alps.

The rain in the valley was snow in the higher air, and so, when the sun did shine out, the fresh robe of white, half veiled, half peeping from the blue sky, or unveiled and glowing in the evening light, and, once, for a few moments, tinged with a deep rose, reconciled me at least to the discomfort below. The water is in places beautifully blue, then a Nile green.

The lake is 27 miles in length; the main part of it is nearly in the shape of a cross, the two arms, (bays,) extending 15 miles; its width from one mile to four miles. Beyond the foot of the cross, and from one arm also, still other bays extend, and its windings through narrow channels add to its charms. We steamed down through the center of the cross, past green hills, past Weggis, the garden of Lucerne, with its chestnuts, almonds, figs, and landed at Vitznau.

There we took our seats in a large, square covered car, with windows all around and seats for 54. A little steam engine is appended to each car. The seats are so arranged as to face down-hill, so that the engine is before one's face, and lower down, pushing, not pulling, as we ascend.

In coming down the Rigi atmospheric air is introduced into the cylinder to regulate the speed. At least so says Baedeker in 1873. I should have supposed that steam was used both ways from appearances. The road is a great part of the way on the side hill. On the right is the lake, so very blue that morn in the sunlight, and growing more and more like a fair picture as distance adds, if anything could add, enchantment to such a view. On the left rises at some distance a red wall of rock several hundred feet high, just in the form of an immense fortification, with its but

tresses. Inside of this is a stalactite grotto 330 yards in length and difficult of access, but we did not know of its existence as we wondered at the peculiar color and form of the exterior. Then ledges of alternate rock and trees, rise like mighty terraces, hundreds of feet upwards—then a tunnel cut through a conglomerate rock, a sort of pudding stone, then over a ravine 75 feet deep, over an iron bridge on iron pillars. Above the rocks, green hills and pasturage, cattle and women at work in the fields, chalets, stations, hotels, and branch railways. Quite high up, two vast round valleys, reminding me of your Mt. Hope tunnel, are hollowed out—only these have an outlet for a mountain stream and hold little hamlets in their embrace.

At last the Kulm is reached, and, for a little while, from this high plateau, covered with grass, 5,905 feet high, we gaze upon the snow-clad mountains, which have drawn near to us as we have drawn near to heaven. Too soon a mist gathers, and we but faintly discern the more distant ones. At our feet lay Lakes Lucerne and Zug, and, on a clear day, eleven smaller ones, in the broad circuit of nearly 300 miles, are visible.

I had recently seen a representation of central Switzerland in relief, and it seemed as if I were again gazing upon it. Some lakes looked as if cut out by a mathematical instrument into parallelograms. I suppose the great distance, shutting out irregularities, gave that appearance.

In spite of warm, quite warm clothing, we were chilled through, and as the mist increased, we were more nearly reconciled to go down once more to the world.—Heavy rain the next morn made us congratulate ourselves that we had not stopped over, as we half intended to do, to see the sun set and rise again. Those who were there describe such a storm that the ground could not be seen, and a thick cloud, through which they very slowly de-

scended to terra firma. In the afternoon the sun came out very bright.

Again we embarked on this loveliest of lakes, turning our back on stern Pilatus on his rocky throne, higher than Rigi, steaming down to the very foot of the lake. We past the Rigi with its green spur jutting out into the lake to meet the Burgenstock at the "Noses," as if trying to hold back and keep its lovely blue mirror close in its own embrace, round to the lower half of the cross, called the lake of Buochs. Just past the straits, in a very deep but feeble recess of the mountain, about eight square miles in extent, in the midst of orchards, lies the village of Gersan, which, for four centuries, boasted of being the smallest independent state in the world.

There begins the famous Axenstrasse, a postroad 21 feet wide and 3 miles long, cut along and through the face of the wall of rock, hundreds of feet above the lake, at an expense of \$200,000.

We stop at Brunnen, "perhaps the most beautifully situated place on the lake," just at another bend, nearly of a right angle, where the cross ends, and the lake of Uri begins. A pension on an elevation there commands a view of both arms of the lake, and long did its light shine out over the water as we returned. Opposite Brunnen, just at the angle, is the rock bearing an inscription to Schiller, the "Bard of Tell," who never saw the lake himself. From the boat it looked small and insignificant.

Near by is the Rootli, where the confederates met in 1307, and swore to uphold the freedom of their country, and, on the other side, Tell's chapel, marking the spot where he sprang ashore, and pushed the boat with Gessler back into the lake. The rocks are very striking and peculiar, as if the layers had been tilled and then twisted. The Axenstrasse runs along through and beside them. Grand mountains with a glacier in the saddle, between the peaks

of one, close in at the sides and in front, and the end of the lake is reached. We return by twilight and moonlight, not very bright however.

We visited at L. the bed of an old glacier. It was full of "giant pots," or curious pits, where finely rounded stones, put in circulation by the motion of the waters melting in the glaciers, have formed curious pits in the rocks in which, after these ages, traces of the spiral movement are still perfectly visible. These were accidentally discovered in digging for a wine-cellar in 1872. They are "remainders of the glacier period, when all the northern hemisphere, except the highest tops of the Alps, were covered with a crust of ice several thousand feet in depth."

We took shelter from a pouring rain under a rustic arbor. On one side were the "Glacier Mills" and mill stones. On the other, over a little pool formed by a spring, in full view, hewn out of the face of an overhanging rock, is the "Lion of Lucerne, by Thorwaldsen." The dying lion, reclining in a grotto, transfixed by a broken lance, and sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw," commemorates the defence of the Tuileries by the Swiss Guard, in August, 1792, when 26 officers and 760 soldiers fell.

I bade adieu to Lucerne and its lake, feeling it must be one of the loveliest places in the wide world. c. l. s.

What a Woman Did.

The story is not new, but it is well told in this version, and it illustrates the sagacity of a woman's brain:

Jessie McDonald was hard at work at the wash-tub one day, when her little son Fergus came rushing into the room, crying as if his heart would break.

"Daddy'll die up there," he sobbed; "they can't get him down."

"Die! up where?" exclaimed Jessie, wringing the soap off her hands and wiping them on her apron.

"On the top of the factory chimney;

the rope has slipped down and they can't get up another, and the ladders are all too short."

Jessie flew out of the house and ran to the foot of the new factory chimney, around which a crowd of workmen were gathered in loud discussion. On the top of the chimney stood Angus McDonald, far beyond the reach of help, to all appearance. When the staging was taken down, he, the most skilful of the workmen, had been left to do some last bit of work. By a strange accident the rope by which he was to let himself down had slipped and fallen, where it lay in a heap.

Jessie covered her eyes with her hands. "Lord, help me!" she prayed from the depths of her anxious heart. A sudden thought came as an answer to her prayer.

"Angus," she called, "unravel your stocking, man, and tie a bit of mortar to the yarn, and let it down to me."

Off came one of Angus's blue socks, knitted of the best yarn, spun by Jessie herself. He unravelled it out, tied on the mortar, and let it down to the ground.

Meanwhile Jessie had sent for a ball of stout twine. The end of the twine she tied to the end of the yarn.

"Now, draw the yarn up slowly," she said. Angus followed her directions; as the yarn went higher and higher, she let out more twine from the ball in her hands. What steady hands they were! no tangling of the twine or dropping of the ball. If she had been unrolling a clothes-line, she could not have done it more quietly. At last Angus called out, "All right; I've got the twine. Now what are you going to do?"

"Tie on the rope," exclaimed Jessie.

There was not a sound among the crowd; you could have heard a pin drop as, with breathless interest, they watched Jessie at her work.

She tied the rope and twine together as firmly as a sailor could have done. Eager eyes watched it ascend higher, higher, higher, until Angus called out, "All right; I've got the rope. Stand from under."

He secured the rope, came down hand over hand—ah! one can't tell about such a thing! The workmen cried like children, and pressed around Angus and Jessie with words of praise and affection. Then some one wiser than the rest said, "Let them go home alone." And in the little kitch-

en the husband, wife and child knelt, and thanked God that their hearth was not made desolate.

We notice a discussion going on of the question "How many Apples did Adam and Eve eat?" Properly this is a subject which should be settled by the grange, but, we give what is going the rounds:

OLD VERSION:

Eve 8 and Adam 2; total 10.

BOSTON JOURNAL:

Eve 8 and Adam 8 also; total 16.

GLOUCESTER ADVERTISER:

We think the above figures entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be 90. But we reason something like this: Eve 81, and Adam 82. Total 163.

LAWRENCE AMERICAN:

If Eve 81
And Adam 812

The total was 893

BOSTON JOURNAL:

If Eve 811st
And Adam 812

Would not the total be 1623

SAME:

If Eve 814 Adam
And Adam 8124 Eve

Then the total was... 8938

ANTWERP GAZETTE:

Eve 8142 know how it tasted,
And Adam. 81242 40fy her statement.

Total, ... 8132382

NEXT!

It is now time to hear from some of the inflationists in Congress on this subject.

A Fayette granger sends us the following:

"If Eve 81421st see how the apple tasted, and Adam 8124240-fy her statement, then the total is 8,205,661. Now the question can go to the inflationists in Congress.

"Chicken Pie Sociables" are all the rage in Wisconsin.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved—

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away,
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break their happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voice!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yes! men may wonder while they scan—
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep!
But angels say,—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

E. B. BROWNING.

A PERSIAN FABLE.—One day as I was in the bath, a friend brought me a piece of scented clay. I took it and said, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?"

It answered, "I was but a piece of despicable clay, but I was sometime in the company of the rose. The sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should be only a piece of clay, as I appear to be."

HOUSEHOLD CARE.—Every girl should take care of her own room, even if she be a millionaires! or at least should have some household duties. Helplessness and laziness are the causes of half the dyspepsia, and nervousness, and hysterics, and sentimentalities, and depression that girls labor under.

There is no such thing as a menial office when you put a true man into it. A menial office is an office with a mean man in it; and it makes no difference whether it is a king's office or a scavenger's office.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1876.

Sabbath Hours at the Hospital.

The summer is over and gone, whispered the withering leaves of the elm, that strewed our pathway as we bent our steps toward the City Hospital. A September rain imparted a fresher green to the Hospital lawn, and brighter tints to the brilliant maple leaves that were scattered over it; but the invalids found quarters indoors more attractive.

As we entered the Institution the sound of sacred music fell on our ear and drew us towards the Chapel, where the patients were gathering for their weekly Sabbath service. We recognized among the worshippers the sons and daughters of other climes. In the corner sat our rheumatic friend from Germany; near him an aged pilgrim from the Emerald Isle. An English nurse sat opposite, and facing her was a blind man near one of sable hue.— Youthful voices behind us joined in familiar melodies, and beside us were Christian women, whose warm hearts had prompted them to meet with the invalids.

The Chapel service was led by laymen, if we mistake not, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who came to speak words of warning, comfort and encouragement to those who could not mingle with the great congregations in our city churches.

As we bowed in prayer, the leader invoked God's blessing on a consumptive patient, who had asked an interest in our prayers, who was even then passing through the dark valley. It was a solemn hour, and our thoughts wandered to the Jewish room, where lay the dying man. The service over we hastened to him, to speak to him of Jesus; his ear was deaf to earthly sounds but we trust he heard the voice of

the Good Shepherd, who was guiding him through a dark portal to Heavenly pastures. We rejoiced to learn that through the faithful ministries of the Young Men's Christian Association, he had been induced to enter that path that leads to Eternal Life. Beside him sat his stricken wife, doubly afflicted, because a little one who was soon to claim her protection would never know the blessing of a father's love.

We spent a short time in the Surgical Ward, and found a patient who had been confined to his bed, with a broken limb, for eleven weeks, expecting to sit up on the morrow. He appreciated his comforts at the Hospital, and said that among his grand-children, he should have been in constant terror lest they should spring upon his bed and injure his tender limb.

The next patient, he of the crushed foot, was improving, bright and hopeful. The former occupant of the next couch had recovered from a severe cut on the head, and returned home. He who last month was suffering from abscess on the limb had passed beyond earthly care. We had a pleasant greeting from the young man whose limb, a year ago, was broken in Cunningham's factory. He has been a great sufferer; pieces of bone have been removed from the limb, but he bears his trials bravely. In pleasant weather he spends most of his time out doors. In the corner of the room lay a deaf patient, afflicted with inflammation of the eyes.— Opposite, was our paralytic friend, who spoke cheerfully of the bright home awaiting him when life's trials are over. We did not forget the colored rheumatic patient, Mr. P., who is suffering from a bed sore, but comforted him with the beautiful psalm of David, the twenty-third, which somebody calls "the nightingale of the Psalms, small and of homely feather, and singing shyly out of obscurity, but filling the whole world with its music."

In the Female Ward a service of prayer and song had been held for the benefit o

those too sick to mingle in the Chapel service, and as we entered the room a pleasant group of eight or ten patients was gathered around the register, enjoying the grateful heat of the furnace fire, and singing one of Moody and Sankey's sacred songs. Two of our rheumatic patients we found on their couches; a third sympathizing with one of them, like herself a native of Germany. For the benefit of one, we read the comforting hymn, commencing "Jesus, lover of my soul," and for that of the other, some prayers for the sick, from her German prayer book. A lesson of resignation was taught us at the bedside of Mrs. B., who cheerfully bears her sorrows, partaking of her food from the hands of another. The patient suffering most acutely in this Ward was one prostrated by an internal cancer. Sustained by the everlasting arms, she leans trustingly on her Beloved. We read to her the hymn commencing

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay."

She said it embodied better than her own words could do the sentiments of her own heart.

As we said good bye to our Hospital friends, and walked forth into the drenching rain, it was pleasant to know that while suffering and sorrow abounded, Christian hearts had provided so blessed a refuge for the afflicted, as is found within our City Hospital.

Help From the Little Folks.

We always feel a peculiar pleasure in acknowledging the gifts of the children.—We love to know that their warm hearts are enlisted in our behalf. We are happy to state that we have received from a benevolent lady in our city, two dollars, for the City Hospital. She gathers the children of a suburban neighborhood at her house, on Sabbath afternoons, and their penny offerings having amounted to two dollars, they make this acceptable donation to the City Hospital.

OUR FANCY TABLE.—We would remind our young lady friends that early in December, we shall be ready for contributions to the Fancy Table, at our Annual Donation Festival.

SILHOUETTES.—We have received from Valentine & Co., Coach and Car Varnishers, 323 Pearl street, New York, an amusing set of Silhouettes, by Church, illustrating their trade and suggestive of shadow pantomimes, for winter evening sports.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 4, 1876, of chronic Bright's disease, William Wilson, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 17, 1876, of consumption, Millard Gardner, aged 25 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 20, 1876, of consumption, John Drum, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 23, 1876, of aortic aneurism, C. A. Miller, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 28, 1876, of chronic Bright's disease, David Chadwick, aged 63 years.

Donations.

Mr. Henry C. Wisner—Cord Kindling Wood.
Mrs. Hooker, East Avenue—Clothing, Reading Matter, and basket of Grapes.
Mrs. Benjamin—Basket of Grapes.
Mrs. David Griffith—Basket of Grapes.
Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Basket of Grapes.

Receipts for the Review,

To OCTOBER 1ST, 1876.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Mrs. William Cobb, 50 cents; Mrs. C. F. Claffin, 50 cents; Mrs. J. B. Norris, Brighton, 50 cts.—By Miss Fannie Patterson, Brighton | \$1 50 |
| Mrs. Thomas Button, 62 cents; Miss Buchanan, 62 cents; Mrs. L. G. Corning, 62 cents—By Miss Minnie Montgomery | 1 86 |
| Miss Mary I. Bliss, 62 cents; Mrs. Alfreed Ely, 62 cents; Mr. Levi Bartlett, Warner, N. H., 62 cents; Mrs. Daniel Gardner, New York, 50 cents—By Mrs. Seth H. Terry | 2 36 |
| Mrs. C. H. Higbee, Salem, Mass., \$2.00; Miss A. L. Pierson, Danvers, Mass. 62 c. | |
| —By Mrs. Dr. Strong | 2 62 |
| Mrs. H. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Elwanger, 62 cents; Mrs. Southworth, 62 cts. Mrs. James Sproat, 62 cents; Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cents—By Miss Watson | 3 10 |
| Miss Anna D. Hart, \$1.25; Miss Clara Dickey, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. S. Pratt, Prattsburgh, \$1.50—By Mrs. Robert Mathews | 3 74 |

Superintendent's Report.

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| 1876. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 59 | |
| Received during month, . . . 26 | |
| Birth, 1— 86 | |
| Discharged, 20 | |
| Died, 5— 25 | |
| Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1876, 61 | |

Children's Department.

The Thoughts of Little May.

BY ALICE CHADBOURNE.

A fair young mother had dropped earth's care,
 And lay in the midst of summer's bloom,
 Her love-lit face and her shining hair,
 Too rare a spoil for the dreary tomb.

Then back, to the stricken home, they brought
 A dear little nestling, turned of four,
 Whose soft, dark eyes their shade had caught
 From eyes whose light they would greet no more.

The tears fell fast; then the sad voice said,
 As the slight form leaned on the lady's knee,
 "Auntie! they told to me—mamma is dead,
 Mamma who loved little Fanny and me."

"Yes, dear, she is dead." "But, Auntie, tell,
 Where is my mother? I want to see."
 "Her happy spirit has gone to dwell
 With Jesus, who said to her, 'Come to Me!'"

"Her beautiful body lies at rest,
 In the room where the goldfinch used to sing,
 And the snow-white lilies above her breast,
 Are pure and sweet as the breath of spring.

"But the part that loved little May so dear,
 And baby Fannie, has gone, my child,
 To God's bright heaven, where pain nor fear,
 Can reach the home of the undefiled."

"You said that the lilies were on her breast,
 And now, Aunt Miriam, tell me true,
 Her head and feet—are they there with the rest,
 And her dear, soft hands? Oh, I wish I knew!"

"Come and see!" And the small feet softly trod
 The way to the room where the cold form lay,
 "Oh, only a little has gone to God!
 Auntie, dear auntie, my mamma will stay!"

"Darling! no. That little is more,
 Far, far, more than the clay which lies
 Pale and still, while the soul will soar
 To joy and rest in the upper skies.

"She is not here, and the form she wore,
 We shall lay beneath the 'flowery sod.'" "But if part of my mother went before
 I must get the rest of her up to God!"

"It may not be. Do not weep, dear one!"
 But the tide of sorrow ran high and strong.
 A part to dwell in the joy of the Son,
 And part shut out from the blessed throng!

'Twas a bitter truth for the child to know,
 And hard she found it to "kiss the rod."
 Over and over she murmured, low,
 "I must get my mamma up to God!"

"We must be patient, my little May,
 For, in God's own time, the forms we love,
 He will call from earth, and, in fair array,
 Made pure and bright, they shall live above."

The sweet face cleared, and the childish speech
 Rose free and glad from the conquered pain,
 And she talks of the time, in her thought's far
 reach,
 "When God shall make mamma over again."

The Wall of Snow.

In a small cottage on the Southern shores of the Baltic lived a pious widow named Bertha Schmidt; and a pretty picture in summer was that little dwelling, peering out from the embowering vines. Now and then it happened one could get a glimpse of the good old dame herself, sitting in the open door—in her high-backed chair, and her Bible in her lap. The picture was one of quiet happiness. But it was not the aged widow herself who had gathered all the pleasant things about her cottage-home. This was the work of Karl, her only son and child, who lived with her, and supported her by working at the trade of a carpenter. Karl was a noble fellow, and he had a heart as tender as it was strong; yet he was now twenty-eight, and was not married. He was indeed a good son. He had long been engaged to a worthy maiden but he would not marry until he felt he could do so without lessening the comforts which the infirmities of his mother made necessary. But Karl prospered, under the blessing of Heaven, and he was now about to add a third person to their little cottage-home. It was winter, and the widow's house did not look very picturesque divested of its summer drapery. But all was bright within; the narrow windows were full of Karl's choice flowers, transferred to neat boxes of his own handicraft. The Russian stove sent forth its genial glow, and the aged widow sat waiting, with a placid smile, the entrance of her children. And when the merry bridal group returned from church, the evening passed joyfully away.

But fearful was the change which morn-

ing brought. A hostile army was approaching the city of Stralsound, and might be looked for at any hour. In every house there was gloom—in every heart fear and trembling. The day passed away in dreadful suspense, and night closed in over the still, watching, praying, fasting city. As night deepened, there came on a terrific storm of snow and wind, which made the scene still more desolate and fearful. But how is it within the widow's cottage? Karl had for a while busied himself with barricading the doors and windows, so as to offer some obstruction to the rude soldiery, and had done the best he could to defend his mother and his bride. Then he sank down into gloomy silence, while his young wife sat by him pale and trembling; but the aged widow sat with her eyes fastened on her book, and seemed lost to all around her. At length she raised her eyes, and a bright smile beamed on her countenance, as she repeated these lines:

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

"What! dear mother," replied Karl, "is your faith as strong as that? Do you really expect God will build a wall 'round our poor hut, strong and high enough to keep out an army? I wish I could believe it till the hour comes; it is terrible to wait in this state of mind."

"Has not my son read," replied the mother, "that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our father? that faith has stopped the mouths of lions, and turned aside the edge of the sword?"

Karl made no reply, and the little family sank again into a sad silence. Just at midnight there was a lull in the storm, and they heard the great clock striking the hour of twelve. At the same moment the faint sound of martial music caught their watchful ears in the opposite direction: the fatal time had come. The little family drew closer together, and as the aged mother returned the pressure of her son's hand, she again repeated:

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

The music drew nearer, mingled with a confused sound of trampling and shouting. Soon shrieks were heard; the cracking of flames, and the crash of falling houses, told them that the work of plunder and des-

truction was going on. But no hostile foot invaded the widow's dwelling; it stood quiet and unharmed amid the uproar, as if angels were encamping round it. At length the tumult died away—the storm ceased—and a death-like silence fell upon the scene. After waiting several hours, Karl ventured to uncloset a shutter; but the light came dimly through the snow, which was heaped to the very top of the window. He cautiously opened the door, but here again a wall of snow met his view, and he was obliged to cut his way into the open air. When he had done this he stood silent with astonishment and awe at the sight before him. Huge drifts of snow had completely encircled the cottage, and made it in appearance a mere mound of snow! They had indeed been bidden by "a wall," and had dwelt safely in the pavilion of the Most High. Karl led his aged mother out to behold her "wall of faith." The pious widow, wept as she looked up to heaven, and gently exclaimed:

"Faithful is He who hath promised;
He also has done it."

Jenny Lind.

While Jenny was singing in England, in one of her walks which she used to take in her little times of leisure, for the purpose of helping those who needed—she went into a house where she found an old woman who was so poor as to be mostly supported at the expense of the town.—She had not been in there very long, before the old woman began to talk, as everybody else was doing, about Jenny Lind.

"Oh! but," she said with a sigh, "I shall never hear her."

"Don't be too sure," her visitor answered. "Perhaps you may, sometime."

"Oh yes! I am sure," said the poor woman; "for I never can get the money myself, and I have no friends to provide it for me."

"Then you like to hear singing," Jenny said. "Listen and I will sing to you." And she began one of her sweetest and rarest songs—one that had been most admired, and most loudly praised. The old woman seemed spell-bound, never once dropping her eyes from the singer, her lips parted, her hands raised, and tears running down her cheeks. When she finished her song, she gave the old woman her

hand and bade her good-by, saying, "Now you have heard Jenny Lind."—*The Home Scientist*.

A Chameleon's Toilet.

Young Tiffany's chameleon shed its skin this morning. When my attention was first called to it I thought it was an imposture—for the little reptile looked just as if it had on a little night gown of fine lavender-colored muslin, tied or tucked in at the neck and top of the tail. This strange garment gradually parted in openings. While this process was going on the chameleon, which was on the floor, and had a thread tied around it, held at one end by Willie Tiffany, would very unexpectedly and suddenly make vigorous little rushes and darts across the floor, to the length of its string, and to the great discomfiture of the ladies, who were gathered around it, watching the shedding process. On such occasions the ladies would run screaming to a corner of the room, the suddenness and rapidity of the small "varmint's" movements whenever he started seeming to deprive them of all presence of mind. The chameleon got hold of what he could of this cast-off garment and tried to swallow it. Upon examining segments of the cast skin under a magnifying glass, it was seen to be full of perfectly circular holes, arranged in the most regular and orderly manner, and the texture resembled that of the crown of a bonnet, though not quite so close.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*.

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

" I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1876. 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.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, " 50 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

The Ship of State.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1876.

Donation Day.

The Hospital Donation Festival, according to previous announcement, came off at Corinthian Hall, on Tuesday, the fifth of December, and everything conspired to the success of the occasion. Not a drop of rain, not a fleck of snow, not even a wind gust, marred the beauty of the day, and the merry sleigh bells and bright sunshine put everyone in fine humor.—Hoary-headed sires and matrons ventured forth, and, with their children and children's children, graced our festive boards. Conspicuous among these was one of our most venerable citizens, whose warm heart still responds to the cry of the needy, though the frosts of nearly four-score and ten winters have silvered his locks. A little to the right of the entrance door, sat the Treasurer of the Ladies' Board of Managers, receiving the cash donations of our patrons; near by, were members of the Reception Committee, extending the right hand of greeting to their welcome guests. On the opposite side of the Hall the beautiful Flower Table formed an attractive feature of the entertainment; there too were the Fancy Tables, where artistic, useful, and fancy articles vied with

each other, proclaiming alike the taste, industry, and benevolence of the contributors. In front of the platform was the coffee table with its grateful aroma.

The east and west sides and the central portion of the hall were filled with dining tables, laden with every luxury of the season, where the most fastidious epicure could be satisfied, and where fair women and beautiful maidens, served their guests, their gracious smiles and pleasing attentions adding still another charm to the tempting viands.

We took our stand in the north-east corner of the hall, beside the Treasurer of the "Hospital Review," where old subscriptions were renewed and new ones welcomed. Just in front of us was the bountifully supplied table of the Hebrew ladies, where, for three hours, they and their tireless Rabbi dispensed their hospitalities.— Their table was liberally patronized; we saw, amongst others, the Board of Supervisors partaking of their dainties. Their supply seemed inexhaustible; one immense clothes-basket was filled with poultry, and when the feast was over, we rejoiced to see them gathering up the substantial as well as the luxuries, to send to the Hospital patients. We knew how acceptable they would be to some of the invalids, whose delicate appetites sometimes cause them to reject coarser food.

In the south-east corner of the hall, the Centennial Baby held her reception, and the "blessed little creature" kept wide awake almost all day, for the benefit of the City Hospital. We fear her nurse was too proud of exhibiting her, and overtaxed her nervous system, as she had but one nap, and her black little peepers were wide open, shining brightly on every visitor. She had a magnetic influence on all who saw her, and we believe she is patented by the City Hospital, as a promoter of laughter and a specific against dyspepsia. She was the tiniest specimen of humanity we have ever seen; she had a bright,

black eye, was a brunette rather than a blonde, with a peach-blow tint about her plump cheeks. Her nurse trotted her enough to shake the life out of her little body, and her active limbs, red mittens, and socks, were in constant motion. Everybody was so convulsed with laughter in her presence, and so full of inquiries about her history, that we could not hear her crowing and cooing, but she looked very good natured and did not once cry when we were near her. We must thank the little lady for contributing twenty dollars to our treasury.

The report of our Treasurer will be found in another column; the cash receipts indicate what place the City Hospital holds in the hearts of our citizens, and the tempting viands, offered by our fair sisters, show they have learned one way to the purses of the lords of creation. While Donation Day is thankfully remembered by those who seek means of providing for the sick, in the midst of us, we hope it will be joyfully remembered by those who partook of our good things and thus aided a noble charity.

We would return grateful thanks to the Editors and Proprietors of our city papers, and all who responded to the call of the Lady Managers, or in any way contributed to the success of the Festival.

We have endeavored to acknowledge every donation, but fear there may be some omissions or errors. If notified we will gladly correct such in our next paper.

Wanted.

A new clock for the Female Ward of the City Hospital. Our old time piece is no longer a faithful chronicler of the passing hours. The nurses tell us they can not rely upon it when giving medicine to the sick and they are obliged to go into other wards, sometimes disturbing patients, to learn the hour. Who will respond!

Our Evening Entertainment.

A well filled house greeted our enterainers, who, marshalled under the guidance of Mr. George B. Bartlett, won laurels for themselves and delighted the audience, while carrying out the following programme :

MOTHER GOOSE SOIREE,

Introducing Fairy Legends, Classic Statuary and the Mistletoe Bough.

PART FIRST.

Appearance of Mother Goose.

Mother Goose Scene.

Mistress Mary and her Garden.

Statuary—Classic Group.

Parsee Sun Worshipers Watching for Day-Break.

Little Nell and Grandfather.

Jack Spratt and Wife.

Curly Locks.

Rub-a-dub-dub.

PART SECOND.

Boat Scene—Drifting.

Statue—Centennial Group.

The Little Husband.

Sleeping Beauty Scene.

Bo-Peep.

Bobby Shafto, in Three Scenes.

Scene First—Return from Harvest. Rejection of Bobby Shafto. He goes to Sea.

Scene Second—News of the Shipwreck and supposed loss of Bobby Shafto.

Scene Third—Return of Bobby Shafto and Merry Making.

PART THIRD.

Boat Scene—Departed Dreams.

Statuary.—Historical Group.—Family Attacked by Indians.

Tom, the Piper's Son.

Mistletoe Bough in Four Scenes.

Scene First—The Minuet; the Bride, weary of Dancing, runs away to hide.

Scene Second—The Fatal Chest.

Scene Third—After a lapse of sixty years, the old man disturbs a party of children at play.

Scene Fourth—He finds what became of his lost love.

To Conclude with Mother Goose Reception.

The entertainment as a whole was worthy the source whence it originated, and was very enjoyable, the only cause of regret

being the short time necessarily allotted to each scene.

The statuary, in which Mr. Bartlett always excels, was very fine. We were particularly pleased with the grouping and attitudes in the last representation of the Historical Group, when the lifeless form of the daughter lay at the feet of her Indian murderer, and the agony of the mother indicated that her heart was breaking.

The warm coloring in the gorgeous Boat Scenes and in the Parsee Sun Worshipers contrasted finely with the cold tints of the statuary. The wee little ones, illustrating the songs of the spirited Mother Goose, added greatly to the charms of the evening. Mistress Mary, Little Nell, Curly Locks, the Little Husband, Bo Peep, and the Sleeping Beauty will long be remembered as pleasing pictures by all who saw them. Rub-a-dub-dub, Jack Spratt and Wife, and Tom, the Piper's Son, gave a touch of the humorous, and Bobby Shafto, of the pathetic.

Perhaps no representation was more acceptable than the illustration of Thomas Bayley's Mistletoe Bough, which was first sung by Miss Wells, in her inimitable style. The stately minuet in the first scene, the hiding of the lovely bride in the second, the advent of the decrepit old man amongst the merry group of children in the third scene, and his grief as depicted in the last, when past memories were awakened by the sight of the contents of the oaken chest, were all quite effective.

Schaich's band enlivened the intervals between the scenes.

December Hours at the Hospital.

Thanksgiving day has come and gone; Christmas and New Year's will soon be here; and as on these festive days, surrounded by our own kindred, we return thanks to Him who "setteth the solitary in families," should we not remember those lonely ones to whom these days speak of sundered ties and blighted hopes?

Thanksgiving at the Hospital found each patient separated from kith and kin, and the few who were specially remembered by kind friends were more grateful for favors than on other days. We hoped our country friends, in response to our call, would have sent in turkeys enough to give all our patients who were able to partake of it, an orthodox Thanksgiving dinner; but as but two turkeys were donated, chickens were purchased and a palatable meal was thus provided.

Our monthly visit was the day after Thanksgiving, December first, when Winter, in frosty terms, asserted his right to rule the realm, and most of the patients were glad to remain indoors.

We bent our steps to the Female Ward, and first visited our Scotch consumptive friend, who seemed more feeble than when last we saw her. We knew how to cheer her, and so turned her thoughts from her suffering present to her sunny past, when, in Dundee, she had listened to the earnest pleading of her pastor, Robert Murray McCheyne. Her eyes grew brighter, and a smile played over her features, as she pictured the saintly man ascending to his lofty pulpit with a sounding board above it, and a long flight of steps on either side; the one filled with little children through which he crowded his way, and the other appropriated to deaf parishioners, conspicuous among whom was an aged woman who was accustomed to listen with great attention to the stirring words of the youthful preacher, and with raised finger make gestures, enforcing the truths and applying them to members of the congregation.

On the other side of the Female Ward we have been accustomed to meet a weary sufferer, Mrs. H., afflicted with cancer.—Patiently has she borne her anguish, willing to linger and testify to the Lord's sustaining power, but ready joyfully to welcome a summons to her Heavenly Home. It came to her on the last Sabbath in No-

vember, and triumphantly she passed Death's portals.

Our German friends, Mrs. P. and Augusta, were comforting each other; the former still confined to her bed, and the other suffering from rheumatism. Near them was a stranger who with her sailor husband had visited many foreign lands, and was then recovering from an attack of quinsy.

In the other department of the Female Ward, Mrs. B., our helpless rheumatic patient, was ministering to the pleasure of her companions, by reading aloud from "Sunshine and Tempest," to a group of five who were collected around the register.


In the same room three patients were on their couches; the one convalescent, but two others suffering acutely, the one from abscess, and the other from a large carbuncle near the hip joint.

In another ward a cancer patient was fast nearing the dark river.

In the Male Surgical Ward a young man of nineteen, a new patient, was suffering from a severe wound on the hand, made by a machine. The surgeon hoped to save his hand.

Three colored men occupied cots near each other; the first was weakened by abscesses; the second, Mr. P., was a rheumatic patient, and the third was under treatment for cataract.

A group of four gathered round the register, among whom we recognized Mr. W., who has long been a sufferer from palsy.—He introduced us to two new patients, each of whom had been operated upon for cataract. A fourth patient had wounded his hand. Two cots were occupied by men who seemed to be quietly resting and we did not disturb them.

 Several articles of dress, left by their owners at Corinthian Hall, on Donation Day, will be found at No. 10 South Washington street.

Our New Porte Cochère.

The Managers of the Hospital have long desired some better protection for the sick, who, in inclement weather, were often subjected to exposure, in being taken from carriages into the City Hospital, but they felt unable to incur the expense of erecting a covered porte cochère. Kind friends aided them in accomplishing their desire, and the new porte cochère, at the main south entrance, is a great comfort to the invalids.

The following persons contributed to its erection :

| | |
|---|---------|
| Mr. Geo. W. Aldridge, for Services..... | \$30 00 |
| Messrs. A. Bronson & Co., Lumber..... | 14 00 |
| Hollister & Co., " | 12 00 |
| Craig & Crouch, " | 12 00 |
| A. Prentice & Son, " | 12 00 |
| Wm. B. Morse & Co., " | 12 00 |
| Cameron & Chase, " | 12 00 |
| Mr. John Siddons, putting on Tin Roof... .. | 24 00 |
| John L. Stewart, Painting. | 8 26 |
| Messrs. Pollock & Weaver, Box Tin..... | 7 80 |
| Mr. John H. Hill, " | 7 80 |
| Messrs. Hamilton & Matthews, Box Tin.. | 7 80 |
| Mr. H. H. Howard, Mason Work..... | 35 00 |
| John Creelman, Cartage..... | 2 00 |
| Messrs. Woodbury & Morse, Paint, | |
| Mr. Henry D. Blackwood, Painting. | |

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 7, 1876, of comminuted fracture of femur, Magdalena Bohr, aged 80 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 26, 1876, of cancer, Mrs. E. A. Haskins, aged 35 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 27, 1876, of railroad injury, John B. Mahony, aged 23 years.

Donations.

| |
|--|
| Mr. E. S. Hayward; Six bbls. Apples. |
| Mrs. Paige; Second Hand Clothing and old Cotton. |
| Dr. Dean; Two bbls. Apples. |
| Mr. S. D. Walbridge; Two bbls. Apples. |
| Mr. Sweet; One bbl. Apples. |
| Miss Lottie Jones; Quantity Jelly and Mince Pie. |
| Mrs. S. H. Terry; Two bbls. Apples. |
| Messrs. Alling & Cory; Three quires Wrapping Paper. |
| Mrs. E. R. Converse, Macedon Centre; Can of Plums, old Cotton. |

**Receipts for the Review,
To DECEMBER 1ST, 1876.**

| | |
|--|---------|
| Trotter & Stone, \$5; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, \$10, for advertisements—By Mrs. H. H. Morse..... | \$15 00 |
| Mrs. J. Consler, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Fenn, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Waite, 62 cents—By Mrs. C. Waite | 1 86 |
| Miss Elizabeth C. Adams, Quincy, Mass., 63 cents; Mrs. G. Brady, 63 cents; Mrs. J. W. Bissell, 62 cts.; Mrs. M. C. Mordoff, 62c; Mrs. Chas. F. Pond, 62 cts; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Wakelee, 62 cents—By Mrs. H. S. Terry | 4 36 |
| Mrs. Clark Johnston, \$1.86; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Oothout, 51 cents; Mrs. Edward Ray, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Smith, 65 cents; Mrs. E. K. Converse, Macedon Center, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. Churchill, Elmira, 50 cents; Mr. M. Gregory, Millville, 65 cents; Mrs. J. N. Sprague, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry R. Smith, Canton, Miss., \$1.00—By Mrs. Robert Mathews | 7 41 |

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|---|--------|
| 1876 Nov. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 57 | |
| Received during month, ... | 23— 80 |
| Discharged, | 26 |
| Died, | 3— 29 |
| Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1876, | 51 |

Receipts at Donation Festival,

HELD AT

CORINTHIAN HALL, DEC. 5, 1876.

Cash Donations.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Brockport | \$ 5 00 |
| Mr. H. Hedditch | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Edward Harris | 5 00 |
| Mr. J. H. Phelan | 1 00 |
| Mrs. M. C. Solomon | 2 00 |
| Mr. K. P. Shedd | 15 00 |
| Mr. Edward Brewster..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. B. W. Tone..... | 5 00 |
| Miss Carpenter..... | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Seth H. Terry | 2 00 |
| Mr. J. C. Hayden | 10 00 |
| Mrs. Alfred Bell..... | 10 00 |
| Mrs. Chester Dewey..... | 20 00 |
| Mr. J. S. Andrews | 25 25 |
| Mr. H. T. King..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. P. Nessel | 1 00 |
| Mr. A. Moseley..... | 10 00 |
| Mr. E. H. Satterlee | 5 00 |
| Mr. George Elwanger | 50 00 |
| Mrs. Isaac Butts | 25 00 |
| Mrs Carter Wilder | 25 00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Abelard Reynolds | 50 00 |
| Mr. W. J. Babcock, Brighton..... | 10 00 |
| Mr. Myer Greentree..... | 10 00 |
| Mr. E. S. Etenheimer..... | 3 00 |
| Mr. Freeman Clarke..... | 30 00 |

| | |
|---|----------|
| Mr. W. N. Sage | \$ 10 00 |
| Mr. E. O. Sage | 20 00 |
| Mrs. D. H. Little | 5 00 |
| Mr. Joseph Field | 50 00 |
| Mr. James Campbell | 10 00 |
| A Friend of Mr. Van Zandt, first Supt. } of the Hospital. | 50 00 |
| Cash. | 1 00 |
| Mrs. E. Loop | 5 00 |
| Mr. W. R. Loop | 6 00 |
| Mr. S. D. Walbridge | 20 00 |
| Dr. W. H. Dean | 10 00 |
| Mr. F. L. Durand | 5 00 |
| Mrs. H. Morse | 5 00 |
| Mr. Fredenburg | 5 00 |
| Messrs. Erickson, Jennings & Mumford. | 100 00 |
| Mrs. Edward Ray | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Dr. Anderson | 5 00 |
| Mr. John Adams | 5 00 |
| Hebrew Benevolent Society, by Mrs. } H. Garson and Mrs. A. Hays. | 10 00 |
| Mrs. E. Pancost | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Romanta Hart | 5 00 |
| Mr. Stettheimer | 5 00 |
| Mrs. J. Medbery | 10 00 |
| Mr. J. Beir | 5 00 |
| Mrs. S. B. Roby | 5 00 |
| Mr. D. A. Watson | 100 00 |
| Miss Dunlap | 15 00 |
| Mr. N. Osburn | 10 00 |
| Mr. J. Mogridge | 3 00 |
| A Friend | 50 |
| Mrs. H. S. Potter | 10 00 |
| Dr. Walters | 5 00 |
| Miss Stone | 3 00 |
| Mrs. J. C. Nash | 6 00 |
| Mr. John Glen | 2 00 |
| Mr. S. D. Porter | 10 00 |
| Cash | 1 75 |
| Cash | 4 00 |
| | \$865 25 |

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Mrs. Dr. Landsberg's Table | \$130 30 |
| Mrs. John Brewster's " | 83 89 |
| Mrs. W. C. Rowley's " | 82 00 |
| Mrs. F. S. Rew's " | 33 21 |
| Mrs. Edward Gould's " | 39 32 |
| Mrs. J. W. Stebbins' " | 140 00 |
| Mrs. W. L. Sage's " | 47 50 |
| Mrs. L. Chapin's " | 63 84 |
| Mrs. M. Cooke's Ice Cream Table. | 73 23 |

| | |
|---|-------|
| Masters Sam Wilder and Gilman Perkins' Grab-bag | 4 17 |
| Centennial Baby Show. | 19 22 |

Cash Receipts at the Tables for Fancy Articles.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Miss A. Mumford's Table. | \$224 75 |
| Mrs. George J. Whitney's Table. | 220 61 |
| Cash received for sale of Tickets for Evening Entertainment. | 580 50 |

RECAPITULATION.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Cash Donations, | \$ 865 25 |
| " from Tables, | 620 06 |
| " " Ice Cream Table, | 73 23 |
| " " Fancy Articles, | 445 36 |
| " " Grab bag, | 4 17 |
| " " Centennial Baby, | 19 22 |
| " " Tickets for Evening Entertainment, | 580 50 |
| | \$2,607 79 |
| Expenses, | 302 68 |
| | \$2,305 11 |

Donated Bills.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Union & Advertiser, | \$81 40 |
| Democrat & Chronicle, | 56 45 |
| Evening Express, | 22 80 |
| Mr. Ashley, for Oysters, | 3 00 |
| Sherlock & Sloan, | 5 50 |
| James Field, | 3 00 |
| Trotter & Stone, for Work. | |
| Prof. L. C. Schaich, for Musical Services at four Rehearsals. | |

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

DONATIONS to REFRESHMENT and FANCY TABLES.

The Receiving Table of Mrs. E. T. Smith, and Mrs. Barron Williams.

- Messrs. I. Ashley & Co.: Twelve gallons Oysters
 Mrs. Van Bergh: Turkey
 G. E. Mumford: Two Mince Pies
 E. Waite: Twelve heads Celery
 Freeman Clarke: Two Turkeys, 2 jars of Pickles
 M. Strong: Turkey, Biscuit, Potatoes
 Wm. H. Perkins: One loaf Cake
 N. T. Rochester: Cut Sugar
 H. McLean: Pie, Grapes,
 G. F. Danforth: Two Turkeys and Gravy
 Israel Smith: One Cherry Pie, 1 bottle Cat-sup, 1 bottle Pickles, 1 can Pickled Oysters, 6 bunches Celery

Mr. Galusha Phillips: Turkey
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker: Sugar.

The Table of Mrs. Dr. Landsberg, Mrs. L. Adler and Mrs. M. Brickner.

- Mrs. Shatz—Six Pies.
 M. Schwartz—Two Ducks.
 H. Schwartz—Four Pies.
 Sichel—Confectionery.
 I. Sloman—Two Cakes.
 N. Stein—One Pyramid.
 S. Stein—Cake.
 A. Stern—Cake.
 L. Stern—Cake.
 S. Stettheimer—Poultry and Pickles.
 E. Strauss—One ornamental Cake,
 Thalheimer—Three Chickens.
 Van Bergh—Orange Cakes.
 A. and J. Wile—Four Chickens.
 Eva Stern—Two Tongues.
 G. Hays—Wine Jelly.
 Dr. Landsberg—Five Dollars.
 I. Wile—One Turkey and Cranberry Sauce.

Mrs. J. Stettheimer—Chicken Salad.
 F. Wolff—Two Ducks.
 E. Wolff—One Turkey.
 E. Ettenheimer—Two Ducks.
 L. Ettenheimer—Two Chickens.
 Hochstetter—Six Pies.
 Kirstein—Fruit.
 N. Levi—One Turkey, half doz. Celery.
 Lighthill—One Dollar.
 M. Lowenthal—Three loaves Twist.
 S. Myers—One Cake.
 H. Michaels—Lobster Salad.
 J. Michaels—Biscuits
 M. Michaels—Two bottles Chow-chow
 H. Leiter—Charlotte Russe
 A. Mock—One Turkey
 E. Moerel—Oyster Crackers
 Dr. Hechinger—Four Pies,
 Moore—Fruit,
 L. Moore—Four doz. Biscuits,
 I. Rice—Two Chickens,
 S. Rice—Confectionery,
 H. Rice—Charlotte Russe.
 D. Rosenberg—Pickles and Salad.
 H. Rosenberg—Fruit,
 S. Rosenthal—Pickles and Jelly.
 J. Rosenthal—Six Chickens.
 S. Rosenblatt—Turkey and Celery,
 A. Adler—Lobster Salad.
 L. Adler—Five Dollars,
 Bachman—Charlotte Russe,
 J. Beir—Two bottles Olives,
 Benjamin—Chickens,
 Brickner—Two Dollars,
 Bronner—Oysters,
 Blum—Two dozen Oranges,
 J. Cauffman—Fruit,
 M. Cauffman—Fruit,
 Eichman—Loaf-sugar and 3 lbs. Figs,
 Fechenbach—Biscuits,
 Funkenstein—One Ornamental Cake,
 M. Garson—Charlotte Russe and Flowers.
 L. Garson—Two Ducks,
 M. Goodman—Two Ducks,
 Guggenheimer—Oysters,
 A. Hays—Fifty Cents,
 F. Hays—Chickens and Celery,
 M. Hays—Two Chickens,
 S. Hays and Mrs. Hirschfield—Oranges, Cat-
 sup and Pickles,
 Hermann—One Turkey,
 W. Miller—One Cake,
 Rosenfield—Two Ducks,
 H. Rosenberg—Two Dollars
 J. Myers—Four Chickens,
 Seligman—Fruit,
 Oberfelder—Two Ducks.

*The Table of Mrs. John Brewster, Mrs. Henry
 Morse, Mrs. James Hart, Mrs. Henry
 Smith and Mrs. Austin Brewster.*

Mrs. Fred Cook—Oysters and Crackers,
 • Henry B. Smith—One Mould of Lemon Jelly,
 Killip—Lemon Jelly,
 Babcock, (Brighton)—Two quarts of Cream
 and Apples,
 John Brewster—Walnut Cake, Pies, Chicken
 Pie, Pickles and Biscuit,
 Woodbury—One Loaf of White Cake,
 Henry F. Smith—Cocoanut Cake,

Mrs. James Whitney—Three quarts of Cream,
 Henry Morse—Flowers, Smilax and Grapes,
 James Backus—White Grapes,
 Wm. Perkins—Chicken Salad,
 Eugene Glenn—Parker House Rolls,
 Miss Mary Breck—Mince Pies,
 Messrs. Pfeiffer & Zimmer—Two Beef Tongues,
 Mrs. Austin Brewster—Loaf of Cake, 2 glasses of
 Jelly,
 Miss Martha Dunlap—Chicken Salad,
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Mince Pie, Biscuit, Bread,
 Charles Morse—Two dishes Wine Jelly,
 S. D. Porter—Two Mince Pies, [Biscuit,
 Charles Pond—Three Charlotte Russe and
 Killip—Turkey,
 Miss Jennie Morgan—Two Apple Pies, loaf Al-
 mond Cake,
 Mrs. Ruth Quinby—Veal Omelettes, loaf Cake,
 I. Butts—Grapes,
 A. S. Mann—Hams,
 H. N. Peck—Hot Indian Bread,
 Wm. H. Perkins—Hot Mashed Potatoes,
 Turkey,
 Dr. Mathews—Black Bean Soup.

*The Table of Mrs. W. C. Rowley, Mrs. T. C.
 Montgomery, Mrs. E. Holmes and
 Mrs. H. Anstice.*

Mrs. Humphrey—Chocolate Custard,
 Miss Eastman—One loaf Cake,
 Mrs. Erickson—Turkey, Flowers, Pickles, Jelly,
 Miss Wild—Oranges and Malaga Grapes,
 Mrs. Rowley—Pickled Lobsters, Cream Pies,
 George Buell—Mince Pies,
 Edgar Holmes—Duck and Cranberries,
 Ja's Brackett—Charlotte Russe, Fancy Cake,
 Francis Gorton—Chicken Salad, Cream Pies,
 N. Northrop—Doughnuts,
 E. D. Smith—Grapes,
 T. C. Montgomery—Saratoga Potatoes, Ap-
 ples, Rolls, Pickles,
 Henry Anstice—Rolls, Pumpkin Pies,
 Roswell Hart—Bread,
 George E. Mumford—Turkey, Potato.
 Henry Montgomery—Pitcher Cream,
 Miss Sarah Frost—Sponge Cake,
 Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Chicken Pie,
 E. Williams—Chicken Pie,
 Dr. Mathews—Turkey, Cranberry, Plum
 Pudding,
 Gilman Perkins—Plum Pudding, Cranberry,
 M. F. Reynolds—Pound Cake,
 E. S. Smith—Turkey,
 Mr. E. Frost—Flowers.

The Table of Mrs. F. S. Rew and Mrs. J. H. Hill.

Mrs. W. G. Watson—Chicken Salad, Cranberry,
 Charlotte Russe
 I. Butts—Celery, Grapes
 Mr. Alfred Reynolds—Nuts, Oranges, Apples,
 H. W. Boddy—Raisins, Figs
 Mrs. E. H. Hollister—Turkey
 W. Gibbons—Cake, Pickles
 John Manderville—Biscuit
 C. H. Pomeroy—Cake
 Wm. S. Little—Turkey
 Storrs Hayward—Chicken Salad
 James Ellis and Mrs. David Copeland—Pies
 J. G. Luitwieler—Tongues
 G. P. Draper—Cake

Miss E. Hayward---Biscuit
 Mrs. H. B. Haseltine---Cake
 W. F. Cogswell---Pies, Cake
 F. S. Rew---Cream, Jelly, Pickles
 J. Gilmore---Jelly, Cranberry
 Miss Adella Billings---Lemon Jelly
 Mr. C. C. Beaman---Cream
 Mrs. E. Bottom---Pears
 Edward Harris---Grapes, Oranges
 S. A. Lattimore---Salad
 I. Smith---Celery, Pie
 Mr. Martin DeMallie---Grapes
 Mrs. J. H. Hill---Pickled Oysters, Saratoga Potatoes, Tomatoes.

The Table of Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. A. M. Bennett, Mrs. J. W. Canfield and Mrs. Charles Chapin.

Mrs. George Jennings: Two Pies
 J. W. Canfield: Chicken Salad, Cake, Cranberry
 Mr. Schleyer: One Duck
 Miss Backus: Oranges
 Mrs. E. P. Gould: Wine Jelly and Rolls
 Freeman Clarke: Lady Apples
 Miss Lizzie R. Gould: Oranges
 Mrs. Charles Chapin: Olives, Oyster Pies, Biscuits and Pickles
 Mr. James Backus: Oranges
 Mrs. A. M. Bennett: Chicken Salad
 Bromley: One Salad, 1 Charlotte Russe
 Cutler: Pickles
 Ayrault: Four dishes Russian Cream
 E. M. Moore: Eight lbs. White Grapes
 Lorenzo Kelly: Grapes, quantity of Jelly, Pickles
 Miss S. Frost: Flowers
 Mrs. Harvey Brown: Basket of White Grapes
 I. Butts: Box of Grapes
 Ross Lewin: Three Lemon Pies, Pickled Oysters
 W. W. Ely: Chicken Pie
 Wm. Mudgett: Two loaves of Cake
 Wm. Seward: Scalloped Oysters
 Dewey Walbridge: One Turkey
 John T. Fox: Pickled Oysters, Jelly, Lobster Salad, Saratoga Potatoes
 Miss Libbie Nichols: Molasses Candy
 Mr. L. C. Spencer: Oysters
 Dwight Palmer: Lobsters.

The Table of Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. Curtis Clarke, Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. J. B. Ward, and Mrs. DeWitt Clarke

Mrs. Freeman Clarke---Wine Jelly, Oranges, Apples, Grapes,
 Anson D. Smith---Turkey, Biscuit, Scalloped Oysters,
 Mrs. L. A. Ward---Chicken Pie,
 J. E. Hayden---Ham,
 Henry B. Selden---Turkey,
 Asa Saxe---Scalloped Oysters, Biscuit,
 C. C. Merriman---Cocoanut and Chocolate Cake,
 Samuel Wilder---Roast Beef, Biscuit, Cake, Grapes, Oranges,
 Isaac Butts---Six Boxes Grapes, Flowers, Biscuit,

Miss Clara Wilder---Chicken Salad,
 Mrs. A. Carter Wilder---Washington Pies, Hot Mashed Potatoes, Biscuit,
 Babcock, (Brighton)---One large can Cream, Apples,
 Miss Libbie Atkinson---Chicken Salad,
 Mrs. Fred Allen---Lemon Pies,
 J. B. Ward---Charlotte Russe,
 S. M. Spencer---Oranges, Grapes, [Catsup, Thomas Leighton---Oranges, Biscuit, Celery,
 J. W. Stebbins---Saratoga Potatoes,
 E. Osborn---Grapes,
 J. Moreau Smith---Pair Ducks, 2 bowls Jelly,
 Miss Ida Bower---Turkey,
 Mrs. Ripsom---Cranberry, Pickles,
 G. W. Rawson---Two bowls Lemon Jelly,
 M. K. Woodbury---Parker House Rolls,
 D. W. Powers---Chocolate Cake, Flowers,
 John Craig---Large Chicken Pie,
 A. F. Bell---Turkey, 2 dishes Cranberry,
 Dr. Whitbeck---Pair Ducks,
 A. S. Mann---Turkey, Cranberry Sauce,
 DeWitt Clarke---Lobster Salad,
 Matt. Cook---Cream,
 H. Hooker---Cream,
 Isaac Hills---One Can Plums,
 Miss Dunlap---Three Bottles Pickled Oysters,
 Mrs. Lowery---Turkey,
 John Rochester---Cake,
 Curtis Clarke---Charlotte Russe, Turkey,
 J. T. Stewart---\$5 00 to supply table deficiencies,
 Flemming---Large Mould Charlotte Russe,
 Mr. Harvey Brown---Basket Malaga Grapes,
 Davenport & Hale---Two bottles Olives, Pickles, Celery,
 Peter Schleyer---Large Turkey,
 Osburn House---Chicken Salad,
 Isaac Teal---Three dishes Charlotte Russe and the use of large Center Piece.

The Table of Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage, Mrs. George D. Hale, Mrs. Frank Bishop, Mrs. Adelbert Mudge, Mrs. John Sage, Mrs. Cyrus Paine, Mrs. Will Mills, Mrs. Sunderlin, Miss O. Howard, Miss E. Satterlee.

Mrs. Satterlee---Pudding, Biscuit, Jelly,
 Judson---Cocoanut Pies,
 Pomeroy---Turkey, Vegetables,
 Cyrus Paine---Mince Pies,
 Frank Bishop---Chicken Salad, Apples,
 Nelson Sage---Cake,
 Adelbert Mudge---Apple Pies, Pickles,
 E. O. Sage---Charlotte Russe,
 Wm. N. Sage---1 gal. Sweet Cream, Cranberry Jelly, Brown Bread,
 W. W. Carr---Plum Pudding,
 John Sage---Saratoga Potatoes, Pickles,
 A. G. Mudge---Scalloped Oysters, Pies,
 Mrs. Edwin Pancost---Mince Pies, Scalloped Oysters,
 Will Mills---Graham Bread and Biscuit,
 L. Sunderlin---Graham Bread and Biscuit,
 Geo. D. Hale---Squash Pies,
 H. N. Peck---Charlotte Russe,
 J. O. Pettengill---Lemon Pies,
 Mr. E. Frost---Flowers and Vines,
 I. Teal---The use of Center Piece for table,
 Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage---Oranges, Grapes, Figs, Raisins.

The Table of Mrs. Louis Chapin, Mrs. Carrie West, Mrs. D. T. Hunt, Mrs. A. Lindsey, Mrs. E. Dwight Chapin, Mrs. H. S. Mackie.

Mrs. Dr. Shaw—Two Cream Pies,
Woodworth—Two moulds Wine Jelly,
Chicken Salad,
Louis Chapin—Two Loaves Cake, Biscuit,
Pickles, [Cake,
E. Dwight Chapin—Box of Flowers, loaf of
H. C. Brewster—Basket of Apples and
Oranges, box of Grapes,
Henry Lampert—Two Pies,
A. V. Smith—Three tumblers of Jelly,
L. M. Newton—Salad,
Bromley—One Platter Chicken Salad,
Wm. W. Chapin—Turkey.
Whitcomb—Two moulds Butter,
D. T. Hunt—Two Pies. 1 loaf Cake,
Alfred Bell—Turkey, Cranberry,
Schaffer—Three dishes Wine Jelly, basket
Fruit,
E. Webster—Pail Hot Mashed Potatoe, Pie,
Prentice—Two dishes Charlotte Russe,
Storms—Cranberry,
D. Upton—Chicken Pie,
A. Lindsey—Turkey,
McKindley—Two Pies, dish of Pork and
Beans,
Briggs—Scalloped Oysters,
Mackie—Chicken Pie,
Wm. H. Gorsline—Scalloped Oysters,
L. A. Pratt—Celery,
Miss McBride—Two loaves Brown Bread,
Mrs. T. A. Newton—Charlotte Russe.

Ice Cream Table of Mrs. M. W. Cooke and Miss Louise J. Alling.

Mrs. Hiram Hoyt—Almond Cake
Wm. S. Osgood—Cake
Miss Booth—Cake
Mrs. Charles Smith—Three loaves Cake
Cooke—Cake
Avery—Cake
George H. Mumford—Two loaves Cake
George S. Whitney—Cake
Samuel Wilder—Cake.
Harvey Brown—Thirty lbs. Sugar
Mr. Lovejoy—Candy Ornament
Culhane—Cornucopias
Alling & Cory—Boxes and Paper
Mrs. Charles Angel—Boxes
Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, Mrs. W. Alling, Mrs. Cutler, Miss Hooker and Miss Alling—Cash

The Fancy Table of Miss A. Mumford, Mrs. Angel, Mrs. Samuel Porter, Miss Sallie Hall, Mrs. G. C. Buell, Miss Buell and Miss Whittlesey.

Miss Dunlap—Large Doll,
Mrs. Wm. S. Little—Two Nightingales,
Messrs. Hawley & Meyers—Paper and Tags,
Mr. James Field—Twine,
Messrs. Burke, Fitz-Simons, Hone & Co.—Boxes
and Flannel,
Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Six sets Reins,
Curry—Two pairs Mittens,
Samuel Porter—Bracket, Mittens, Crocheted
Slippers, [Bands,
G. E. Mumford—Six Aprons, 2 Infant
Cozzens—Three Infant Bands,
Misses Amelia and Julia Cozzens—Two Wash
C oths, Picture Case, 2 Match Scrapers.

Mrs. T. Chester—Rug, 3 yards Crocheted Trimming,
Miss Frost—Mittens,
Mrs. Charles Bissell—Two Scrap Bags, 2 Fancy
Hats,
N. T. Rochester—Hood, Fancy Pocket, Tidy,
2 Dolls' Afghans,
Pamela Frost—Infant Socks,
Miss Mumford—Five pairs Infant Socks, Table
Mats, 2 Hoods, 2 pairs Mittens,
A Friend—Four Dolls' Hoods,
Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Six Dolls' Hoods,
Miss Fanny Bristol—Infant's Hood,
Mrs. C. F. Pond—Toilet Set,
Miss Mattie Porter—Toilet Set,
Mrs. J. H. Gregory—Mittens,
Miss Gregory—Two sets Rattles,
Mrs. Wynans—Oil Painting,
Mr. Woodward—Picture Frame,
Miss Carrie Hooker—Baby's Afghan,
Mrs. Chester Dewey—Two Hoods,
J. H. Brewster—Baby's Afghan,
W. H. Perkins—Two Infant Shirts, 38 Nuts,
5 Quaker Pin Cushions,
Miss Perkins—Hood,
Mrs. Cutler—Tidy,
Osgoodby—Two Easels,
Miss Jennie Brittenstool—Fancy Basket,
Louise Hooker—Ball,
Helen Hooker—Handkerchief Case, Cornucopia.
May Hooker—Two Cornucopias,
Mrs. J. O. Hall—Mittens, 1 pair Mats,
Miss Nannie Williams—Four Sachets,
Lillie Williams—Four Dolls' Sacks,
Mrs. E. T. Smith—Dolls' Hood, 2 Coifures, 8
Table Mops.
Rice—Worsted Slippers,
Miss Rice—Head Dress,
Mrs. Theodore Bacon—Three Lady Dufferin Caps,
Chamberlin—Knit Skirt,
Miss Carrie Brewster—Three Napkin Straps,
Mrs. Torkinton—Red Riding Hood,
Miss Fanny Alling—Two pairs Mittens, Dressing
Doll,
Mrs. D. T. Hunt—Two Card Receivers,
Israel Smith—Hair Receiver,
Clinton Rogers—Two Painted Picture Mats,
Mr. William H. Higbie—One large box Wax
Tapers, 3 doz. small boxes Wax Tapers,
box of Marsh Mallows, box of Bon-bons,
Ruth Hart—Two Court Plaster Cases,
Pagie Ward—Two Dolls' Sacks, 1 Court
Plaster Case,
Mrs. Eugene Glenn—Worked Chair Cover,
E. W. Osburn—Toilet Set,
Atwater—Hood,
Miss Mollie Ward—Fancy Basket,
Mrs. Henry Stearns—Two Crocheted Baskets,
L. A. Ward—Fancy Table, Paper Rack,
Quinby—Six Tarlatan Caps,
Miss Minnie Clarke—Footstool,
Mr. E. B. Parsons—\$5 00,
Miss Whittlesey—Dressing 5 Dolls,
Mrs. Charles Wild—Baby Afghan,
Miss Laura Wild—Two Tidies,
Nellie Wild—Three pairs Infant Socks,
Anna Wild—Pair Polish Boots, Scissor Chatelain, Toilet Slippers,
Tuttle—Mittens,

Miss Brackett--Four Hairpin Cushions, Williams--Two Match Receivers, Alice Ives--Porcupine Pincushion, Hattie Farrar--Baskets, Sallie Hall--Pincushion and Mats, Mrs. Geo. Selden--Two Taper Holders, A. D. Smith--Six Table-bibs, Necktie and Handkerchief, Collier--Four pairs Ladies' Mittens, C. H. Angel--Two Fancy Cologne Bottles, Cloud, Miss Blossom Buell--Flour Lamp Shades, 2 Wall Baskets, 10 Pausy Pincushions, Mrs. E. N. Buell--Hood, L. D. Ely--Four pairs Mittens, Miss Ely--Child's Hood, Mrs. T. Bates--Hassock, G. C. Buell--Socks, Traveling Case, Breakfast Sack, S. D. Walbridge--Mittens, M. E. Phelan--Six Dolls' Hats, pair Earrings, Powder Box, Willing Workers of Brighton--Four Bed Comforters, Loan of Racks from Miss Backus, Miss McDowell and Miss Cauley.

The Flower and Fancy Table of Mrs. George J. Whitney.

Mrs. Clara Amsden--One Toilet Cushion, C. D. Fiske--One Embroidered Skirt, Geo. W. Smith--Two Embroidered Aprons, Arthur D. Fiske--Shaving Case, Charles Atwater--One pair Mittens, 2 Fascinators, G. F. Danforth--Two Match Safes, A Friend--Valenciennes Cushion, Fascinator, Mrs. Wm. H. Ward--Crocheted Slippers, J. B. Ward--Making Sacque, S. G. Andrews--Making Silk Quilt, Miss C. Jeffrey--Painting Shaving Case, Mrs. J. H. Martindale--Two pairs Mittens, A. T. Lee--Two Scarfs, 1 Snow Flake, Quinby--Shadow Pictures, Geo. J. Whitney--Toilet Table and other articles, Miss L. E. Whitney--Banner Frames, Needle Books, &c., Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry--Basket of Flowers, Mr. H. E. Hooker, Miss Bessie Elwood, Messrs. Frost & Co., and H. N. Peck--Flowers.

Miscellaneous Donations.

Messrs. Anthony Bros.: One-half bbl. crackers
Mr. Chas. F. Pond: One bbl. Flour
E. K. Warren: One-half bbl. Ale, value \$5 00
Mrs. J. O. Hall: One Quilt, and Reading Matter
Israel Smith: One Tripod, 1 bundle Old Linen, 6 papers Corn Starch
H. Hurlbert: One-half bush. Apples, 5 lbs. Prunes, 5 lbs. Rice.

RECEIPTS FOR THE REVIEW AT THE THANKSGIVING PARTY.

Dec. 5th, 1876.

Mrs. William Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred. D. Alling, 62 cents; Dr. M. B. Anderson, 62c; Mrs N. Aurault, 62c; Mrs J. W. Adams, 62c; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62c; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62c. Mrs. J. H.

Brewster, 62c; Miss H. H. Backus, 62c; Mrs Ja's Brackett, 62c; Colonel C. R. Babbitt, 62c; Mrs M. B. Breck, 62c; W. F. Balton 62c; D. S. Benjamin 62c; Mrs D. W. Bush 62c; Mrs H. Austin Brewster 62c; Mrs J. M. Backus 62c; Mrs C. H. Chapin, 62c; Mrs Oscar Craig \$1.25; Mrs. Wm. Churchill 62c; John Craighead 62c; Mrs F. Clarke 62c; W. H. Cunings \$1; Mrs M.W. Cook 62c; Mrs Fred Cook 62c; Mrs G. F. Danforth, 75c; Mrs D. M. Dewey 62c; Miss M. Dunlap \$1.25; Mrs Chester Dewey 62c; Mr. F. L. Durand 62c; Mr. E. Darrow 62c; Mrs. J. A. Eastman 62c; Mrs L. D. Ely 62c; Miss Sarah Frost 62c; Mr. Myer Greentree \$1; Mrs F. Gorton 63c; Mrs E. Griffin 62c; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cts; Mrs E. S. Haywood 62c; Mrs N. Hayward 62c; Mrs. D. T. Hunt 62c; Mrs W. L. Halsey 62c; Mr M. Kauffman 62c; Mrs H. B. Knapp 62c; Mrs A. M. Lindsay \$2; Mrs. Tho's Leighton 62c; Mrs A. B. Lamberton 62c; Mrs T. C. Montgomery 62cts; Mrs J. Medbery \$2.50; Mrs Jane McDonald \$1.24; Mrs. C. C. Morse \$1.24; Mrs Ulrich Meyer \$1.24; Mrs W. H. Mathews \$1.24; Miss Florie Montgomery \$1; Mrs Will Mills 62 cts; Mrs T. A. Newton 62c; Mrs. P. Nessel 62c; Miss H. Oothout 62c; Mrs E. W. Osburn 62c; Mrs C. H. Pomeroy 62 cts; Mrs H. N. Peck 62cts; Mrs E. Pancost 60c; Mrs S. Porter 62c; Mrs J. L. Pixley \$1.24; Mrs G. W. Pratt 62c; Mrs N. T. Rochester 63cts; Mrs S. B. Roby 62c; Mrs. Geo. E. Ripsom 62c; Mrs W. C. Rowley 62c; Mrs Geo. Raines 62cts; Mrs S. Rosenblatt, 62c; Mrs H. C. Roberts, 62cts; Mrs Clinton Rogers, 62cts; Mrs F. Ritter 53c; Mrs H. F. Smith 62c; Mrs W. N. Sage 62c; Mrs W. C. Storrs \$1; Mrs. S. Sloan 62c; Mrs J. Shatz 62c; Miss Edna Smith \$1.25; H. D. Scrantom 62c. Mrs. T. D. Snyder 62c; Mrs N. Tamblingson \$1.24; Mrs E. L. Tompkins 62 cts.; Mrs. George Underhill, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward 62 cts.; Mrs B. Wing, 62c; Mrs. C. G. Wetmore 62cts; A Friend, 50c; Mr. George Goss, Pittsford 50c; Mrs J. E. Edmundson, New Market, Ont. 50c; Mrs J. D. F. Sico, Elmira \$1; Mrs D. Underhill, Buffalo, \$1; Mr D. McNaughton, Mumford \$1 \$69 70

Correspondence.

The following pleasant note was accompanied by a most acceptable and substantial remembrance :

Rochester, Dec. 5, 1876.

To the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital :

I regret that business calls me from the city to-day, so that I am prevented responding to the kind invitation by

the Lady Managers of your noble society, of dining at Corinthian Hall this day.

Therefore, please accept my prayers, in behalf of the sick and afflicted inmates of that most beneficent institution under your care, the City Hospital.

A. MOSELY.

New Publications.

"THE BARTON EXPERIMENT:" by the author of "Helen's Babies:" published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: for sale by Scrantom & Wetmore, 12 State street.

A book for the times, indicating how those who are already in bondage to strong drink, or are in danger of falling into its snares, may be rescued by the timely, personal efforts of neighbors who illustrate the golden rule. The power of money as a lever to raise the fallen is finely enforced, and the temperance reformer is taught that reformation must *begin* at home, with the temperate, if it does not *end* there.

"MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS: Practical studies for the Conservation of the Health of Girls:" by Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A. M. M. D., author of "Maternity:" President of the Board of Health, Washington, D. C.: published by J. B. Ford, New York: for sale by E. Darrow.

A work full of practical hints to mothers how to train and strengthen their daughters into healthy womanhood. The wonderfully organized body, with its functions, capabilities, and diseases, is delicately described, and the reefs and quicksands on which many a girl has been wrecked are carefully pointed out. The book is particularly adapted to the needs of American mothers, whose daughters are now degenerating in their physical development, and they will do well to heed its suggestions and profit by its timely admonitions.

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.

Scribner's Monthly.

AN UNRIVALED ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

When Scribner issued its famous Midsummer Holiday number in July, a friendly critic said of it, "We are not sure but that Scribner has touched high-water mark. We do not see what worlds are left to it to conquer." But the publishers do not consider that they have reached the *ultima thule* of excellence—they believe "there are other worlds to conquer, and they propose to conquer them."

The prospectus for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated), by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of

"FOREIGN TRAVEL,"

we have 'A Winter on the Nile,' by Gen. McClellan; "Saunterings About Constantinople," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by Eugene Schuyler; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced:

"NICHOLAS MINTURN,"

By Dr. Holland, the Editor; "His Inheritance," by Miss Trafton, which will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. Herrick, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens, papers on

"HOME LIFE AND TRAVEL."

Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists.

Mr. Barnard will have articles on various industries of Great Britain.

A richly illustrated series will be given on "American Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and each on a different theme. The subject of

"HOUSEHOLD AND HOME DECORATION"

Will have a prominent place.

The editorial department will continue to employ the ablest pens both at home and abroad.—There will be a series of letters on literary matters, from London, by Mr. Welford.

We mean to make the magazine sweeter and purer, higher and nobler, more genial and generous in all its utterances and influences, and a more welcome visitor than ever before in homes of refinement and culture.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$4.

Scribner for December, now ready, and which contains the opening chapters of "Nicholas Minturn," will be read with eager curiosity and interest. The three numbers of Scribner for August, September, and October, containing the opening chapters of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will be given to every new subscriber (who requests it), and whose subscription begins with the present volume, *i. e.*, with the November number.

Subscription price, \$4 a year—35 cents a number. Special terms on bound volumes. Subscribe with the nearest bookseller, or send a check or P. O. money order to SCRIBNER & Co. 743 Broadway, N. Y.

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"HIS OWN MASTER,"

By J. T. Trowbridge, author of the "Jack Hazard Stories," begins in the Christmas Holiday Number.

Besides serial stories, Christmas Stories, lively sketches, poems and pictures for the holidays, and some astonishing illustrations of Oriental sports, with drawings by Siamese artists, the Christmas Holiday Number of St. Nicholas, superbly illustrated, contains a very interesting paper,

"THE BOYS OF MY BOYHOOD,"

By William Cullen Bryant; "The Horse Hotel," a lively article, by Charles A. Barnard, splendidly illustrated; "The Clock in the Sky," by Richard A. Proctor; "A Christmas Play for Homes or Sunday-schools," by Dr. Eggleston; the Peterkins' Christmas Tree," by Lucretia P. Hale; Poetry and Carols of Winter," by Lucy Larcom, with pictures.

DO NOT FAIL TO BUY ST. NICHOLAS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS—Price, 25 Cents.

During the year there will be interesting papers for boys, by William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Thomas Hughes, William Howitt, Dr. Holland, George MacDonald, Sanford B. Hunt, Frank R. Stockton, and others.

There will be stories, sketches, and poems, of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Coolidge, Sarah Winter Kellogg, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, Lucretia P. Hall, Celia Thaxter, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others. There will be also

"TWELVE SKY PICTURES."

By Professor Proctor, the Astronomer, with maps, showing "The Stars of Each Month," which will

be likely to surpass in interest any series on popular science recently given to the public.

Amusement and instruction, with fun and frolic, and wit and wisdom, will be mingled as heretofore, and St. Nicholas will continue to delight the young and give pleasure to the old.

The London Literary World says; "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press. All the articles, whether in prose or rhyme, are throbbing with vitality. * * * The literature and artistic illustrations are both superb."

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To meet the demand for a cheaper St. Nicholas Gift-Book, the price of vols. I. and II. has been reduced to \$3 each. The three volumes, in an elegant library case, are sold for \$10 (in full gilt, \$15), so that all may give their children a complete set. These volumes contain more attractive material than fifty dollars' worth of the ordinary children's books.

Subscription price, \$3 a year. The three bound volumes and a subscription for this year, only \$12. Subscribe with the nearest newsdealer, or send money in check, or P. O. money order, or in registered letter, to SCRIBNER & Co. 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Notice.

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

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ROOMS 32 & 33.

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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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ISAAC HILLS,..... Vice-President,
EDWARD R. HAMMATT,.... Sec'y and Treas.
CHAS. L. FREDENBURG,.... Assistant Sec'y.

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Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

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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.

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Summer Silks,

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

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KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

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

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

my'73 100 & 102 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,
Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

TRUNKS, HARNESS,

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A. V. SMITH'S.

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Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail,

CONE & KENDALL,

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20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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Fresh Meats, Poultry

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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. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1877. No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, " 50 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

Letting the Old Cat Die.

Not long ago I wandered near
A playground in the wood,
And there heard words from a youngster's
lips
That I never quite understood.

" Now, let the old cat die," he laughed ;
I saw him give a push,
Then gravely scamper away as he spied
My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending boughs
That bordered the place about.

" The little villian has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone," I said,
" But I'll play the mischief with him."

I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek,

And what did I find but a swinging child,
With her bright hair brushing her cheek.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her little red dress flashed by,
But the loveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth,
With the rosy light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,
And the forest her native place.

" Steady ! I'll send you up, my child,'
But she stopped me with a cry :
" Go 'way ! go 'way ! don't touch me, please,
I'm letting the old cat die !"

" You letting him die ?" I cried, aghast—
" Why, where's the cat, my dear ?"
And lo ! the laughter that filled the woods
Was the thing for the birds to hear.

" Why, don't you know," said the little maid
The fitting, beautiful elf,
" That we call it ' letting the old cat die,'
When the swing stops all of itself ?"

Then swinging and swinging, and looking
back,
With the merriest look in her eye,
She bade me " Good-day," and I left her alone,
A-letting the old cat die.

[Record of the Year.]

Pride is the great enemy, self-seeking
the worst employment, and a haughty
spirit the forerunner of a fall.

The more humility, the more comfort :
and the more will you live to the Lord's
glory.

For the Hospital Review.

A True Heroine.

Miss Rankin, in the second edition of her "Twenty Years Among the Mexicans," gives a very thrilling sketch of events that transpired in Monterey, during the revolution of 1871, when, after a battle fought six miles from the city, the generals fled, and the soldiers rushed into Monterey, to rob and murder.

Miss Rankin was at this time residing in Monterey. Two Mexican boys were inmates of her family, but as they were hardly old enough to defend her, a Mexican friend, Mr. Ayala, came to act as her protector.

Many of the Mexican houses, built of stone, with thick walls, and with doors and windows protected by iron bars, are almost as secure as forts. Miss Rankin's door was not thus strengthened, and she was therefore not well prepared to meet the attack of drunken, desperate soldiers, and her situation was a perilous one, when seven or eight of these rode up to her house and commenced pounding upon the door, with great violence. Others came to her window, demanding "money or life." Thinking Mr. Ayala, being a Mexican, could better conciliate the excited soldiers than she could, she retired to a back room. Soon he came to her greatly terrified, crying: "They will kill me if I remain!" She bade him take care of himself, and hardly had he scaled the walls at the rear of the house, before the Mexican boys rushed to her, begging her to come to their help, as the door was already broken. She was equal to the emergency.

She hastened to appease the desperadoes with the best refreshments her house afforded. She took them to the window, faced these excited soldiers, saw a man whom they had shot lying dead on the pavement before her, and passing out her food, between the bars of the window, said: "I am alone and unprotected; you will not harm a helpless lady?"

They eagerly seized her food, asked for brandy, and as she had none they demanded water. She brought a pitcher of water and pouring it out in a cup attempted to give it to them. The window bars were too narrow to permit the cup to go through. She feared they would then order her to open the door, and in case of her refusal shoot her. To her amazement, one soldier said pleasantly, "Never mind, we will hold our mouths up to the bars, and you may pour water from the pitcher." She writes, "It was quite a novel mode of waiting upon guests, yet I think I never enjoyed greater satisfaction in any manner of entertainment which I had ever before adopted. They became quite amused over the performance, and inquiring if General Trevino's house was on the other side of the street, they departed. I heard them break into the house; shooting the man who was left in charge."

We do not know when we have read a book more full of thrilling incident than Miss Rankin's "Twenty Years Among the Mexicans," and we feel proud of our noble countrywoman, whose faith and perseverance have accomplished so much for Mexico.

Miss Rankin's book is for sale by a friend, at No. 5 Caledonia Avenue, and can also be found at the Tract Depository, State street.

It seems more like a romance than a history and well repays a perusal.

H. S. T.

Letter from John Ruskin to Young Girls.

Every reader of the best English literature of the day knows the books of John Ruskin, the famous writer on art. He is full of whims and crotchets, but writes often with a marvellous eloquence. Not long since he received a letter from a little girl, making inquiry about the rules of a society which was formed with the object of promoting religion and charity, to which he replies in the following vigorous style:

The first order is always, in whatever you do, endeavor to please Christ (and He

is quite easily pleased if you try); but in attempting this, you will instantly find yourself likely to displease many of your friends or relations; hence the second order is, that in whatever you do, you consider what is kind and dutiful to *them* also; and that you hold it for a sure rule, that no manner of disobedience to your parents, or of disrespect or presumption towards your friends, can be pleasing to God. You must, therefore, be doubly submissive: first, in your own will and purpose to the law of Christ; then in the carrying out of your purpose to the pleasure and orders of the persons whom He has given you for superiors. And you are not to submit to them sullenly, but joyfully and heartily, keeping nevertheless your own purpose clear, so soon as it becomes proper for you to carry it out.

Under these conditions, here are a few orders to begin with:

1st. Keep absolute calm of temper under all circumstances, receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is like to provoke you, thank Him for it the more: as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember it does not in the least matter what happens to you, whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The *one* thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy, and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

2d. Say to yourselves every morning, just after your prayers, "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be My disciple." That is exactly and completely true, meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ, to take care of for you. Then if He doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything; and if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not, indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets; but you may, perhaps, break your favorite teacup or lose your favorite thimble, and might be vexed about it.

3d. What, after this surrender, you find entrusted to you, take extreme care of, and

make as useful as possible. The greater part of all they have is usually given to grown-up people by Christ, merely that they may give it away again; but school-girls, for the most part, are likely to have little more than what is needed for themselves, of which, whether books, dresses, or pretty room-furniture, you are to take extreme care, looking on yourself indeed, practically, as a little housemaid set to keep Christ's books and room in order, and not as yourself the mistress of anything.

4th. Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you; but in bright colors (if they become you), and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it,) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable; and if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking-dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common-sense, and even in the personal delicacy, of the present race of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers.

5th. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let this good dressmaker be a poor person living in the country, not a rich person living in a large house in London.

6th. Devote a part of every day to thorough needlework, in making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people, who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing, what is modestly right and graceful, and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see that you never try to dress above yours, they will not try to dress above theirs. Read the little scene between Miss Somers and Simple Susan, in the draper's shop, in Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant;" and, by the way, if you have not that book, let it be the next birthday present you ask papa or uncle for.

7th. Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it—the slightest word, wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh. Play actively and gaily, and cherish, without straining, the natural powers of jest in others and yourself, remembering all the while that your hand is every instant on the helm of the ship of your life, and that the Master, on the far shore of Araby the blest, looks for its sail on the horizon—to its hour.

I told you at first that you would have great difficulty in getting leave from English society to obey Christ.

Now that it is "considered improper" by the world that you should do anything for Christ, is entirely true, and always true; and therefore it was that your god-fathers and godmothers, in your name, renounced the "vain pomp and glory of the world," with all covetous desires of the same. But I much doubt if, either privately or from the pulpit of your doubtless charming church, you have ever been taught what the "vain pomp and glory of the world" was.

Well, do you want to be better dressed than your schoolfellows? Some of them are probably poor, and cannot afford to dress like you; or, on the other hand, you may be poor yourselves, and may be mortified at their being dressed better than you. Put an end to all that at once by resolving to go down into the deep of your girl's heart, where you will find, inlaid by Christ's own hand, a better thing than vanity—pity. And be sure of this, that although in a truly Christian land every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully, in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing; and that you have no business, till this be amended, to wear anything fine yourself, but are bound to use your full strength and resources to dress as many of your poor neighbors as you can. What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing, take—and wear proudly and prettily for their sakes; but, so far as in you lies, be sure that every day you are laboring to clothe some poorer creatures, and if you cannot clothe, at least help

with your hands. You can make your own bed, wash your own plate, brighten your own furniture, if nothing else.

"But that's servant's work?" Of course it is. What business have you to hope to be better than a servant of servants? "God made you a lady?" Yes. He has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will obtain the power of becoming a true "lady"; and you will become one, if while you learn these things you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you and says, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

You may thus become a Christ's lady, or you may, if you will, become a Belial's lady, taking Belial's gift of miserable idleness, living on the labor and shame of others, and deceiving them and yourself by lies about Providence, until you perish with the rest of such, shrieking the bitter cry, "When saw we Thee?"

You may become a Christ's lady if you will, I say; but you must will vigorously—there is no possible compromise. Most people think, if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, with plenty of flowers and good books in them, that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial on his occasional visits, or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's counting-house, or a corner for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do, my dears! You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague—to the last spot. You must be resolved, that as all you have shall be God's, so all you are shall be God's; and you are to make it so, simply and quietly, by thinking always of yourself merely as sent to do his work, and considering at every leisure time what you are to do next. Don't fret nor tease yourself about it, far less other people. But know and feel assuredly that every day of your lives you have done all you can for the good of others.

Done, I repeat; not said. Help your companions, but don't talk religious sentiment to them; and serve the poor, but, for your lives, your little monkeys, don't preach to them. They are probably, without in the least knowing it, fifty times better Christians than you; and if any body is to preach, let *them*. Make friends of them when they are nice, as you do of nice rich people; feel with them, work with them, and if you are not at last sure it is a pleasure to you both to see each other, keep out of their way. For material charity, let older and wiser people see to it; and be content, like Athenian maids in the procession of their home-goddess, with the honor of carrying the basket.

Influence of the Sparrows.

In illustration of the common remark, "It has a good influence," often made in relation to some public act, the *Rural New-Yorker* points to the introduction of the English sparrows in our cities a few years since. It says:

Before that time a bird flying in the streets of New York was something seldom seen, and when by accident or otherwise one did appear, the boys of all classes, from the lowest ragamaffins up to theresidents on Fifth Avenue, would, to use a common phrase, "go for the poor thing" with sticks, stones, or any missile at command.

The result was that the children had no more idea of the natural rights of the feathered tribe than wild Arabs, and to capture and kill a bird or other harmless creature was an act worthy of commendation.

But when a few sparrows were let loose in our streets, and the *fiat* went forth that they were to be protected by the aid of numerous policemen's clubs, there came a marvellous change in the demeanor of the youth of our city, and the rights of the birds were immediately respected.

In fact, there has arisen a fraternal feeling between the children and the birds, and we doubt if one of the wildest of our wild "Street Arabs" would not resent an injury to one of the sparrows as soon as to one of his human companions.

Leaving out of the question all the good the sparrows may have done in ridding our city of noxious insects, as well as the

most intolerable nuisance of having such a vast number of birds nesting and scattering filth about dwellings and sidewalks, the influence of association upon each succeeding generation of children is worth a thousand times all the good they may have done in other directions, or the harm done to property.

The children of our larger cities have been taught one great lesson in kindness, if they never receive another.

The "Oo" Feather-Robe.

The most costly article in the clothing line exhibited at the Centennial was the *mamo* or royal cloak of Her Majesty Emma, the Sandwich Island Queen, made of feathers that look like gold. Its value is named at \$150,000, but it seems idle to set a price upon it, for there is nothing like it to make a standard to judge by.—It must have taken a hundred years to complete it. At least it was in process of manufacture through the reigns of *nine* sovereigns. The feathers come from a rare bird called the Oo, which a writer in the *Christian Union* thus describes, and the method of its capture:

This pretty little creature has, under each wing, a single golden feather about an inch long.

To catch the Oo without inflicting any injury was necessary, or the birds would soon be exterminated; hence, to entrap them successfully was considered a great accomplishment.

With the gum of the bread-fruit tree, which is very sticky, the bird-catcher smeared the twig of a tree near some tempting fruit; across this twig he laid a light string slip noose, and, holding the line, concealed himself in the thick foliage. Now came the unsuspecting Oo for his mango or gnava dessert, and alighted on the smeared twig. Finding it an unpleasant standing-place he fluttered and struggled to extricate his feet, but instantly the slip-noose closed tightly around both little legs and he was a prisoner; his two beautiful golden feathers were pulled out, and then he was given his freedom.

Until within a few years there was a feather robe, which belonged to King Lunalilo; but, as he was the last of his family, it was wrapped around his dead body and buried with him.

Very few of the old bird-catchers are

living, and as the young generation does not follow the pursuits of the old, the present *mamo* is considered the last specimen of the lost art.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1877.

The New Year.

The new Year has dawned upon us, and while we are exchanging pleasant greetings with each other, the soft, feathery snow-flakes are folding many a new mound in God's Acre.

The patter of childish feet, the music of maidenly voices, the tender, watchful, maternal care, the benediction of a father's presence and counsels, are remembered by some of us as blessings of the past. They who but lately conferred them have now become tenants of our Father's house above. Should not we, who claim kinship with these new citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem, enter this year with higher aims in life than have ever before been ours?

Let us then, in these opening days of the new year, put our hands trustingly in the divine hand, and with willing feet follow the guidance of Him who went about doing good. The present winter is a crisis in which we are all called upon to practise self-denial, and to lend helping hands to those ready to perish, and while we should not encourage pauperism, we should kindly remember the many who are helpless because deprived of work.

Our city charities now loom up before us as a broad race course, on which many may contend for the plaudit of the Master—"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited

me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Who will run the race? Who will win the prize?

Within the portal of the Annex to Memorial Hall, the visitor at the Centennial was arrested and held spell-bound by the spirited statue of "Fleeting Time." In his right hand he held the hour glass, and as he impetuously rushed forward, his relentless sickle encircled a youthful maiden, who vainly sought to hold him back. Within the portal of this new year, we would gaze again at this master piece of Donato Barcaglia, and let the cold marble teach us a practical lesson. Time has just turned again for us his measuring glass, but before the golden sands of this year have run out, our days may be numbered; his sharp scythe may even now be touching the hem of our garments. Let us then so live that should our places next year be vacant, we may be remembered by the good we have done to those about us, then will 1877 prove to us indeed a Happy New Year.

To Our Subscribers.

As some of our subscribers were not at our Donation Festival and consequently did not *renew* their subscriptions, we would remind them, that *this first month of the new year is an appropriate time to send in their subscriptions* for the present year, to our treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring street. Our terms, including postage, are sixty-two cents *in advance* to city subscribers, and fifty cents to those out of the city. Like the publishers of other periodicals, we claim payment *in advance*, but unlike them we cannot afford to drop a single name from our list of friends. We know those who patronize us do so from unselfish motives, and though our paper would be but little missed, we hope its monthly visits are welcomed by those who love the suffering inmates of our Hospital, and as we wish to begin the new year strongly forti-

fied by old friends, we will be grateful if all who have not done so will this month send in their subscription fee to our treasurer, and receive our hearty thanks for their patronage.

Christmas at the Hospital.

At an early hour on Christmas morning we started for the City Hospital. We knew there were saddened, lonely hearts there to be cheered, and that kind friends, members of the Ladies Board of Managers, had prepared a pleasant surprise for the invalids, and we wished to witness the advent of the gift-bringers.

We first visited the lower Male Ward, where, under the kindly rule of the Ward Master, sprigs of evergreen adorned the couches and surrounded the picture frames, giving a festive air to the room, and a bouquet that had been sent the day before, was evidently appreciated by the recipient.

We looked in vain for two patients, who before our last visit had been operated upon for cataract; both had gone home greatly benefitted. Mr. W. reported that the one from Wyoming county, who could not see at all when he came to the Hospital, was so delighted when the bandage was removed from his eyes and he saw his hand, that he cried out, "*Glorious!*" The patient from Phelps found his sight so much improved that he said, "*I am so happy, I feel as if I could shout aloud.*" We learned a lesson of contentment from Mr. H., a colored patient, under treatment for cataract; he was better than when last we saw him, and said though he could see but little, he had a light within him that cheered and comforted him, and without which he should wander in darkness. Another colored man, suffering from abscess, seemed more comfortable than when we last visited him, and Mr. P., the colored rheumatic patient, who for months has been confined to his bed, was up, dressed, and seated by the

register. A young man whose hand had been injured by a machine reported progress. A deaf mute who had been thrown from a railroad track by a cow-catcher, and slightly injured, was reclining on his couch; two cancer patients were improving, and a man blind from his birth was feeling his way with his cane and looked very cheerful.

In the Ward above, some of the patients were suffering from brain diseases, some from consumption, and one aged man, Mr. S., 79 years old, looked very feeble, and we felt it would be his last Christmas at the Hospital.

The Female Wards were simply decorated with evergreens, and here and there a specimen of fancy work, made from wooden cigar lighters, spoke of the skill and taste of the inmates.

Our first visit in the Female Ward was at the bedside of Mrs. N., the Scotch, consumptive patient of whom we have so often spoken. In spite of her troubles, we found her bright and cheerful, and she entertained us with pleasant memories of Dundee. She told us another story of the old deaf Scotch woman who, at the top of the pulpit stairs, sat at the side of McCheyne, and with earnest gestures enforced and applied his utterances. Scotch Katy was a weaver, and lived with a brother, an unbeliever, who was attacked with violent sickness. Her neighbors came to condole with her, but she replied, "Don't pray that his sickness may be removed, he is in the Lord's hands, and I ask Him to lay on, to lash on, but to spare his soul." Katy's faith and zeal triumphed; the sickness was blessed and Christ revealed to the unbeliever. We unexpectedly received a Christmas gift from Mrs. N.; one which we will richly prize, a metallic token given Mrs. N. at a preparatory lecture in 1844, by McCheyne, and which on presentation would have entitled her to partake of the communion. As the saintly man put it in

her hands he said, "This is not enough, you must get a token from Christ."

As we sat beside Mrs. N., we looked across the Ward, where Mrs. P., for five years an inmate of the Hospital, was receiving a Christmas visit from her husband and brother-in-law. When they left her, she and her German friend Augusta made a sad picture. In another part of the Female Ward a group was gathered round Mrs. B., who, bolstered up in her lounging chair, was assisting in the finishing touches of a pretty pendent ornament made of cigar lighters and bright worsteds.

We looked in upon a young mother with her baby, two months old, and then went to the reception room, where a pleasant sight greeted us. Sixty-five pretty willow baskets were spread out before us, in each of which was an orange, an apple, a bunch of Malaga grapes, and a tastefully arranged bouquet. Large baskets were filled with cornucopias of candy and with useful articles for the invalids. Not an inmate of the Hospital was forgotten, and as the gift-bearers passed from ward to ward with their Christmas greeting, the saddened hearts were cheered and the lonely ones realized they had true friends. The blind man enjoyed the perfume of the flowers that he could not see, and the candy was grateful to the palate of the sick man, almost an octogenarian. The faces of some of the patients in the Female Ward were radiant with joy. "O!" said Mrs. P., "We are so happy; all our gloom is gone." We were specially interested in the joy of A., a German widow, afflicted with rheumatism, who, in addition to some warm garments for herself, received a hood for her little daughter, an inmate of the Industrial School. We had been striving to cheer her by reading to her from her prayer book some German Advent hymns, but the gifts were far more potent to exorcise the spirit of gloom.

Our Matron told us she had never had

so pleasant a Christmas at the Hospital, or known the patients so well remembered. We wish all who contributed could have witnessed the pleasure of the invalids. It is not the intrinsic value alone of the gift that cheers our sick friends. It is welcomed by them as a token of friendly remembrance, freighted with love, and speaks of a heart beating in sympathy for them.

" 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

A Memory.

While we were "keeping" our "Christmas holiday," the tolling bell suddenly called us to leave our festal scenes, and gather round the lifeless form of one who had long blessed Rochester with the sunshine of his holy life. The late James K. Livingston was one of nature's noblemen; his commanding form was the worthy shrine for the indwelling of his generous heart, and rarely have we been brought into communion with one who so beautifully illustrated our ideal of a Christian gentleman. There was nothing narrow or conventional in his life; it was the outgrowth of a noble heart, filled with love for the Master and good will to his fellow-men, and old and young, rich and poor, the gay and the afflicted, each found in him a sympathetic friend.

As a school girl we entered his Bible class, and for nearly a year, weekly, listened to his faithful instructions. The cheerful type of his piety and the beauty of his daily life made religion attractive to us, and when our feet were entering the narrow way his counsels guided, and his hand led us.

Years passed and again we met, and for a winter were inmates of the same family, and we found the graces, that in earlier days had been so attractive, were enriching and brightening the life of our genial friend.

His name awakens many precious memories, and we are sure that no one was ever more widely known, or more universally beloved in Rochester, than the late James K. Livingston.

OMISSION.—We last month omitted to thank Mr. C. C. Burns, for artistically illuminating candles for Mrs. G. J. Whitney's Flower and Fancy Table.

New Publications.

"SIR RAE;" an illustrated poem; published by J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Affectionately dedicated to the Misses Glassell, of Los Angeles, for whose amusement the poem was written.

This is a charming love story in rhyme; a poem, which in its pictures of Higbland life, its rhythm, and graceful, flowing style, reminds one of Scott's Lady of the Lake. It is copiously and artistically illustrated, and is brought out on tinted, gilt-edged paper, in Lippincott's best style, and is a gem that will be highly prized by all who are fortunate enough to secure a copy. For sale by E. Darrow.

"SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS:" by Mrs. Walter Clarke, St. Cloud Hotel, New York.

These consist of Female Christian names, whose signification is brought out by Scripture texts, unfolding the sentiment of each name. They are printed on illuminated tinted cards and leaflets, and designed as book marks and for Sunday schools. They are beautiful, appropriate remembrancers, and quite inexpensive.—Ten cents for two.

The Mill Street Magician.

We would remind our readers that we have a veritable magician among us; not one who thrives by practising his sleight of hand and humbugging the public, in Corinthian Hall, but one whose potent spells are wrought for the benefit of his fellow citizens. His laboratory is on Mill st., and his subtle arts revive all sorts of silk,

woollen, and cotton fabrics. He is just the man we need when the cry of *hard times* and *little cash* is so universal. If your lace curtains, shawls or gloves are soiled, your silks spotted, your feathers or woollen garments faded, just drop a hint, by postal card, to D. Leary, corner Mill and Platt streets, and he will reach out his long arms, gather in your defaced articles, and, after subjecting them to the spells wrought in his renovating crucibles, restore them to you looking so improved you will hardly recognize them. Be sure and patronize him, for he's the man that "*gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.*"

Donation Festival.

DEC. 5. 1876.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Cash acknowledged in Dec. "Review," | |
| as receipts of Donation Festival, | \$2,607 79 |
| Amount received since, | 2 00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$2,609 79 |
| Expenses, as per Dec. "Re- | |
| view," | \$302 68 |
| Additional expenses, | 49 05 |
| | <hr/> |
| Total proceeds, | \$2,258 06 |

Donated Bills.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Mr. E. K. Warren, on Bills, | \$ 3 00 |
| Messrs. J. & S. Snow, Galvanized Wires, | 9 13 |
| Messrs. Woodbury & Morse, Paint, | 8 07 |

Additional Donated Bills for Festival.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| Mr. H. C. Wisner, on Crockery, | \$ 14 14 |
| Mr. Aldrich, 3 gallons Oysters, | 4 50 |
| Sunday Herald, (Benjamin & Barber), | 4 80 |

Cash Donations in August.

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| Donation Box at Hospital, | \$ 2 49 |
| Donation by Mrs. Mathews, | 5 00 |
| Cash received for Sale of Work, | 5 00 |
| Mrs. David Little's S. S. Class, | 2 00 |

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 13, 1876, of consumption, James Conolly, aged 34 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 31, 1876, of rail road injury, Thomas Duffey, aged 23 years.

Donations.

Mr. S. N. Oothout—Two bbls. Apples.
 "Willing Workers" of Brighton—Four Quilts.
 Mr. Wm. Chapin—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Chester—One sack Flour.
 Mr. Benjamin Barber—"Sunday Herald" for one year.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Reading Matter.
 "Churchill—Reading Matter.
 "Clinton Rogers—Oranges and Grapes.
 Industrial School—Second-hand Clothing.

Receipts for the Review,

To JANUARY 1st, 1877.

Miss R. B. Long, 65 cents; Mrs. E. R. Ottoway, 63 cents; Mrs. Joseph Suthphen, Sweden Centre, 60 cents—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$1 88
 D. Leary, advertisements—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 10 00
 Mrs. G. H. Baker, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. Joseph Farley, 65 cents; Mrs. John Farbrig, 62 cents; Miss Fannie Gregory, \$2.48; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 65 cents; Mrs. E. E. Hewer, \$1.00; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. Jerome Keyes, 62 cents; Mrs. George McAllister, \$1.30; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, \$1.00; Miss E. A. Taylor, 50 cents—By Mrs. R. Mathews, 10 44

Superintendent's Report.

1876 Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 51
 Received during month, . . . 13— 64
 Discharged, 9
 Died, 2— 11
 Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1877, 53

Children's Department.

Good Advice.

If you your lips
 Would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care;
 Of whom you speak,
 To whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
 Would save from jeers,
 These things keep meekly hid;
 Myself, and I,
 And mine, and my,
 And how I do, or did.

The Conductor Sold.

Railroad companies have a very proper rule,—“No dogs allowed on the cars.”—But a conductor on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, who tried to enforce this rule, had the laugh so completely turned upon him by a young lady, that the story is worth condensing from an exchange:

Soon after the train had left Easton, the conductor, in collecting his fares, noticed a small white dog, with a bushy tail and bright black eyes, cosily sitting on a seat beside a young lady. The young lady was quite pretty, but the conductor's duty was plain.

“I am very sorry, madam,” he said with unusual suavity, “but it's against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars.”

“O, dear! Is that so,” replied the young lady, looking beseechingly from her brown eyes. “What shall I do? I can't throw him away. He's a Christmas present from my aunt.”

“Throw him away! By no means, miss. We'll put him in a baggage car, and he'll be as happy as a robin in spring.”

“What! put my nice white dog in a dirty old baggage car?”

“I am very sorry, miss, but the rules of this company are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes. He shall have my overcoat to lie on, and the brakeman will give him crackers and milk every time he opens his mouth.”

“I just think it is awful mean! I know somebody will steal him, so they will,” and she pouted so prettily.

But the conductor was firm, and called out to the brakeman, who was poking the stove,—

“Here, Andy, put this dog into the baggage car, and tell 'em to take the best of care of him.”

The brakeman picked up the dog as tenderly as though it were a baby. There was a sudden twitching of the facial muscles, and he hastily said to the conductor,—

“Here, you just hold him a minute till I put this poker away.”

Out of the car door he went, and held on to the brake wheel, shaking like a man with ague.

The conductor laid his hands on the dog, and then,—

“Wh—wh—why, this is a worsted dog!”

"Yes, sir," said the little miss, demurely. "Didn't you know that?"

"No, miss, I am sorry to say I didn't know that."

And he dropped the dog, and shouted, "Tickets! Show your tickets!"

The Names of States.

The origin and meaning of the names of the States are said to be as follows:

Maine takes its name from the Province of Main, in France, and was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta, its owner.

New Hampshire—first called Laconia—from Hampshire, England.

Vermont, from the Green Mountains, (*French, verde mont.*)

Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifies the country about the great hills.

Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant.

Connecticut was Mohegan, spelled originally Quon-eh-ta-cut, signifying "a long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carter, after the Island of Jersey in the British Channel, of which he was governor.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, and the word "sylvania," meaning woods.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, governor of Virginia.

Maryland receives its name from the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth,—unmarried, or Virgin Queen.

The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I., and Georgia in honor of George II.

Florida gets its name from Kasquas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers."

Alabama comes from a Greek word, signifying "the land of rest."

Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi derived its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natches tongue, "The Father of Waters."

Arkansas is derived from the Indian

word Kansas, "smoky waters," with the French prefix of "ark,"—a bow.

Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with a big bend."

Ketucky also is an Indian name, "Kain-tuck-æ," signifying "at the head of the river."

Ohio is the Shawnee name for "The beautiful river."

Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name of fish-weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested.

Indiana's name came from that of the Indians.

Illinois' name came from the Indian word "Illini" (men), and the French affix "ois," making "Tribe of men."

Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian name for a wild, rushing channel.

Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri river.

Kansas is an Indian name for smoky water.

Iowa signifies in the Indian language, "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota, "A cloudy water."

Oriental Style.

In February the Prince of Wales came to pay a visit to the Maharajah (Great King) of Gwalior. The Maharajah had just finished a very magnificent palace, after the Italian style, in which he welcomed his Royal Highness, Albert Edward. We went through the palace just before the coming of the royal guest. The royal bedstead was wholly overlaid with gold. The bed-curtains were of lace, interwoven with gold. The cornice of the tester was of most exquisitely wrought gold. The bed of down was in a cover made of strips of purple and crimson velvet. The bed-coverings were of damask, trimmed with golden gimp. The chairs and sofas were wholly overlaid with gold save the cushioned portions, which were of cloth interwoven with gold. The crystal chandeliers were immensely large and of symmetrical shape. The larger ones contained two hundred and fifty burners, and the smaller ones one hundred and fifty. The mirrors, the carpeting (where there was carpeting), the marble floors, the paneling, the ceilings (set with stars, some of gold, some of silver), were all of costly and exquisite workmanship.

We saw the royal entry, just at dusk, upon elephants with housings ornamented with gold, and with *howdahs*, some of which were overlaid with gold, some with silver, and with most artistic patterns.—There was an array of cavalry and infantry. The whole palace was illuminated within and without. The magnificent gateway and iron fence about the grounds were all ablaze with hanging lamps. There was an artificial waterfall, a fountain too, with very many jets. Seven royal salutes, of twenty-one guns each, were given. There were bands of music, and the whole pageant from beginning to end reminded one of the Arabian Nights. We were invited to dinner, and to one evening party given by the Maharajah to the Prince of Wales. There was nothing extraordinary about the dinner; but I wish to tell you that I went to dinner with Canon _____, the chaplain of the royal suite, the only one of them who does not take wines, &c. He said he could best preach temperance to his people in London by being truly temperate himself, and that others of the party sometimes said to him, "What! do you drink the Queen's health with water?" and he replied, "I only hope that my wishes for the Queen may be as pure as the water with which I drink her health."—[Mrs. Warren in "Woman's Work for Women."

A recent number of a lady's magazine, in its "Housekeepers' Department," informs its readers that "Virginia housewives make the best of pickles." This is a horrible suggestion. We can never consent to any scheme which proposes to make the women of Virginia an article of food.

LEARN TO WORK.—The Jews of Europe see to it that their children, the girls as well as the boys, are taught a trade, an art, or some profession by which they may earn their living. Not long since the daughter of the Baron Rothschild, one of the richest men in the world, passed an examination and received an official certificate of her fitness for the position of a teacher. Says a writer:

"Every child, whether rich or poor, should learn to work. A practical knowledge of some industrial pursuit favors intellectual as well as physical culture. The son of affluence who is conscious that he could maintain himself by honest labor

can the better use his wealth, as well as appreciate the condition and needs of the poor.

A GOOD CHARADE.—"My first (syllable) is company; my second shuns company; my third calls company; and my whole entertains company." Give it up? Why, co-nun-drum, of course.—[N. Y. Graphic.

Notice.

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.

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.



L. D. & J. S. WALTER,
DENTISTS,

ROOMS 32 & 33,

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

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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 ISAAC HILLS.....Vice-President,
 EDWARD R. HAMMATT,....Sec'y and Treas.
 CHAS. L. FREDENBURG,....Assistant Sec'y.

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TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug73 ROCHESTER, N. Y

S. DUNN'S

Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

OFFICE, 111 WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.

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

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Summer Silks,

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

A. S. MANN & CO.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

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

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

my'73 100 & 102 State St., Rochester, N. Y

Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

TRUNKS, HARNESS,

AT

A. V. SMITH'S.

my'73 65 State Street.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1877. No. 7.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
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TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

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Faultless.

Jude v. 24.

BY K. H. J.

"Faultless in His glory's presence!"

All the soul within me stirred,
All my heart reached up to heaven,
At the wonder of that word.

"Able to present *me* faultless?"

Lord, forgive my doubt," I cried:
"Thou did'st once, to loving doubt, show
Hands and feet and riven side.

"Oh, for me, build up some ladder,
Bright with golden round on round,
That my hope this word may compass,
Reaching Faith's high vantage-ground!"

Praying thus, behold my ladder,
Reaching unto perfect day,
Grew from out a simple story,
Dropped by some one in the way.

Once a queen,—so ran the story,—
Seeking far for something new,
Found it in a mill, where, strangely,
Nought but rags repaid her view.

Rags from out the very gutters,
Rags of every shape and hue,
While the squalid children, picking,
Seemed but rags from hair to shoe.

"What then," rang her eager question,
Can you do with things so vile?"

"Mould them into perfect whiteness,"
Said the master with a smile.

[ing.

"Whiteness?" quoth the Queen, half-doubt-
"But these reddest, crimson dyes,
Surely naught can ever whiten
These, to fitness in your eyes?"

"Yes," he said, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all,
Still I have the power to make them
Like the snow-flake in its fall."

Through my heart the words so simple
Throbbled with echo in and out;
"Crimson"—"scarlet"—"white as snow flake"
Can this man?—and can *God not?*

Now upon a day thereafter,
(Thus the tale went on at will,)
To the Queen there came a present
From the master at the mill.

Fold on fold of fairest texture,
Lay the paper, purest white;
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
Of her name in golden light.

"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
"Hath my mill thus given me,
Showing how our Christ can gather
Vilest rags from land or sea;

"In some heavenly alembic,
Snowy white from crimson bring,
Stamp His name on each, and bear
To the palace of the King."

* * * *

Oh, what wondrous vision wrapped me!
Heaven's gates seemed open wide,—
Even I stood clear and faultless,
Close beneath the pierced side.

Faultless in His glory's presence!
Faultless in that dazzling light!
Christ's own love, majestic, tender,
Made *my* crimson snowy white!

Foreign Correspondence.

SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA, October 1st, 1876.

We found our hotel, the "Jungfrau," at Interlaken, a fine center for excursions. We drove out through the Lutschine and Grindelwald vallies to the glacier. The Black Lutschine sparkled over the rocks in rapids and waterfalls; nut trees, interspersed with mountain ash, adorned the vale and hillside; across the stream, a narrow ridge "stood dressed in living green;" above it rose stern rocks high in air, and the Wetterhorn's silver head crowns the valley. Then appear the Schreckhorn and the Eiger, Monch and Jungfrau. Alighting at Grindelwald, with a guide and Alpen-stock, we ascended and descended, passing over the rocks deposited by the glacier, which has retreated quite a distance in the last quarter of a century, gathering pink blossoms here and there, till we reached the foot of the upper glacier. Then, climbing a few rude steps cut in the ice, we entered the ice cavern or grotto. The blue ice was above and around us—a tiny fragment from the wall refreshed our thirst. Through an aperture overhead a torrent comes dashing down, and we reached out a hand to catch a drink. Entering the floor, the stream passes down under the ice, and, issuing, forms the Black Lutschine. From the outside the glacier looked like dirty,

frozen snow until we reached it; and standing just at the base of the mountains, it seemed perfectly impossible to realize that they were so high, and that the snow upon them was hundreds of feet deep. Even as we saw a party starting off with guide and picks and ropes to ascend, it seemed almost foolish to make such preparations. My mind at least utterly refused to grasp the reality of heights and distances. Every thing is on so grand a scale, and there is so little to measure by in forming an estimate. For this reason, a sense of disappointment in nature and in one's self will at times intrude itself.

The Lauterbrunnen valley needs a bright, clear day to light it up, for, "in July, the sun's rays do not penetrate before 7 A. M., and, in winter, not before noon." The morning was hazy, and we missed the vivid green of the Grindelwald valley. It is half a mile broad, with the milky "White Lutschine" running through between steep walls of calcareous rock, from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet high. "Nothing but springs" is its name, and it boasts of more than twenty brooks, and, of course, many waterfalls. The famous Staubbach, or Dust-brook, springs forth free from the side of Murren for its plunge of 980 feet, but, long before it reaches the base, it has become spray, or water-dust, a mere, misty veil. Like all delicate beauty, it needs just the right light to give its full effect. This we failed to have, and the season was unfavorable also. So, though we found it very pretty, we were not enchanted. We were charmed, however, by the Trumlenbach.

Hidden by the high rocky wall, the Jungfrau glaciers send forth this great volume of water. Climbing up by a staircase into a nearly circular opening in the face of the rock, worn apparently by the past action of the water, we had a fine view of the stream, which dashes impetuously from above, then, striking the rock, by its own force tunnels a hidden passage through,

and again emerges into sight, spouting from the tunnel, forming a whirlpool where it strikes, and rushing down to the valley. We were glad to open the windows of the little shelter house, and be splashed with the foam and spray of the roaring torrent.

We mounted the Murren on horseback, and stood face to face with the giants of the Bernese Alps. Only a narrow valley between, and we could see them from base to summit! Bare, rugged precipices below, and snow and rock and glacier above. The Jurgfrau, Eiger and Monch, the Ebene, Fluh and many others, with eight glaciers between. We gazed till the eye was weary—yet, as before, I felt utterly unable to comprehend the grandeur. The sun was shining clear, and they needed the softness of morning or evening light to give them glory. We descended by a very steep path, not the usual route, by horseback, full of high sharp rocks and rolling stones, about as rough as rough could be. It was a relief when the guide said decidedly, "Feet now!" He had tried to signify the same thing before; but, as he usually spoke in French, I had failed to comprehend, and supposed he was asking for his fee, or *pour-boire*. And it was not a little tantalizing, over the dinner table, to hear one of the gentlemen say, that the road was safe, and we had not incurred risk. We still maintain that we had, and that we deserved credit for good courage.

C. L. S.

Household Art.

BY REV. G. FLAVEL HUMPHREYS.

Some one has said: "As there is a fashion in dress, and a coloring in art, and a style in speech, and a tone in music, so the home life has its distinctive atmosphere." The household art with which the rooms are draped, the adornments chosen,—the spirit that broods about the hangings, unseen by human eyes, but touching the spiritual vision,—is of the most importance in the building of every happy home. Your carpets may be Ax-

minster, your walls frescoed, your suite of apartments opening into each other in a most charming vista, the park may face your windows, and you may hide yourself behind brownstone,—or you may live in a solitary farm house, with a "rag carpet" in the best room, and a vision from your windows fairer than Turner ever limned,—and yet you need to learn this mystery of household art. It is well nigh independent of money, location, and fixed surroundings. Silk-plush, pier glass mirrors, and "original" pictures, are not necessary to the fulfilment of its canons. The sole room of a Western cabin has been made so artistic and helpful and bonny, that it would have been an inspiration to Michael Angelo; while the parlors of some of our aristocratic families are so cold and desolate, so ghostly, it would seem as if an icy atmosphere was coming up through the register,—so little attention paid to harmony of color and outline, to contour and perspective, that a cold dignity unapproachable lies over all. There is no home-likeness, no cosy, motherly invitation lingering about the room, giving you a benediction as you cross the threshold.

Now, while this subject can hardly be touched upon within the limits of a short article, Nature herself has furnished stipple and pigment and outline for innumerable decorations free to all, and only asking for insight, art, grace, to join hands with her, and delightful results will be attained: ferns green and bleached, marble and beryl; leaves gold, emerald and sapphire; mosses and grasses with a relief and outline more enchanting than the touches of a Murillo. A panel cut out of an old pasteboard box covered with cashmere, adorned with leaves and ferns, shadow and color carefully observed, and covered with glass and bound with bookbinders' cloth *a la passe partout*, will make a picture suitable for any mantel, though carved out of jasper. The associations connected with the leaves and ferns, the quiet nooks where you found them, the purling current which drifted past them as you gathered in the enchanted air, putting color and freshness and thoughts together, will add poetry to grace and sweetness to memory. The room can be so glorified with this wine of the year embalmed "in bottles that wax not old," that the drifting sleet, pounding against your window-

pane, surly in his demands for entrance, will seem to you but the pleasant antics of the winter king.

Ah, is it a slight thing to flood our homes with a glory of our own making—these asylums of hearts, these quarries and studios where the divinest sculpturing is chiseled the world ever saw. To have been the mother of Luther was a greater honor than ever crowned the work of Leonardo da Vinci. To have given the world a pure-hearted, accomplished woman, a noble, clear-brained man, is worthier of crown of bay and laurel wreath than fair victor in Olympian games or strolling Troubadour in early days.—[*New York Observer*.

"Under the Elms," Norwich.

The King and the Farmer.

King Frederick of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer, who was ploughing a field and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," cried the king. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, who of course had no idea that he was speaking to the king: "I am not so rich as that. I plough for wages."

"How much do you earn a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen," returned the man.

That would be about twenty cents of our money.

"That is very little," said the king.—

"Can you get along with it?"

"Get along! yes, indeed, and have something left."

"How do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and my wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I must solve it for you," replied the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me and cared for me when I was young and weak and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and to care for them.—That is my debt, and it costs me two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend

on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old they will keep us, and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen support my two sick sisters, who cannot work for themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money; but do it for the Lord's sake."

"Well done, old man," cried the king as he finished. "Now, I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is indeed a riddle which I cannot guess," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," returned the king; and with that he put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hands of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the king "for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you good bye."

And he rode off, leaving the good old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight.

An Artist Surprised.

The following good story is told of M. Gillott, a wealthy English art collector of Birmingham. One day, a roughly dressed farmer-looking man called at the residence of Turner, the eminent painter, and was met at the door by the servant:

"Is Mr. Turner in?"

"Yes, sir; but"—

"Well, I want to see him."

"He will see no one, sir. He is very busy, and cannot be disturbed."

"Oh, he'll see me," and the stalwart stranger pushed by the astonished servant man, and coolly walked into the hall.

"Show me where Mr. Turner's room is. I'll go and find him."

Not knowing what to make of the intruder, and thoroughly intimidated by his impudence, the servant pointed to the studio door above the stairs.

Up went the visitor with as much assurance as if the house was his own, and the next instant the great painter was startled at his work by a loud and hearty knock. There was a silent pause, and the

knock was repeated with greater emphasis. Presently the door opened, just a crack, and very slowly. The face of the stranger looked out and frowned.

"Is this Mr. Turner?"

"Yes, sir. What do you wish?"

Mr. Turner was evidently more surprised and annoyed than his servant had been, the sight of the burly rustic (as the stranger seemed) standing there at his threshold.

"I want to see you and talk with you a few minutes."

"It is impossible to attend to you, sir. I am intensely occupied, and cannot be hindered in my work."

"Oh, but I've come over a hundred miles on purpose to see you. Mr. Turner, I want to show you *some pictures* that I've brought from Birmingham," said the stranger-looking man, taking something out of his pocket and moving a step nearer.

"I have no acquaintance in Birmingham, and I have no time to look at your pictures," said Turner, decidedly.

The rough stranger was not to be repulsed, however. He quietly unfolded his Birmingham specimens, and without waiting longer for an invitation, he marched into the studio without one. What could the great painter do? He glanced at one of the "pictures," which his intrusive visitor had flung down upon a table. It was a thousand pound Bank of England note!

"Here," said the man, flinging down another of the same figures, on the top of the first, "I thought maybe you'd like to look at these, Mr. Turner. These pictures are pretty well liked generally, I believe. Their value as mere works of art may not be so very much, but their commercial value is something," and he flung down a third thousand pound "picture" on the top of the second.

By this time, the amazed and mollified artist had of course divined his visitor's errand, and began to suspect who he was. The introduction speedily followed, and after a most genial interview, Mr. Gillott went away the possessor of three of Turner's magnificent paintings, having left an order for a fourth.

The tender father values his child's kiss because it is a gush of love from the child's heart. Thus God approves even of the simple wish when nothing is done, because he sees the heart that desires to do it.—[Norman Macloid.

God Provides.

"The Lord will provide" is a text that has comforted many a poor soul in the struggle for existence. Mr. Spurgeon loves to tell this story:

"My grandfather was a very poor minister, and kept a cow, which was a very great help in the support of his children, he had ten of them,—and the cow took the "stagers" and died.

"What will you do now?" said my grandmother.

"I cannot tell what we shall do now," said he, "but I know what God will do; God will provide for us. We must have milk for the children."

"The next morning there came £20 to him. He had never made application to the fund for the relief of ministers; but on that day there were £5 left when they had divided the money, and one said, 'There is poor Mr. Spurgeon down in Essex, suppose we send it to him.' The chairman—a Mr. Morley of his day—said, 'We had better make it £10, and I'll give £5.' Another £5 was offered by another member, if a like amount could be raised, to make it up to £20; which was done. They knew nothing about my grandfather's cow; but God did, you see, and there was the new cow for him. And those gentlemen in London were not aware of the importance of the service which they had rendered."

A Story of the Centennial.

I saw a youngish negro man, who was very black and very stalwart, and he spoke in a low, mellow voice. He had a rugged, uncouth, but kindly face, and he was tenderly and carefully leading about an old blind woman whom he called mother. He stopped before anything that interested him, and explained it to her in a very curious and graphic manner. His attention was arrested by a beautiful Cupid and Psyche: "Dis is a white mammy and her baby, an' dey has jess got no clo' onto 'em at all to speak of, and he's a kessin' of her like mischief, to be shuah. Ise kind 'o glad you can't see 'em, 'cause you'd be flustered like 'cause they don't stay in the house till they dresses theyselves. All dese figgurs seem to be scarce of clo', but dey is mighty pooty, only dey be too white to be any 'lation to you an' me,

mammy. Dar be one nigger 'mong 'em which is cryin' over a handkerchief. Dey call him Othello. Mebbe his mother is dead, and he can't fetch her to de show, poor feller! Everybody ain't as comfortable as we be, mammy, be dey?"

[Letter to Chicago Times.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

Work for the Little Folks.

We have a plan for the little folks, and we hope it will please them.

We know there are tiny, chubby fingers that more than once have thrown aside their playthings, to make pretty articles for our fancy tables on Donation Day, and we think it is high time that the children had a corner in the City Hospital. We have a Hebrew Ward, a St. Luke's Room, a First Baptist Church Room, &c., and we are sure we need a Children's Cot, which the little folks shall call their own, for which they will work, and about which they shall have reports.

We have been reading about *The Daisy Bed* in Hudson County Hospital, Jersey City, and we hope all our little friends will hear about it, for we think they will want one just like it in our City Hospital.

In May last, a little sick boy was brought into the Hudson County Hospital, and it was proposed that the children of the Episcopal church should contribute money towards endowing a child's bed. The Managers desired to raise \$3,000 for this purpose, and the "Church Journal" made their plans known, and contributions came in from the children from far and near, till now they have raised \$1,086.76.

They called this little cot the Daisy Bed, because the daisy is the children's flower; children all love it, and it blooms for them every where.

Three thousand dollars seems a large sum for little children to raise, but pennies

count up fast when they come in from a great many quarters. The first money that was given to Daisy Bed was a ten cent piece, picked up by the Hospital chaplain, on the sidewalk near the Hospital, as the officers were leaving the grounds after proposing to have a child's bed. "This," said he, "is towards the endowment of the Daisy Bed." The next contribution came from a lady who had lost a dear little child, and she sent five dollars as a memorial of it.

As soon as the children became interested, they found ways to raise money. Some made fancy articles and sold them, some saved pennies instead of spending them for candy, some rocked the babies in cradles and amused their little brothers and sisters while their mammas were busy, some were paid for doing errands, and some for hemming towels. Some gifts came from mothers who had little children in Heaven, and felt tenderly to the sick children who had none to care for them.

The first child that was placed in Daisy Bed was Willie Colson, who died after great suffering; then there came a little child who was badly burned; Tom, an errand boy was there awhile, and sweet little Ranney now occupies it. The Church Journal tells the children all about Ranney and they love to hear of him. Sometime they pay him a visit and dress up his bed with daisies. I think if they go this month they will have to take artificial daisies, for I guess the real daisies are all hiding their heads under the big snow banks.

We must have a name for our Children's Cot and a pretty one. Next month we will write about this. *Now children who will send the first contribution to us? We don't yet know how much we shall need but we will make a beginning, and we hope next month to have some gifts to record for this object. Any money for this pur*

pose may be directed to "Children's Cot," care of Mrs. R. Mathews, 28 Spring St., or Mrs. S. H. Terry, 2 Tremont St., and we should like some letters with the gifts.

Midwinter at the Hospital.

"It's not easy getting around to-day," said an aged, crippled inmate of the Hospital, as he cautiously picked his way over the slippery crust that covered the snow. The bright sunshine had tempted him to leave his quarters in doors, and he was varying the monotonous tenor of his life, by watching the ice men, as they deposited their crystal treasures in the new ice house, just built on the grounds near the east wing of the City Hospital, and which, in the warm days of summer, is to prove such an acquisition to this Institution.

It was a glorious winter day; the clear, crisp atmosphere was inspiriting to those through whose veins coursed the warm blood of health and vigor, but too cold to permit many of the invalids to venture forth; but the bright sunshine that beamed through the long rows of south windows was grateful to the inmates, but not more cheering than the beams from the Sun of Righteousness that were falling on many a patient sufferer, with refreshing power.

"For sixteen years," said one of these, "I've been an invalid. Faithful physicians have done what they could for me, but my disease is beyond their reach. Years ago, my husband was told, by my dying physician, that medical skill could not cure me, it might alleviate my sufferings and prolong my life, but not restore me to health. Sometimes I have longed for the end, but I am willing to wait God's time."

Our Scotch, consumptive friend was more feeble than on our last visit. An interview, on the previous day with her sailor boy, as she calls her youngest son, whom she had not seen for nine months, had somewhat exhausted her, and she felt her hold on life was very frail. "I may

live," said she, "till the dandelions bloom, but perhaps not." A copy of "The Changed Cross" was near her, and she selected from it "The Gracious Answer," and particularly the following verse, as being very comforting to her:

"The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt
stand

Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!"

She wished to correct an error into which we had fallen in our last paper. The token, of which we then spoke as given by McCheyne, was received in 1842, and not in 1844, when he had rested from his labors. She then listened with evident pleasure to the reading of "Coming," one of her favorite poems, and to the repeating of "The Spiritual Temple" which was new to her.

As we talked to some of the patients, the sweet musical tones of Mrs. B. feel gratefully on our ear; she was reading to some of the inmates of her ward and beautifully illustrating her Savior's commendation: "She hath done what she could." For many years Mrs. B. has been a sufferer from rheumatism; she is now unable to feed herself or use her lower limbs much. At times she suffers acutely. In the days of her health she was matron in a soldier's hospital, and he who at the altar promised to love and protect her has proved faithless, but, sustained by an unflinching faith, through all her trials she bears up bravely, and we usually find her propped up in her rolling chair, reading to a group who gather around her. We gave her the February number of St. Nicholas, as she enjoys books of this character as well as those of a more decidedly religious nature, and says she finds lively stories are very attractive to her audience.

Two patients in the Female Ward were suffering from recent operations. A tumor had been removed from the eye of one of them, and the other was being treated for acute inflammation of the eyes. Two other patients had diseases of the heart. The one had been brought into the Hospital in almost a dying condition, on the previous day, but was somewhat relieved when we saw her, though she felt the disease was of so long standing, that she had but little hopes of a permanent cure. Two aged patients were sitting by the registers looking very comfortable; one of them was sewing. Augusta, our German rheumatic patient was knitting. Mrs. S. had been removed from an adjoining ward and was occupying a corner cot, looking stronger than when we last saw her. A little grandchild was visiting her.

In the next ward were two babies and their mothers; one of the latter would like a situation as wet nurse.

In the Surgical Male Ward the occupant of the first cot was on his back, held prostrate by a broken limb. He was a furniture maker from Toronto, and had only been in Rochester a week when he broke his leg.

The next cot was occupied by the colored patient afflicted with abscess, and next him was Mr. P., a rheumatic patient.

In the Medical Ward above, we found but few patients excepting those confined to their beds, for the supper bell had just sounded, calling them to their evening repast. Three who on Christmas day were occupants of this ward had passed beyond earthly care and sorrow. Two of these were in early manhood, and one, Mr. Stein, was fast nearing four-score years.—We remembered how kindly and tenderly the nurse had ministered to this aged man on our last visit; putting to his lips the tempting Christmas candy, saying to us, softly, as he did so, "Poor old man, he's very feeble!" The nurse showed us a log-cabin cushion he had received as a New


Year's gift, from one of the Hospital patients who had gone West—the young man into whose side a tube was inserted in March last—the patient was still wearing the tube, and in a comfortable condition, and in remembrance of the faithful attentions of his nurse, had sent him some of his own and his sister's handiwork.

Our Needs.

Please send us a Clock for the Female Ward. Through the long weary night watches, from twelve to twenty inmates of the Female Ward miss the company of a faithful timekeeper, and the nurses who administer medicine are obliged to go into other wards, to learn the hour, and feeble patients are thus disturbed. Two months ago we asked for this, but as no response has come we appeal again.

We also need *Infant's Clothing*. Perhaps some of our friends in the neighboring towns could make articles for us in their sewing societies.

The Matron tells us she is out of *Old Cotton* and that *Pickles* would be most acceptable.

 We would call the attention of housekeepers to the American Yeast, manufactured by a new process, by the American Yeast Co. of our city. It is put up in air-tight cans, and is warranted not to mould, or grow stale or sour. If you would have sweet, light bread, ask your grocer for the American Yeast. It has lately been introduced into the City Hospital and used also in the private families of some of its managers, and is highly recommended by them. Give it a trial.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 4th, 1877, of Bright's disease, Charles Peterson, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 6th, 1877, of debility, John Stein, aged 79 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Churchill—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Clinton Rogers—Oranges and Grapes.
 Industrial School—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Dann—Two bags of Apples, 2 bushels of Potatoes and 20 pounds of Butter.

Receipts for the Review,

TO FEBRUARY 1st, 1877.

| | | |
|---|----|-------|
| Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva—By Miss Minnie Montgomery,..... | \$ | 50 |
| Miss E. A. C. Hayes—By Miss Hibbard,..... | | 62 |
| C. Henry Amsden—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins,..... | | 62 |
| Mrs. R. H. Furman—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,..... | | 62 |
| Mrs. Geo. Cummings—By Miss VanEverie..... | | 62 |
| Mrs. Thos. Turpin, 63 cts.; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents—By Mrs. H. S. Terry,... | | 1 25 |
| Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 62 cents; Mrs. P. M. Ackerman, \$1.22; Mr. Louis Allen, Farmington, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Bemis, Mt. Read, \$1.00; Mrs. A. D. Barber, 50 cents; William H. Davis, 62 cents; Mrs. William Foster, Clifton Springs, 50 cents; Ira W. Green, West Rush, \$2.00; Mrs. D. C. Hyde, \$1.24; Mrs. John Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. Clinton McVean, Scottsville, \$1.00; Mrs. W. S. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. J. F. Royce, Albion, \$1.00; Mrs. M. L. Reid, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry T. Rogers, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Geo. P. Rowell, New York, (for advertisement), \$4.50; Mrs. E. L. Thomas, 65 cents; Miss Ettie Vance, 63 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. D. Williams, 63 cents; Mrs. S. R. Woodruff, \$1.25—By Mrs. R. Mathews,..... | | 22 21 |

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|---|-------|
| 1877 Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 53 | |
| Received during month, .. | 23 |
| Births, .. | 2— 75 |
| Discharged, .. | 12 |
| Died, .. | 2— 14 |
| <hr/> | |
| Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1877, | 64 |

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.

Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital, for the Year ending February 1, 1877.

It was not without feelings of anxiety that the Ladies' Hospital Committee entered upon the thirteenth year of their work.

With an almost exhausted treasury, we saw not the way in which we should be led—but our Saviour's command to His disciples to "heal the sick," and the "Psalmist's exhortation to "trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed"—wer sufficient incentives to go forward, hopefully trusting.

By our Treasurer's report we see with what success our efforts have been crowned. We close the year without debt, and having paid over one thousand dollars on former indebtedness. The Treasurer reports the receipts to have been, for the year, from subscriptions, donations and the payment of patients, .. \$15,435 76
 Expenses,14,147 16

\$ 1,288 60

Paid on former indebtedness, 1,093 01

Balance, January, 1st, 1877, .. \$ 195 59

We are indebted to one of our most benevolent citizens for a gift of \$10,000 of gas stock.

By request, his name is withheld, but his charities, in the very acknowledgment, speak volumes, and betoken wisdom in dispensing his gifts during his life. He has thus laid a foundation for an endowment. Will not some of our wealthy and benevolent citizens imitate his example?

At the suggestion of one of the ladies, Mrs. George J. Whitney, "Mite Boxes" were distributed among our citizens, in our homes and places of business. As the result the Treasurer has returns from 376 boxes, amounting to \$725 00. Who has felt *this* a burden?

Another lady has proposed to the Committee that we follow the example of other

Hospitals—as St. Luke's, New York, and St. John's, Brooklyn, and solicit from children and others, small or large amounts for the endowment of a "Children's Cot." The Committee unanimously decided to accept the proposition, confident of success; and from month to month the "Review" will contain accounts of the work, and acknowledgment of monies received for this purpose.

The ladies, feeling the necessity of a Port Cochère, at the South door of the Hospital, where, in sunshine and in rain, the patients were received, decided to appoint a committee to secure the building of one. That committee, with their usual energy, solicited donations from the various lumber and hardware merchants, carpenters, dealers in paint, painters, and others, to the amount of \$204 73.

There have been no changes in the medical staff.

Dr. Cary having resigned, Dr. Greene was appointed to fill the position of house physician.

Miss Hibbard still retains the charge of the household, as Matron. The patients and the Hospital attest her worth, which words but feebly express.

The records of the Hospital show the number of inmates from February 1st, 1876, to February 1st, 1877, . . . 407

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Of these there were from the | |
| United States, | 277 |
| Ireland, | 35 |
| England, | 28 |
| Germany, | 43 |
| Canada, | 19 |
| Switzerland, | 2 |
| Scotland, | 2 |
| Russia, | 1 |
| | 407 |

Number patients discharged from Feb. 1st, 1876, to Feb. 1st, 1877, 307

Died, 36

Total number of inmates of the Rochester City Hospital from its

| | |
|---|------|
| opening, Feb. 1st, 1864, to Feb. 1st, 1877, | 4571 |
| Of these, there were born in the | |
| United States, | 2757 |
| Ireland, | 598 |
| Canada, | 379 |
| Germany, | 373 |
| England, | 314 |
| Scotland, | 61 |
| Switzerland, | 21 |
| France, | 18 |
| Prussia, | 10 |
| Wales, Holland and Prussia, of each, | 4=12 |
| Poland and Denmark, of each, | 4= 8 |
| Italy and Norway, of each, | 3= 6 |
| Hungary, Newfoundland, Belgium and Sweden, of each, | 2= 8 |
| Mexico, Austria and Bavaria, of each, | 1= 3 |
| Prince Edwards Island 1 and Portugal 2, | 3 |

| | |
|---|------|
| Number of persons discharged from Rochester City Hospital from February 1st, 1864, to Feb. 1st, 1877, | 4126 |
| Number of persons died, | 381 |
| Number of births, | 231 |

The "Hospital Review," still sends forth its monthly appeals, and with its new and energetic Editress, can but be an acceptable visitor to those at all interested in hospital work. A much needed revision of its subscription list has lessened the number, as many, by change of residence, the paper never reached. Might there not be an effort made to increase its circulation in the city?

Our Secretary's record contains the death of two who for years gave much of their energy, their time and their prayers, for this institution. May we draw from these oft-repeated records the lessons they teach—"to do good while we have opportunity."

In closing, we would express our thanks to all, who by word or deed have aided in this most Christian work.

To the Physicians, the Editors of the various city papers, to all donors, and all the noble band of Christian women, for their exertions and devotion to this charity—improperly, unwisely called “The City Hospital.” We have only to read the reports made to the Common Council of money paid by the city for the care of the sick, to see if justice would not sanction a change in the name.

Respectfully submitted.

C. E. MATHEWS,
Cor. Secretary.

Children's Department.

Selling the Baby.

Robbie's sold the baby!
Sold her out and out!
And I'll have to tell you
How it came about.

When on New Year's morning
Robbie's opening eyes
Spied the bran-new baby—
What a glad surprise!

Constantly he watched her,
Scarcely cared to play,
Lest the precious baby
Should be snatched away.

Now he's gone and sold her!
For to-day he ran
And proclaimed to mamma,
“Yes, I've found a man!

“Here's the man 'll buy her!
Get her ready, krick!”
With an air of business
Brandishing a stick.

“Sold my baby, Robbie?”
Mamma sadly said;
Robbie, quite decided,
Bobbed his little head.

“Well, if this man buys her,
What will he give you?”
“Oh, two nice big horses,
And five pennies, too!

“What's the good of babies?
Only 'queal and 'cream!
I can go horse-backin'
When I get my team.”

But when quiet night came,
Robbie's prayers were said,
And he looked at baby
In her little bed.

And he said, when baby
Smiled in some sweet dream,
“She's wurf forty horses,
'Stead of jess a team!”

Baby's wee pink fingers
Round his own he curled:
“She's wurf all the horses
In dis whole big world!”

[The Home Garden.]

A Runaway Baby Elephant.

Virginia City, Nevada, has enjoyed a little gratuitous entertainment from a traveling circus. Connected with the “show” was a menagerie, from which one morning, a baby elephant managed to escape. The keepers first learned of baby's flight from the energetic actions of its mother. The scene and excitement in town, with the subsequent capture of the “young one,” are thus described by the *Virginia Chronicle*:

Missing her kid, she blew a blast of alarm. Throwing her body forward and resting on her knees, the powerful beast snapped her chain, and bolting through the tent, rushed off on the trail of the young one.

The keepers followed fast on horseback, and overtook the beast in Chinatown, where she had found her young one and was endeavoring to induce it to come back. The baby elephant had entered Hung Lee's gambling-house, a sort of cellar, entered by a narrow incline from the street.

When the young elephant entered, the Chinamen sought their bunks for safety. In the bunks were a number of opium smokers, and the intruder, apparently attracted by the smell, poked his trunk about in the bunks and sniffed up the fragrance of the pipe, to the horror of the Chinamen.

After a while, finding the little elephant harmless, they tried to eject him, but could not.

Presently there was a commotion at the entrance, and the mother was discovered attempting to force her way through the narrow passage which, being bounded by solid earth at the sides, resisted all her efforts. Finding the passage too small, the

elephant began tearing down the sides, making the boards fly at a lively rate and filling the place with dust.

The Chinamen saw that the baby elephant was the sole cause of the mother wishing to enter. By belaboring it with sticks, and thrusting sharp instruments into its hide, they drove it to the entrance, within reach of the old one's trunk.

Taking a half-hitch around the elephant's right fore-leg, the fond mother yanked it out of the cellar without the least trouble. But the baby elephant was as obstinate as a spoiled child, and evinced a determination not to go home.

Finally the old one flung her flexible trunk around the baby's middle, and lifting him clear off the ground, marched deliberately back to the tent. Both animals were then securely chained, and there was no more trouble. The keeper says the young elephants are very fond of opium, and it is sometimes used to keep them quiet.

"Swear Words."

The Scotch say that "Those that will swear will lie;" and some who do not wish to be considered profane, yet use "swear words" which might well be omitted.

A little five-year-old boy overheard a workman who was repairing the sitting-room drop an exclamation over some slight mishap. "That's the first *swear word* I ever heard in my father's house," was the grave rebuke of the little boy. It so touched the rough man that he went to the mother of the boy and confessed his fault. While engaged on the job he never again lapsed into vulgarity or profanity.

The boy, now a tall lad, wields the same influence over his mates. They understand that his part in the game is ended as soon as bad words are introduced. The knowledge that his father's tongue was never polluted by profanity, together with his mother's precepts, and a child's natural desire to be like his father, have given this salutary bias to his early life.

Boys, keep free from "swear words" of all kinds. They do no good whatever, but always defile and dishonor those who use them; and the habit once established is a bad one to get rid of.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

Two little boys were talking about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in the chariot of fire. "I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why no," said Charlie; "I shouldn't be afraid *if I knew the Lord was driving.*"

And that was the way David felt when he said: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." He knew that neither chariots of fire or anything else could hurt him, if God was present as his protector and friend.

Who can guess the following riddle?

Marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a crystal fountain clear
A golden apple doth appear;
There are no doors to this hold, [gold.
Yet thieves break through and steal the

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.



L. D. & J. S. WALTER, DENTISTS,

ROOMS 82 & 83,

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

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.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH..... President,
ISAAC HILLS..... Vice-President,
EDWARD R. HAMMATT..... Sec'y and Treas.
CHAS. L. FREDENBURG..... Assistant Sec'y.

TRUSTEES:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Elijah F. Smith, | Charles F. Smith, |
| William A. Cheney, | Mortimer F. Reynolds, |
| Isaac Hills, | Edward Harris, |
| Roswell Hart, | Hobart F. Atkinson, |
| James Brackett, | George E. Mumford, |
| Addison Gardiner, | Charles C. Morse, |
| Nehemiah B. Northrop, | George J. Whitney, |
| John Williams. | |

TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S

Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

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

Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.

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

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Summer Silks,

At \$1.85 and \$1.60 a yard—a better assortment than at any time last season. We are selling these goods about 15 to 25 cents a yard lower than same qualities last year. Later, with a more active trade, they will most likely be higher.

A. S. MANN & CO.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

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

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

my'73 100 & 102 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1877.

No. 8.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
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TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

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The Ferry.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;

Take,—I give it willingly;

For, invisible to thee,

Spirits twain have crossed with me!

[From the German of Umland.]

For the Hospital Review.

Bertha Villinger.

A TRUE STORY.

The strolling street minstrels who exhibit their musical attainments in front of our dwellings, and eagerly collect the pennies youthful hands bestow in payment for their lively airs, are not many of them so well trained in music, or so fortunate in an audience, as was Bertha Villinger, when, one evening, about fifty years ago, she stood before 91 Great Portland street, London, and sang Weber's "Farewell," playing an improvised accompaniment on a guitar.

It was not Bertha's wont to use her gifts thus publicly, but stern necessity had driven her from the bedside of her sick father, to procure something for his morning meal. Filial love nerved her hand and added pathos to her voice, and God guided her footsteps.

Her father, Bernhard Villinger, was a German musician, who for some years had resided in England, playing a violin in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, the only Italian Opera House in London.

Suddenly stricken down by paralysis, for nine months he had been tenderly

cared for by his motherless daughter, who patiently and lovingly ministered to his wants.

The members of the orchestra had contributed something for the support of their afflicted friend, which Bertha had accepted secretly, that she might not wound her father's pride. This was gone, long ago; the theatre was closed for the season, the musicians were scattered, and Bertha had no friend to look to for aid. The piano, the clock, every thing that could be spared had been sold, to procure medical attendance and support for the invalid.

The sick man, with one side paralyzed, reclined on a hard mattress on a truckle-bed, which, with its scanty covering, and two rush bottomed chairs, a deal table, and an old guitar, constituted all the furniture of the two second story rooms in Carnaby street, that they called home. For two weeks Bertha had slept on the hard floor, having sold her couch to procure food and satisfy the demands for rent from her landlady.

Till now she had borne all her trials bravely, but as she sat by her scanty fire, having toasted the last morsel of dry bread for her father's supper, sad thoughts of the morrow came over her, and she burst into tears. Her father heard her, and tenderly asked her what troubled her. She denied that she had been weeping, told him he had been dreaming, and brought him his frugal meal of dry toast and tea, moistening the hard crust before she held it to his palsied lips. He received it thankfully, but asked where were his watercresses. Bertha replied that the woman had not brought any that afternoon, for she was not willing to tell him the truth—that the green grocer would not trust her for even a penny's worth of watercresses.

To add to her troubles, her father gave evidence that his memory was failing, and he told her he felt his end was near, and

the tears of father and daughter mingled, as they tenderly embraced each other.

Bertha knew she must control herself, and, stifling her sorrow, she sat down to reflect how she could provide something for the morrow's breakfast. Soon her father asked her to go to her piano and lull him to sleep with one of his favorite songs. She gently reminded him that the piano was sold. Turning to the guitar that had been her mother's, which still hung on the wall, he asked her to play on that an accompaniment. She suggested that Weber's "Farewell" was better fitted for a piano than a guitar accompaniment. He told her she was mistaken, that she could recall the harmonies and progressions, and if his instructions had not been in vain, she could improvise her own accompaniment on the guitar.

Cheerfully yielding to his wishes she delighted her father with her success, made him forget his troubles, and as he sank into a pleasant slumber a smile rested on his face.

Bertha softly kissed him and went to search among her nick-nacks, to see if there was not something among them that she could sell for even a sixpence. There was nothing available. She had neither friend, money nor credit. How could she obtain a morsel of food? Nothing but the guitar remained that would help her in her emergency. She could not sell that; it was the last relic of her beloved mother and of the happy home that had once been hers.

A thought struck her. The music that had delighted her father would perhaps please other ears, and her guitar and some of her German songs might bring her the means of support. Yes, she would take her guitar and go into some respectable street and see if she could not earn some pennies. Her father was sleeping quietly, he would not be apt to waken at this time in the evening; so, placing some cold tea at his bedside, she gave him a parting kiss,

asked God's blessing, took her guitar in her hand, and ventured forth on her holy mission.

She bent her steps towards Regent street, and passed Langham church, but the palatial residences looked dark and gloomy and intimidated her. She turned back, went down New Cavendish street to Great Portland street. When near Portland chapel she was attracted to a house near by, 91 Great Portland street, where bright lights gave a cheerful aspect to the parlor. As she was hesitating about making her first attempt, in front of this house, a middle aged servant in plain brown livery entered it, with a dish of oysters in his hand. His appearance gave her confidence; she took her stand near the curbstone, in front of the house, commenced the song and the improvised guitar accompaniment that had pleased her father, and on completing the first verse found more than a dozen persons around her, who gave her one or two sixpences and three or four pennies.

This pleased her, but not so much as the fact that the parlor window of the brightly lighted room had been opened a little, and she sang with more spirit, for she hoped some one within was listening, from whom perhaps she would receive a larger gift; but she little dreamed as she sang Weber's "Farewell," who had left his scarcely-tasted dinner to listen to her strains.

The song over, the servant in brown livery again appeared, requested the little street minstrel to come into the house, as his master wished to see her, conducted her into the back parlor, where two middle aged gentlemen received her.

One of these, after requesting her to be seated, praised her song and asked her why she had selected his house, rather than any other, as a place to display her musical powers.

Fearing she had displeased him, she told him it was merely by chance she came

there, and she would never offend him again.

The gentleman assured her he had not intended to wound her feelings, he questioned her carefully, praised her song, learned her history, found her father was a musician and her music teacher, and conducted her to a very superior grand piano of Broadwood's make, that had just been selected with great care.

She had never touched such an instrument; she was fairly inspired by it. She played one of Weber's waltzes, then piece after piece of Weber's composition, till something reminded her of her father, and she came back to the "Farewell" song that had delighted him. She sang and played it with great life and spirit.

Her father was a great admirer of Weber, and after grounding her thoroughly on the scales and giving her classical exercises, he had taught her little else than Weber's compositions. Not vainly had Bernhard Villinger thus trained his daughter. Her strains that evening fell on appreciative ears, and they touched the hearts of two musical critics who were ready to aid her.

As she left the piano, her host informed her that he was Sir George Smart, director of the music at Convent Garden Theatre, at Oratorios, &c., and if she would give him proof of her respectability, he would befriended her, bring her out, and put her in a way to make her fortune.

The second gentleman now commenced questioning her, and said, with a foreign accent, "Your fader is German?" "*Ja, mein Herr,*" ("Yes, sir,") she replied, and the conversation was continued in German. He learned that Bertha was the daughter of a dear friend of his, whom he had not seen for years, and when he heard of his affliction, he placed in Bertha's hand a purse containing at least ten sovereigns.

Bertha could hardly express her gratitude, and on asking for the name of her

unknown benefactor, was told that he would call on the morrow, and make himself known.

Sir George told her it was Carl von Weber!

By the aid of the great Composer and the Musical Director, her new found friends, Bertha obtained a high position as concert singer, and her father lived long enough to enjoy her triumph.

H. S. T.

New England Weather.

We publish by request the following speech of Mark Twain.—[*Ed.*]

S. L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain) responded to the following toast:

The Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather.

Who hath lost and doth forget it?

Who hath it still and doth regret it?

“Interpose betwixt us Twain.

[Merchant of Venice.

I don't know who makes the weather in New England, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather-clerk's factory who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article, and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs, and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, “Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day.” I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety and quality. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As

to variety! Why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about “Beautiful Spring.” Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crispy and confidently he checks off what, to-day's weather is going to be, on the Pacific—down South—in the middle States—in the Wisconsin region—till he gets to New England. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it and by and by he gets out something like this: Probable nor-east to sou-west winds, varying to the south'ard and west'ard and east'ard and points between; high and low barometer swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: “*But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime.*”

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review—but you can never tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned; you make up your mind that the earthquake is done; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing. And the thunder! When the thunder commences to merely time up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, “Why,

what awful thunder you have here." But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar with his head in the ash-barrel.

Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthwise, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges, and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather.—You can see cracks all about where she has strained herself trying to do it. I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof. So I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on that tin? No, sir; skips it every time. Friends, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to New England weather. No language could do it justice.

But after all there was at least one or two things about that weather (or if you please, effect produced by it), which residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-twigs, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity—from blue to red, from red to green and green to gold—the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supreme possibility, in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at

last, I say, "There—I forgive you now—the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go, and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing—you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

COLORS OF ANIMALS.—Despite the popular notion that the chameleon and other animals can change their color at will, Professor Garman says there is a want of scientific evidence in favor of the belief.—Drawing up for consideration a schedule of animals in two groups of comparative brilliance and paleness we find that light or darkness of habitat determines the color as a whole. The amount of light in their surroundings is in inverse relation to the brilliance of color. The dark colors are found in forests and on dark soils; the light colors on plains and snow. The bleaching process applies to the lower surface, to the ventral portions of animals by reflection. In the water the same is true, the rivers with muddy bottoms being peopled by dark forms; the brilliant colors are found in hot and sunny waters or transparent lakes. This was shown in a great variety of instances.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.
We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best!
Ah, lips with the curve impatient;
Ah, brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

She who does not make her family comfortable will herself never be happy at home; and she who is not happy at home will never be happy anywhere.—Addison.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1877.

The Children's Cot.

What shall we call it? Not Daisy Bed, for that would be infringing on the rights of our friends in Jersey City, who have appropriated that name for their children's cot, and we would not weaken one tender tie that connects it with little Ranney who now occupies it, or with others who have found in it a sweet resting place.

We must name it for some spring flower, for we always link the children with the spring-tide.

The bright Crocuses, the sweet-scented Violets, and many tinted Pansies, will soon be peeping through the snowbanks in our gardens; and ere long youthful feet will be roaming the wildwood, while their owners are searching under the pine trees for the first buds of the fragrant Trailing Arbutus, or in sheltered nooks for the early Snowdrops. Before we know it, the modest Forget-me-Nots will lift their blue and white heads to give us a spring greeting.

Any of these flowers would appropriately symbolize childhood.

The Morning Glory is not a spring flower, but 'tis *wide awake* as are our little folks in the early morning, and unfolding its charms at daybreak, to brighten our gardens, it reminds us of those sweet human flowers in life's morning that gladden our homes. It throws out its tiny tendrils and clings tightly where it finds support, and is thus an emblem of childish helplessness, trustfulness, and confiding love.—Its delicate blossoms, so beautiful when gently cared for, so perishable and drooping when rudely handled, suggest the tender nurture that should be the birthright and heritage of childhood.

But there is another flower, more fragrant than the Morning Glory, that has

been consecrated as a holy emblem of trustfulness and faith in our Heavenly Father, by Him who said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me."

The Rochester City Hospital is the outgrowth of Christ's golden rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and the Children's Cot shall remind us of Him who called himself "the lily of the valleys," and told us to "Consider the lilies of the field."

What name more beautiful or rich in associations and emblems can we find than **THE LILY BED?**

We all love lilies. The Lily of the Valley suggests modesty; the Day Lily, the Pond Lily, the fragrant White Lily, and the Easter Lily, are emblems of delicacy, purity, sweetness, and innocence, the crowning graces of childhood; and when we link with these the wild lilies of Palestine, that teach us faith in God, while they delight travelers with their fragrance and beauty, what better name can we have for our Children's Cot than **THE LILY BED?**

We are very happy to make the announcement that we have already received some contributions to the endowment fund for the Children's Cot, and that the little folks and their mammas express much interest in our new work. A mother writes:

"I send in this letter fifty cents, which Bessie and Julie are very anxious to send to the 'Children's Cot,' being very much interested by the account in the *Review*, of the 15th of Feb., for 'Work for the Little Folks.' This is all the money they have saved, at present, but they hope to be able to send more very soon."

We wish we could put into the hands of our readers the cunning little note, printed in capitals, in pencil, by a little boy of seven, who says:

"Mamma has told us about the Child-

ren's Bed, at the Hospital, and we send you two dollars which we have earned.— We hope that the sick children, who come to be made well, will be very comfortable and happy, and we are glad we could do a little to help them.

CHARLEY
and
JULIE ROBINSON."

These dear little children have earned their money by prompt and faultless obedience. For this they each received from their mother, fifty cents a week, and if there is a moment's hesitation, their mother says, the thought of the Children's Cot at once acts like a charm, and with a smile they comply with her wishes.— Perhaps we shall secure a patent on her invention, for the benefit of our Lily Bed.

Two other children, who contributed, gave us proof that the sick, helpless, little children were not the only creatures for whom they felt a tender care. They showed us "Lizzie," a pet Java sparrow, that for six years has been their companion, and they quite amused us by the feats they have taught her. She sits in a chair, lies down on her back in a little bed, sits on the children's head as they skip the rope, and perches on the rope as they swing her, pecking at it when she wishes to stop.

One of our offerings comes from a god-mother, for her little god-daughter, and others are in memory of lambs who are now in the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Little Eddie W. Hills, has the honor of being the *first collector of funds for the Children's Cot*. He went around among his friends and neighbors asking for contributions to it. The following note from him tells the result of his labor of love: "I thought it would be nice to do a little for the Child's Cot, and therefore I send you five dollars. I am ten years old.

EDDIE W. HILLS."

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the Hospital, the Treasurer

of the Hospital Review reported that she had received twenty-seven dollars for the Children's Cot. Much interest in this new object was expressed by the Managers, and the following articles were at once donated:

From Master John H. Brewster, Jr., a child's bedstead and hair mattress; Daisy Beach, a pair of pillows and two pairs of pillow-cases.

Contributions to the "Children's Cot,"
FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1877.

| | |
|--|---------|
| From S. S. T. and G. B. T., in memory of their brother Walter..... | \$ 5 00 |
| In memory of Lillian..... | 50 |
| Mites | 25 |
| Bessie and Julie Porter, Niagara Falls.... | 50 |
| Mrs. John Rutherford, Newark, N. J..... | 3 00 |
| Bessie Watson..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. B. Bosley, Livonia..... | 50 |
| Baby Alice..... | 25 |
| Charley and Julie Robinson | 2 00 |
| Ella and Mamie Durand | 5 00 |
| Eddie W. Hills | 5 00 |

\$27 00

Master John H. Brewster, jr.—A Child's Bedstead and a Hair Mattress.

Daisy Beach—A pair of Pillows and two pairs of Pillow-cases.

Contributions to the Children's Cot, may be addressed to "Children's Cot," care Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring street; or Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Our New Clock.

We were greatly delighted on a recent visit to the Hospital, to find our appeal for a clock had met with so generous and prompt a response. We are indebted to Mrs. Carter Wilder for a fine time keeper, a beautiful French Clock that for years to come will be a memorial of her kind regard for the inmates.

Wanted.

Our appeal, last month, for a Clock, was so successful, that we are emboldened to ask this month for a Carpet, and a large one, nineteen and a half by eighteen feet. Perhaps some of our friends, who are breaking up housekeeping, or making spring changes in their homes, can supply us.

A Sabbath Afternoon at the Hospital.

We never grow weary of "The old, old story." Every time we listen to it, it has new charms. Years ago we heard it sung in the old Bay State, near Gail Hamilton's early home, at a Methodist Camp Meeting, in Asbury Grove, where we sat canopied by veteran, moss-grown pines, through whose branches the winds whispered, and whose dried needles formed a soft carpet for our feet.

Yesterday we heard it again in the Hospital Chapel, when the canary birds, in the adjoining hall, inspired by the joyous strains, mingled their carols with the notes of the worshippers, as if echoing the exhortation of the psalmist: "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

The City Hospital—our modern Bethesda—illustrates the spirit of the old story that tells

"Of Jesus and His love,"

when it gathers within its portals the palsied, the withered, the blind, the lame and the afflicted, and seeks to heal "all manner of disease;" and also, with each returning Sabbath, welcomes to its chapel service, some too feeble to mingle with the worshippers of the city churches, and points them to the Great Healer, who is ready to say to each of them, as He did to one of yore: "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

Sabbath after Sabbath, for the past few months, a youthful preacher, Mr. F. H. Rowley, a student of the Theological Seminary in our city, has most acceptably conducted a short afternoon service in the chapel. This is often followed by devotional exercises in the different wards, when the invalids on their couches are well enough to enjoy them.

On the last Sabbath of February, Mr. R. was accompanied by a friend, a fellow student in the Seminary, who preached an appropriate sermon in the chapel. A number of musical ladies were present to

assist in singing, one of whom played the melodeon.

From the chapel they passed to the lower Female Ward, where the patients eagerly welcomed them, and many of the invalids from their couches repeated or read scripture promises that were precious to them. After this there was a service of song, followed by the reading of a chapter from the Bible and a short prayer. Papers were then distributed, and as we afterwards passed from couch to couch, we heard the sweet hymns that came from the singers in the Male Surgical Ward.

We were greatly interested in a young German woman, who was brought to the Hospital after her confinement, with limbs and feet fearfully swollen and painful. She told us she was more comfortable than she had been, but her motherly heart was yearning for her two babies at home. "You have twins, then?" we said to her. "Oh! no," she replied, "one of them is sixteen months old, but it is nothing but a baby."

Mrs. P. and Mrs. K. were suffering acutely, the one from neuralgia and the other from inflammatory rheumatism.

Our Scotch friend looked brighter. We did not like to disturb her for she was enjoying a visit from her children.

Mrs. B. was not in her rolling chair, where we usually find her, but propped up in bed. She never complains, but we knew she had become weary. A cheerful spirit always animates her. The two patients whom last month we reported as under treatment for diseases of the eye had both returned home. Several persons were under treatment for inflammation of the lungs. One young lady who five weeks since broke her arm was looking forward hopefully to the morrow, when the splints were to be removed. A patient with heart disease was better than on our last visit.

We spent a few moments in the Male Surgical Ward. The young man

from Toronto, with a broken leg, was doing well and looked very happy; said he used his crutches and hoped in a few days to get out of doors.

The colored man with abscess complained of great weakness, but he seemed very patient. He has learned at the Hospital where to go for strength to meet the troubles to which flesh is heir. He has recently been baptised by his pastor. Those who were present say it was a touching sight, as the old friends, in whose family he has long been a faithful servant, gathered round him, while the pastor administered the sacred rite.

In the Ward above, we found several suffering from diseases of the lungs and rheumatism. A young man from Plymouth Avenue expressed in warm terms his appreciation of his comfortable quarters, and his gratitude for the faithful services of his nurse. He said he knew with such good surroundings he should soon be better.

We noticed pots of flowers in several rooms. The patients evidently take great pleasure in these. Flowers, plants and pictures always cheer the convalescents.

We do not ask for pictures because we only request donations of things that seem absolutely necessary, but there are many blank places on our walls to accommodate cheerful pictures, that would greatly minister to the pleasure of those, who for months are confined to the Hospital wards, and have little to divert them from the sad pictures their own fancies sketch for them.

Donations.

- Mrs. Charles Smith—Basket of Oranges.
- Mrs. Hurlburt, Brighton—Twelve tumblers of Jelly.
- Mrs. Wheeler, Brighton—Second-hand Clothing and Old Cotton
- Mrs. Wing, Brighton—Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Robinson—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Davis—Second-hand Clothing and Pickles.
- Mrs. C. Dewey—Old Cotton.
- Miss E. Witherell—A barrel of Apples.
- Messrs. Fish & Heath—A barrel of Sand.
- Mrs. Watson—Grape Jam and Pickles.

Officers of the Rochester City Hospital for 1877.

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- LEVI A. WARD, Vice President,
- JONATHAN E. PIERPONT, Treasurer,
- HENRY S. HANFORD, Secretary.

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| Gynaecologist. | Ophthalmic & Au. Surg |

DR. W. D. GREEN, Assistant.

MISS FRANCES E. HEBBARD, Matron.

CASH DONATIONS.

| | |
|---|----------------------------|
| E. K. Warren. (on bills)..... | \$1 50 |
| Donation Box at Hospital, | 1 33 |
| " from Catharine York, | 1 26 |
| " " A Friend, | 4 00 |
| Additional for Fancy Articles, at Festival, 10 37 | |
| | MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas. |

Dir.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 6, 1877, of Railroad injury, Thomas McAuslin, aged 23 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 20, 1877, of cyanosis, child of Anna Schuepf, aged 2 days.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 28, 1877, of consumption, Mrs. Margaret Smith, aged 32 years.

Receipts for the Review,

To MARCH 1st, 1877.

Mr Edw'd Brewster—By Dr. W. D. Greene \$ 50
 Mrs. C. D. Miller, Geneva—By Miss Florie Montgomery, 2 00
 Mrs. W. W. Carr, 62 cents; Miss E. Hanford, \$1.00; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 65 cts.; Miss A. S. Mumford, \$1.24—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 3 51
 Mr. J. T. Andrews, 62 cents; Mr. O. G. Burleigh, 62 cents; Mr. W. H. Cheney, 62 cents; Mrs. James G. Cutler, 62 cts.; Mr. O. L. Sheldon, 62 cents; Mr. A. J. Warner, 62 cents—By Belden Day . . . 3 72
 George C. Buell & Co. (for advertisement), \$5.00; Mrs. John Rutherford, Newark, N. J., \$2.00; Mrs. L. R. Satterlee, 62 cents; Mrs. Charles Smith, Andover, Mass., 62 cents—By Mrs. H. S. Terry, . . . 8 24
 Mrs. W. Y. Andrews, \$1.24; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, \$1.24; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. N. H. Galusha, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 65 cents; Mrs. D. McPherson, \$1.24; Mrs. S. A. Newman, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Strong, \$1.25; Mrs. Israel Smith, \$1.25; Mrs. E. M. Stewart, \$1.24—By Miss Minnie Montgomery, 11 84
 Mrs. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 65 cents; Mrs. Curtiss Clarke, 63 cts; Mrs. A. Erickson, \$1.00; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 65 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Mr. John Gardner, 62 cts.; Miss Weltha Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, \$1.24; Mrs. H. McQuatters, \$1.25; Mrs. J. C. Nash, \$1.25; Mrs. Tho's Oliver, \$1.24; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, 75 cts.; Mrs. Julia G. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mr. Alex. Thompson, \$1.00; Mrs. H. B. Tracy, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. E. Upton, \$1.26—By Miss Mary Perkins 17 12
 Mrs. A. J. Abbott, Geneseo, \$1.50; Miss E. Benedict, Albany, \$1.00; Mrs. B. Bosley, Livonia, 50 cents; Mrs. E. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Button, 62 cents; Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, Scottsville, \$1.00; Mr. Wm. Breck, Canton, Miss., 50 cents; Mrs. Thomas Chester, \$1.24; Miss Hattie Carlton, Salem, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs.

W. Dann, East Avon, \$1.00; Mrs Hiram Hoyt, 62 cts.; Mrs. Chas. Hart, 60 cts.; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mr. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station, \$1.00; Hamilton & Mathews, (for advertisement,) \$5.00; Mrs. Robert Johnston, \$1.00; Miss L. L. Janes, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. Col. Lee, for Mrs. C. F. Little, Northumberland, Penn., 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Murray, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Mrs. S. W. Urdike, \$1.24; Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 62 cents; Mrs. F. DeW. Ward, Geneseo, \$1.50; Mrs. W. Seward Whittlesey, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Witherell, (for 3 subscriptions,) \$3.62; Mr. G. T. Palmer, East Avon, (for 2 subscriptions), \$1.02; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, \$1.25; Mrs. E. M. Price, Avon, 50 cents; Mrs. Abelard Reynolds, \$1.25; Mrs. Edward Ray, 62 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.24; Mrs. Geo. S. Tuckerman, Jamestown, 50 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, 35 66

Superintendent's Report.

1877 Feb. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 64
 Received during month, . . . 19
 Births, 2— 85
 Discharged, 21
 Died, 3— 24
 Remaining, Mar. 1st, 1877, 61

Children's Department.

The Little Kittie.

Once there was a little kitty,
 White as the snow;
 In the barn she used to frolic,
 Long time ago.
 In the barn a little mouseie
 Ran to and fro;
 For she heard the little kitty,
 Long time ago.
 Two black eyes had little kitty,
 Black as a crow,
 And they spied the little mouseie,
 Long time ago.
 Four soft paws had little kitty,
 Paws soft as dough,
 And they caught the little mouseie,
 Long time ago.
 Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
 All in a row,
 And they bit the little mouseie,
 Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out, oh!
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

A Story About Eggs.

A traveler in Sicily paid his bill at an inn, and found out, after he had gone some distance on the road, that he had not been charged for a couple of hard boiled eggs. He was a very honest man; but he had pressing business. So, instead of going back to pay then and there, he waited till he came his rounds again. This was not till ten years after. No wonder, therefore, when he asked the innkeeper, "Do you know me?" the man said, "Not I, indeed." "Well," replied the traveler, "ten years ago I ate two hard-boiled eggs in your house without paying for them. You didn't put them down in the bill; and I was in a desperate hurry, and couldn't come back when I found it out. But things have prospered with me since then; and I reckon that if I give you fifty pieces (twelve shillings) that will fairly represent what the price of eggs has gained in my hands." But the landlord was a fraud, so he said, "Fifty pieces, indeed; I must trouble you for a deal more than that. Its just the want of those eggs that has hindered me from making my fortune."—"How so?" "Why they would have turned to hens and the hens would have given me chickens—a whole poultry yard full. Well, with the poultry-yard I should have bought some sheep, and by now I should be quite a big flockmaster." But the traveler could not see things that way, so the innkeeper put him into the Court, and the judge pronounced against him. He appealed, but there didn't seem much chance of his being any better off, when a briefless barrister, much out-at-elbows, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Leave it to me, and I'll get you righted." "Why, I've had the best lawyers in Palermo," replied the traveler; "how can you expect to do what they failed in?" "Try me," said the other, and he was so urgent that the traveler said "Yes," just to get rid of him. The case was called, and the innkeeper's counsel had made a grand speech, when there was a noise outside, and in rushed Mr. Briefless, flinging his arms wildly about, and looking like

one who had seen a ghost. "Help!" cried he, "help! in the name of all the saints. What shall we do? All the big fish of Arenella are marching up to Palermo to eat us up, bones and all." "Why, you madman," cried one of the judges, "who ever saw fish walking on dry land?" "And who, your Excellency," replied Briefless, "ever heard of hard-boiled eggs turning into chickens." So the innkeeper lost even his fifty pieces and had to pay costs in the bargain.—[*All the Year Round.*]

The Dog and the Tow Line.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard, but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. At last, after several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning: "Give him the end of a rope," he said; "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their fourfooted friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end, or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?—[*F. C. Atkinson, in Zoologist.*]

A tea that should never be watered, adulterated, or milked—Charity.

A Rare Artist.

This country produced the most unique artist represented at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, in the person of Mrs. Caroline Brooks, the wife of an Arkansas farmer. The work she produced, a statue in Alto Relievo, wrought in genuine American butter, was without any exaggeration one of the most beautiful works of art exhibited. It was modelled in a few hours, on a kitchen table, with simple tools, from a mass of fresh butter, and has been preserved in all its beauty, by the use of ice, to the present time. It is now on exhibition in this city, in a room adjoining the Aquarium, on Broadway, corner of 35th street. The subject—the Dreaming Iolanthe—is taken from the poem, “King Rene’s Daughter,” by Henrik Kerz. It is thus briefly described in prose :

“By the burning of King Rene’s Castle at midnight, in the infancy of Iolanthe, her eyes were injured to blindness. With a consideration more than royal in its beauty, and an unutterable affection, the King so guarded his unfortunate child, and so provided for her life experiences, that she could not realize the need of her sense of sight, and for sixteen years her narrowed world was complete without it. By chance, Count Tristan came upon her beautiful retreat, discovered the charming recluse asleep and her attendants absent, was smitten with her royal grace, awaited an opportunity for an interview with her on awakening: discovered, in that momentous meeting, that the eyes of this charming one were sightless, and, in the brief interview in which he helplessly revealed to her spirit the awakening of the new life that love inspires, he also revealed to her comprehension the fact that she was blind. Mrs. Brooks has chosen her subject when the princess has fallen asleep, after the awakening of the new emotion brought forth by Tristan’s interview, and has depicted the expression of a dream fraught with joy and the delicate sensitiveness of a pure nature, in the sleeping face.”

[N. Y. Observer.]

Each grave on the broad breast of the whole earth, whether men have marked it or forgotten it, is in God’s keeping; briars and weeds cannot hide it from His eyes, neglect and desolation cannot cover it from His care.

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

Answer to Riddle—*An egg.*

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patents 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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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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. XIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1877.

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.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, " 50 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

A Little Child's Fancies.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

I think that the world was finished at night,
Or the stars would not have been made;
For they wouldn't have thought of having the
light,
If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,
And think perhaps it was day,
And the starry night was only designed
For a little child tired of play.

And I think that an angel, when nobody knew,
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through
From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think here of lilies so white,
And such beautiful roses I know;
But I wonder when falling from such a height,
The dear little seeds should grow!

And then when the face of the angel was turned,
I think that the birds flew by,
And are singing to us the songs they learned
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be shining below
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin,
Right close to the door where the children go,
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that float in the skies,
Are the curtains that they drop down,
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know why the water was sent,
Unless, perhaps, it might be
God wanted us all to know what it meant,
When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

Our Foreign Correspondence.

ALPINE RAMBLES.

The Sabbath at Chamouney was a very peculiar day for us Americans. The hotel is just in the village, with the church within a stone's throw, on a slight elevation, facing and ending the street.

From early morn till about four P. M. the women in black silk bonnets with edges of many folds of black lace, and usually black dresses, by themselves, and the men by themselves, were passing to and from the church. Several carts, one managed by a woman, stood by the church doors with fresh fruit and nuts to sell to the passers by. Early in the morn, the firemen, with music to aid, had formed in line and marched away to keep a festival. In

the same place, about four P. M., a band assembled with musical instruments and stands, and played for a long time. Church was over at last, and the people gathered round; a huge bouquet was thrown from a window into their midst; two young priests were taking a walk in their little garden under its high wall. Within five minutes walk, a way-side cross proclaimed indulgence for many days to all who should pass it, performing an act of penance. Upon this motley scene, Mont Blanc looked down from her crystal throne.

On Monday morning, through alternate dripping rain and sunshine, the ladies on muleback, the gentlemen mostly staff in hand, mounted Montanvert or the Green Mt., the advanced sentinal of the monarch mountain. Alighting at the chalet and sending back the mules to meet us on the other side, with three guides to aid us, we descended through the slippery gravel and over rude, rocky steps to the moraine, crossed it, and were on the Mer de Glace.

The rain had ceased but the air was misty. The ice is not clear or beautiful, and with a guide to assist, not very slippery. Mine persisted in my trusting him perfectly, and so urged me to the edge of the crevasses, to see the blue ice below, and to hear the stone splash down into the waters beneath, but the recent snow rather interfered with that experiment, and the sound of the fall evidently disappointed him.

Only one place seemed a little dangerous, a passage between two crevasses, and there the guide's hat blew off and a little ways down, and he had to descend after it, and needed help to get out of his narrow prison. Most of the gaps in this part of the glacier are not very wide. At the head of this icy valley stood the white Jorasses, apparently not very far off, but really miles away.

Leaving the ice, one ascends over gravel, wet and slippery, and if tall, must stoop

sometimes to avoid the overhanging rock above, clinging closely to the side, as the path is sometimes very narrow.

The Mauvais Pas is soon reached. Here a narrow path is cut in rude steps on the face of a high, rocky precipice, and mountain streams trickle over the steps. At one point a bridge crosses a descending torrent, which entering beneath the glacier passes on and out into the valley, forming the scourge of the Arveiron. A rude balustrade of iron has been attached to the rocks, and a guide holds one hand. It is not a very charming promenade. One needs a third hand to hold up the wet, heavy skirts that wipe the wet rocks and now and then catch upon them. One is not in any mood to stop quietly and get a view. Like Mammon over the golden pavement, one gazes ever downward. It seems foolish to say it is not dangerous, where a slip would be death, yet we do not hear of any one having slipped, but we would advise a bloomer costume for the excursion.

Again mounting our mules we descended to the valley, just in season to see the setting sun throw a halo on the brow of Mont Blanc, and by the aid of a fine telescope to see a chalet high up on its icy side.

The carriage road from Chamouny to Martigny was all the way very rich in views. The magnificent aiguille and glacier of Argentiere dazzled our eyes, but we only turned away to gaze again and again. Ancient glaciers have deposited in the valley boulders of great size, and avalanches have left their mark. We had difficulty in making our way through one little village, where booths lined the streets and cattle were exposed on the grand market day. We pass a little bridge and are again in Switzerland.

The road over the Tête Noire is on the edge of a precipice and not more than a bridle path, not used in winter except by pedestrians. It is a dizzy path in some places.

At the Roche Percée the mountain of rock descends into the deep valley, and so the road is cut through. Beyond, the scene becomes wilder. The Trient rushes over its rocky bed, the road above winds through a forest, where uprooted trees sometimes overhang the path and threaten to slide down upon the carriage; land slides have brought the rocks from the heights, and dead trees and rocks lie among the living trees, in wild confusion.

We reach another valley, make sharp turns and wind up a hard, steep path to the Col de Trient. Then down again, for many miles, turning and winding, where, at the sharp angles of the narrow road, it seems as if the horses' feet are almost over the edge of the precipice. At one place a pedestrian warned us that a carriage was coming up the mountain. I almost held my breath till we passed it. The driver made a great cracking of his whip to attract attention, and looked earnestly ahead. The vehicle was standing still by a little inn. I said: "I am glad; we could hardly have passed it." His quick reply was, "Pardon, madam, we do it always." "How is it possible?" "Oh! there are little places here and there and we look a good ways ahead."

I was rather relieved after this to be on my feet for a short walk, and meeting a peasant woman fell into a wayside chat.

A splendid panorama was unfolding itself. Winding down through fine chestnut trees the valley of the Rhone lay below. To the right was the narrow entrance to the valley of St. Bernard, though the mountain itself could not be seen; snowy mountains beyond, and on the left, in the far distance, our old acquaintances of the Bernese Oberland.

From this glorious view we rattled into Martigny le Bourg, over the rough, noisy pavements, almost touching the dirty houses of this filthiest of villages, where cow yard and water fountain stand side by

side. Cretinism and idiocy abound in these dark and desolate homes.

The valley of the Rhone in this neighborhood seems cold and marshy. We were not sorry to pass beyond Martigny itself, the outskirts of which looked more inviting than the centre. On our way a beautiful snowy mountain, the Gemmi, one of the finest we had seen, was revealed for a few moments. We stopped at Vernayaz, visiting the Gorge of the Trient which is nine miles long. Here the rocks, 420 ft. high, approach very closely together. A wooden pathway, fastened to the rocks and bridging the stream here and there, takes one far up to the falls, 30 feet in height. There quite a flood of water bounds down against the rocks and is beaten back in part and forced through a narrow channel. Then widening, with the rocks partly overarching the pathway, one seems to be in a cathedral of Nature's own rearing, where the light is dim, religious and melancholy. A little vegetation is seen on the scant soil about the rocks. A mile and a half beyond, is the famous waterfall of the Sallenche, 200 feet high. Under the beautiful cascade stands a little house.

C. L. S.

"Let Them Alone."

The question is asked, "Why do you disturb the heathen women, in their ignorant content, with aspirations after what is sometimes unattainable? Let them alone! They are happy in their way. Why make them discontented and restless when you are not sure they will accept the religion that is offered them?"

The following sketches may give us some idea of the kind of happiness they enjoy. Such pictures of utter misery cannot fail to excite our deep commiseration. It is sent to us from one of our missionaries, who says, "It is not a fancy picture, but a real occurrence even in its minute particulars reported by an English physician in Constantinople. It happened within the last year."

GLIMPSES OF HAREM LIFE.

It was toward evening. The shadows were lengthening over the Bosphorus, and falling aslant the latticed windows of the room where lay a sick Moslem Bey, too languid and feeble any longer to enjoy the play of the blue waters or the caique's oar. The shadows of life, too, were lengthening with him, and the sunset hour had nearly come. It was evident that another than the muezzin, even the angel of death, would soon call out the *eyzan* of the closing day, and the veiled, uncertain, misty future, from whence no light had ever come, would soon open up before him.

The sick man neither heeded the gorgeous crimson of the setting sun, that lighted up the domes and minarets of the city of the faithful, nor heard the sound of hurrying footsteps; for the last will and testament had been made, and a man might surely now die in peace. But no, the quarrels and jealousies of the harem will come even here. The door opens, and the head wife enters, not, indeed, with meekly bowed head and softened tread, or gentle, soothing words, but with a bold, defiant air, and words that make the attendant physician shudder.

"Curses on you," she mutters, "on the day you were born, on the day you looked on another woman's face! Curses on the hand that willed away a fortune and a palace to another! May the day be dark when you die! May no waiting angel open the gates of Paradise to you; and, when the recording angel weighs the good and the bad, may the evil weigh you down to the pit!"

Such are the words of hatred, jealousy, and revenge, to be uttered again, a few moments later, in stronger and more emphatic terms, or rather poured out on the heads of the other inmates of the harem. A door opens again, and another enters, a daughter of the first. Curses more fearful than the others fall from the mouth of the daughter on the head of the dying old father.

But what has been the cause of this strange, unnatural proceeding? Just this. Years ago the man who is dying bought a beautiful slave woman and made her his third wife, and to her son he has now willed the palace and home. Yes, the son of the waiting-maid is to inherit the palace and fortune of the father. Curses, as one

fancies the lost spirits might utter, this slighted beauty breathes out with angry and defiant gestures, until at last the dying man, roused from his lethargy, groans out, "You furies! You have tormented me in life by your quarrels and your bitternesses, and will you pursue me into the other world?"

The shadows deepened on the blue waters, until the light had faded out from sea and sky. The old man passed away, and was buried underneath the cypresses on the other shore, looking towards Mecca. But the fire of hatred and revenge in the hearts of the beautiful hyenas of the harem burns on, and will burn on forever, if no kind angel of mercy breathes over them the influences of a higher and a better life.—[*Life and Light.*]

A Touching Custom.

A common practice in Paris, which impresses a stranger favorably, is that of lifting or taking off the hat when a funeral passes. A writer on this subject relates the following:

Some years since we were one of that rushing crowd ever pouring up and down Broadway. When in front of old St. Paul's, all eyes were attracted by the appearance of the crew of the French war vessel, *La Belle Poule*, which then visited the United States under the command of the Prince de Joinville. The crew were in their naval dress uniform, bright and beautiful, and were sauntering along, seeing the sights. All at once they stopped, formed a line, faced inward, and uncovered. How exquisite and touching was the scene when we discovered in that thoughtless, busy hurrying crowd, a man of foreign birth, evidently poor and friendless, under whose arm was carried a tiny coffin, and by his side the stricken mother.—They were in search of a burial for their babe, and were jostled and unheeded in that gay torrent of humanity, until they met these hardy tempest-tossed mariners, who on the instant, with bared heads, stood in silent respect, while the sacred ashes of the unknown infant were passing. Such are French manners.

Pray, dear soul, pray freely for something great; it is equally easy for God to give thee something great or something small.—[*Hyburg.*]

A Paper-Making Spider.

Spiders have been noted so long as spinners of the finest of silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper-maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me.

In the heart of the African Continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges.

When all is done, the spider—which is quite a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the day-times to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves.—[“*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*,” *St. Nicholas* for April.]

The Innocents' Hospital.

The Trustees of the Sheltering Arms have many times announced their desire of extending their work by building a hospital for permanently crippled children.—“I breaks my heart,” said Dr. Knight, of the hospital at the corner of 42d street and Lexington avenue, “to be obliged to send back to wretched homes, those poor little cripples whom we cannot help.” We have long proposed, in God's good time, to supply that want, and give the young sufferers a comfortable home.

This desire and this purpose have advanced a step toward fulfilment. A piece of land adjoining the Sheltering Arms property in Manhattanville, has been purchased, and, by resolution of the trustees on

the 12th day of February last, reserved for the erection thereon of the Innocents' Hospital, in memory of the late Henry E. Montgomery, D. D.”

God keeps a niche

In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
 He brake them to our faces, and denied
 That our close kisses should impair their white,
 I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
 The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
 New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

[*Mrs. Browning.*]

In order to render men benevolent, they must first be made tender; for benevolent affections are not the offspring of reasoning; they result from that culture of the heart, from those early impressions of tenderness, gratitude and sympathy, which the endearments of domestic life are sure to supply, and for the formation of which it is the best possible school.—[*Robert Hall.*]

Here thou art but a stranger traveling to thy country; it is therefore a huge folly to be afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.

[*Jeremy Taylor.*]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1877.

The Children's Cot.

Last month we selected several symbolic floral names for our Children's Cot, and gave the preference to The Lily Bed, because we thought the lily was a fitting and suggestive emblem of many graces that adorn childhood.

Wiser heads than ours, on whose good taste and judgment we greatly rely, think no name would be so beautiful, simple, and appropriate as The Children's Cot. This name tells its own story. Every body understands what it means, and as the Cot is to be supported and occupied by the little folks, it is but fair that its name

should indicate their interest in it, and so we will call it

THE CHILDREN'S COT.

We wish all the children in the city and neighboring towns would remember, that at the City Hospital there is a little bed *all ready to be endowed* by them. There are doubtless now in the city, many children who would be glad to occupy it. Perhaps some little child has met with an accident, or has some disease that cannot be cured, in its close, poorly ventilated home, or has no mother or friend to nurse it tenderly while it is suffering. How delightful to such would be this Children's Cot.

The other day, while sitting in the lower Female Ward at the Hospital, we heard pattering feet above us, and at once the thought was suggested there's a patient for the little bed! We found the owner of the feet was a little boy three years old, receiving treatment for a diseased eyelid.

We hope our endowment fund will be enriched by *memorial gifts* and *thank offerings*. We trust mothers, whose children are where sickness and pain can never enter, will send us *memorial gifts*, and that those whose children are restored from sickness to health, or whose homes are brightened by the advent of an infant will bestow *thank offerings*.

The following contributions have been made to the endowment fund of the Children's Cot :

| | |
|---|---------|
| Mrs. J. Conslor, | \$ - 38 |
| Mrs. G. H. Lewis, | 75 |
| Memorial Easter Offering, | 2 00 |
| Kennie, | 12 |
| An Easter Offering from Nellie McAllaster and her baby sister, | 5 00 |
| Previously acknowledged, | 27 00 |
| Total Receipts, | \$35 25 |

Contributions for the Children's Cot may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Easter Hours with the Invalids.

The bright April sunshine was fast melting the December snowbanks, and the Mission school bells were gathering the Sabbath school children, as we turned our faces westward, towards the City Hospital.

A few flowers, placed in our hand on our way thither, were welcomed by one of the inmates, too feeble to mingle in the chapel service.

We hoped a few Easter lilies would have bloomed for the invalids, but not one unfolded its charms within the Hospital walls.

The patients who were able assembled as usual in the chapel, engaged in songs and prayer, and listened to the earnest words of the youthful preacher, as he spoke to them of the heart-searching Heavenly Father, who reads our secret thoughts and motives.

A short service was then held in the lower Female Ward, and each invalid read or repeated some verse of Scripture that had reference to *strength*. It was touching to hear the voices of so many *feeble* ones who needed *strength*, repeat appropriate promises.

In the Male Surgical Ward a chapter of Scripture was read, a prayer offered, and several hymns were sung, in which the sick men evidently took pleasure.

In this Ward a sympathizing group, an old mother, a youthful wife and tottling child, were gathered around the couch of quite a young man, who a week since was prostrated by an accident, that for a time at least renders him helpless. He was caught in machinery and his elbow badly cut by a saw.

On the next couch a man apparently in full health and vigor was recovering from the effects of a large dose of ether, that had been administered while the surgeon was operating upon his eyelids. "I was so strong" he said, "and resisted so much, that it was necessary to hold me and give

me a large quantity of ether before the operation could be performed."

A couch near by was empty. He who but lately occupied it had gone where sickness and pain can never enter. For about seven months, Solomon Harris has been a patient in the City Hospital, and his case has excited much interest. Formerly a slave at the South, after the war, he came to Rochester with Dr. Hall, and in the families of the Doctor's father, the late pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Harris, this colored man has for years been a most honest and reliable servant, endearing himself to his employers, who, by their kind attentions during his sickness, have proved they were not unmindful of his faithful services. During his stay at the Hospital, he has been healed by the Great Physician, has received baptism and professed his faith in his Saviour. When the hour of death drew nigh, he fearlessly went down into the dark valley upheld by an unflinching trust. When told by those about him that he was failing and must look upwards, he replied, "*I am looking up all the time, asking Jesus to help me.*" He said to his nurse: "How long can I live?" "About an hour," was the reply. Again and again the question was repeated, and when told that probably he had but five minutes to live, he quickly responded: "*I'm ready,*" and looked upward with a joyous smile, as if he caught a glimpse of Heaven; there was a short struggle and he was gone; but the same joyous smile suffused his face. He was greatly attached to his nurse, relied on him as a child does on its mother, and in every way indicated his gratitude for the care he had received at the City Hospital.

On the corner cot in this Ward a poor German man was suffering fearfully from a cancer on the face.

A young man who has been confined more than two months with a broken limb, was walking about without crutches.

In the Ward above were six consumptive patients; two were subject to fits; some were suffering from rheumatism; one man had the gout; and one who two years since had a compound fracture of the leg, and had never recovered from its effects, had just decided to have the limb amputated.

In the upper Female Ward we found our Scotch friend, who the past month has been much more feeble, but she looked brighter and stronger than we had seen her for weeks. Another patient in the same room seemed to be relishing her supper, and around the table in the dining room, thirteen of the female patients were taking their evening meal. In the lower Female Ward, one patient, recovering from a broken arm, had suffered much from the effects of a portion of a needle that had penetrated her hand while she was washing. Another pale face told of past hours of anguish. She had been wearing a plaster of Paris jacket to assist in straightening a curvature in the spine.

Mrs. P., our German friend, had been very sick, but was a little more comfortable.

Prof. Cromwell's Art Entertainment.

It is not very difficult to dream we dwell "in marble halls" after spending an evening at Versailles, with so good a cicerone as Prof. Cromwell.

His art entertainments are always attractive, and the one illustrating "Versailles, The Palace of Palaces," given at Corinthian Hall, on the 2d inst., for the benefit of St. Mary's and the City Hospital, was by no means an exceptional one.

It was a rare treat to visit the luxurious palaces enriched and beautified by the royal Bourbons, to stroll through apartments, galleries and gardens, and by fountains and grottoes, associated with Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and Josephine.

We could almost fancy we had crossed the sea, as we gazed on the life like photographic views, saw the tessellated floors, the mirrored walls, the exquisite tapestry, statuary, bronzes, pictures, and all the insignia of royalty.

We were delighted with Diana and the Hound and other marble statues, with the ferns and phantom bouquets, with the moonlight views, and closing allegories.

In the name of the invalids in our City Hospital, who will reap their portion of the fruits of this entertainment, we would return our hearty thanks to Prof. Cromwell, and also to Mr. F. Ritter who generously donated the use of Corinthian Hall.

"Blessed is the Man who Provideth for the Sick and Needy."

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, tender their grateful acknowledgments to Professor Cromwell, for his kindness and liberality, in donating the avails of the first evening's exhibition of his "Art Illustrations" to the Hospitals of this city.

Beautiful as these illustrations are, their beauty is enhanced by the spirit which Professor Cromwell manifests by his gifts, and his gratuitous matinees, thus rendering happy so many, who see but little of the beautiful, in their lowly homes.

The receipts from sale of tickets, were \$115 87.

For the use of the hall, also, the ladies desire to extend their thanks to Mr. Ritter, who has before shown them many favors.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,
Cor. Sec'y.

Our Needs.

That Carpet nineteen and a half by eighteen feet has not yet reached us. Can not some of our friends who are breaking up housekeeping supply us?

The Matron tells us that her supply of Old Cotton is exhausted.

Eggs are very palatable to the invalids.

St. Nicholas.

How pleasant it is for those of us who inhabit these chilly, northern latitudes, where Winter lingers in the lap of Spring, to transport ourselves in fancy to more genial climes, as we seem to do when we open the charming April number of St. Nicholas. It comes to us richly freighted with the breath of fragrant flowers and the warbling of the spring songsters, who this year are so tardy in visiting us.

Lucy Larcom's "Songs of Spring," W. K. Brooks' article on "Birds," Olive Thorn's "Curious Customs of Easter," and "Fourth Month Dunce," are peculiarly timely, and J. T. Trowbridge's "Good Will," is good for every month in the year, and for every youth in the land.

Bargains in Spring Millinery.

J. B. Sweeting & Bro., 84 State Street, are offering great inducements in Millinery and Fancy Goods. Their wholesale and retail departments are supplied with new, well selected and fashionable goods. They have a large stock of hats, flowers, ribbons and trimmings of every description.

In Memoriam.

MRS. HENRY W. DEAN.

The hearts of many in this community are moved in sympathy for the bereaved household of one of our beloved physicians, whose skillful hand and gentle ministries have long blessed the inmates of the City Hospital.

From many a grateful breast whose sorrows he has lightened ascends the incense of earnest prayer, that his wounds may now be healed by the Great Physician, and that in his hour of need the Comforter may be his abiding guest.

Medical skill and filial love, with tireless hand, have sought through weary years to soften the invalid's pillow, but they

could not avert the fatal shaft, and on the 4th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth P. Dean, daughter of the late E. T. Smith, and wife of Dr. Henry W. Dean, fell asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. Dean's feeble health has of late prevented her from mingling in social circles, but those who knew her before she was prostrated by sickness, will pleasantly recall her dignified and commanding presence, her welcoming smile, her genial and affable manners, and her warm, sympathetic nature.

Beneath her own hospitable roof, she welcomed as inmates of her family, many of her kindred, and there, as daughter, sister, friend, wife and mother, beautifully illustrated those Christian graces that are "lovely and of good report;" and that make home what it should be, the brightest spot on earth.

Our city charities filled a large place in her heart. For many years she was an efficient Manager of the "Rochester Orphan Asylum," but "The Home of the Friendless" was her favorite charity; for years she was the treasurer of its organ, "The Journal of the Home;" and surely this charity never numbered among its officers, a more constant, judicious, zealous, and untiring friend, than she who has just left us.

How sweet to her will be the welcome plaudit, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me."

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|---|----|
| 1877 Mch. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 61 | |
| Received during month, . . . 19 | |
| Births, 1— | 81 |
| Discharged, 18 | |
| Died, 5— | 23 |
| | — |
| Remaining, April 1st, 1877, | 58 |

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 6, 1877, of fatty liver, Mary Leis, aged 22 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 9, 1877, of opium poisoning, D. L. Pye, aged 31 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 17, 1877 of paralysis, J. B. Hathaway, aged 72 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 27, 1877, of consumption, Mrs. Carrie Smith, aged 38 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 28, 1877, of necrosis of ischium, Solomon Harris, aged 51 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Two Steel Engravings.
- Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—A crock of Lard.
- Mrs. Sam'l Wilder—Every week, Reading Matter
- Mrs. Churchill—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Chester Dewey—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Raspberry Vinegar, Canned Fruits, Jelly, Pickles, Vinegar for Pickles, and one Comfortable.
- Mrs. Edward Ray—Six dozen Oranges.
- Ninth Ward Aid Society—Ten Quilts.
- "The Flower Mission"—Flowers.

**Receipts for the Review,
TO APRIL 1st, 1877.**

| | |
|---|-------|
| Mrs. S. D. Walbridge—By Miss Louise Al- ling, | \$ 63 |
| Mrs. W. Barron Williams—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Mowatt, Toronto, Canada—By Mrs. E. T. Smith, | 1 00 |
| Miss Jennie Sloan—By Mrs. D. B. Beach, Mrs. Calvin Waite, 63 cts.; Mrs. J. Con- sler, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Fenn, 62 cents; By Mrs. C. Waite, | 1 87 |
| Mrs. E. Line, \$1.86; Mrs. Thos. Knowles, 62 cents—By Miss Fannie Montgomery, Mrs. George Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, \$1.25; Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Michaels, 62 cents; Mrs. George H. Thompson, \$1.25—By Miss Minnie Montgomery, | 4 36 |
| Mrs. E. F. Hyde, 63 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 65 cents; Mrs. G. H. Lewis, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Carter Wilder, \$2.00; Mrs. Samuel Wilder, 62 cents Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, \$2.48; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents—By Miss Mary Perkins, | 8 25 |
| Edmund W. Hills, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Al- petre, Barre Center, 50 cents; Mrs. D. Leary, 63 cents; Mrs. S. P. Robins, 63 cents; Mrs. L. S. Hargous, Pittsford, \$3.00; Mrs. J. Warren, Geneseo, \$1.00; H. F. Keenan, Chicago, 50 cents; Mrs. Mrs. J. W. Swift, Geneva, \$1.00; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 62 cents; Miss Anna Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. Lewis H. Alving, 62 cents; Mrs. D. McArthur, 62 cents; Miss S. A. Endress, Danville, 50 cents; Mrs. Eugene Glen, 62 cents; Miss Amanda Green, 62 cents; Sale of Papers, 8 cts.; By Mrs. Robert Mathews, | 12 80 |

Children's Department.

Papa's Letter.

I was sitting in my study,
 Writing letters, when I heard,
 "Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
 Mamma mustn't be 'turbid.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
 Want some ozzzer fing to do.
 Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
 Tant I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
 Run and play with kitty now."
 "No, no, mamma, me wite letter—
 Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
 As his sweet eyes searched my face—
 Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
 Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded
 As I slowly shook my head,
 Till I said, "I'll make a letter
 Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
 From his forehead high and white.
 And a stamp in sport I pasted
 'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
 Go away, and bear good news,"
 And I smiled as down the staircase
 Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
 Down to Mary in his glee,
 "Mamma's witing lots of letters;
 I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
 As once more he climbed the stair,
 Reached his little cap and tippet,
 Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
 No one saw the golden hair,
 As it floated o'er his shoulders
 In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
 Till he reached the office door.
 "I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
 Is there room for any more?"

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
 Papa lives with God 'ou know,
 Mamma sent me for a letter,
 Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
 "Not to-day, my little man."
 "Den I'll find anozzer office,
 'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
 But the pleading face was gone,
 And the little feet were hastening—
 By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
 People fled to left and right,
 As a pair of maddened horses
 At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
 No one saw the golden hair,
 Till a voice of frightened sweetness
 Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
 Stood the beauteous vision there,
 Then the little face lay lifeless,
 Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
 Brushed away the curls of gold,
 Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
 Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
 Showing where a hoof had trod;
 But the little life was ended—
 "Papa's letter" was with God.

[*Liverpool Weekly Mercury.*]

A Long Tongue.

Wouldn't you think yours was a long tongue, if it was as long as your whole body? Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow who lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you can't imagine how useful it is to him.

You see, he is a dignified, slow-moving little fellow, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, only that he can dart out his tongue as quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of this droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate bug or fly it touches.

The little animal I speak of is a chameleon; and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curi-

ous. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small bug which can escape these sharp eyes.

And that isn't all about them. These eyes are covered with eyelids all the time. To be sure, there is a hole in the middle, where the bright eye looks out, and he can contract or expand it as he likes, but he can't uncover his eyes as we can.

But his tongue and his eyes are not the only odd things about him; his feet are droll as the rest. He has five toes, just as you have, though they are more like a bird's claws than like your toes. They are all long, and have claws on the ends, and then they are fastened together by skin in a curious way. Three of them are fastened into one sort of bundle, and the other two into another.

You can see how nicely this arrangement enables him to hold on to the branches of trees where he lives. All four of his feet are fixed in the same way. And, as if four such hands and feet were not enough, his long, slim tail is as good as another foot. He can curl it around a branch as a monkey can his, and hold on with it. Even when he walks on the ground—which he does not like to do—he steadies himself with his useful tail.

Everything about this fellow is odd. His skin is not fastened tight to him, as it is to most animals. It is more like a loose bag, and he can swell it out into queer shapes, or rather into a shapeless mass, by filling it with air. And another oddity about the skin is, that by a peculiar arrangement of the coloring matter, he sometimes looks one color, and sometimes another, according to the way the light strikes him. It is something like what you have seen in changeable silks.

Strange stories were told about this curious little fellow, in old times. It was really believed he had no regular color of his own, but that he took the color of the thing that he was near, being green among the leaves and brown on the ground. That error was caused, of course, by the changes of color I spoke of.

Another error was the effect of his curious habit of blowing himself up like a bladder. It was said that he had no particular shape. In fact, he had no

character of his own anyway—neither color nor shape!

The wisest men of old times believed these stories, and it seems droll enough to read of it in serious, wise books. Even the name of the honest little fellow got to mean one who changes his opinions to suit everybody, and has no fixed ideas of his own.

You see, it has taken hundreds of years, and hundreds of men watching them, to find out about these curious little fellows; and you can learn it all in five minutes.

[*Olive Thorne.*]

Singing Mice.

It is a fact that mice can and often do sing. A writer in *La Nature* tells of two singing mice which he observed for several months. One mouse learned to sing from a canary, but the other was taught by its companion. A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, writing from Indianapolis, tells of his observation of a singing mouse:

On Monday evening, as I sat reading by the fire, I heard what I at first thought was a boy passing along the street, imitating the warble of a canary bird. Presently, however, I discovered that the noise was not in the street, but in the room where I was sitting, and further, that it was made by a mouse.

The little fellow was evidently upon a foraging expedition, and was, if one might judge from his song, as light-hearted as the canary, whom he so perfectly imitated.

I listened in wonder, and then proceeded to arouse my family, who had retired, telling them that I wanted them to hear what they had never heard, and what they might never have an opportunity of hearing again.

The little fellow seemed very tame, and for upwards of an hour played around my feet, and at hide and seek under my chair, and then, probably thinking that it was time for serenaders to be in bed, vanished.

I listened very attentively during the whole time to see if the singing might be attributable to any disease of an asthmatic nature, but the tones were as clear as those of a bird, and, from the fact that the song was intermittent, I came to the conclusion that mousey sang because he wanted to, and not because he could not help it.

Acts of charity tend to the glory of God.

Moscow Pigeons.

The Pigeons have it all their own way in Moscow, for no one dares kill them. They are looked on as the incarnate symbol of the Holy Ghost, and a Russian would almost as soon think of becoming a cannibal as of eating a pigeon. Up near the grain and flour markets there are thousands of them, and toward evening the roofs are black with them. The gilded domes and roof of the Kremlin seem to be also particularly dear to these birds, and if you go down to the river about an hour after sunset, and lean over the parapet of the bridge, you will see countless numbers darting and wheeling about the Palace spire. It is just what is needed to finish the beautiful panorama before you. In the early spring I meet numbers of men selling cages of little birds. These the people buy and liberate at Easter-tide. It is a relic of the old habit of freeing slaves at that time. When no more slaves were to be had, birds were substituted as a symbol by the church, and the custom still existed in Russia with all her serfs, without a thought as to what it meant, and how much better it would be to do the thing of which it was a type.—[*Eugene Schuyler in Scribner's Monthly.*]

A Little Boy's Faith.

Last winter a little boy of six or eight years, begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little."

"And are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"

Oh, dull of heart! enclosed doth lie.
In each "Come, Lord," a "Here am I."
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger of heaven.

[Trench.

J. GRAY.—Pack with my box five dozen quills. There is nothing remarkable about this sentence, only it is nearly as short as one can be constructed and contain the whole alphabet.

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|---------|
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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. XIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1877.

No. 10.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, " 50 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

For the Hospital Review.

Suffering.

BY BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

I.

Thro' quivering nerve laid bare with pain,
Thro' throbbing heart, and pulsing brain,
This christ of woe, God sent,
Runs swift, on unknown good intent.
Runs keen, with unrelenting will,
But One can keep my pale lips, still.

II.

One who has felt each pain, each smart,
One who has tried His loving heart
In fires as white, for me,
With double weight of agony,
Holds fast my fainting head, thus prest
In nearness to His loving breast.

III.

And it is joy to do and bear
What His diviner heart has,—wear
The same dark robe of pain,
Since on me now His kisses rain,
Since tender is His loving call
Lest I, His human sparrow, fall.

IV.

One night of pain becomes to me
A school of love; of sympathy,
Gold is refined in flame,
And these white heats are for the same;
My softened heart to purge from sin,
That God and heaven, I still may win.

For the Hospital Review.

Little Belle.

We would gladly have had each one of the children readers of the "Review," with us when we made our visit to the "Children's Corner," in one of the Wards of St. John's Hospital, in the city of Brooklyn. But that was impossible, so we wish to tell them what we saw there, and they can thus make an imaginary visit with us.

We had gone to the Hospital to see the "Churchman Cot"—a bed endowed by two thousand children of the Protestant Episcopal church—and it well repaid us for our visit, to see the pretty cot, with its snowy white curtains and its lame occupant, and to know that, for years to come, through the liberality of other children, some of the afflicted lambs of Christ's flock on earth would find there loving care and

gentle teachings, during weary hours of sickness and pain.

But it is our intention to tell you of little Belle, who though not the little one in the "Churchman Cot," is one of the four in the "Children's Corner." Such large bright eyes, such a little pale face, touched our hearts very deeply, and when we tell you those same large, blue eyes were sightless, and that the pale face told the sad story that this little one will soon find sweet rest in Heaven, you can easily know why the tears will come to our eyes, even while we write the story for you to read.

Belle is only six years old, her father is dead, and her mother is the stewardess of a steamer, and must be away from the city and her little one, many months during the year, so she gave Belle to a poor family that she knew, to have her taken care of until she could return to her. Last summer Belle had the measles, and because she was so sick and did not have good care and nursing, such as your mothers would give you, she became blind and paralyzed. When she was so helpless, she was sent to the County hospital at Flatbush, and was found there by a lady visitor, sitting on a hard bench, with no one to love and care for her, and nothing to rest her little weak back upon.

To see this forsaken little sufferer, so neglected, grieved this visitor, and although she feared there was no room for her at St. John's, she went to see, and was glad to hear, that only two days before, a mother, whose darling child had gone to be with the Saviour, had sent his crib to the hospital, just as he had lain in it, with its little bed and pillows; and it was just right for Belle, and there she lay in it when we saw her. Her bright but sightless eyes, and her gentle voice attracted us to her tiny bed, and she first said to us, "There are blue bows on my bed;" and sure enough, though we had not noticed them, each corner of the little bed had a blue ribbon bow. We held one of her little thin

white hands in ours, while she laughed and talked with us, and she showed us her doll and a little bead ring on her finger, and asked us to take off our gloves that she might feel and see if we had any rings, and then she wanted one of our rings put on her little hand; and gladly we did this little thing, which seemed to make her feel very merry. She is delighted to have visitors come and see her; and when they ask her if she is happy, she says, "Yes, Ma'am. God makes me happy. I love God, and I love my mother, and I love every body." She knows many hymns, and sang for us very sweetly, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," and "My Faith looks up to Thee." These are her favorites, and when we told her how much we loved the same words, she was greatly pleased.

We were sorry to part with little Belle, for she had won our hearts, and we were very reluctant to bid her good by, and after we had kissed her and she thought we were going, she asked us, "Won't you stay and have a cup of tea with me?" in such a loving, hospitable way, that we could almost have fancied her a real housekeeper, instead of only a "make-believe one," with her little set of dishes.

Slowly but surely is this tiny flower wasting away, and we fear our first visit to her will be our last, for many weeks must come and go, before we can repeat our visit to St. John's Hospital; and little Belle may then be singing her sweet hymns among the Heavenly choir.

It is for such neglected children that we want in our own City Hospital an Endowed Cot; and it seems fitting that children who have comfortable homes, and every attention they can wish when they are ill, should provide thus for the care of the children of want and poverty, when they are such weary sufferers. G.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

LAKE GENEVA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

We took the cars for Chillon and walked to the castle. The lower part has been but little changed. We were shown the deep, dark well, "*Les Oubliettes*," where the prisoner was told to descend three steps and thereby he would obtain liberty—three steps, and liberty came through a plunge into the deep, cold waters of the lake. We saw the place to which the prisoner was fastened while his feet were tortured with fire. A mammoth rock, nearly filling one small dungeon, made the bed and pillow for the last night of the condemned; the place of execution was near by, and a closed-up door was pointed out, as the former opening through which he was buried in the lake. The most interesting place was the dungeon where Bonivard passed six weary years. We leaned against the pillar to which he was chained, and put our feet in his foot-prints, but into his thoughts we could not enter. He could never have climbed to the little apertures that admit the light; his chain would not have permitted it; probably no prisoner could have done it. The guide drew our attention to the light of the setting sun, shining through these loop-holes and playing upon the wall, and we felt that they must have been greeted by the desolate inmates in the years gone by. Byron's name is inscribed upon one of the pillars. With sad hearts and subdued voices we left the old castle. Above its entrance are the words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein und Ausgang.*" "God the Lord bless the in-coming and out-going." Crowds of foreigners now throng these dreary dungeons immortalized by the poet.

We drove by Clarens at the sunset hour to Vevey. The hotel was very large and elegant; we saw more fine dress and heard more French that evening than we had done anywhere else.

We took the boat to Geneva, visiting

Lausanne. The gaslights fairly illuminated Geneva as we entered it in the evening, and seemed set upon pillars reaching far down into the waters.

Geneva is finely located around the south-west corner of the lake, and on both sides of the Rhone at its exit. The old part of the city, Calvin's Geneva, climbs very steep places with narrow and sometimes dirty streets. The new, is very beautiful; handsome bridges cross the Rhone, between two of which is Rousseau's Island, laid out as a public park; it was once a place of resort to the philosopher whose bronze statue now adorns it. Very fine quays and extensive English gardens lie along the lake shore. In the background are the mountains of Savoy, and on the other side the Jura Alps. The buildings are large and handsome, especially the hotels, which are many and of the first class. The lake is very blue. In the South East a solid pyramidal mountain rises independently from the valley, and partly conceals and divides the Mont Blanc chain which is seen grandly on each side. Mont Blanc herself looks really more beautiful than at Chamouny, though forty miles away; at least we can watch its changing phases until we understand it better; never is it twice alike.

A few days since, just before sunset, we returned from a boat ride by the beautiful villas along the lake shore, and from viewing Rothschild's chateau and grounds. Going to the window, we felt enchained and entranced. Toward the north, a wide, deep-blue rim bordered the lake; above it, soft, pink, floating clouds. Opposite, the Savoy Hills with their sloping vineyards of a dark bluish green, with pale blue lines of cloud athwart them, near the summit; two sharp triangular mountain tops peeped over the lower hills. The pale, yellow moon was just climbing over against the pink sky. Mont Blanc was white and glistening, and the other snowy mountains with her. Soon the opal tint crept over

her and her aiguilles and glaciers, then pale rose, deep rose, pale rose and white again. An hour later and the bright moonlight streamed across the waters of Geneva, and the waves fairly waltzed under the light of the moon and the shadow of the trees on its bank. The peculiar sails here, the latteen, in some positions give the boats the appearance of eagles with outspread wings floating over the blue lake.

We have heard the organ in Calvin's Cathedral. In most of the pieces it did not compare favorably with that at Freiburg; there were none of the clear-cut sounds of the latter; apparently the performer was less skillful. The thunder storm was weird and fantastic, perhaps not equal to the other, but unique and grand. First we heard a blast of wind, through a forest or among the high hills, then a suppressed sound like the puffing of an engine at a distance. I could hardly tell whether it came from the organ or was really outside of the church. It gradually increased until the whole front and side of the cathedral seemed sobbing and then muttering with thunder, as if they were a vast and wide spread thunder cloud charged with electricity, yet never breaking out into a peal, but sobbing and muttering fearfully; then came a hush and all seemed over. Again the storm arose, grew stronger than before, but never came quite down to the earth. Ever and anon in the bushes sweet bells chimed, so natural, so perfect in imitation.

I failed to get a sight of Calvin's chair, as the concierge hurried to darken the cathedral.

Calvin's house is near by, upon a narrow street; it is a large substantial house built around a small court yard with a prophet's chamber over the gate-way.

Geneva is surrounded by fine country residences, with long avenues of large trees, evidently the result of more than one generation of culture. Some of them

are unfortunately shut out from view by high walls, and can be best seen from the lake. But Baron Rothschild's, perhaps the finest of all, is open to the public two days in the week. Tickets of admission are required as a safeguard, but they are gratuitous, and contain a printed request to bestow no fee upon the porter. Fine old forest trees with shady walks, green lawns, ribbon gardens of flowers, and ornamental foliage, rare breeds of pheasants, some of an elegant gold, or bird of paradise color, statuary, and not least, fine views of the lake and mountains, made this place very attractive. The porters in Oriental costume were very gracious and welcomed us to the green house, carpeted with licopodium, where rare ferns grew in tropical luxuriance.

We visited Voltaire's former residence four or five miles distant. The church built by him, with the inscription, "Erected to God by Voltaire," looks as if used for a woodshed and place for litter. The castle is well kept, and his parlor and bedroom are very much as he left them. Opposite the Swiss stove in his parlor is a monument erected in his life time, and he bids his friends remember that his heart is still with them. In his bedroom are pictures of his landress and chimney sweep, prettier than Whittier's bare foot boy, but reminding us of him. From the garden there is a much finer view of Mont Blanc than can be obtained in Geneva.

C. L. S.

Italy has declared its thirteen universities open to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action, while France has opened the Sorbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery.

When the Breton mariner puts to sea his prayer is—"Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

Sunshine.

One radiant April morning, and not many days
agone,
I wandered off in the forest, myself and my
thoughts alone;
At the foot of a gnarly oak-tree, in the fresh
young grass I lay—
The idlest of all God's creatures, dreaming the
hours away.

The air was flooded with sunshine that warmed
my blood like wine,
And under its subtle presence my senses grew
clear and fine;
I could hear the young twigs growing, and a
rustling underground
Where little green thoughts were climbing into
light and heat and sound.

They cried, "We are coming, coming, we know
not how or where;
But something is drawing us upward, into the
golden air;
We are only in germ and bud now, but feel with-
in us the power
Of blooming some day, in sunshine, into full and
perfect flower."

Perhaps they taught me the secret—those flow-
ers that I love so well,
For since that beautiful morning my heart seems
under a spell;
Happiness hovers around me, a joy that flatters
and sings;
The days seem shod with sunshine, the hours
have shining wings.

I thank God and am happy, feeling but dimly
now
The power of a warmer sunlight searching the
clouds below;
Knowing that germs of gladness are struggling
up to the light,
That else would have lain forever wrapped in an
endless night.

Here we bloom so slowly, bare stalks with a
touch of green;
We cannot see His shining, for the evil mists be-
tween.

Only our hearts might ponder when days grow
dark and dim,
The more we live in His sunshine the more we
grow like Him!

[*The Earnest Worker.*]

Mrs. Doremus.

[REMARKS AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE,
APRIL 3, 1877.]

Soon after my coming to New York, to
the work that still is my life-work, Mrs.
Doremus called to enlist me in aid of
some scheme of benevolence to which she
had put her hand.

She had then been more than ten years
the leading spirit in missionary enterprise:
having been one of those noble women in
1828 who sent out aid to the Greeks by
the hand of Jonas King, and in 1834, with
Mrs. Divie Bethune, had set on foot a
plan to educate women in the East, a
scheme that ripened into that mighty
ministry of mercy—the Woman's Union
Missionary Society.

When she came to me thirty-seven
years ago it was in the interest of the City
and Tract Mission, and afterwards the City
Bible Society; and by and by the House
and School of Industry, and the Nursery
and Child's Hospital, and then that grand
establishment, the Woman's Hospital.

Nearly forty years I have seen her at
work; have recorded much of it: have
gazed on it with wonder, and sometimes
with awe! Not one plan of hers has been
the subject of just criticism. Never has
the manner of her work been open to ex-
ception. She never betrayed a weak-
ness, never assumed a prominence that was
not becoming a sensible, Christian wife,
mother, lady and woman.

I have the memoirs of nearly three
thousand women, distinguished in many
ages, for deeds that have made their names
illustrious, in the annals of time. Among
them there is not one, no, not one whose
record is more bright and beautiful in the
light of heaven than hers. It would be
well if the women and the men likewise,
would cause to be made a statue in the
form and likeness of our friend Mrs. Dore-
mus, of the purest, whitest marble, bend-
ing beneath the weight of years and many
loads of care, faint yet pursuing, the im-
age of the heavenly shining on her seraphic
brow. Such a statue is due to her who
fulfilled every trust and mission God ever
gave to woman, and by what she was,
taught us what woman ought to be.

Such a statue, in the vestibule of the
Woman's Hospital, would be a monument
to the sex she adorned: for she was a

The journey of high honor lies not in
smooth ways.

type and example of what woman is when she makes real in her life work the conception of Him who created her in His own image.

But whether we build a monument or carve her form in stone, her record is on high, and in the hearts of thousands and the history of the Church her memory will never die.—[IRENÆUS, in *N. Y. Observer*.

What to do with Your Boy.

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

First, dear young mother, keep your boy's heart; that is, provided you already have it. If you have not, the first step is to get it. Study boy-nature. I know of no other study more thoroughly interesting. A sturdy, healthy boy, a real, live, romping, noisy boy is a living inspiration, in my opinion at least. Next convince your boy that you are his best friend. There are countless ways of convincing him; one is to make home a delightful spot, that is, provided it is within your power so to do.

Let the earnest, growing boys play, even if the house is disordered, even if Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Faultfinder do say they "never saw such a topsy-turvy house." Ah, if we would only remember how fleeting their young days, how very, very soon, if they live, they will be strong, bearded men, and our homes will be painfully orderly. Will not the memory of dear boyish forms come fraught with pleasantness if we remember that we were patient and loving and helpful? that it was our influence, blessed by the Omnipotent, that started the young feet heavenward? Let us exert ourselves to the utmost to have them feel as well as say, "There's no place like home."

Give your boy, when he is old enough, a pretty, comfortable room which he will take pride in showing to his friends, if you can afford it. Don't put all the pretty ornaments and tasteful knick-knacks in the parlor and spare room. Put them, at least some of them, in your boy's room. Hang pictures on the walls, (inexpensive ones will do,) pictures of flowers, birds, or landscapes, anything that will cultivate his taste and have a tendency to uplift him. Buy him books, sound, instructive, unexceptionable books. Let him subscribe for at least one good paper, one that will help

mould a manly, lovely character, and assist him up the ladder, intellectually and spiritually. Let your boy invite his friends occasionally and treat them with apples and nuts or a substitute for them, even if they do make a little extra work. Even molasses candy, if you have it, will not hurt them one bit if the door-handles do get suspiciously sticky. Ah, I believe there is many a boy who would never have been seen at twelve or thirteen years of age with a cigar in his mouth and a disgusting scent about him, if the home atmosphere had been redolent with love and sunshine, sympathy and consideration.

Last, but not least, govern your boy; have a settled principle of government, not fluctuating like the mercury in a thermometer. But don't expect the discretion and judgment of maturity; such expectation is only the will-o'-the-wisp. Guide him carefully, watch him prayerfully, young mother, and may God ever bless your boy, our boys, all the boys.—[*The Christian Weekly*.

Hints for the Summer Vacation.

First. If there be any weakly childrer in the family, make an effort to find a boarding-place near a river or lake, and give them a boat and oars (with due regard for their safety, of course). There can be no healthier pastime for boys or girls of dyspeptic or consumptive tendencies than paddling the summer away in a light skiff. We know of more than one child—a few years ago narrow-chested pale, stooped-shouldered, subject to incessant headaches in school, who is now broad-breasted and ruddy, simply from the exercise of rowing during the summer months.

Secondly. Pack up all the finery of both girls and boys and—leave it at home. Have stout, well-fitting shoes made for them to order, without heels. Clothe the whole of them in flannel. Navy blue at forty-five or fifty cents per yard is the best. Pretty and cheap loose-fitting suit of this are the most artistic dress for a child or adult on the sea-side, hills, or wherever tramping, and sudden showers and downright fun are the rule. Flanne is, by all odds, the coolest dress to wear in the hot season, and an almost certain preventive of colds, neuralgia, &c.

Thirdly. If there are boys, you will

find it a wise investment to spend \$6 or \$8 for a shelter tent. They could sleep in it, if necessary, with benefit to health; but in any case, they can carry it to lonely solitudes back of the barn, or up on the mountain, and camp out all day and night, cooking their own meals and keeping up a watch-fire.

Fourthly. Provide for rainy days,—a checker-board, decalcomanic pictures, story books, and especially good-humor. A family stranded upon the barren shore of a farm house with nothing but their trunks is a spectacle not edifying to gods or men.—[“*Home and Society*,” *Scribner for April*.

The “Fury” of Rufus Choate’s Eloquence.

At the bar in debate, Webster was more like an earthquake; but Choate was a whirlwind. A late number of the *American Law Review* gives this picture of the latter while making a plea:

When greatly excited, he appeared to be almost in convulsions, every fibre in his body quivering with emotion, his face ashy pale, his eyes flashing, his gestures most violent; and he would shout, and even scream, with all the force of his lungs.—He did not, “in the torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of his passion, begot a temperance that gave it smoothness.” Like a high-mettled steed, he was off at a tremendous rate from the word “Go!” and he kept up or increased the space to the end of the course. When I have seen Choate employ two extraordinary instruments of expression,—his nose and his heels,—drawing in the full volume of his breath through a large nose with a noise heard all over the room, and then to double the force of the expression, closing his sentence by coming down on his heels with a muscular effort that shook the whole court room; when I heard of his tearing his coat from top to bottom by the violence of his gestures, I was pleased at reading that a gentleman in England told Choate that he had frequently seen Erskine, in addressing a jury, jump up and knock his feet together before he touched the floor again.

Genius creates its own privilege. No ordinary lawyer would have been tolerated in such frantically demonstrative oratory in the staid and dignified courts of Boston.

Napoleon at Table.

In an article in *Lippencott’s Magazine* on Malmaison, the residence of Josephine before and after her divorce from Napoleon, we have some account of the manners of Napoleon at table, which shows that, as respects manners, he was far from being a model:

When the established hour for dining at Malmaison was six o’clock, and though etiquette forbade any one to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o’clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes, by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the Emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero; they were certainly any thing but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, but “helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy.”

Those who knew the habits of the Emperor were accustomed to take their real dinner beforehand, to save themselves from hurry and dyspepsia. It has been said that the average American, at an average restaurant takes his meal in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds, exactly the period allotted to Napoleon; but what should we think of even the average American who should use his fingers as the great Bonaparte did, even were it only on the *bony part* of a chicken?

A CURIOUS FERN.—A fern grows in China which bears such a resemblance to a lamb, that the English call it the Tartarian lamb fern. It is covered with a thick, soft, vegetable wool, of a yellow color.—The main stem lies flat, a short distance above the ground, while the hanging-stems touching the earth look like little legs supporting it. Covered with this vegetable wool, the likeness to a lamb is quite curious.

Contention for trifles can get but a trifling victory. Prefer truth before the maintaining of an opinion.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1877.

Hospital Memories.

The sweet-breathed, trailing arbutus had heralded spring in the wild-wood, and daffodils, crocuses, hyacinths, and violets, gemmed our city flower beds, as we hastened to the Hospital.

The bright sunshine rested like a benediction on a group of invalids that were gathered on the green lawn south of the Male Ward, and as the invigorating air refreshed the feeble ones, we knew they rejoiced in the advent of spring. One of these was patiently waiting for strength to bear the amputation of his foot.

Within the East Ward, two young men, side by side, were suffering from cuts by a machine saw, which had deprived one of a portion of his elbow, and the other of a finger and a part of several of the knuckles on his left hand. A middle aged rheumatic patient whose joints were very stiff, had had them moved, while under the influence of chloroform, and, though suffering at times acutely, hoped he was improving.

In the lower Female Ward one patient was under treatment for diseased eyes; one was a victim of consumption; another, suffering from a curvature of the spine, spoke of benefit derived from a jacket of plaster of Paris. Mrs. B., our patient rheumatic friend, had taken cold and was more unwell than usual. Mrs. P., the German invalid, was better, and her friend Augusta had been out to ride, and had varied the monotony of her Hospital life, by spending a day and night at the Industrial School with her little daughter. One young woman spoke gratefully and cheerfully of her recovery from a broken arm, and also from an inflamed hand, that had been injured by breaking into it a piece of a

sewing machine needle. A middle aged woman was kindly ministering to the comfort of other patients, while she was under treatment for a broken arm.

The sympathy of nurses and patients was specially called out to a very sick paralytic deaf mute, who, three weeks before, came to the Hospital from the Church Home. Her peculiar afflictions made her an object of tender interest to all the inmates of the Ward. It was a touching scene, when three deaf mutes gathered at her bedside, seeking by gentle ministries to sweeten her bitter cup, were joined by Mr. Westervelt and Miss Hamilton, teachers in our Institute for Deaf Mutes. In the centre of the group lay the sufferer; deaf—mute—paralyzed—fast passing down into the dark valley. How helpless! Had she heard of Him who unstopped the deaf ears, who imparted new life to the palsied limbs and washed away sin's crimson stains? Oh! yes, Christian philanthropy and science had brought light into her darkness, and she, with joyful heart, was fast pluming her wings, to soar from her prison home to the Heavenly mansion, where rapturously she would join in the harmony of the new song.

Never shall we forget the picture that was engraved on our memory, as, at her bedside, Mr. Westervelt, with reverent attitude and impressive gestures, in sign language offered prayer. We *felt* the intercession, and we knew though *voiceless* it was heard. It was thus interpreted to us by one who says:

"I am exceedingly dissatisfied with my translation of what was, to one familiar with the language, a series of beautiful sign pictures."

"Our Father, hear us as we now pray Thee to guide this child of Thine through the dark valley of the shadow of death. May she have strength to bear the pain and endure the weakness that remain to her, and in the trying hour be Thou very, very near to her.

"We thank Thee for the privileges that have

brought her to a knowledge of her relations to Thee, and of Thy claims upon her. We thank Thee for the comforts by which she is now surrounded, and for these kind friends who are ready to minister to her every want.

"May the home which Jesus has gone to prepare seem very real and very near. May she with childlike faith place her hand in Thine, sure that Thou art in Thine own way leading her home."

The skillful artist works nobly, when he embodies the Christian graces and makes the cold marble speak of loving deeds; but the lowly disciple, who copies the life of the Great Master, and within our Hospital walls illustrates his precepts, does greater and more enduring work. The recording angel notes the cup of cold water pressed to the lips of the fainting pilgrim, and when the marble shall have crumbled to dust, the loving act will be remembered.

The comforting prayer at the bedside of the dying paralytic was an anointing for her burial, and though we saw them not, the ministering angels were even then hovering near, and ere another sun dawned, the weary sufferer bade adieu to those around her, and with uplifted hand pointed to the bright home that faith revealed to her.

In the ward above, we saw for the last time our Scotch friend, Mrs. N. Months ago, she had said to us: "I may live till the dandelions bloom," and she reminded us of this, as we put into her swollen hands a few pure white crocuses. Two days later we visited the Hospital; the crocuses were fading, and the hands that had held them were cross-folded on the breast. Hers had been a life of temptation and conflict, and we were glad to feel that at last the boisterous voyage was over, and that the tempest-tossed mariner had moored her bark within the eternal haven.

The funeral service in the chapel was conducted by one whose beloved partner had but a short time before entered the spirit world.

Mite Boxes.

"*Mony a pickle mak' a muckle,*" says the old proverb, and so said the Lady Managers of our City Hospital, when last year they prepared and distributed, in the homes and business resorts of our citizens, several hundred *mite boxes*, to collect offerings for the sick inmates of the City Hospital.

These mute pleaders worked effectively and added more than \$700 to the treasury, and no one felt the poorer for the mites that had been dropped into them.

The result last year was so successful, that the Lady Managers this year again prepared mite boxes to be scattered throughout our city, but many of these are now resting ingloriously, waiting to be welcomed to the homes of the benevolent.

They may be had on application to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, and those who will kindly receive them, and place them where they will speak for the invalids, and at the close of the year return them to the Treasurer, will confer a favor on the Hospital Board and lend a helping hand to those who cannot help themselves.

A New Exchange.

Last month we received the first number of "The Hospital Review," published in the interest of St. Barnabas' Hospital, at Newark, N. J. We see that Mrs. J. Rutherford, née Livingston, is one of the Publishing Committee, and we rejoice to know that one of Rochester's daughters is letting her light shine in a neighboring State.

The Newark Hospital is a little in advance of ours in one respect. While we are begging for a "*Children's Cot*," it is starting a *Children's Ward*.

We wish success to our sisters in New Jersey, and hope the Hospital Review will increase the interest in their Hospital, and enrich its treasury.

We would call special attention to the touching story of "Little Belle," and ask our young friends to remember that it was *two thousand children* who endowed her bed.

We want mite offerings from *all* the little folks. No gift is too small to be welcomed.

Contributions for the Children's Cot may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

New Music.

We are indebted to H. S. Mackie for two new pieces of music published by him. The one, "ISABELLE POLKA," a sprightly, well written polka, composed by J. E. Hartel, and dedicated to Leon H. Lampert, both of this city; the other "THE IMPRISONED SONGSTER," a song for soprano and tenor, with a German and English text, and a pleasing accompaniment. The music is in keeping with the sentiment of the song: composed by J. Raff and dedicated to Mary Armstrong.

For sale by H. S. Mackie, 82 State Street.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 23, 1877, of consumption, Mrs. Mary E. Nelson, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 24, 1877, of paralysis, Delia Bliss, aged 60 years.

Donations.

- Mr. Shedd—Ten dozen Oranges.
- Mr. Moran—One Gridiron.
- Mrs. Warren—Old Cotton.
- Mrs. S. Wilder—Reading Matter.
- Miss A. K. Greene—Reading Matter.
- Mr. Shedd—Five pounds Blackberries.
- Rev. Mr. Long—Quantity Reading Matter.
- Mr. French—Quantity Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Dr. French—Crib and Mattress.
- Mrs. J. H. Brewster—Crib and Mattress.
- Mrs. Kaufman—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Wm. S. Falls—Reading Matter and Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Bundle valuable Second-hand Clothing, including one dozen Shirts and a bundle of nice Garments for one of the Patients, and 15 dozen Eggs.

CASH DONATIONS

- By Friends, to supplement Mr. Cromwell's generous gift to the Hospital, \$60 00
- Donation Box, 1 84
- E. K. Warren, on Bills for M'ch and Ap'l 2 50

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Receipts for the Review,

TO MAY 1st, 1877.

- Mrs. L. W. Kaufman—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews \$ 62
- Miss E. Benedict, Albany, 50 cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents—By Miss Mary Perkins 1 12
- Mrs. James Vick, 62 cents; Miss Ella Caldwell, 62 cents—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, 1 24
- Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 62 cents—By Miss Minnie Montgomery 1 74
- Mrs. R. Trennaman, 62 cents; Mr. Joseph W. Sprague, Jeffersonville, Indiana, \$2.00—By Mrs. Dr. Strong 2 62
- Mr. H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Jeffres, \$1.86; Mr. O. H. Stevens, \$1.86; Mr. M. Van Voorhis, 62 cents—By Belden Day 4 96
- Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, \$1.25; Mrs. Eliza Loop, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Strong, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Knowles, 62 cents; Sale of Papers, 4 cents; Mrs. F. DeW. Ward, Geneseo, (2 copies,) \$1.00; Mrs. A. R. Couant, Fairport, 50 cents; Mrs. R. Gorsline, 65 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews 5 30
- John Schlier, C. F. Paine & Co., E. F. Hyde & Co., L. S. Kendall, Woodbury, Morse & Co., Alling & Cory, Sherlock & Sloan, Smith, Perkins & Co., Samuel Dunn, J. B. Sweeting, \$5.00 each for advertisement; Mechanics' Savings Bank, advertisement, \$15.00—By Mrs. Henry H. Morse \$65 00

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|--|--------|
| 1877 Ap'l 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, | 58 |
| Received during month, .. | 29 |
| Births, | 3 — 90 |
| Discharged, | 25 |
| Died, | 2 — 27 |
| <hr/> | |
| Remaining, May 1st, 1877, | 63 |

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.

Children's Department.

Little Dandelion.

Gay little dandelion

Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender stalk,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's notes

Poured from above ;
Gay little dandelion
Recks not of love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the springs agone
Gay hues were seen.

Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay ;
True little dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little dandelion !

Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under the fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,

Blithe little dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little dandelion

Groweth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.

High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high,

Faint little dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little dandelion

In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud ;

Tiny plumes fluttering,
Make no delay ;

Little winged dandelion
Soareth away.

Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, "Who behaved the most intrepidly during the engagement?" The preference was given to himself. "You are mistaken," replied the King; "the boldest fellow was a fifer whom I passed twenty times during the contest, and he did not vary a note during the whole time."

The following communication was written by a little girl twelve years old :

For the Hospital Review.

An Evening With a Missionary.

Last evening we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Bird, who for twenty-four years has been a missionary in the Holy Land.

He showed us many curiosities and relics, among which were some house idols, that were worshipped long ago, and lately have been dug up from the earth. He had some bullets of different shapes that in time of war had entered his study. We saw some lamps of ancient and modern times, but the old ones were the prettiest. He had shoes and boots, such as the children now wear, made of bright red leather, that have pointed toes. He showed us a sling made of twine woven together by a shepherd, that was supposed to be like the sling that David used when he killed Goliath. We saw a shepherd's pipe made of reeds and it made a very queer noise. He had a veil made of white, with a funny, colored border such as a little girl wears over her head, and when any man comes along that she does not know, she takes one end of it and covers her whole face with it.

He showed us many other things, and told us many stories, one of which I will tell you.

Mr. Bird's father and mother were among the early missionaries that went to the Holy-Land ; the conveniences for traveling were not so great then as they are now. After waiting months at the island of Malta to get a boat to take them to Beirout, they had to charter one. There were several persons in their party, one of whom had an infant that was only a few months old. One night as they were about to retire, a ship passed them and said, "Stop ! or we will sink you." The passengers were very much frightened and they put some of their things in the berth where the sick lady and her baby were, and some

in the pork barrel and put the pork over them, thinking these places were safe from the pirates. The pirates came down from their ship, stepped into a small boat and rowed over to the missionaries' boat and then entered it.

They were very horrible looking with their swords, pistols, guns, and knives, and said, "What makes you have the English flag?" They answered, "Because this is an English ship." They asked them to show their papers, to see whether their story was true or not, and finding that it was an English boat, they went off without doing any harm, as they were afraid the "Lion" would show his claws and send boats after them.

The passengers felt very much relieved as they saw them go away. In a little while, the pirates stopped and asked them, "Have you any tobacco to sell?" They answered, "No." So they had to go without.

Afterwards, the pirates overtook an Austrian ship and robbed and plundered it, but did not kill the passengers.

The missionaries' little baby, on the English ship, was the person (Mr. William Bird) that told us this story. G. B. T.

Panthers Carrying Flower Seeds.

We know that birds perform service for dame Nature in scattering seeds far and wide. The same kind of unconscious work for vegetation is done (to a limited extent) by quadrupeds—and by a curious incongruity a fierce carnivorous beast sometimes becomes a sower of beautiful flowers. Mr. Alfred Smee writes:

An interesting fact in natural history was revealed during the recent visit of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, to India. In one of the hunting excursions in the neighborhood of Baroda a panther was shot, and numerous seeds were found to be attached to the skin.

The seeds had two perfect hooks, manifestly designed to attach themselves to foreign bodies. As the panther moved about it collected the seeds on the skin and carried them about wherever it went; but when it rubbed against the shrubs, it of necessity brushed some off, and thus distributed them.

These seeds were taken from the skin

by an officer who was one of the hunting party, and several came into the possession of Mrs. Horner, of Staines, a great lover of horticulture, who did me the favor of sending me specimens. I was so struck with the incident and the remarkable character of the seed, that, after figuring it, I desired it to be sown at "My Garden," when it rapidly grew into a handsome plant, and produced beautiful clusters of tubular flowers.—[*Chambers' Journal.*]

And the plant from the seed picked from the panther's skin is now blooming in the great conservatory of the Royal Botanic Society. Its name is *martynia diandra*.

A Queer Oyster.

The owl (and even the rattlesnake, it is said) that quarters himself in a prairie-dog hole, is "gentleman" enough to let the rightful occupant remain. The odd usurper here described does not seem to have been so peaceable to the proprietor of the house he crowded into:

While some men were at work down the Potomac River, dredging for oysters, one of them came across what he regarded as an unusually large and fine oyster. The man pressed one of his fingers into the partly opened shell, when to his utter astonishment something inside took a firm hold on his finger, and when he forcibly abstracted it he experienced considerable pain and found it somewhat lacerated.

His suspicion and surprise were by this time excited, and he at once opened the shell, and was astonished to find that it contained a curious animal, several inches long, completely filling the cavity of the shell. This animal very much resembles what is commonly called a water-dog, except that it has no feet. The head is similar to that of a catfish, with a large mouth full of fine teeth. Just back of its head are two large lobes, which give it a little the appearance of a small bull-dog.

The man who had his finger bitten suffered considerably, and it was much inflamed. The animal, whatever it may prove to be, must have made its access to the shell when small, destroying the oyster it found as the natural tenant, and grew up to its present size within the calcareous prison usurped by itself. The creature has been placed in the hands of a competent scientific man, who will determine what it is.

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We have just received a large and well selected Stock of Spring Style HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, SILKS, and all the novelties in Millinery and Fancy Goods needed to complete a full and desirable stock, which we sell at such prices as to defy competition, as we buy everything from first hands. We have a large stock of imported and our manufactured Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

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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. XIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1877.

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.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

For the Hospital Review.

"They shall see His Face; and His Name shall be in their Foreheads."

His face, His ever-blessed face
My eyes shall then behold.
And on my forehead shall be writ
His sacred name untold.

The face that Mary looked upon
With holy love and awe;
The face that in the temple courts
The aged Simeon saw:

The face that John beheld and cried,
"Behold the Lamb of God;"
The face that in the midnight storm
The raging waters awed:

The face that breathed o'er infancy
Its benediction sweet;
That brought the Magdalen in tears
To bathe His sacred feet.

The face before whose blest approach
Disease and sorrow fled.

That whispered peace to penitence
And reawaked the dead:

The face that humbled Zaccheus' pride,
And, in the crowded street,
Cheered her who touched His garment's
hem,
Dreading His glance to meet:

The face that calmed the Ruler's grief;
And, at the gate of Nain,
Bound up the widow's broken heart
And made her glad again:

The face that shed o'er Martha's feast
A joy serene and full,
While Lazarus sat with them at meat,
With thoughts unutterable.

The face that when the "even" came,
Stilled the disciples' fears;
That with a glance broke Peter's heart
And filled his eyes with tears.

The face that from the cross looked down
With love that could not die;
That to His followers from the grave
Brought peace and victory;

The face that shed sweet blessings still
Ascending from their sight.
The face that Paul and Stephen saw
Crowned with immortal light.

The face that all the Saints above
Unceasingly adore,
And on their countenances catch
Its radiance evermore.

His face, His ever-blessed face
My eyes shall then behold,
And on my forehead be inscribed
His name of love, untold.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 O Lamb for sinners slain!
 O joy all other joys above!
 O death's eternal gain!

E'en here, dear Lord, upon my heart
 Write Thy new name of love,
 Till all the letters be complete
 In that blest home above.

Foreign Correspondence.

FLORENCE.

Perhaps you may be interested in a story taken from the Misses Horner's Walks in Florence:

"In A. D. 1099, Ramiero, a Florentine, led 2500 Tuscans to support Godfrey of Bouillon. He planted the first Christian standard on the walls of Jerusalem. In requital, Godfrey permitted him to carry back to Florence a light kindled at the sacred fire on the Saviour's tomb. Ramiero started on horse-back to return, but as the wind as he rode would extinguish the light, he sat with his face to the horse's tail, and so proceeded to Florence. All called him *pazzo*, fool, which made the family name in the plural *pazzi*, fools. The light was placed in San Biagio; ever since, on the Saturday of passion week, a coal which is kindled there is borne on a little cart to the Cantinala dei Pazzi, before it is taken to the cathedral, and, in both places, an artificial dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, by some mechanical contrivance, is made to light a lamp before the sacred image at this corner and on the high altar of the cathedral.

The story appears to have some reference to a ceremony performed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who on that same day of the Christian year, lights a candle at the sacred fire, and he who has the good fortune to light his own at that of the Patriarch's is supposed to be secure from harm throughout the remainder of the year. The analogy was still closer when formerly on that same Saturday a Pazzi carried the torch kindled at St. Biagio

and presented it to his fellow citizens to light theirs."

The peasantry are very superstitious with regard to this ceremony. Occasionally, through some flaw in the machinery, the dove flies wrong, and then a failure of the crops is predicted. Last year, the dove flew wrong, and the people came out of the cathedral with sad faces, and sure enough, the prophecy came true. The crops were very poor. A rise in the price of silk was predicted. The weather was unusually cold.

Florence has wonderful picture galleries. The two largest in reality but one, the Uffizi and the Pitti, are on opposite sides of the Arno, at some distance from it, but connected by a passage way crossing the bridge and the intermediate streets, at the height of the second story; so one can start in the Uffizi and go all the way through both, about half a mile, with statues, pictures, or tapestry all the way. Here are the Venus di Medici, the Madonna of the Chair and many other works of art of world-wide fame.

Nearly opposite the Pitti palace, Elizabeth Browning died. We were sadly disappointed to find Casa Guidi an ordinary house covered with yellowish stucco, and the view from the windows a disagreeable stone wall and an unattractive street. It needed the poetic soul within, to waken music with such surroundings, yet a five minutes walk could place her in the Uffizi under the charms of the old masters.

We found Mr. Hart, the aged artist, very genial, and he seemed to enjoy talking about his pet work which has engaged him for twelve years. It is still unfinished and he has not yet chosen its name. He intends to represent woman as triumphant over Cupid, whose bow she has broken, though she still loves the boy; and he strives to show that the true woman is to be reached and touched, not through the senses but through the soul. A fine conception, and it seems as if it were being

beautifully carried out. He had another lovely statue of a little girl with flowers; just at her feet were *heart shaped* leaves, which he pleasantly said wrote his name, Hart.

It is very curious to watch the process of statue making, and to see the figure emerging from the marble, as if it had long been imprisoned there.

I could scarcely have conceived that marble could be so soft and transparent as we saw it in Mr. Black's studio. His St. John has just heard the voice from Heaven, saying to him: "Write," and he looks up to catch the words of inspiration. It seemed as if we could not have touched his Eve without dinting with the prints of our fingers the delicate limbs, so like a beautiful rose leaf were they. One of the party, evidently feeling such an exquisite being must not be left alone, asked, "Are you not going to make an Adam for your Eve?"

Here at Florence Savonarola preached, made laws and suffered martyrdom, and his cell seemed holy ground. In the same convent lived Fra Bartolommeo, and Fra Angelico who has left such exquisite angel faces, beaming with celestial light and surrounded by a golden glory.

Here Galileo, from his lofty home, looked upon the stars, and beside him, in the same church, lie buried Michael Angelo, Alfieri, and Machiavelli.

Our home, where we were treated as guests by an artist and his accomplished wife, was in a charming villa, close by the Protestant cemetery, where Theodore Parker and Elizabeth Browning lie. It was pleasant to see the tiny bouquets brought by the peasants to her grave.

Roses bloomed in the open air, but still Florence was cold and often rainy, and we needed as warm clothing as we ever wear at home our in New England winter.

C. L. S.

Bartholdi's Colossal "Liberty."

In an article entitled "France to America," in *Scribner* for June, occurs the following description of Bartholdi's Colossal "Liberty," which is to stand in the harbor of New York:

Allowing twenty feet for the height of the island above the water, the pedestal is to be one hundred and ten feet high, and the statue, to the flame of the torch, one hundred and forty-five. This makes the torch at least two hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the bay. It will equal in height the column in the Place Vendome at Paris, and will be larger than the colossus at Rhodes, so much celebrated by antiquity. Like that statue, it will have to be cast in pieces of manageable size, and built up much after the manner of an armored frigate. The construction will be a curious piece of engineering skill, for which the sculptor and Mr. de Stuckle will be responsible. At night it is proposed that a halo of jets of light shall radiate from the temples of the enormous goddess, and perhaps the flame of the torch may be fashioned in crystal, in order that it may catch the light of the sun by day, and at night form a glowing object illuminated by electricity.

In respect to the pose of the statue, that has been calculated with care. A Liberty would have to be draped, even if a draped statue were not advisable in a climate so cold as hours, where nude figures suggest extreme discomfort. But M. Bartholdi has also used his drapery to give a tower-like and therefore solid look to his lofty woman without forgetting the necessity for variety in the upward lines. Or perhaps it would be better to say that he has followed the laws of stability to be seen in the trunks of trees, which are very broad at the ground, where the roots are indicated, yet by no means of one monotonous breadth from the root to the branches.

She will stand so as to suggest that the strongest hurricane could never budge her from the pedestal she has chosen. Her gesture is meant to call the attention of the most distant person, and, moreover, to let him know unmistakably what the figure means. For in this statue, also, M. Bartholdi has applied his science to fine effect in getting the figure outlined against the sky, while the energetic attitude has not interfered with a certain dignified repose

which inheres in the resting position and which may be owing to the weight of the body being thrown on the left leg, as well as to the grave folds of ample drapery. Even if a stranger approaching from the Narrows should not know at once what she is holding up for him to see, the energy of her action will awaken his curiosity, and the dignity of it will make him await a nearer approach with confidence. When he can make out the tablets of the law which jut from her left side as they rest on her bent arm, and the flaming torch which she holds high up above her head, while her eyes are fixed on the horizon, he will be dull indeed if he does not understand what she wishes to tell.

A Colonial Relic.

A great assembly of interested visitors faced a driving storm and bitter cold on Friday evening last to inspect the lately finished building of the New York Hospital on Fifteenth street, west of Fifth avenue. The corporation representing the hospital was chartered during the reign of George III., and received for endowment a grant of crown lands in lower Broadway, where its first buildings were erected, burned during the Revolution, and replaced by the spacious stone structures which most of us remember with their refreshing surroundings of fresh grass and drooping elms. This property became so valuable that the governors at last reluctantly decided to sell out, and use the proceeds in the purchase and equipment of more commodious and convenient quarters farther up town. The result is a veritable palace for invalids, standing almost in the center of our population, and yet so far away from the channels of heavy traffic as to insure comparative quiet.

The building is of pressed brick, with stone trimmings, after designs of Post and Merry, of this city. It is so thoroughly fireproof that insurance is not deemed necessary.

To describe the perfection of interior arrangements, the cleanly solidity and elegance of appointment, the convenience of mechanical appliances, would fill ten times the space we have to spare. One feature, however, we are fain to specify, namely, the spacious roof-garden, or sun-chamber, or *solatrium*, for the use of convalescents, with its tropical plants, its well-stocked

aquaria, and its broad glass roof for the admission of "heaven's blue light." The hospital provides for about two hundred patients, with sixty attendants, and if it is managed as it always has been, in the interest of the sick and suffering, it will prove an institution of which New York may well be proud. Fortunately, its established wealth guarantees ample financial resources, and its charter provides for judicious and progressive government.

[*Christian Union.*]

Plants as Weather Guides.

Many plants are very sensitive to atmospheric changes, and by the opening and closing of the flowers may serve as barometers to those who observe them. A German botanist gives certain signs which he has found to be trustworthy in the following plants:

The small bindweed and cornpimpernel, or poor man's weather-glass, expand their flowers at the approach of wet weather, whilst, on the other hand, the different varieties of clover contract their leaves before rain. If fine, bright weather is in prospect, the leaves of the chickweed unfold, and the flowers remain awake and erect until midday. When the plant droops and its flowers do not expand, rain may be expected. The half-opening of the flowers is a sign that the rain will not last long.

The burnet saxifrage indicates the coming weather in the same manner. As to the small, Cape marigold, should it open at 6 or 7, A. M., and not close till 4, P. M., we may reckon on settled weather; if the flower continues sleeping after 7, it betokens rain.

With the corn-thistle and common sow-thistle the non-closing of the flower-heads warns us that it will rain the next day; whilst the closing of them denotes fine weather. Respecting the weather indications of ladder ketmir, the stemless ground thistle, marsh marigold, creeping crow foot, wood sorrel, and other species of the oxalis genus, rain may be confidently expected when the flowers of the first do not open, when the calyx of the second closes, and when the rest fold their leaves.

We may look, also, for wet weather if the leaves of the whitlow grass droop, and lady's bed-straw becomes inflated and gives out a strong odor. Finally, the approach

of rain is indicated in the case of the yellow wood anemone by the closing of the flowers, and in that of the wind-flower by their drooping.

A Mortified Landlord.

A hotel keeper who has no more sense or courtesy than to snub a worthy guest because of his poor clothes, deserves to lose his custom. In the instance related below the mortification of the offender was doubtless increased by letting him off mercifully.

Our host of the P— House was Col. Trover. How he came to be a colonel I never knew; I only know that for the life of him he could not have told the flank of a regiment from its centre; still he always wrote his name "Colonel," and had "Colonel" in big letters on his sign-board.

Trover was a sycophant, and bowed low to men of wealth. Once a wealthy old farmer, from Lincoln County, went, with his light rockaway and span of horses, to the college where his two sons had just graduated with honor, for the purpose of taking them home.

The party stopped for dinner at the P— House. The older son did the ordering. He ordered the taking care of the horses, and ordered dinner for the party. The young men were handsome and dashing, and were their father's pride.

The landlord bowed to them extremely low; and in relief of the obsequiousness he paid to them he was correspondingly brusque and churlish to the old gentleman, "their driver."

While Col. Trover was ordering his very best for the two dashing guests, a middle-aged gentleman in the yard had recognized in our sturdy, plainly-clad old farmer, no less a personage than ex-Gov. Hubbard, one of the grandest men in the State, and this gentleman—Judge Kent—and the Governor had a social chat before dinner.

The father observed the landlord's manner and so did the sons. The latter would have resented it, but the old gentleman restrained them.

"No, no," said he. "He takes me for a poor man, and so treats me roughly. Let him have the full enjoyment of his mistake at the proper time."

When the Colonel saw Judge Kent, he went almost to the ground with his bow. This was truly an honor. He found the

young graduates, and informed them that his friend, Judge Kent, of the Supreme Court, had arrived. Of course they would have no objections to his sitting at table with them?

Of course not.

By-and-by dinner was announced, and the Governor led the way into the dining-room, followed by his sons and the judge. The landlord saw, and was disgusted. The man whom he had snubbed was going to dine with his honored guests.

"Sir," he said, to the elder of his sons, "will you have your driver sit at the table with you? Will the judge like it?"

"Well," replied the young man, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "since the Governor is to pay all the bills, I guess we'll allow him to sit with us."

"Why, Colonel," cried Kent, with a laugh, "don't you know Gov. Hubbard?"

"Our father, Colonel," added one of the sons.

"Poor Trevor couldn't say a word. He bowed his head and fled, and sent in his wife to wait upon the table.—[Ledger.

Holidays.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Read by James T. Fields at the Unitarian Festival, in Music Hall, Boston, May 31.

The holiest of all holidays
Are those kept by ourselves,
In silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart.

When the full river of feeling overflows,
Those happy days unclouded to their close,
Those sudden joys that out of darkness start,
As flowers from ashes, swift desires to dart,
Like singing swallows down each wind that blows.

White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and flits in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are
A fairy-tale of some enchanted land,
We know not where, but beautiful
As a dream within a dream.

We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life.

THE life of any great soul is made up of conflict with conditions.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1877.

The Children's Cot.

Last month, by some mistake, we omitted the list of donations to the Children's Cot. This month we would thank the kind friends who in April and May remembered us.

We are glad to find the little folks are becoming so interested in working for us.

You know, dear children, that we have had a beautiful black walnut cot and a hair mattress given us, by a little boy who had outgrown it, and we hope before long, nicely furnished, it may be placed where it can be occupied by the first sick child that is brought to the Hospital.

Since we have been collecting money to endow the Children's Cot, we have had three children at the Hospital. The first was a little chubby fellow, about three years old, who trotted about all day, and at night slept in the same cot as his mother. He had inflammation of the eyes and a film growing over one of them, but he was a right jolly little fellow, and this did not trouble him much. He went very often to see Dr. Rider, and was greatly improved by his treatment.

The second little patient was a boy from the country, who, when we saw him, sat beside his couch bundled up in a comfortable in the Male Ward. His feet and limbs were swollen with erysipelas, but careful nursing cured him.

Last month a little girl has been sick in the Female Ward. She came from New York, to be the nurse and playmate of a little baby; but she had not been many days in Rochester before she was attacked with erysipelas. Good care speedily cured her, and the last time we saw her, she was very happy, enjoying herself on the Hospital lawn with other patients.

We are very happy this month to be able to acknowledge so many donations.

We have a large sum from a mother who has sweet children in her own home, and feels tenderly to the little ones who have none to nurse them when they are sick.

The following letter tells us how much one of our small friends has done by her earnest appeals and persevering efforts. We hope her advice will be followed by others:

ROCHESTER, June 4th, 1877.

Dear Mrs. Terry:

I send you the Twelve ⁵⁵/₁₀₀ Dollars that I have collected from a few of the friends of the Hospital for the "Child's Cot."

As you will see I have not called on many, and I am sure there are very many more that would be glad to give, if some little girl would go and see them and explain to them all about it.

I do hope that you will receive enough to carry our your plan of having a nice little bed ready for any poor, sick, little child that may need it.

I send you a list of those who gave the money:

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Mrs. A. Carter Wilder, | \$1 00 |
| Miss Butts, | 1 00 |
| Misses Hooker, | 1 00 |
| Mamie Osburn, | 1 00 |
| Douglas Ward, | 1 00 |
| Lawrence Angel, | 1 00 |
| Levi S. Ward, | 1 00 |
| Laura Page Ward, | 1 00 |
| Miss Crittenden, | 50 |
| Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, | 50 |
| Mrs. D. E. Lowry, | 50 |
| Mrs. L. A. Ward, | 50 |
| E. B. Parsons, | 50 |
| Thomas D. Wright, | 50 |
| Miss Mary Ward, | 25 |
| Nellie Waters, | 25 |
| Mrs. Cowen, | 25 |
| Frankie Sage, | 25 |
| Bessie Clarke, | 25 |
| Small amounts, | 33 |

\$12 58.

LAURA PAGE WARD.

Some of our other gifts came from little lads and lassies who have earned the

money they give the sick children. Do you want to know how? Some have been very good and have tried hard to please their papas and mammas, and some tiny hands have been very busy gathering the golden dandelion blossoms, so that the seeds might not be scattered on the green lawn.

Now, dear children, you are soon to say good-by to your school room. A long vacation is before you and we hope it will prove a pleasant one to all of you. You will have rare sport in the old farm yards, among the hills, at the sea-side and on the lake shore, but there will be some rainy days, when you will be forced to be prisoners within doors; then will be a fine time to commence work for the Fancy Table, for our Children's Cot, at our annual Donation Festival. Now, before you leave the city, think of something you can do for this table; ask your mothers to purchase materials and then you will have something to make you happy on rainy days, as you work for the little folks who are shut up in the Hospital in the sunshine as well as in the storm.

Contributions to Childre.'s Cot Fund.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Alice Ray Green and Hannah May Green, Batavia, | \$ 1 00 |
| A Friend, | 25 00 |
| Sammy Adams, | 2 00 |
| Louise and Jennie, Brooklyn, | 25 |
| Kate Luvan Rogers, nine months old, | 25 |
| Mary Bates Farley, | 1 00 |
| Alice, Charlie, Mollie and Kittie, | 25 |
| Norman Mumford, his own earnings, | 2 10 |
| Collected by Laura Page Ward, | 12 60 |
| Previously acknowledged, | 35 25 |

Total Receipts, \$79 70

Contributions to the Children's Cot may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 43 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Notice.

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

A June Morning at the Hospital.

The June sun, with oppressive heat, was shining from a cloudless sky, as we bent our steps towards the City Hospital. "The tiny plumes" of the dandelion and the winged seeds of the maple strewed our pathway, while overhead the horse-chestnuts were crowned with their wealth of blossoms, the green pendent boughs of the willow waved gracefully in the passing breeze, and the tardy locust put forth its tender shoots.

We were glad to turn from the dusty street to the green Hospital lawn, where, under the shelter of a linden tree, a group of patients were gathered to enjoy the grateful shade. One of these, under treatment for curvature of the spine, was so much improved that she was using her needle; another was busy with her pencil, and a little girl, recovering from erysipelas, was lounging on the settee, enjoying her comfortable quarters.

On the opposite side of the lawn, under one of the tall locust trees, a large tent was pitched; a wooden floor, two beds and plenty of chairs, made it an attractive resort for invalids, whose diseases were more curable in the open air than in the Hospital wards. Here we found a sorely afflicted Irishman, a great sufferer from a cancer on the chin.

Our first visit indoors was to the male Surgical Ward, where a middle aged man was prostrated by an abscess on the limb. Opposite him, Mr. P., a colored patient, was suffering from rheumatism and a sore foot. On another cot lay a man who the day before had been stabbed in his side. In the corner of the Ward Mr. W., a paralytic patient, who for years has been an inmate of the Hospital and confined to his rolling chair, was playing dominoes with a young man who two months since lost a portion of his elbow, by a cut from a machine saw; a youth who broke his arm playing base ball was amusing himself by watching the progress of the game.

In the Cross Ward we found Mr. G., a colored man, nearly blind, busy with his accordian. At his side we learned a lesson of cheerful resignation to God's will. For a year and a half he has been under treatment, hoping to regain his sight. He spoke gratefully of the blessings he had received at the City Hospital, not the least of which were the Sabbath services in the chapel, conducted by Messrs. Lyon and Rowley, students of the Rochester Theological Seminary.

In the Medical Ward were patients under treatment for rheumatism, Bright's disease, consumption and dropsy; and in the Cross Ward were three fever patients. Our faithful nurse, Mr. M., has been greatly overtaxed, and consequently ill, and was recovering from an attack of sickness.

In the lower Female Ward our first interview was with a French woman who had seen better days, and was suffering from nervous prostration. Augusta, our German rheumatic friend, was spending the day with her little daughter at the Industrial School. Mrs. P., another German patient, afflicted with an incurable disease, was trimming a hat for her French neighbor. Miss S., under treatment for inflammation of the eyes, had left the institution greatly benefitted. The pale, sunken face of a consumptive patient, bore the impress of great suffering. On a couch near by was a convalescent erysipelas patient. Mrs. B., helpless from rheumatism, was better than when last we visited her, and seemed very grateful for a gift from Rev. Mr. Adams, of Plymouth Church, a wire framed reading stand, so arranged as to hold her book or paper while she was reading, seated on her bed or in her rolling chair. On a cot near by was a neuralgic patient.

In the next ward two babies were sleeping quietly; a German mother sat beside the cradle of one of them.

In the upper Female Ward were two

patients, one suffering fearfully from a diseased foot, the other from an internal cancer.

The Flower Mission.

The ministry of flowers is so grateful to our invalids, and so cheering to those who from month to month are confined to our Hospital wards, that we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the young ladies of the Flower Mission, who have so kindly remembered us in their distribution of flowers.

The Rochester Fire Department have placed their room, No. 207 Powers' Building, at the disposal of the Flower Mission, and flowers will be gratefully received there, every Saturday morning, between 9½ and 11 o'clock.

We hope those who are able will respond to this call.

Hints.

A few copies of the New Testament and Psalms, in *very large print*, would be acceptable to some of the aged inmates of the Hospital.

Backgammon and checker boards would afford amusement to many whose days are very monotonous, for lack of employment.

Magazine of American History.

The June Number of the *Magazine of American History* [A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, Publishers] is now ready for delivery.

The leader is a careful narrative of the Stamp Act in New York. It includes a sketch of the proceedings in England preparatory to and during its passage; its reception in the Colonies; a detailed account of the Congress which met in New York in 1765, with biographical allusions to its members; and a narrative of the exciting scenes which attended the attempt at its enforcement in New York City, with many new details from unpublished correspondence. The non-importation restrictions are recited, and the claim of New York to priority in their origin, lately impugned

by the action of the Committee on the restoration of Independence Hall, asserted and established.

This is followed by a brief biography of Major Erkuries Beatty, the journal of whose experiences as Paymaster of the Western army is continued in this, and to be finished in the next number. The narrative of the Prince de Broglie is completed in an interesting account of an interview between Washington and Gates, at which the Prince was present; and some racy descriptions of American society at Newport and Philadelphia.

There is a short reprint of a poetic dialogue published in 1766, prophetic of the greatness of America.

The Notes and Queries contain contributions from many of our best known historians.

The Literary Notices are unusually full this month, containing besides reviews of late historical publications, an account of the unpublished Hakluyt MS., soon to be printed by the Maine Historical Society; and an obituary of the late Thomas Balch of Philadelphia, to whom the Magazine is indebted for the Narrative of de Broglie alluded to.

This Number contains a fine steel-engraved portrait of Cadwallader Colden, the Stamp-Act Lieut.-Governor; and facsimilies of a Hand-bill and Proclamation, issued in 1765.

The Editor promises matter of a still more varied and interesting nature for the July No.

A. S. BARNES, & CO.,
Publishers,
111 & 113 William St., N. Y.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 2, 1877, of railroad accident, Martin Cook.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 25, 1877, of Perineal Fistula, Walter Fox, aged 31 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital May 29, 1877, of consumption, Richard Watkins, colored, aged 34 years.

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|--|--------|
| 1877. May 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, | 63 |
| Received during month, .. | 34 |
| Births, | 2— 99 |
| Died, | 3 |
| Discharged, | 26— 29 |
| Remaining, June 1st, 1877, | 70 |

CASH DONATIONS

| | | |
|--|--|---------|
| Cash received from the gate money of the ball game played between the City and County Officials, | | \$15 90 |
| E. K. Warren, on May account, | | 1 50 |
| Sherlock & Sloan, | | 18 54 |

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Receipts for the Review, To JUNE 1st, 1877.

| | |
|---|-------|
| Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass.,—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, | \$ 95 |
| Sale of Papers, 25 cents; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 65 cents; Mrs. S. Neale, \$2.17; R. D. VanDeCar, 62 cents; M. N. VanZandt, 63 cents; Mrs. William Sidey, 83 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, ... | 5 15 |

Donations.

- Mrs. Churchill—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons—Pickles and Pieplant.
- Mrs. Frank Little—Four Shirts.
- Mrs. Geo. Elwanger—A package of Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Sargent—Reading Matter and Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Elwanger—Clothing left by Miss Bliss.
- Mrs. Geo. McAllaster—Flowers.

Children's Department.

A Little Child's Hymn for Night and Morning.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

A Light in the Window.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; but she said in her heart, that while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned, she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned,

the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.—[*Jean Ingelow.*]

Robin's Victory.

We knew the robins had the right of it. We saw them peer around, and spy out the best place in the old maple, and watched them tie the first string (not a hair, or cord, but a narrow long strip of calico) around the branch, and build their nest with infinite care; weaving awhile and then smoothing with their breast against the sides, and weaving again until the home was nearly finished.

Once in a while they would be gone a little longer than usual, but would be back and at work just as we begun to fear they had for some reason forsaken the nest.

During one of these absences, a pair of small slate-colored birds with chestnut-brown breasts, came and took a careful look at the nest.

Then one of them flew upon it, and we thought was about to take possession, when, instead, it began to pluck out the hairs, and straws and drop them quickly to the ground.

The mate sat nearly by, watching with evident satisfaction this curious work of destruction.

When one side of the nest was quite defaced the mother robin returned. She flew to the nest, driving the intruder away, and patiently commenced repairs.

In a little while such a scolding and chattering about the nest begun as called us to the window in a hurry.

The robin was on the nest, with large eyes and wide-open beak, while on a branch

a little above in front, sat the small slate-colored bird, and in her rear, on a higher branch, the little mate.

She was scolding and calling out in the most saucy tones,

"Give it up?
Give it up?
Will you give up?
Got to give it up,"

over and over as fast as possible.

No response from the robin. Then the plucky little bird darted furiously at the robin, and struck her with her pointed beak.

The robin calmly raised her broad wings and shook off the bird who hovered near, her feathers all "fuffed" up, and shaking and trembling with anger as she renewed her daring cry:

"Give it up?
Got to give up."

This lasted for over half an hour, when the small pair held a consultation and evidently came to the conclusion that the robin was too much for them.

Then how gracefully they yielded! It was enough to make one laugh to see the little male bird plume himself and fly off as if he had never seen a robin's nest in a maple; and the saucy mate, putting her feathers in apple-pie order, and quietly proceeding to pick up a meal from some invisible source along a branch in near proximity to the nest. When satisfied, the two flew away and left the robin sole monarch of the maple.

It was a long time before Mrs. Robin's eyes contracted to their natural size, and her bill quietly closed, while all that morning she worked like Nehemiah on the wall, making her repairs with one eye out sharply for the enemy.

At length the nest was restored to its first perfection and now she sits unmolested, brooding with satisfaction not only over her four blue eggs, but her first victory.—[J. P. B. *Youth's Companion*.

An Alligator's Fight.

The New York Aquarium has had twelve alligators, two of them huge fellows fourteen feet long. When they arrived (one day last winter), they were so torpid with cold that they appeared to be dead.

To make sure of their condition, Mr.

Bishop, one of the attendants, quietly descended the ladder, and walking to the centre of the tank, seized the big alligator by the tail. Scarcely had he done so than a most exciting scene ensued. The dormant reptile at once raised his ugly head, and, opening his mouth, snarled like an infuriated bull-dog. The sound had a wonderful effect on the whole group, and then ensued a battle. Mr. Coop, seeing that one of the eight-foot alligators was about to seize Mr. Bishop's foot, called out to him and ordered him to leave the tank. He complied rather unwillingly, for it was evident that trouble was ahead.

The alligator who had been deemed dead became very lively, and lashed his tail in vengeful mood. Happening to strike one of the nine-foot gentlemen, the latter was enraged, and swinging round like lightning, and with a fierce snarl, he sought issue with his older antagonist. Both of the reptiles closed, their jaws interlapping, and the struggle that ensued was a fearful one.

Two of the smaller ones followed suit and began fighting on their own hook. Blood flowed from the jaws of the two larger ones, and a general commotion was observable among the whole lot.

The visitors gathered round the tank, and viewed the battle with deep interest. All four of the combatants were evidently warmed up to their work, and their contortions were frightful. Finally, Prof. Butler decided to have a stream of cold Croton water thrown on the fighting alligators.

This acted like a charm, for the sudden dash of ice-cold water was evidently distasteful to the brutes, as their jaws relaxed and they separated. But it was only for a moment, for scarcely had the hose been taken down before the largest pair began fighting again. This time, water had no effect, and as one of the alligators had seized his antagonist by the fore foot, and was slowly tearing it off, more desperate measures were deemed necessary. Mr. Bishop accordingly re-entered the tank, armed with a long iron crowbar.

Cautiously pushing aside two or three of the smaller ones, he made his way to the centre of the enclosure, and, by main force, pried open the monster's jaws, thus releasing the wounded one, who was glad enough to swing himself clear of danger.

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."

A Bone for the Baby.

Almost every one who ever had a bright dog, can tell curious stories of dog behavior. A gentleman in Erie, Penn., furnishes this funny anecdote:

"Mrs. J. has for some time past been the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog. A few months ago, Mrs. J. become the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog at first was very jealous. His better nature, however, soon asserted itself, and he became very fond of the child. A few weeks ago, baby was crying loud and long. Doggie came up stairs in evident distress of spirit, and whined in answer to the child's cry, but finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly down stairs. He presently returned with a bone, well picked, of course, in his mouth, which, standing on his legs, he gravely presented to the baby."

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with "h"—heart, hope, home, happiness, and heaven. Heart is a hope place, and home is a heart place, and that man who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven, makes a great mistake.

EVERY hour comes to us charged with duty, and the moment it is past it is registered how it was spent—for or against us—in the final account which all must give of their actions.

The great Napoleon did not think it beneath his dignity to insert, in his famous Code, a provision in behalf of the birds which destroy insects noxious to the crops.

Sheep-dogs in Texas are thus trained: A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put to a ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man or strange dog can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the flock regularly to the fold at any hour in the evening at which he is habitually fed.

A GOOD CHARADE.—"My first (syllable) is company; my second shuns company; my third calls company; and my whole entertains company." Give it up! Why, co-nun-drum, of course.—[*New York Graphic.*]

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed.

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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**Spring Millinery and Fancy Goods
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L. D. Walter, D. D. S.
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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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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1877.

No. 12.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—City, in Advance including Postage, 62 cts.
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, 2 Tremont Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

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.

Lilacs.

BY MRS. M. E. C. SLADE.

Dame Margery has a lilac bush
That grows by her cottage door,
And there it has blossomed its purple flush
Full twenty-five years or more.
For she says, and a quiver goes over her lip,
" John planted it here for me,
That morning before he sailed in the ship
That never came home from sea."

To every boy and girl that goes
To school by the kind dame's door,
She gives a bunch of the purple blows,
Till blossoming time is o'er.
She loves to have, and she loves to give,
And the good dame says, " You know
The way to keep, you'll see, if you live
Next Spring, is to bestow."

Ma'am Allison lives across the street,
And her lilac tree grows high;
But away she drives the little feet
When they come her lilacs nigh,
" Dame Margery's blooms will soon be gone—
She's foolish, seems to me;
I'll not be breaking my lilacs down
For every child," says she.

Spring came. Dame Margery's bush was full
Of wonderful, perfect bloom;
In royal purple beautiful,
And sweet with its rich perfume.
Ma'am Allison's tree had of bloom not one!
The last year's seed were there;
But vain she watched till the May was gone,
For purple blossoms fair.

Dame Margery said, " Ah! don't you know
If last year's blossoms stay,
The next year's buds will fail to grow
Till these are broke away?
For this year's lilacs cannot live
With seeds of lost year's Spring."
Ma'am Allison learned that she must give
If she would have a thing.—[Little Corporal.

For the Hospital Review.

Two Days at Chester.

We left Liverpool on Monday, A. M.,
and arrived here before noon. Coming
out of the great sea-port we had our first
view of rural England, and were charmed
with it. The most striking thing to a
foreigner is the vivid green of the fields,
the intersecting lines of lovely hedges, the
rich profusion of ivy, the picturesque Eng-
lish cottages, and the substantial character
of the masonry.

THE HOTEL.

Our hotel is the Grosvenor. The exterior is in the medieval style that characterizes a large portion of the town. The interior is furnished with remarkable elegance and correctness of taste. The floors are covered with rich, dark carpets, in which the patterns *stay where they belong*; the papered walls have the same quality. The furniture is similar to what we call "Eastlake." The coffee-room, in which I am writing, is, in size, about 50 feet by 30 feet. Carpet in green and buff on a scarlet ground. Wall paper a dark green, oak-leaves and brown acorns on a light green ground. Across each end of the room are large windows; and on one side are two marble mantels with open fires of cannel coal. The bedrooms are models of exquisite taste and simplicity and make one want to sleep in them forever.

THE WALLS.

The historic walls and towers of Chester are among the best preserved of any fortifications in England, and date back to the Romans. The walls are about 15 feet in height and are wide enough for a railed walk on top. On this we strolled around the city and took a general view of its main points of interest. The river Dee partly encircles the town. Old cathedrals loom up in time-worn majesty; quaint buildings everywhere attract the eye, and far beyond stretches a peaceful landscape, melting dimly into the horizon.

THE STREETS AND ROWS.

The streets, hollowed out of a rocky soil, abound with quaint people and vehicles, including numerous donkey-carts and donkeys without carts. These Lilliputian animals are not as high as a table, and I am told, may be bought in Wales for five shillings. Perhaps I may send you one home in a letter. Some of the dwelling houses are very ancient and elaborately ornamented with rich carving. The "rows"

are so peculiar as to merit a special description. They consist of raised walks, paved with stone, and a communication of stairways with the street below. These walks run along the front of the buildings, roofed in by the second story, which is supported by pillars. On the outer edge are balustrades. On the inner side we find the better class of shops, displaying various styles of furniture, carpets, tapestry and other goods. There are about half a mile of "rows" on the two principal streets, and they are exceedingly irregular and curious.

I will not attempt to describe the many buildings, public and private, that have a history of their own. The Chester Cathedral was originally the Abbey of St. Werburg—in Gothic style and built in 1095. It was completed in 1492. Henry VIII changed it to a cathedral. The pews are enriched by unique oak carving of the 14th century. It affords a rare field of study to the thoughtful lover of art.

ETON HALL.

This A. M., we took a hansom cab to Eaton Hall, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Westminster, three miles out of Chester. Most of the distance lay through this nobleman's park, and afforded delightful views of flowering shrubbery, broad stretches of green turf, miniature lakes and numerous herds of deer. In the Duke's stables, among the various high-bred horses which form the stud, we saw the famous Donkaster, winner of the Derby.

THE GARDENS.

In the gardens are displayed all the novelties of floral beauty. There seemed an almost endless succession of hot-houses, vying with each other in a diversity of flowers from every clime and of fruits belonging to all the seasons. The strawberries, a plant in each pot, the gardener tells us, in early spring, are worth a guinea an ounce. Eton Hall and its beauties

would exhaust pages of description. A portion of it is still unfinished and swarming with workmen. Everything betokens a lavish and princely outlay. The Duke's income is about \$2,500,000 a year.

SINDBAD.

The closing exercises of the Rochester Female Academy, of which Mrs. Sarah J. Nichols is principal, were held on the evening of June 21st. We take much pleasure in presenting our readers with an original Essay which was then read by one of the graduates :

Illusions.

BY JULIA M. BAKER.

All objects presented to the physical or mental vision are liable to be colored or distorted by the atmosphere through which they are seen. The same object, viewed by different persons and on different occasions, appears in characters as varied as the protean forms of Homer's sea-god, which at times was serpent, lion, or tree. So great is this diversity that it has given rise to doubts, in some minds, as to the credibility of our senses; but, when fully investigated, these seemingly inconsistent testimonies may be accounted for by change of circumstances and surroundings.

Our senses are the media through which we obtain knowledge of the external world, of all that exists without and beyond the charmed circle of self. They furnish materials from which the intellect frames conceptions, and frequently through some error of perception we are deceived. The human eye is wonderfully complicated and fitted for use both as microscope and telescope, but, beyond certain limits of size and distance we fail to distinguish correctly, and strange optical illusions result.

The powerful glass of science has enabled us to see through vast space, and, with the aid of experience, has cleared

many mysteries and dispelled many illusions. We know that our earth is comparatively a small globe, revolving around the sun, but before this theory was advanced by Copernicus and demonstrated by Galileo, as the result of observation and study, the popular eye saw the sun moving apparently as now around the earth, which appeared to be stable. What they *saw*, they *believed*, and what they *felt*, they *knew*, which, poetically expressed, was, that "Aurora with her rosy fingers unlocked the gates of the East for the steeds of Phæbus." The illusion was complete.

Others saw in the sky a hollow crystal sphere, studded with stars as with glittering nails, while the milky-way was supposed to be the joining of the two hemispheres. The fallacy of this also has been proved, by the magic glass through which we gaze upon a reality that before was but a romance, and gazing, we behold countless worlds shining in order, like a living hymn written in light.

Travelers in eastern countries have described the mirage of the desert, as a wonderful optical illusion caused by the sun and the earth's atmosphere. The image of the clear blue sky is inverted, and mingling with the ground scenery causes it to appear as if surrounded by water. The weary traveler and the burdened camel, whose instinct is usually surer than the sight of man, alike hasten forward to drink, but find, instead of the supposed cooling lake, *nothing but dry sand*.

The Fata Morgana is an illusion of the same nature, but more celebrated for its beauty. In the clear water of the Sea of Reggio, by a peculiar process of double reflection, the cities and towns on the coast are reproduced in the water, not inverted but upright as in a mirror; beautiful panoramic pictures of castles, and marble walls, with domes, and pillars, of glittering whiteness, clearly defined against a dark back-ground of hills and trees.

Who has not heard of the Spectre of

the Brocken, which haunts the heights of the Hartz Mountains, and by which the unsuspecting traveler is sometimes startled?

It is the shadow on the clouds of persons and objects below, on the mountain's side, all magnified to several times their natural size.

As objects appear differently to us when affected by atmosphere and light, so the mental eye may be deceived, when influenced by passion or prejudice, hope or fear. The difference in the religion of different countries is owing to the varied media of revelation and education, through which it has been disclosed. This difference has led to various persecutions, and many innocent lives have been sacrificed, dating from the martyr of the earliest Christian church. The belief in witchcraft, which was so prevalent in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was an illusion of credulous minds, which can hardly be understood by us in this enlightened age, and is looked upon as an instance of human folly, to the history of which, unhappily, our own America furnishes a chapter. In this way, Christian zeal has been mistaken for treason to state, and cruelty in punishing the offenders has taken the guise of piety, thus making parallel, things which are widely different; as the unaided eye, in viewing distant objects, places on the same plane those which are afterwards found to be far divided.

The horizon of our mental vision reaches over ages, but we are often deceived by the different lights in which characters are placed. The hero who is lauded for bravery in one country is branded a *traitor* in another. The great energy and zeal of Cromwell have been attributed by some to selfish ambition rather than to love of country. Martin Luther, who, for wisdom and true-hearted zeal, occupies a rank among religious reformers to which no other can presume to attain, is considered by some, an ambitious fanatic. Perhaps

no heroine of history has been the subject of more controversy than Mary, Queen of Scots. Looking at her as portrayed by Scott, we see a noble, pure-minded woman, persecuted and abused by enemies. If we accept the version of Froude, we find her weak, deceitful, and justly meriting the punishment she received.

Most powerful is the influence which the illusions of fancy have upon our happiness or misery. Imaginary evils are the sources of half our troubles. Often the towering mountains of impending disaster lessen as we approach, and finally disappear, leaving no trace. As the clinging ivy, twining around the blasted tree, gives it an appearance of life and beauty, illusions brighten the dull realities of life. It is not in nature alone that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in an azure hue,"

but, as we look upon the pictures of the past, painted on the tablets of memory, we see them brightly colored by fancy. The sunshine and the pleasures are visible, but the shadows, disappointments and failures, are kindly hidden from view; thus making it one of our purest pleasures to live over in memory the events of the past, and for this reason it is, that in contrasting the present with the past, the "good old times" receive more than their due.

This however is a benevolent provision of our Creator, for the happiness of the aged, who, losing interest in the events now occurring, live over again the days of their youth. Hope is a rainbow in the sky of the future. There is no good gift which it cannot promise, no sorrow which it cannot assuage. As the Alchemists spent their lives in vain search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, man spends his days in the hope of realizing some ambitious dream. The vision of what he ought to be, or to do, is ever before him. If it be *gold* he desires, he leaves no stone

unturned in his search; if *fame* or *power*, he works ever with it just beyond his grasp; he may never reach it, but without this hope he would never try, and would never be what he now is.

We live in a world of strangely mingled reality and illusion. When we see most clearly, it is but as through a glass darkly. When tempted we see the pleasures offered, but until too late we perceive not the consequent punishment. We see the dark cloud of adversity while the silver lining, the promise of future happiness, is obscured. How frequently are we deceived as to the true character of people we meet! A rough exterior often covers a heart of genuine worth, while a fair outward appearance may but mark villainy. The real character of the mind is hidden by the veil of mortality, so that soul to soul is ne'er revealed, till, in the pure atmosphere and perfect truth of an eternal day, we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
 And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which, though more splendid, may not please
 him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we
 know.

[H. W. LONGFELLOW, in the *Atlantic*.]

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*F. Osborn*.

We publish by request the following beautiful description of a picture of world-wide fame, which was written by one of whom Rochester is justly proud:

The Sistine Madonna.

We entered the room where the Sistine Madonna hangs alone. We looked, and we knew that the half had not been told us—that its beauty had never entered our minds. Here was no place for disappointment, but only for wonder and admiration, and that deeper tribute for which the heart can find no words. The place was like a temple, so did the spirit of the picture fill and sanctify it. It stands apart from other pictures and can, I am sure, know no rival. It has a glory of its own, separate and singular. It is the picture that fell down from heaven and does not seem possible as the product of human art. In some inspired "vision on the mount," the painter must have seen and wrought it. Such beauty, such depth, such joy and sorrow, such a union of the divine and human, and above all and through all such transcendent purity, that one feels subdued and softened, uplifted and strengthened.

I have never felt before in such measure the power of those words: "The *mother* of our Lord." All the joyful mystery of her maternity is there, and yet through her blessedness there is a solemn sadness, as though she felt already pressing at her heart the sword that was at last to pierce it. And the child whom she holds on her arm and who lies so close against her side is wondrously hers and yet wonderfully separated from her, as one "born indeed of the virgin" and yet "without father or mother, or descent of days." Childlike but not childish, his eyes are presageful of sorrow, and in their marvellous human sympathy, seem to look out of an infinite purity into an infinite need.

The cherubs below (an afterthought of the artist) are children, but they only bring out by contrast the wonder of the divine child as they look up in adoration.

To know that there is such purity strengthens the soul, to know that there is such sympathy comforts the heart. That sorrow should come to such a life darkens the shadow of evil, but that such a life should give itself to sorrow for us, lightens the burden of our need. Passion and

doubt and trouble die down, and hope and peace and quiet fill the soul.

You may think that this is too much to say of any picture, but it is not too much to say of the Madonna; and words are a poor thing beside it and lose their office.

If the blessedness of being able to look at it is so great, what must have been the blessedness of being able to image it and paint it? If the faint reflection of the divine beauty in the mind of a sinful man is so transcendent, what must have been the beauty itself? Purity is, perhaps, the one thought that breathes from the picture above all others; and it is this which makes it so ennobling. The painting hangs alone in a beautiful room, and it so subdues to quiet and wins to itself all who look upon it, that one can sit for hours and enjoy it undisturbed.—*The Industrial School Advo.*

Fanny Kemble on Women and Theatres.

"I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific gifts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation; a *business* which in incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman.

"At four different periods of my life I have been constrained by circumstances to maintain myself by the exercise of my dramatic faculty; latterly it is true, in a less painful and distasteful manner, by reading, instead of acting. But though I have never, I trust, been ungrateful for the power of thus helping myself and others, or forgetful of the obligation I was under to do my appointed work conscientiously in every respect, or unmindful of the precious good regard of so many kind hearts that is has won for me; though I have never lost one iota of my own intense delight in the act of rendering Shakespeare's creations; yet neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking of the excitement I had undergone

unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious."

So Rich.

How rich in money I do not know. Nor can I tell how he lives at home, that is, in what sort of house. It may be a small one or a large one, but I am sure it is a happy place.

Do you ask about whom I speak?

I answer: About a boy I saw on the cars the other evening, who was taking a railroad ride with his father, a tall handsome man, who evidently loved his boy exceedingly.

In a quiet way the gentleman took the boy into his arms, and, giving him a kiss, pressed him close to his bosom. The little fellow leaned his face against his father's cheek and rested for a long time. All the while they were whispering to each other in a very pleasant, laughing way. It seemed to me that they were making love to each other. I believe they were.

The boy was ten years old at least. He evidently loved his father. The father certainly loved his boy.

To me the picture was very beautiful, and I said to myself: That boy is so rich in the love lavished upon him, and that father is so rich in the love of that child. How many children go to ruin for want of love at home; for want of tenderness and fondling; for want of the kiss and mercy of father and mother.

The other day I saw a gentleman meet his boy after an absence of several days. The boy was eighteen years old. He walked up to his father and kissed him in the presence of a large number of persons. He was not ashamed to be seen kissing his father. He had been accustomed to it.

An old gentleman, sitting by my side in the cars the evening referred to above, said, as he saw the love-making between the father and son, "That is beautiful. I have a son—a full grown man—who always kisses me when he meets or leaves me. A distinguished gentleman once saw him kiss me. Said he, after the boy went out, 'You need have no fear for that boy. The boys brought up to tenderness and love, and to the expression of affection at home, never turn out badly.'"

I plead more for kindness and caressing at home between parents and children, and between brothers and sisters.

What a Wife Did.

Much is written concerning the extravagance of women, and the burdens which wives lay on their husbands. A great deal of this writing has an evil tendency, being worthless from its failure to tell the whole truth. In these days of business disasters, hundreds of wives are aiding their husbands to carry burdens that would crush them, were it not for the delicate shoulders which lighten the load. We recently met with a fact—there are hundreds of similar facts,—exhibiting a wife as a helpmeet. There are only two women in this country notable for first-class engravings on steel. One is Mrs. Sartain, of Philadelphia, daughter of Mr. John Sartain, one of the most eminent of engravers, and the other is Mrs. Wormley, of Columbus, O. The incident is about the latter, and is thus told:

“Mrs. Wormley, who first became expert in drawing, devoted herself to the illustration of a large work which her husband, a distinguished chemist, wrote on poisons. After she finished the drawings, they were sent to some Eastern city to be engraved. A difficulty arose. No engraver could be found willing to undertake the microscopic work required. It was the opinion of the engravers who were consulted that only the artist who drew the pictures could successfully engrave them. Thus compelled to finish the work, the wife of Dr. Wormley learned the art of engraving, engraved the plates, and enjoys the honor of having contributed so largely to the beauty and completeness of a celebrated scientific treatise.”

A Baby in a Blanket.

Nothing very strange, to be sure, but the place in which I found it was so strange. Away up in the top of a tall tree I discovered its wee cradle, rocking to and fro as the merciless winds tossed the leafless branches hither and thither, and it did seem sometimes that the baby must fall out; but no, it was too snugly “tucked in” for that. Upon examination I found that its queer little brown-wooden rocker was formed of tiles placed one above another, and so completely covered with a thick coat of varnish that neither wet nor cold could possibly affect the helpless occupant inside. I raised the cover, and

there was a might of a pink baby securely wrapped in its soft, white blanket. It neither cried, yawned, nor stretched as I picked it from its tiny warm bed, but remained perfectly motionless, as if unconscious of its own existence. But the poor thing will die now, for I unfortunately left its bottle of nourishment in the bough whereon its cradle rested, and it will be impossible for me to procure a substitute; besides, the tender little creature was altogether too young to be so rudely exposed to the air and sunlight, and consequently I suppose that I am the inquisitive cause of its early demise.

Now, if any of the children who read this little sketch would like to test the truth of it, let them examine the terminal or end bud of a horse-chestnut branch. They will find the scaly outside covering completely daubed with a thick, pitchy varnish, while within is a delicate pinkish embryo flower-bud or baby-blossom, wrapped in a soft mass of cotton wool. If the bud be cut open lengthwise it will present an appearance very much like an opening cotton ball, while the pink substance within will be found getting ready to expand into a showy blossom, having petals of white, spotted here and there with yellow and purple. The branch on which the flower-bud rests is full of nourishment for its support, and being so securely protected it is seldom blasted.—[By Mrs. Meriba B. Kelly.]

A Brave Man.

The late General Bartlett lost early in the war his left leg. At the assault on Port Hudson he went into battle on a white pony, leaping over fallen trees, and pushing through thick underbrush. The Confederate officers so admired the cool courage of the General, that they ordered their men not to fire at him. But he was hit twice, nevertheless; and Dr. Brickett tells this story of his brave, merry spirit:

“Soon after the beginning of the assault, Gen. Bartlett was brought out on a stretcher to the surgeon’s head quarters. ‘Ah, General, sorry to see you in this condition. Where are you wounded?’ ‘I have got a bullet through my wrist, and a flesh wound in my right leg. I don’t know whether the other leg (the wooden one) is wounded or not; you will have to take that off and examine it.’”—*Youth’s Companion.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1877.

Sabbath Hours with the Invalids.

We were delighted on our last visit to the Hospital to notice the orderly and improved condition of the premises, as seen from the Troup street entrance. The *porte cochère* and new ice-house spoke of comfort for the invalids; the three hanging baskets filled with bright flowers, the carefully trimmed lawn, sprinkled with white clover blossoms and adorned with the waving shadows of the June foliage, and the recently enclosed circular grass plot, with its graceful willow, were pleasing pictures to cheer those whose feet seldom pass beyond the Hospital walls.

The Mission bells were loudly calling their Sabbath School bands, from far and near, as the tinkling of a house bell announced the hour for chapel service at the Hospital. A member of the Young Men's Christian Association, a lay brother, that afternoon acceptably conducted the devotional exercises, and around him were gathered the lame, the palsied, the dumb, the blind, and the convalescent. It was pleasant to watch the interest evinced by those who forgot their own sorrows, as they joined in the cheerful songs of praise and listened to the old, old story.

Our attention was especially drawn to a young boy whose history deeply interested us. Bereft of father and mother, he had been befriended, in New York, by those who provide quarters for the news-boys. When navigation opened, he obtained a situation as driver of a canal horse, but soon fever prostrated him, and, in a helpless condition, he was brought to the Rochester City Hospital by the captain of the boat. Proper care and nursing soon restored him to health, but he was a stranger, needing employment, and we felt

a home on a canal boat was not the best training school for one of his years.

In the upper Female Ward, we found two aged sisters occupying cots near each other, each suffering from a diseased foot resulting from erysipelas. The one was sixty-three and the other sixty-eight years of age. They both felt burdened by life's sorrows, but caught bright glimpses of the heavenly home beyond the dark river. A friend who accompanied us offered some roses to them. These were very acceptable, they wakened pleasant memories of early days, and drew from one the response: "Don't you think I love roses? I ought to do so, for before I was married my name was Rose."

On a cot opposite the sisters lay a cancer patient, who for weary months has been a great sufferer, and who, feeling her days on earth will soon be numbered, was about to return to her own home, to spend her last hours with her kindred.

In the Male Medical Ward we found two rheumatic invalids and one consumptive patient, and one young man very sick with Bright's disease.

In the Cross Ward were four fever patients, one who had been sick five weeks with typhoid fever was very low.

In the Surgical Ward, below, our paralytic friend informed us that our appeal for a checker board had been responded to, and that it was the source of a good deal of amusement to the patients. The man whom, last month, we reported as having been stabbed in the side, had recovered and left the Hospital. A German patient was suffering from a sore foot and another man was under treatment for a burnt face. The cancer patient had taken up his quarters in the tent, pitched just north of the Surgical Ward, and a passage way had been formed from it to the Ward, to enable him to receive the attentions of the ward-nurse.

The sickest inmate of the lower Female

Ward was a consumptive patient, whose wan, wasted face bore the impress of much suffering. Opposite her lay a new patient, a German woman, who could not speak English, and felt lonely among strangers. A German rheumatic patient sat by her, ready to interpret her wants. We longed to speak words of comfort to her, and finding a German Prayer and Hymn Book near by we availed ourselves of it, and another German patient drew near us as we read to her a hymn and a selection from St. John's gospel. We shall never forget the sweet smile with which she thanked us as we closed the book. The German words from our lips had opened her heart to us, and comforted her in time of trouble.

We had only a moment to look into the next ward, where we found two babies.

As we passed the dining room of the female patients, a bountiful supper of strawberries indicated a tempting supper near at hand.

Welcome Remembrances.

We would gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the Managers of the Industrial School, in sending us a bountiful supply of flowers, that had been used the previous day, to decorate the Institution at its Summer Festival. We received two large market baskets, filled with flowers, and a beautifully arranged floral table ornament, composed of choice blossoms, and fringed with drooping flowers.

We are also indebted to our friends of the Flower Mission, whose visits and gifts are always welcomed by the invalids.

Hints.

Please send us at once some *Old Cotton*. Fresh Fruits and Vegetables are very palatable to our invalids. We would suggest to our grocers and fruit dealers, that our large family can dispose of any

surplus stock that is in danger of spoiling on their hands.

No large print testaments have yet been received.

The Children's Cot.

The following pleasant communication tells its own story:

FRANKLIN, Pa., June 27th, 1877.

Please find enclosed a "mitc" for the "Children's Cot." I am glad you have decided on that name. "Daisy" and "Lily Beds," sound very romantic, but trundle and cot beds are facts. They take us back to childhood. I feel a great interest in all the charities of my dear native city. If it were possible I should be a liberal donor to them all. Rochester is noted for her philanthropy. The praise of her noble hearted citizens fills me with pride. Wander where I may, your lovely "Flower City" will have the preference. My heart's warmest affections cling to my early home.

Yours truly,

C. J. R.

We are delighted to find that the little folks, in their summer resorts, do not forget the "Children's Cot." We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with little Jessie Macleod, but we hope sometime to know her and the little friends who so kindly remember us:

"INGLESIDE," MORRISTOWN, N. J. }
July 9th, 1877. }

Mrs. Seth Terry,

DEAR MADAM:—On Monday, July 2d, your little grandniece, Florence Gardner, and Lily Marsh, another little girl boarding here, proposed getting up a "Fair," to be held on the Fourth, for the benefit of those dear lambs of Jesus less favored than themselves.

Taking into consideration the short interval allotted to the making up of pretty trifles, and the youth of the managers, the success of the Fair was very satisfactory.

They now forward to the "Children's Cot" the amount received, viz: \$3.00, in the hope, that like the widow's mite, it will be blessed by the Master.

Respectfully Yours,

JESSIE MACLEOD,
Treasurer.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Mrs. Daniel Gardner, New York, \$ | 50 |
| Florence L. Tompkins, | 50 |
| C. J. R., Franklin, Penn., | 50 |
| Gipsey, | 10 |
| Frank M. Steele, | 50 |
| Jessie Macleod, Morristown, N. J., | 3 00 |
| Previously acknowledged, | 79 70 |
| Total receipts, | \$84 80 |

Contributions to the Children's Cot may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 25, 1877, of consumption, Ann McCann, aged 42 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. George J. Whitney—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. James Brackett—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. McMaster—Old Cotton.
- Frank M. Steele—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Reid—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Henry T. Rogers—Two Checker Boards, Dominoes and Backgammon Set.
- Mrs. F. Gorton—Air Cushion.
- Dr. H. W. Dean—A quantity of Pie Plant.
- Mrs. A. D. Smith—76 quarts of Strawberries.
- Mrs. E. Witherell—38 quarts of Strawberries.
- Mrs. M. A. True—Old Cloth.
- Mrs. A. Erickson—38 quarts of Strawberries.
- Mrs. Carr—Strawberries.
- Miss Wild—Delicacies distributed in Ward.
- Mrs. S. H. Terry—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. John H. Brewster—28 quarts Strawberries.
- Mrs. Geo. A. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing

Superintendent's Report.

| | |
|--|--------|
| 1877. June 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 70 | |
| Received during month, | 14 |
| Births, | 2— 36 |
| Died, | 1 |
| Discharged, | 23— 24 |
| Remaining, July 1st, 1877, | 62 |

Receipts for the Review,
To JULY 1st, 1877.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Mrs. Daniel Gardner, New York City—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, | \$ 50 |
| M. V. Beemer, E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., Henry C. Wisner, Shatz, Lowenthal & Leiter, Goss & Margrander, Kenyon & Hunt, K. P. Shedd, H. H. Babcock, \$5 each, for advertisement—By Mrs. H. H. Morse, | 40 00 |
| Mrs. E. R. Andrews, \$1.86; Mrs. John W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. Charles S. Baker, 64 cents; Miss Buchan, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. D. Bly, 62 cents; Mrs. S. E. Braoe, 62 cents; Mrs. Isaac Butts, 63 cents; Mrs. Jacob D. Bell, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Beir, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; Mrs. Cha's Coots, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Collinson, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr. S. Dolley, 62 cents; Mrs. Joseph Dawes, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, \$1.24; Mrs. Charles E. Finkle, 62 cents; Mrs. John H. Frick, \$1.24; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents; Miss Mary E. Gilman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Gilbert, \$1.25; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Hunn, \$1.24; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62 cents; Mrs. Edward Harris, \$1.00; Mrs. Storer Howe, Cincinnati, O., 50 cts.; Miss C. Howard, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. Heath, 62 cents; Mrs. John S. Kratz, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Lowry, 65 cts.; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. F. N. Lord, 62 cents; Mrs. Eliza Mitchell, Cleveland, O., \$1.00; Miss M. E. McMasters, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 63 cents; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 63 cents; Mrs. E. Myrea, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. Muenger, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Miss S. Newell, 62 cents; Osgood & Clark (advertisement) \$5.00; Mrs. R. D. Oviatt, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. John N. Pomeroy, \$1.86; Rev. A. K. Parker, Armenia, \$1.00; Pritchard & Likly (advertisement) \$5.00; Mrs. E. A. Raymond, \$1.00; Mrs. Otis H. Robinson, \$1.24; Mrs. Nelson Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. John L. Sage, 62 cents; Miss Sarah Shelton, \$1.86; Mrs. James Sargent, \$1.24; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Trzeciack, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Mrs. P. T. Turner, \$1.86; Mrs. F. Turpin, \$2.48; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Wallace, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Walzer, \$1.00; Mrs. H. G. Weldon, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. G. Wanzer, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. H. C. Wanzer, \$1.24—By Mrs. C. H. Babcock and Mrs. Robert Mathews | \$64 43 |

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.

Children's Department.

The Sparrow.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree ;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain,
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet ;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

Though small, we are not forgotten ;
Though weak, we are never afraid ;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be ;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

[Happy Hours.

How Butterflies are Made.

"There, I have caught him at last !
What a beauty ! and I never could catch
a butterfly before."

The words were uttered in an excited
tone by little Katie Kirkham, as she grasp-
ed in both her hands a lovely butterfly
which she had been chasing in the garden
for nearly half an hour.

"What have you there, Katie?" asked
her father, looking up from his book ;
"let me see."

"A butterfly, papa," replied Katie, run-
ning to the garden chair where her father
sat. "I am afraid it will fly away if I
open my hands." She cautiously unloosed
her grasp, and Mr. Kirkham took the little
creature in his hand.

"No, Katie, it will never fly again.
That little glad life which was passed so
happily in the sunshine, is at an end fore-
ever. You have crushed it to death."

"O, papa, I didn't mean to ! I only

wanted to catch it. I didn't think about
its being happy."

"But your not thinking has taken
away a life that you never can restore, if
you try till your hair is gray. How did
it become a butterfly, Katie?"

"Why, God made it, of course ; He
made everything."

"Yes, but how did He make it ? What
was it before it was a butterfly?"

"I don't know. Was it anything,
papa?"

"I will tell you something about its his-
tory. First of all another butterfly laid a
tiny egg, several eggs in fact, but we have
only to do with one. Well, from this egg
there came in time a wee little grub, and
the little grub crawled about and nibbled
cabbage-leaves till it grew into a fine large
caterpillar."

"But I want to hear about the butter-
fly, papa," interrupted Katie, "not about
ugly grubs and caterpillars. I thought you
were going to say a little baby butterfly
came out of the egg."

"But it didn't, so I couldn't tell you so.
We shall find how it did come all in good
time. Well, our friend, the 'ugly cater-
pillar,' had rather a dull time of it, only
able to crawl along ; it could not fly about,
you know, like the butterfly. But at last
it found a new occupation ; it began to
spin for itself a silky case, or tied itself to
a twig by a silky cord, and here it lay or
swung for some time in what is called the
chrysalis state, till, when the bright, warm
weather came, the cocoon burst, and out
flew a beautiful butterfly."

"O, papa, how wonderful ! I had no
idea a caterpillar could turn into a butter-
fly. Do you think it remembered while it
was flying about, that it once was a cater-
pillar, only able to crawl?"

"No, I don't suppose it did, dear ; it
could not think, you know, either about
the past or the future ; it only enjoyed the
sunshine of its little hour. But now look
at the wings. What are they made of?"

Katie looked and gently touched the
wing. "How soft and downy it feels!—
What is it, papa?"

"Feathers. We will look at it under
my microscope, and you will see that the
wings are covered with very small but
quite perfect scales. Come into the libra-
ry ; we have just time to inspect it before
dinner."

Katie followed her father into the house,

and watched while he put the butterfly under the microscope, and then eagerly looked through the glass. "How beautiful," she cried; "they are real little scales!—Papa," she added, turning round, "how wonderfully wise and kind God must be to take so much trouble over a little butterfly!"

"Ah! my child, I am glad you have found that out. You speak very differently from the careless way in which you said just now: 'God made it, of course; He made everything.' The earth is full of His wonders. If you keep your eyes open, you will find His wisdom and love displayed in everything that lives. But there is the dinner-bell, so you will have my text without the sermon."

"Well, papa," said Katie, earnestly "I never will kill or hurt any living thing again, at least, not on purpose; and I shall never see a butterfly without thinking about how it is made."—*Early Days.*

The Naughty Fingers.

"Mamma," said Lizzie, before she was undressed for bed, "This finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"What have they done?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from your cupboard," said the little girl.

"Did nobody tell them to do it?" asked mamma. Lizzie looked down.

"I did not hear anybody tell them," she answered softly.

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"They put them in my mouth," answered Lizzie.

"Were you not to blame to take them?" asked mamma. "Your fingers had no right to them, you know."

"They gave them to me," said the little girl.

"But the Bible says, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.' Must we cut any part of this hand off?" asked mamma.

"What is offend?" asked the child.

"Making you do wrong," said mamma.

"But it was only one finger and one thumb," said Lizzie.

"They are two little thieves, then, for they took what did not belong to them.—They can no longer be trusted; we must shut them up," said mamma.

Lizzie looked very sorry, while her mother found some black cloth and wound it around the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy. She went to bed, and arose in the morning with them still shut up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh, no," said mamma. "We have no proof that they are sorry yet, therefore it is not safe to trust them; they may go right away into the cupboard again."

"I think they are very sorry," said Lizzie, in a painful tone.

"But they have not said so," said mamma.

Lizzie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. How she held her spoon I cannot tell. I do not think she ate much, for she looked unhappy. By-and-by the little girl came to her mamma, with tears rolling down her cheeks.—"Mamma," she sobbed, "it was I made my fingers naughty—I—naughty I; I'm to blame;"—and soon the black rag was off from the little fingers.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Jesus Bids us Shine.

Jesus bids us shine

With a pure clear light,

Like a little candle

Burning in the night:

For the world is darkness.

So we must shine,

You in your small corner,

And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine

First of all for Him;

Well He sees and knows it

If our light is dim.

He looks down from heaven

To see us shine.

You in your small corner,

And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,

Yes, for all around;

O! what depths of darkness

In the world are found!

There's sin, there's want and sorrow;

So we must shine.

You in your small corner,

And I in mine.

It is as perilous to read an impure book,
as to wash a lace kerchief in ink.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93 1/2 State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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